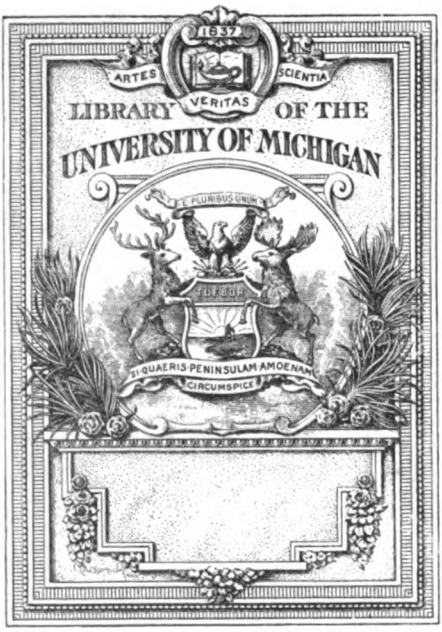
B 1,468,767


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
E PLURIBUS UNUM
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

AP
A
,389

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1905

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 3—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1905

"STINGAREE TOPPLED OUT OF THE SADDLE IN THE PATH OF THE CANTERING HOOFS."

(*See page* 7.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. JANUARY, 1905. No. 169.

By E. W. Hornung.

V.—THE REAL SIMON PURE.

THE disastrous episode of the sticking-up of Mulfera Station, N.S.W., is on all grounds ineligible for inclusion in these little memoirs. Of the telling of Stingaree stories, round the camp-fire or in the men's hut, there is, indeed, no end to this day; but in print, at least, a certain precedence is due to those which reflect least discredit upon Stingaree. His villainies were often brutal, seldom inexpert; at Mulfera, however, they were both. And yet, even there, the trouble began in one of those grim jokes which were a continual temptation to this masterless mind. But all the back-block world knows how a bishop and a bushranger met twice on one summer's day, and how the bushranger laughed first, but the bishop last and longest. It is the conclusion of that matter of which far too little has been heard.

But at eight o'clock of the Monday morning, with a sheltered mercury already in three figures, it is known that the romantic ruffians were led away in unromantic bonds. Their arms were bound to their bodies, their feet lashed to the stirrup-irons; they sat like packs upon quiet station horses, carefully chosen for the nonce; they were tethered to a mounted policeman apiece, each with leading-rein buckled to his left wrist and Government revolver in his right hand. Behind the quartette rode the officer in command, superbly mounted, watching over all four with a third revolver ready cocked. It seemed a small and yet an ample escort for the two bound men.

But Stingaree was by no means in that state of Napoleonic despair which his bent back and lowering countenance were intended to convey. He had not uttered a word since the arrival of the police; had let them lift him on horseback, as he now sat, without raising his morose eyes once. Howie, on the other hand, had offered a good deal of futile opposition, cursing his captors as the fit moved him, and once struggling so insanely in his bonds as to earn a tap from the wrong end of a revolver and a bruised face for his pains. Stingaree glowered in deep delight. His mate's part was as well acted as his own; but it was he who had conceived them both, and expounded them in countless camps against some such extremity as this. The result was in ideal accordance with his calculations. The man who gave

145167

"HOWIE, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAD OFFERED A GOOD DEAL OF FUTILE OPPOSITION."

the trouble was the man to watch. And Stingaree, chin on chest, was left in peace to evolve a way of escape.

The chances were all adverse; he had never been less sanguine in his life. On the other hand, Stingaree had no opinion of the police. He had slipped through their fingers again and again; it was not the first time they had actually held him captive, though he owned they had never held him half so tight as now. An enlightened student of human nature, he based his only hope upon an accurate estimate of the character of his oppressors, and applied his whole mind to the triple task. But it was a single task almost from the first; for the policeman in charge of him was none other than his credulous old friend, Sergeant Cameron from Clear Corner; and Howie's custodian, a young trooper run from the same mould as Constable Tyler and many a hundred more, in whom a thick skull cancelled a stout heart. Both were brave men; neither was really to be feared. But the man behind upon the thoroughbred, the man in front, the man now on this side and now on that, with his braying laugh and his vindictive voice—triumphant as though he had taken the bushrangers himself, and a blatant bully in his triumph—that was the man whose lightest syllable was not lost on Stingaree.

Yet the outlaw never flattered him with word or look, never lifted chin from chest, never raised an eye or opened his mouth until Howie's knock on the head caused him to curse his mate for a fool who deserved all he got. The thoroughbred was caracoling on his other side in an instant.

"You ain't one, are you?" cried the taunting tongue of the officer in charge. "Not much fool about Stingaree!"

The time had come for a reply.

"So I thought until yesterday," sighed the bushranger. "But now I'm not so sure."

"Not so sure, eh? Well, I am, then. But I'm glad to hear your voice."

"To be run down by an old sky-pilot!" groaned Stingaree.

"I shouldn't call him old. And it'll take him all his time to pilot *you* there, old man!"

The horses streamed slowly through the high lights and heavy shadows of a winding avenue of scrub. It was like a hot-house in the dense, low trees: not a wandering wind, not a waking bird; but five faces that dripped steadily in the shade, and all but caught fire in the sun. Ahead rode Howie, dazed and bleeding, with his callous young constable; the sergeant and his chief, with Stingaree between them, now brought up the rear. Stingaree raised his chin a little, but looked neither right nor left, and said no more.

"Cheer up!" cried the chief, with soothing irony.

"I feel the heat," said the bound man, uncomplainingly. "And it was just about here it happened."

"What happened?"

"We overtook the Church militant here on earth," rejoined the bushranger, with rueful irreverence.

"Well, you ran against a snag that time, Mr. Sanguinary Stingaree!"

"I couldn't resist turning Howie into the bishop and making myself his mouthpiece. I daren't let him open his lips! It wasn't the offertory that was worth having; it was the fun of rounding up that congregation on the homestead veranda, and never letting them spot a thing till we showed our guns. There hadn't been a hitch, and never would have been if that old bishop hadn't run all those miles barefoot over hot sand and taken us unawares."

Made with wry humour and a philosophic candour, alike germane to his predicament, these remarks seemed natural enough to one having no previous personal knowledge of Stingaree. They seemed just the sort of things that Stingaree would say. But there were other things that his chief listener had to say, that he had been rolling on his palate all the morning, and he may have listened the less critically in consequence.

"You ran against a snag," he repeated, "and now your mate's run against another." He gave the butt of his ready pistol a significant tap. "And I'm the worst snag that ever either of you struck," he went on in his vainglory. "Make no mistake about that. Do you know who I am?"

"Not an idea," yawned our own Stingaree.

"Ever heard of Superintendent Cairns?" proceeded the other, digging him with his barrel in the corded ribs. "Ever personate *him* in your time—eh?—before you looked so high as bishops? Well, I'm the real Simon Pure!"

Stingaree was gazing squarely on his man. The hump was by no means so pronounced as he had made it on Rosanna; it looked more like a ridge of extra muscle across a pair of abnormally broad and powerful shoulders. There was the absence of neck which this deformity suggests; there was a great head lighted by flashing and indignant eyes, but mounted only on its mighty chin. Such was the bushranger's first impression of one with whom he had latterly enjoyed every hostile relation short of the personal encounter. He was conceited enough to find in the flesh a coarser and more common type than that created by himself for the honour of the road. But this did not make the real superintendent a less formidable foe.

"The most poetic justice!" murmured Stingaree, and resumed in an instant his apathetic pose.

"It serves you jolly well right, if that's what you mean," the superintendent snarled. "You've yourself and your own mighty cheek to thank for taking me out of my shell and putting me on your tracks in earnest! But it was high time they knew the cut of my jib up here; the fools won't forget me again in a hurry. And you, you demon, you sha'n't forget me till your dying day!"

On Stingaree's off-side Sergeant Cameron was also hanging an insulted head. But the bushranger laughed softly in his chest.

"Someone has got to do your dirty work," said he. "I did it that time, and the bishop has done it now; but you shouldn't blame me for helping your fellows to bring a murderer to justice."

"You guyed me," cried Cairns through his teeth. "I heard! I heard! You guyed me, blight your soul!"

Stingaree felt that he was missing a strong face finely convulsed with passion—as indeed he was. But he had already committed the indiscretion of a repartee, which was scarcely consistent with an attitude of extreme despair. A downcast silence seemed the safest policy.

"It used to be forty miles to the Corner," he murmured, after a time. "We can't have come more than ten."

"Not so much," snapped the superintendent.

"Going to stop for a feed at Mazeppa Station?"

"That's my business."

"It's a long day for three of you, in this heat, with two of us."

"The time won't hang heavy on *our* hands."

"Not heavy enough, I should have thought. I wonder you didn't bring some of the boys from Mulfera along with you. They were keen enough to come."

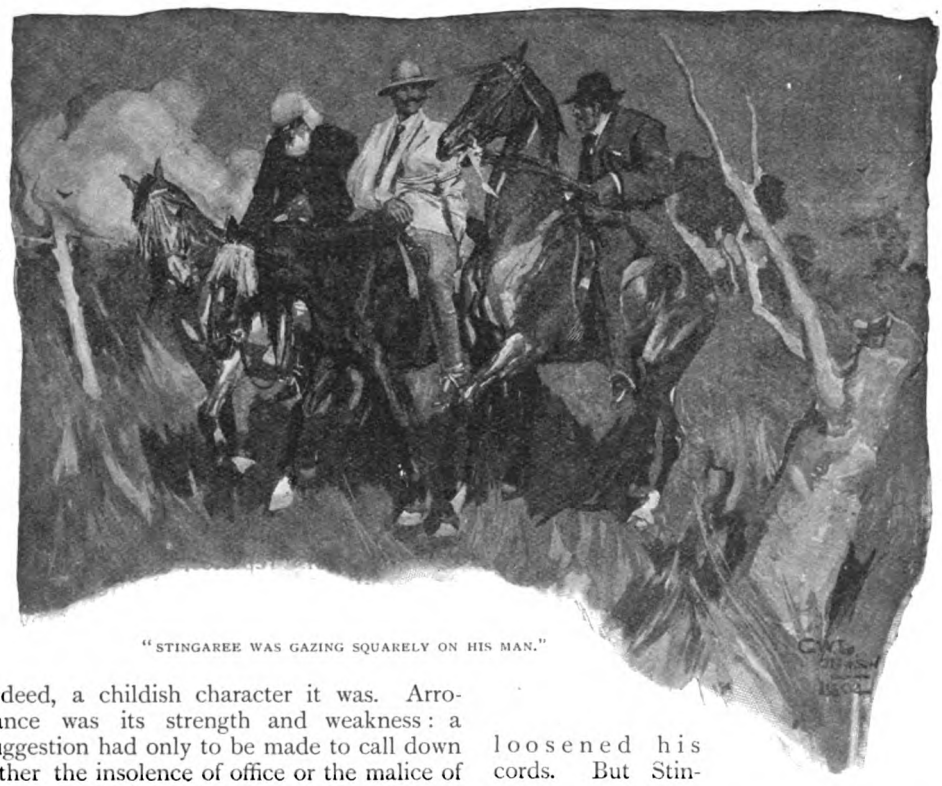
Superintendent Cairns brayed his high, harsh laugh.

"Yes, you wonder, and so did they," said he. "But I know a bit too much. There'll always be sympathy among scum like them for thicker scum like you!"

"You're too suspicious," said Stingaree, mildly. "But I was thinking of the bishop and the boss."

"They've done their part," growled Cairns. "They aren't goin' to interfere no more—not with me."

That had been his attitude on the station. Stingaree had heard it through his weatherboard prison walls; but the man had neither the sense nor the self-control to attempt concealment of the fact. He revealed his character as freely as an angry child, and,



"STINGAREE WAS GAZING SQUARELY ON HIS MAN."

indeed, a childish character it was. Arrogance was its strength and weakness: a suggestion had only to be made to call down either the insolence of office or the malice of denial for denial's sake.

"I wish you'd stop a bit at Mazeppa," whined Stingaree, drooping like a candle in the heat.

The station roofs gleamed through the trees far off the track.

"Why?"

"Because I'm feeling sick."

"Gammon! You've got some friends there; on you push!"

"But you will camp somewhere in the heat of the day?"

"I'll do as I think fit. I sha'n't consult you, my fine friend."

Stingaree drooped and nodded, lower and lower; then recovered himself with a jerk, like one battling against sleep. The party pushed on for another hour. The heat was terrible; the bound men endured torments in their bonds. But the nature of the superintendent, deformed like his body, declared itself duly at every turn, and the more one prisoner groaned and the other blasphemed, the greater the zest and obduracy of the driving force behind them.

Noon passed; the scanty shadows lengthened; and Howie gave more trouble of an insensate sort. They reined up, and lashed him tighter; he had actually loosened his cords. But Stingaree was past remonstrance with friend or foe, and his bound body swayed from side to side as the little cavalcade went on at a canter to make up for lost time.

He was leading now with the kindly sergeant, and his mind had never been more alert. Behind them thundered the recalcitrant Howie with constable and superintendent on either side. They were midway between Mazeppa and Clear Corner, or some fifteen miles from either haunt of men. Stingaree pulled himself upright in the saddle as by a superhuman effort, and shook off the helping hand that held him by one elbow.

He was about to do a thing at which even his courage quailed, and he longed for the use of his right arm. It was not absolutely bound; the hand and wrist had been badly mauled underfoot in the Sunday's fray—so badly that it had been easy to sham a fracture, and have hand and wrist in splints before the arrival of the police. They still hung before him in a sling, his good right hand and arm, stiff and sore enough, yet strong and ready at a moment's notice, when the moment came. It had not come, and was not coming for a long time, when

Stingaree set his teeth, lurched either way, —and toppled out of the saddle in the path of the cantering hoofs. His lashed feet held him in the stirrups; the off stirrup-leather had come over with his weight; and there at his horse's hoofs, kicked and trampled and smothered with blood and dust, he dragged like an anchor, without sign of life.

And it was worse even than it looked, for the life never left him for an instant, nor ever for an instant did he fail to behave as though it had. Minutes later, when they had stopped his horse, and cut him down from the stirrups, and carried him into the shade of a hop-bush off the track, and when Stingaree dared to open his eyes, he was nearer closing them perforce, and the scene swam before him with superfluous realism.

Cairns and Cameron, dismounted (while the trooper sat aloof with Howie in the saddle), were at high words about their prostrate prisoner. Not a syllable was lost on Stingaree.

"You may put him across the horse yourself," said the sergeant. "I won't have a hand in it. But make sure you haven't killed him as it is—travelling a sick man like that."

"Killed him? He's got his eyes open!" cried Cairns, in savage triumph. Stingaree lay blinking at the sky. "Do you still refuse to do your duty?"

"Cruelty to animals is no duty of mine," declared the sergeant: "let alone my fellow-men, bushrangers or no bushrangers."

"And you?" thundered Cairns at the mounted constable.

"I'm with the sergeant," said he. "He's had enough."

"Right!" cried the superintendent, producing a note-book and scribbling venomously. "You both refuse! You will hear more of this; meanwhile, sergeant, I should like to know what your superior wisdom may be pleased to suggest."

"Send a cart back for him," said Cameron. "It's the only way he's fit to travel."

Stingaree sought to prop himself upon the elbow of the splintered wrist and hand.

"There are no more bones broken that I know of," said he, faintly. "But I felt bad before and now I feel worse."

"He looks it, too," observed the sergeant, as Stingaree, ghastly enough beneath his blood and dust, rolled over on his back once more, and lay effectively with closed eyes. Even the superintendent was impressed.

"Then what's to be done with him?" he exclaimed, with an oath. "What's to be done?"

"If you ask me," returned Cameron, "I should make him comfortable where he is; after all, he's a human being, and done no murder, that we should run the risk of murdering him. Leave him to me while you two push on with his mate; then one of you can get back with the spring-cart before sundown; but trust me to look after him till you do."

Stingaree held his breath where he lay. His excitement was not to be betrayed by the opening of an eye. And yet he knew that the superintendent was looking the sergeant up and down, and he guessed what was passing through that suspicious mind.

"Trust you!" rasped the dictatorial voice at last. "That's the very thing I'm not inclined to do, Sergeant Cameron."

"Sir!"

"Keep your temper, sergeant. I don't say you'd let him go. But I've got to remember that this man slipped through your fingers once before, led you by the hand like a blessed old child, and passed himself off for me! Look at the fellow; look at me; and ask yourself candidly if you're the man for the job. But don't ask me, unless you want my opinion of you a bit plainer still. No; you go on with the others. The two of you can manage Howie; if you can't, you put a bullet through him! This is my man; and I'm his, by the hokey, as he'll know if he tries any of his tricks while you're gone!"

Stingaree did not move a muscle. He might have been dead; and in his disappointment it was the easier to lie as though he were. Really bruised, really battered, really faint and stiff and sore, to say nothing of his bonds, he felt himself physically no match for so young a man—with the extra breadth of shoulder and the extra length of arm which were part and parcel of his deformity. With the elderly sergeant he might have stood a chance, man to man, one arm to two; but with Superintendent Cairns his only weapons were his wits. They had stood him in some stead so far; he lay and reviewed the situation, as it was, and as it had been. In the very moment of his downfall, by instinctive presence of mind, he had preserved the use of his right hand, and that was a still unsuspected asset of incalculable worth. It had been the nucleus of all his plans; without a hand he must have resigned himself to the inevitable from the first. Then he had split up the party. He heard the sergeant and the constable ride off with Howie, exactly as he had intended two of the three captors to do. His fall alone introduced

the element of luck. It might have killed or maimed him ; but the risk had been run with open eyes. Being alive and whole, he had reduced the odds from three against two to man and man ; and the difference was enormous, even though one of the men held all the cards. Against Howie the odds were heavier than ever, but Howie was eliminated from present calculations. And as Stingaree made them with the upturned face of seeming insensibility, he heard a nonchalant step come and go, but knew an eye was on him all the time, and never opened his own till the striking of a match was followed by the smell of bush tobacco.

The shadow of the hop-bush was spreading like spilt ink ; and as he first looked from where he lay, Stingaree had it to himself. A wreath of blue smoke hovered overhead ; he got to his elbow and glanced behind ; and there sat Cairns in his shirt-sleeves, filling the niche his body made in the actual green bush, a swollen wet water-bag at his feet, his revolver across his knees. There was an ominous click even as Stingaree screwed round where he lay.

"Give me a drink!" he cried, at sight of the humid canvas bag.

"Why should I?" asked the inspector, smoking on.

"Because I haven't had one since we started—because I'm parched with thirst."

"Parch away!" cried the creature of suspicion. "You can't help yourself, and I can't help you with this baby to nurse!"

And he fondled the cocked revolver in his hands.

"Very well! Don't give me one!" exclaimed Stingaree, and dealt the moist bag a kick that sent a jet of cold water spurting over his foot. He expected to be kicked himself for that ; he was only cursed, the bag snatched out of his reach, and deeply drained before his eyes.

"I was going to give you some," said Cairns, smacking his lips. "Now your tongue may hang out before I do."

Stingaree left the last word with the foe ; that also was part of his preconceived policy. He still regretted his solitary retort, but not for a moment the more petulant act which he had just committed. His boots had been removed after his fall ; one of his socks was now wet through, and he spent the next few minutes in taking it off with the other foot. The lengthy process seemed to afford his mind a certain pensive entertainment. It was a shapely and delicate white foot that lay stripped at last—a foot that its owner, with nothing better to do, could contemplate with legitimate satisfaction. But Superintendent Cairns, noting his prisoner's every look, and putting his own confident interpretation on them all, cursed him afresh for a conceited pig, and filled another pipe, with the revolver for an instant by his side.

"'GIVE ME A DRINK,' HE CRIED."

Stingaree took no interest in his proceedings ; the revolver he especially ignored, and lay stretched before his captor, one sock off and one sock on, one arm in splints and sling and the other bound to his ribs, a model prisoner whose last thought was of escape. His legs, indeed, were free ; but a man who could not sit on a horse was not

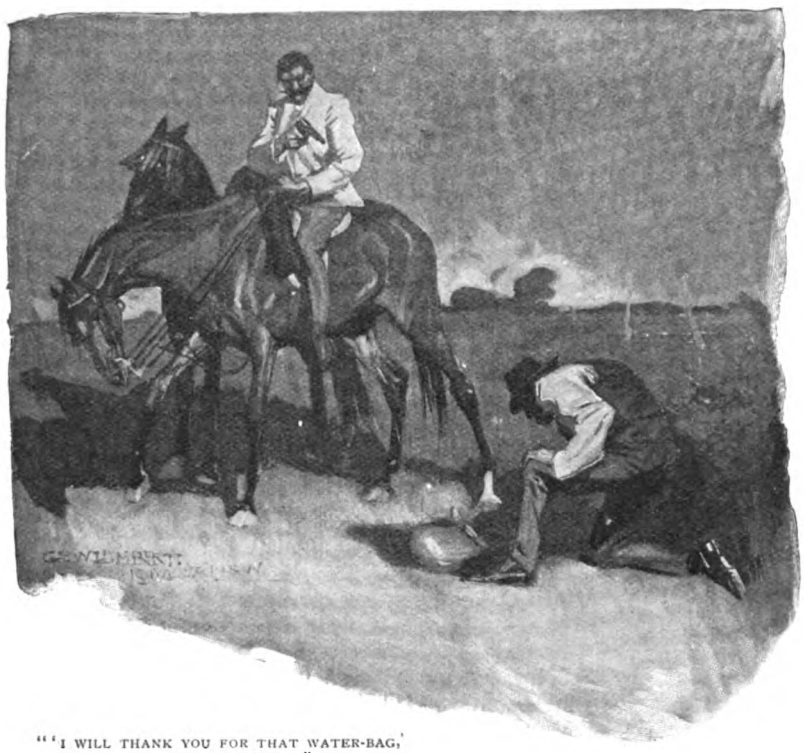
the man to run away. And then there was the relentless superintendent sitting over him, pipe in mouth, but revolver again in hand, and a crooked finger very near the trigger.

The fiery wilderness still lay breathless in the great heat, but the lengthening shadow of the hop-bush was now a thing to be thankful for, and in it the broken captive fell into a fine semblance of natural slumber. Cairns watched with alternate envy and suspicion; for him there could not be a wink; but most likely the fellow was shamming all the time. No ruse, however, succeeded in exposing the sham, which the superintendent copied by breathing first heavily and then stertorously, with one eye open and on his man. Stingaree never opened one of his: there was no change in the regular breathing, in the peaceful expression of the blood-stained face: asleep the man must be. The superintendent's own experiments had gone to show him that no extremity need necessarily keep one awake in such heat. He stifled a yawn that was no part of his performance. His pipe was out; he struck a match noisily on his boot; and Stingaree just stirred, as naturally as any infant. But Stingaree's senses were incredibly acute. He smelt every whiff of the rekindled pipe, knew to ten seconds when it went out once more, and listened in an agony for another match. None was struck. Was the superintendent himself really asleep this time? He breathed as though he were; but so did Stingaree; and yet was there hope in the fact that his own greatest struggle all this time had been against the very thing he feigned.

At last he opened one eye a little; it was met by no answering furtive glance; he opened the other, and there could be no more doubt. The terrible superintendent was dozing in his place; but it was the lightest sort of doze, the eyes were scarcely closed, and all but watching Stingaree, as the cocked revolver in the relaxed hand all but covered him. The prisoner felt that for the moment he was unseen, forgotten, but that the lightest movement of his body would open those terrible eyes once and for all. Be it remembered that he was lying under them lengthwise, on the bound arm, with the arm in the sling uppermost, and easily to be freed, but yet the most salient part of the recumbent figure, and that on which the hidden eyes still seemed fixed, for all their lids. To make the least movement there, to attempt the slowest withdrawal of hand and arm, was to court the last disaster of discovery in such an act. But to lie motionless to the thighs, and to execute a flank movement with the leg uppermost, was a far less perilous exploit. It was the leg with the bare foot: every detail had been foreseen. And now at last the bare foot hovered over the revolver and the hand it held, while the upper man yet lay like a log under those drowsy, dreadful eyes

Stingaree took a last look at the barrel drooping from the slackened hand; the back of the hand lay on the ground, the muzzle of the barrel was filled with sand, and yet the angle was such that it was by no means sure whether a bullet would bury itself in the sand or in Stingaree. He took the risk, and with his bare toe he touched the trigger sharply. There was a horrible explosion. It brought the drowsy inspector to his senses with such a jerk that it was as though the

"THERE WAS A HORRIBLE EXPLOSION."



"'I WILL THANK YOU FOR THAT WATER-BAG,' SAID STINGAREE."

smoking pistol had leapt out of his hand a thing alive, and so into the hand that flashed to meet it from the sling. And almost in the same second—while the double cloud of smoke and sand still hung between them—Stingaree sprang from the ground, an armed man once more.

"Sit where you are!" he thundered. "Up with those hands before I shoot them to shreds! Your life's in less danger than mine has been all day, but I'll wing you limb by limb if you offer to budge!"

With uplifted hands above his ears, the deformed inspector sat with head and shoulders depressed into the semblance of one sphere. Not a syllable did he utter; but his upturned eyes shot indomitable fires. Stingaree stood wriggling and fumbling at the coil which bound his left arm to his side; suddenly the revolver went off, as if by accident, but so much by design that there dangled two ends of rope, cut and burnt asunder by lead and powder. In less than a minute the bushranger was unbound, and before the minute was up he had leapt upon the inspector's thoroughbred. It had been tethered all this time to a tree, swishing tails with the station hack which Stingaree had ridden as a captive; he now rode the thoroughbred, and led the hack, to the very feet of the humiliated Cairns.

"I will thank you for that water-bag," said Stingaree. "I am much obliged. And now I'll trouble you for that nice wideawake. You really don't need it in the shade. Thank you so much!"

He received both bag and hat on the barrel of the inspector's revolver, hooking the one to its proper saddle-strap, and clapping on the other at an angle inimitably imitative of the outwitted officer.

"I won't carry the rehearsal any further to your face," continued Stingaree; "but I can at least promise you a more flattering portrait than the last; and this excellent coat, which you have so considerately left strapped to your saddle, should contribute greatly to the verisimilitude. Dare I hope that you begin to appreciate some of the points of my performance so far as it has gone? The pretext on which I bared my foot for its delicate job under your very eyes, eh? Not so vain as it looked, in either sense, I fancy! Should you have said that your hand would recoil from a revolver the moment it went off? You

see, I staked my life on it, and I've won. And what about that fall? It was the lottery! I was prepared to have my head cracked like an egg, and it's still pretty sore. The broken wrist wasn't your fault; it had passed into the accepted situation before you turned up. And you would certainly have seen that I was shamming sleep if we hadn't both been so genuinely sleepy at the time. I give you my word, I very nearly threw up the whole thing for forty winks! Any other point on which you could wish enlightenment? Then let me thank you with all my heart for one of the worst days, and some of the greatest moments, in my whole career!"

But the hunched inspector answered never a word, as he sat in a ball with uplifted palms, and glaring, upturned, unconquerable eyes.

"Good-bye, Mr. Real Simon Pure," said Stingaree. "I'm afraid I've been rather cruel to you, but you were not very nice to me."

Sergeant Cameron was driving the spring-cart, towards sundown, after a variety of unforeseen delays. Of a sudden out of the pink haze came a galloping figure, slightly humped, in the inspector's coat and wide-awake, with a bare foot through one stirrup and only a sock on its fellow.

"Where's Stingaree?" screamed the sergeant, pulling up. And the galloper drew rein at the driven horse's head.

"Dead!" said he, thickly. "He was worse than we thought. You fetch him while I——"

But the sergeant knew that voice too well, and his right hand had flown to the back of his belt. Stingaree's shot was only first by a fraction of a second, but it put a bullet through the brain of the horse between the shafts, so that horse and shafts came down together, and the sergeant fired into the earth as he fell across the splash-board.

Stingaree pressed soft heels into the thoroughbred's ribs and thundered on and on. Soon there was a gate to open, and when he listened at that gate all was still behind him and before; but far ahead the rolling plain was faintly luminous in the dusk, and as this deepened into night a cluster of terrestrial lights sprang out with the stars. Stingaree knew the handful of gaunt, unsheltered huts the lights stood for. They were an inn, a store, and a police-barracks: Clear Corner on the map. The bushranger galloped straight up to the barracks, but skirted the knot of men in the light before the veranda, and went jingling round into the yard. The young constable in charge ran through the building and met him dismounted at the back.

"HORSE AND SHAFTS CAME DOWN TOGETHER."

"What's the matter, sir?"

"He's gone!"

"Stingaree?"

"He was worse than we thought. Your man all right?"

"No trouble whatever, sir. Only sick and sorry and saying his prayers in a way you'd never credit. Come and hear him, sir."

"I must come and see him at once. Got a fresh horse in?"

"I have so! In and saddled in the stall. I thought you might want one, sir, and ran up Barmaid, Stingaree's own mare, that was sent out here from the station when we had the news."

"That was very thoughtful of you. You'll get on, young man. Now lead the way with that lamp."

This time Stingaree had spoken in gasps, like a man who had ridden very far, and the young constable, unlike his sergeant, did not know his voice of old. Yet it struck him at the last moment as more unlike the voice of Superintendent Cairns than the hardest riding should have made it, and with the key in the door of the single cell the young fellow wheeled round and held the lamp on high. That instant he was felled to the floor, the lamp went down and out with a separate yet simultaneous crash, and Stingaree turned the key.

"Howie! Not a word—out you come!"

"THAT INSTANT HE WAS FELLED TO THE FLOOR."

The burly ruffian crept forth with outstretched hands apart.

"What! Not even handcuffed?"

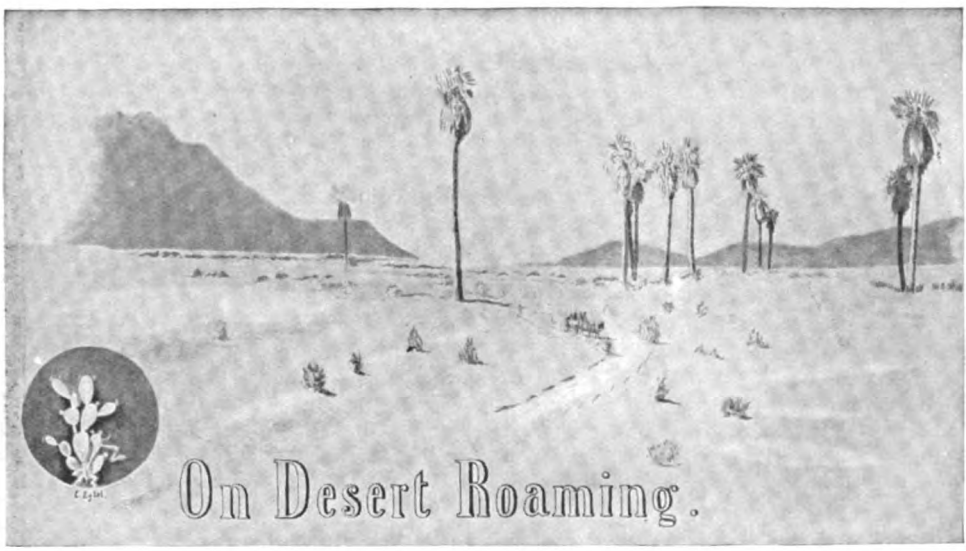
"No; turned over a new leaf the moment we left you, and been praying like a parson for 'em all to hear!"

"This chap can do the same when he comes to himself. Lies pretty still, doesn't he? In with him!"

The door clanged. The key was turned. Stingaree popped it in his pocket.

"The later they let him out the better. Here's the best mount you ever had. And my sweetheart's waiting for me in the stable!"

Outside, in front, before the barracks veranda, an inquisitive little group heard first the clang of the door within, and presently the clatter of hoofs coming round from the yard. Stingaree and Howie — a white flash and a bay streak—swept past them as they stood confounded. And the dwindling pair still bobbed in sight, under a full complement of stars, when a fresh outcry from the cell, and a mighty hammering against its locked door, broke the truth to one and all.



On Desert Roaming.

By Edmund Mitchell.

MOUNTAIN, river, lake, forest, moorland, sea-girt shore—all have their devotees among those who delight in the beauties of Nature, or to whom at times comes the irresistible longing to flee for a spell from the busy haunts of men. But the desert has hardly yet begun to attract either the lover of scenery or the pilgrim of rest. With but rare exceptions none but travellers having ulterior objects in view cross the waste places of the earth, and most of these, surveying the scene from the windows of a railroad car, rest content with the vague and thoroughly erroneous impression that all around is a barren and deadly monotonous wilderness of unloveliness, where animal life is absolutely non-existent and vegetation is represented merely by a few dwarf shrubs desiccated to bunches of crackling. Of the others who journey in more primitive style—afoot, on back of beast, or with cart and team—few care, or it may be dare, to linger by the way. Nor have all the eyes to see and the hearts to understand the subtle charm, the brooding mystery, of the solitude that encompasses them.

The mining prospector making for the mountains that flank the desert with bastions of bare rock, the home-seeker trekking for the watered lands lying far beyond the horizon of shimmering heat haze, pass by without thought of the animals and plants struggling for existence among the thirsty sand dunes. The painful necessity of having to extract a cactus thorn that has pierced even good shoe-leather, or the sight of a chaparral cock running across the track, may indeed draw attention to the fact that the seeming abode of desolation has its living things. But there is no pause to inquire why plant or fowl should be armed so formidably, the one with spikes like bayonets, the other with sharp-edged beak like a pair of shears. The lesson of the desert, the entrancing stories it has to tell of courage and vigilance, of preparedness against every foe, of fierce, stubborn, and indomitable tenacity, the marvellous pictures it presents of Nature's skilful handiwork, her adaptation of means to ends, her triumph under conditions that might seem to have made enduring victory impossible—all this has been missed.

Not so with the wayfarer possessing observation, sympathy, and imagination, whereby to open for himself the book of the wilderness and spell out at least a few of its pages. He has come, mayhap, like the rest—to travel through and be gone. But his interest is quickly captured, his enthusiasm kindled; with every new revelation wonder and

admiration grow; he tarries awhile, wanders along by-paths into sequestered nooks where unexpected glimpses of exquisite scenery are unfolded, feels unable to tear himself away, so prolongs his sojourn, and, when it must be that he depart, does so reluctantly and with the firm resolve to return again. For the song of the desert, if low, is soft and dulcet as siren music; he whose soul has once caught the divine harmony never forgets, he will hear it a-calling even in his dreams.

And after a few visits at different seasons of the year experience brings realization that few spots on God's earth are really more beautiful or grow more dear to the heart than this same grim old desert, at first so uninviting and unpromising. From dawn to eve the purest, freshest air that blows, sunshine that exhilarates, dry heat that warms to the very marrow of one's bones; by night, starlight or moonlight effulgent, crisp cold that makes the blood to tingle, a couch on the sand beneath the canopy of the ever cloudless sky; day after day an unbroken procession of gorgeous sunsets and sunrises, with glorious colour effects, ranging from deepest purple to rosy pink, changing each moment and with each object the eye chances to rest upon; in the springtide a carpet of flowerets, acre-wide and surpassing in richness and harmony the most superb of Persian rugs ever patterned; in the summer balsamic odours perfuming the air after every stirring of dried shrub or herb; at all times silence so profound that the whole world of men, with its cares and perplexities, seems to be at a distance immeasurable; restfulness complete for body and for brain, even though the muscles be stimulated to unwonted exertion and the mind be yeasting with new thoughts—such be the joys that close intimacy with the desert brings, and that abide for ever in a desert-lover's memory.

To show how varied and interesting may be a holiday in the wilderness, I propose to give an account of a recent excursion made by a party of four over one section of the Great Colorado Desert. We were men of diverse nationalities and diverse pursuits—a young minister from the New England States, a professional landscape photographer from Los Angeles, a German artist, a British novelist. The month was October, deliberately chosen, for we wished to experience the full blaze of autumnal heat. Our approach being from the Californian side, we travelled by Southern Pacific Railway through the smiling and sun-kissed Valley of Pomona, with its orange groves and vineyards, as far as the narrow pass between San Bernardino and San Jacinto — noble mountain peaks, twelve thousand and eleven thousand feet high, that stand as sentries at the western gateway of the desert.

From a Photo. by] OUR WAGGON AND MULES. *[C. C. Pierce.*

Waiting for us here, at the wayside station of Palm Springs, was a light four-wheeled waggon drawn by a pair of mules. Into this we piled our stores and camp equipment, all calculated on the lightest scale—blankets, cooking utensils restricted to frying-pan, coffee-pot, and a couple of tin cans for boiling purposes, dishes just a few, provisions for the first fourteen days, shot-gun, rifle, and ammunition, together with camera, tripod, and a liberal supply of plates. Headed south, the mules set off at the regulation desert pace—a leisurely but steady walk; and soon the wheels were deep in the churning sand.

But only five miles from the railroad, round a bend of the mountains, came an idyllic scene—the first of many revelations of how little of what really exists on the desert can be even glimpsed from passing

trains. A vivid oasis of greenery—pepper trees, cotton-woods, palms and agaves, cypresses and oleanders, orange, lemon, and fig trees, with a wealth of humbler shrubs in great variety! This is the home of Dr. Wellwood Murray, a patriarchal Scot who has lived for a score of years under the rugged shoulder of San Jacinto, and transformed a waste of sage scrub into shade grove, fruit orchard, and flower garden.

To me the place was familiar—I had already spent a winter under my countryman's hospitable roof. He was at his gateway to give us welcome, to bid us enter. But on the present occasion home comforts had no attraction. We were "hoboes" of the desert, our only immediate need a camping-ground; and soon, under the shade of some graceful, wide-sweeping pepper trees, we had fire alight and the "billy" set to boil.

The "billy"—the word dropped from my lips almost unconsciously. For again, in imagination, I was back in the bush of dear old Australia, under the whispering, scented gum trees, with the log-fire blazing and the comrades of long ago squatted around. But reveries were cut short by a question from one of my American friends.

"The billy! What in all the world is a billy?"

"A billy," I proceeded to explain, "is that bright new can now blackening amidst the flames. When it is thoroughly smoked and crusted with wood ashes, when it is dented and battered, when it has boiled our tea for us a score of times, when it has shown its off-duty serviceableness as a receptacle for salt, tobacco, jack-knife, and all conceivable odds and ends, when we have yarned around it night after night while the quail or ducks for supper are simmering in its hospitable depths and sending forth a fragrant steam—then will it be the veritable billy indispensable to every bushman in the land of the Southern Cross, and very dear to his heart ere the end of a long trail."

My interrogator mused awhile, rummaging, I knew right well, through old Noah Webster.

"We have no word in America that expresses all that," he said at last.

"No," I replied, with prompt confidence. "'While the billy boils' is a phrase full of meaning and of tender reminiscence."

"'While the billy boils'"—the words were repeated reflectively. "It sounds good—very good. Boys, we'll adopt it right now."

And in true go-ahead American fashion the act of annexation was at once ratified. Thenceforward, for the remainder of our journey the "billy" was boiled, washed, filled with water, tipped over, mildly sworn at, coaxed with twigs of kindling, dropped incontinently at times when fingers took undue liberties with its hot yet innocent-looking black rim, watched by the hour while the wood ashes glowed, pipes were alight, and anecdotes went round—all strictly in accordance with Australian custom. "Can," "tin," "pail"—pah! the feeble, would-be synonyms were banished from our hearing.

With the dawn we were stirring, and an hour later were on the way for Andreas Canyon, where our first long camp would be made. For some hours we ascended gently towards the mountains, and then, after a somewhat precipitous climb, entered their very breast through a gash in the rock wall. Another transformation scene, that might have been passed by a hundred desert wayfarers without any thought of what lay within.

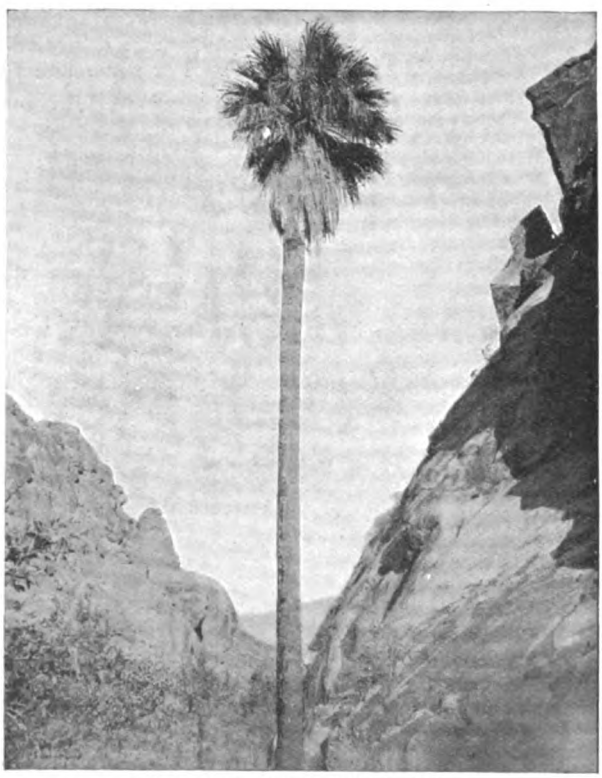
Here once dwelt an old Indian, who still gives his name to the canyon. But the man is dead these twenty years, his little adobe house in ruins, with a tangle of grape-vines run wild over its crumbling walls. The plot of land the red man cultivated has long since been reclaimed by the brushwood wilderness. Only the purling brook that waters the glade abides for all time. Under its fringing trees we tether our mules and spread the canvas for our bedding. And here we linger for three days.

"Now, what went ye there for to see?" the novice to desert travel may ask. A gap in the mountains, a patch of greenery, a tumble-down hovel of mud bricks—is the answer suggested. But let me supplement with a few more points. Get a hatchet, my friend, and cut a way up the defile, through the dense undergrowth of native scrub and riotously encroaching vines.

Not a hundred yards above our halting-place are cave dwellings of prehistoric Indians. Observe the site—a natural watch-tower, with clefts that sweep the plain for approaching foes. In front, on a slab of smooth granite, are the deeply-worn mortar-holes in which these ancient inhabitants of the canyon pounded their mesquite beans. Dig in the sand close by, as we dug, and you will find broken pestles that fit these mortars, scraps of rude pottery, the bones of animals half-consumed by fire. On the rock roof you can still see the smoke-blackened patch beneath which the steaks of venison were broiled. Where are the men and women

and children that lived and loved, cooked and feasted and played, slept and wakened for the fray, fought and died—all on this very scene? Gone as the puff of smoke that curls up towards Heaven and is dissipated for ever, these scant relics around us their only record.

Andreas was a modern man, tinctured with civilization, speaking the language of the old mission fathers, wearing on fiesta occasions a frock-coat with brass buttons, and a stove-pipe hat secured to his head by a gay yellow bandana. He could build for himself a house of sun-dried bricks, he practised a little tillage — just a little; he planted grapes, he even distilled his own brandy surreptitiously and by aid of a very primitive still. The name of Andreas survives by tradition; there are white men alive to-day who visited him and conversed with him. But who were these cave-dwellers, his possible forefathers? Not even Andreas himself could tell!



THE SENTINEL PALM IN ANDREAS CANYON.
From a Photo. by C. C. Pierce.

Continuing our way up the canyon we kill a big rattlesnake sunning himself among the rocks. We cross and recross the stream, lingering by many a waterfall and deep, spacious pool. Hour after hour we force a way through the tangled brush. But at last our goal is reached—the great sentinel palm that stands in solitary grandeur far up the ravine. Its clean, straight stem rises a hundred feet into the air, its age is to be numbered by centuries. Ah! if only this lone palm could tell its tale!

The scene here is superb, the view it commands of the plain down below magnificent. We are so high now that all the stunted growth of the desert is obliterated; the unaided eye sees but shimmering sand clothed as with a gossamer robe of heliotrope. To right and left of us are sheer precipices, beneath is a cascade partly masked by greenery, overhead the symmetrically-tufted plume of the giant palm outlined against a sky of indigo blue. The stillness is intense—not a bird rustles a leaf or warbles a note, not a breath of wind wafts a sigh, the waterfall is but a silent, seemingly motionless, scimitar of steel flashing in the sunlight. We do not desecrate the spot by speech—we just sit and drink its beauties into our souls.

That night in camp the stars seem brighter than ever, more majestic in their sublime calm—the calm that belongs only to eternity; our little world grows smaller, more insignificant than before; our mere selves become but atomic dust amidst the stupendous works of creation. For if a man has once stood under the sentinel palm in Andreas Canyon, mountains around him, the desert beneath, the stately tree, like the god of the place, wrapped in an atmosphere of contemplative solitude, then will his perspective of things mortal and transient be for ever altered.

From our camp next morning we cross the divide into Murray Canyon, where the desert palms grow in numbers, grouped in picturesque clusters on a fine amphitheatre of meadowlike land, or strung out along the bed of the watercourse, dried up at the time of our visit. On the day following we make a still longer expedition to Palm Tree Canyon. Here the palms are in still greater pro-

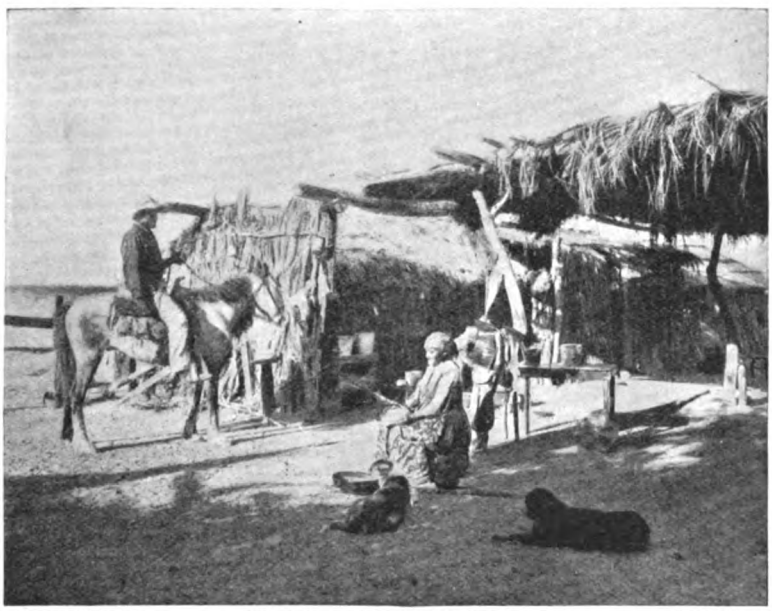
fusion, and in every stage of development, from inch-high seedlings to hundred-feet centenarians. Jostling each other, they fairly crowd the narrow defile that cuts for twenty miles into the heart of the mountain range. Twenty miles!—think of it. Yet one might pass along the edge of the desert, miss the narrow gateway, and never know that there was canyon here, or luxuriant palm tree growth to transform this far Western spot into a veritable niche from Barbary or Araby. The same day, in the falling darkness, we descend again to Palm Springs, light our fire beneath the pepper trees, and discuss our first spoils of knowledge and experience—"while the billy boils."

From a Photo. by] PALM TREE CANYON. *[C. C. Pierce.*

Next day was an off-day so far as hard work was concerned. We went over our baggage, discarding everything but absolute necessaries for the desert trail proper, strolled among the huts of the Indians on the reservation, and purchased some of their baskets. We also bathed in the pool of hot sand, famous from the times of the first Spanish pioneers—one of the spots marked *agua caliente* on the early maps of Southern California. This bath is a natural wonder that would make any spa in Europe world-famous. The surface water, which has a mild odour of sulphur, is only a few inches deep. Beneath is black sand, fine and clean as emery powder, soft to the skin as silk, and constantly in gentle motion. The bather does not touch bottom—his body sinks to the shoulders, and, with the aid of a cross-bar of timber, is then sustained in a position of perpendicular flotation. The temperature is just as warm as can be comfortably borne, and the sensation, like to that of soft massaging, is delightful. There is no danger, for even with the exertion of all one's strength downwards it is impossible to get one's chin to the level of the water. Solid substances promptly sink and are engulfed, but not so the bather. As the Indians say, "Everything disappears but a man." The red man's faith in the healing powers of this spring is great, and scattered members of the Cahuilla tribe come from a distance to take the bath that soothes the nerves and drives every ache from stiffened bones.

Our first stage over the level expanse of country, the desert proper, was one of eighteen miles—to Indian Well. It was a long pull for the mules, through sandy soil, and with their own provender of hay and grain, besides ten gallons of reserve water, added to the load. At last we experienced some of the real hardships of desert travel, and could gain at least a faint idea of its risks in the old days when there was no certainty of water ahead. No trees now, no tempering mountain breeze; just a blazing wilderness, with the sun-rays pouring down on us from above, and being flashed back from the naked ground as from a mirror. Now could we understand as never before those beautiful words of the Prophet Isaiah: "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Yet even here was animal life in plenty—big black-beetles gravely plodding along as if on some mission of importance, and lizards with abnormally long tails, in colour so closely resembling the surrounding soil that the little



From a Photo. by] AMONG THE HUTS OF THE INDIANS. *[C. C. Pierce.*

creatures remained quite unseen until fright sent them scurrying from the track. Does the lizard drag his caudal appendage along the ground or carry it on high? How many book students will answer the question right off and with positive certainty? We noted that even these varieties, with two-thirds of their entire length made up of tail, kept it rigidly extended and clear of every obstruction. One of our party made a grab at a specimen. But only the wriggling, snake-like tail remained in his grasp; the animal had at once discarded it, and had escaped with the shorter, but essential, part of his anatomy.

Here and elsewhere on the desert were occasional stretches of clayey soil, which served to show how Nature was man's first teacher in the art of pottery. The sun had scored the surface with deep lines, then curved and twisted the severed patches; so that for miles we walked over broken pot-sherds, with here and there a rudimentary vase or perfectly modelled bowl, all cracking under foot like regularly-baked earthenware. Thereafter would come an expanse of clean white sand, rolled by the wind into billowing dunes. After a time mesquite bushes would be encountered struggling for a root-hold; and soon we would be among thickets of the hardy shrub, gradually growing to veritable forest glades, through which the trail had been cut, so that for twenty or thirty yards we would be in a tunnel of greenery. And, oh, the cool and grateful shade of such spots after the heat and glare of the open!

For miles around Indian Well we are on an old camping-ground of the red man. In every direction the place is strewn with fragments of brown earthenware—they must have been rare smashers of crockery, these primeval savages. Flakes of obsidian suggest arrow-heads, and diligent search during several hours rewards us with about a score of these—dainty, tiny bits of workmanship, pointed and barbed, and notched for tying on to the shaft of the missile. We also find a bit of pipe-stem, a broken pestle, several flat disc-shaped stones likewise used for triturating the mesquite pod, portions of the stone trays on which the rubbing process was performed, and numerous flints with sharp edges that display clear marks of usage.

The old Indian Well, as our picture shows, has been improved, and is kept in careful repair for the use of modern desert wayfarers. We had camped beside it only an hour or so when up came a covered waggon, in which were seated a man, a woman, three or four children, and a tiny dog no larger than one's hand. They proved to be home-seekers on the way to the newly-opened Paolo Verde country, on the banks of the Colorado River, two hundred miles distant. Their tent was spread, their fire lighted, their supper cooking, their horses were watered, foddered, and tethered for the night, all with the marvellous precision and celerity of the experienced camper.

After sundown I strolled across the way.

"Where is your home?" I asked of the eldest boy.

"Ain't got any. Guess it's that waggon for the present," came the nonchalant and quite cheerful answer.

I engaged the father in conversation and readily got his story. After being for fifteen years manager of a Californian cattle-ranch

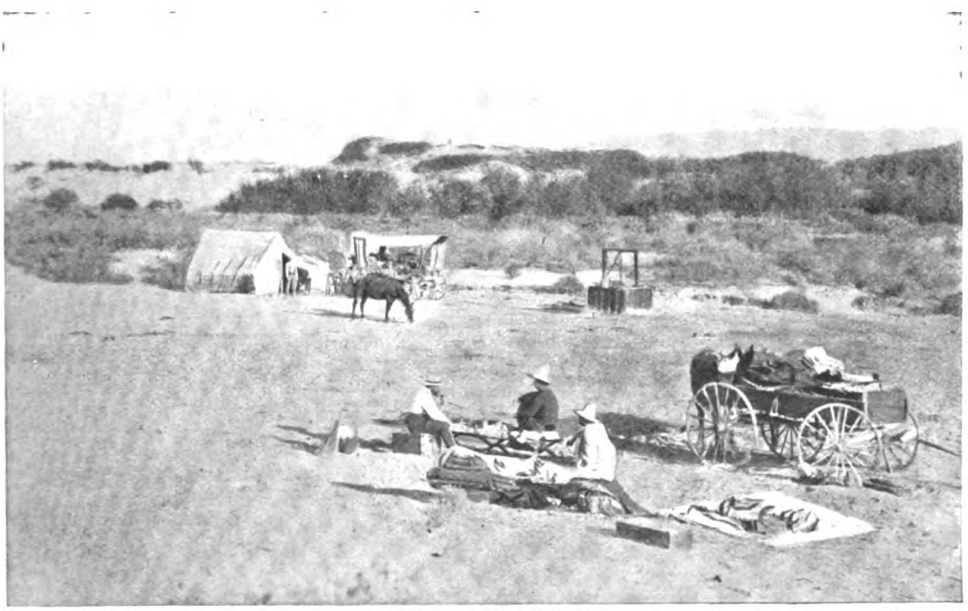
he was making for a new land of promise, there to build his own home and plant his own alfalfa patch. Full of hope, full of courage, making light of every hardship, actual and inevitable; with busy, cheery wife and happy, romping bairns; sturdy son of a sturdy soil—a second time that day to this man, as I had done to the mesquite, I lifted my hat—metaphorically, at all events. Of such is the true wealth, the true nobility of great and glorious America, to whose future greatness and glory no man can set a limit so long as her abundant brood of pioneers and conquerors set their calm, brave faces towards the unreclaimed expanses, the wildernesses of to-day, the smiling cornfields and fruit orchards of to-morrow. An "abundant brood." I write the words deliberately, for this family was but a type of many others we encountered by the way during our three weeks' sojourn on the desert.

Indian Well. What a scene of romantic beauty and romantic poetry! We were encompassed by rolling sand dunes and banked mesquite thickets, with a background of jagged, saw-toothed mountains. And there, written on the wind-swept, gravelly soil at our feet, was the story of a vanished race, its hieroglyphs, potsherds, and arrow-heads. While the moon rode high during the silent watches of the night, silvering everything with its shimmering sheen, we heard the sad, weird epic of the place whispering on the breeze.

We had been descending gradually from Palm Springs, about five hundred feet, to Indian Well, only one hundred feet above sea-level. On the evening of the next day we dropped down to Indio, twenty-two feet below, our first stopping-place in the actual sink of the great depression stretching eastwards as far as eye could reach. But our journeying did not lie that way yet awhile. After crossing, the mules were turned back again towards the west. A long day's travel brought us to the Canyon of a Thousand Palms, where we camped, almost opposite our point of starting far across the wilderness.

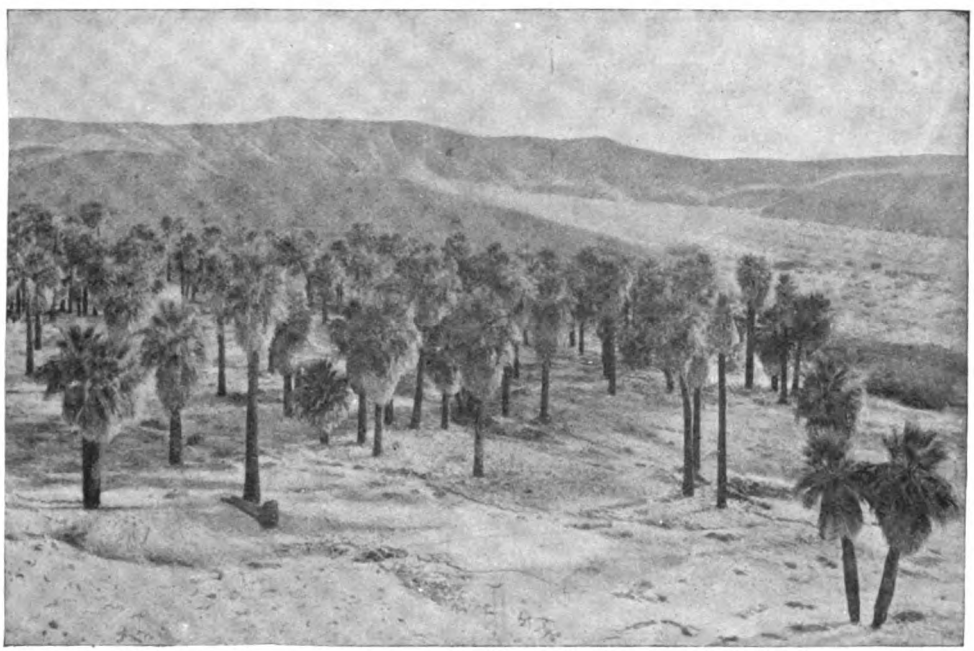
But palms, palms, palms! Although their beautiful forms and groupings never ceased to delight us, never brought satiety, the iteration of the story would weary my readers. Suffice it to say that on this side of the desert, rarely visited by travellers, for it is off the beaten track, we found the noble trees strung in almost continuous ranks along the foothills—in one place even straggling out in a line on to the plain, in several canyons massed in magnificent groves. For three days we lingered, under the shadow of the tufted plumes, sketching and photographing, musing and dreaming, and then, reluctantly, we took the back trail.

But one incident must be recorded. The



From a Photo. by] OUR CAMP AT INDIAN WELL. *[C. C. Pierce.*

Canyon of a Thousand Palms proved to be a vast amphitheatre of desert, opening out from the desert proper by a narrow gateway—the arroyo or dried-up bed of a stream. Within a mile or two of the entrance the precisely in these sheltered and ash-fertilized crannies that seeds had since found roothold and protection for their tender growth. We searched for arrow-heads or other relics, and were lucky enough to discover, in two frag-



From a Photo. by] IN THE CANYON OF A THOUSAND PALMS. *[C. C. Pierce.*

palm trees grow in three great clumps, several hundreds in each. Beyond are numerous buttes of clay and broken rock rising high above the level surface of the sandy soil. The loftiest of these we scaled—a steep climb of several hundred feet. We found ourselves on a round table, perhaps an acre in extent. "A natural observation tower," we exclaimed. And an old look-out of the Indians it proved to be. For almost in the centre lay the fragments of a huge olla or earthenware water-pot—no small drinking or cooking vessel, but a great round and narrow-necked vase for abundant storage. Here the sentries watched, and oh! the magnificent sweep of view they commanded, back to the bare, scarped precipices of the mountains proper, in front over the foothills of detritus and far out on to the desert beyond. For a minute we wondered why three or four tiny bushes were each encircled by carefully-laid stones. But then, like a flash, came the explanation. These were fireplaces, where the burning brands had been protected from the winds that would have scattered them; and it was ments at a considerable distance from each other, the second one having been washed down a little watercourse, an almost perfect Indian pipe-bowl, of fine, smooth red clay, the design somewhat elaborate and rudely artistic. So we laid the flattering unction to our souls that white man had never trodden here before, for surely then had not such treasure-trove been left for our gleaning.

The next days we spend among the Indians on the reservations of Torres and Martinez. Here we behold many interesting sights, last reminders of an order of things that is rapidly passing away—big wickerwork granaries on props for storing the mesquite pods; wells dug as inclined planes, down which cattle used to be driven; aged squaws patiently plaiting beautifully-patterned baskets in natural tints of white, black, red, and yellow; old braves in scanty attire, whose only response to our greeting is a grunt in some language that may be bad Spanish or good Cahuilla, but is quite unintelligible to our ears; taciturnity, distrust, and the ignorance that begets this mood of mind written on their stolid features. But we also see the

new order of things: the trim little mission church of the Moravians; the Government school-house and the Indian children at their lessons; artesian wells gushing with copious streams, reservoirs in course of construction, stacks of baled hay; the red man farmer ploughing, his hired help — likewise a red man — earning his two dollars a day; the younger squaws cutting out and dressmaking, wearing their home-made finery of Parisian mode with a smile of self-appreciation, quite delighted to have their photographs taken, and even shaking up their ancient grandmothers to come in and join the family group; the kerosene can everywhere in evidence, iron stoves cooking in front of brushwood shelters, slab houses with shingle roofs in process of building; ramshackle buggies with Ramon and Ramona on their way to the nearest railroad store for groceries, a cheerful reply in tolerable English to our passing "good-day," and other signs of onsweeping American civilization. Theme for regret or for congratulation? The poet will say the one thing, the utilitarian the other. But who can know the real truth? Was the simple savage of Indian Well camped on a sand dune five hundred years ago, clothed in a blanket and living on mesquite beans, a happier mortal than his descendant of to-day who wears a tweed suit and reads a newspaper? Only the recording angel can make answer.

From the Indian reservation we visited the so-called "coral reef," a well-defined water-mark that runs straight as a ruled line along the mountain range to the south of the old sea-bed, or lake-bed, plentifully strewn with shells, over which we were travelling. Thence we worked our way east to the great Salton Lake, the actual bottom of the bowl, two hundred and eighty-five feet below sea-level. We were now, indeed, in a true desert, a scene of utter lifelessness and desolation, where not even a solitary cactus grew or an errant lizard stirred. Far as vision ranged was the white, glistening surface of the salt-pan. But here, as everywhere, has come the indomitable white man—yonder trail of black smoke on the horizon is from a locomotive hauling a load of crystals to the salt works on the margin of the waste.

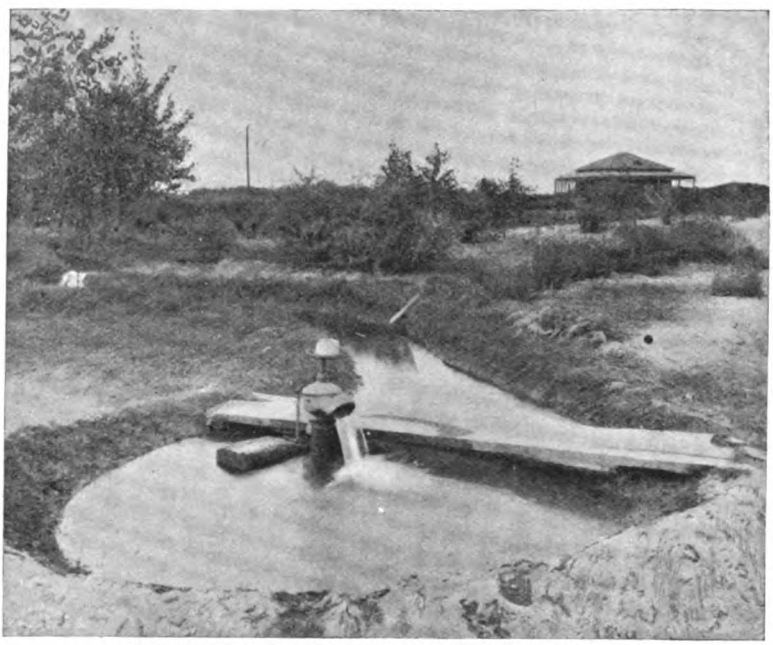
From a Photo. by] THE RED MAN'S FARM. *[C. C. Pierce.*

At this point we turn round the team for home. Our last look back is on the mirage that from a distance transforms the snow-white plain into a lake of limpid blue, in which the shadows of the fringing rocks are reflected with rare beauty and truly marvellous delusiveness.

For about thirty miles we keep close to the railway line, passing through the towns of Walters, Thermal, and Coachella, where, with the tapping of abundant artesian water, irrigation colonies are springing into existence.

At Coachella we found "the most low-down paper on earth," as the sheet describes itself. The explanation of this self-slander lies in the fact that the place of publication happens to be seventy-six feet beneath sea-level. But the *Submarine* is a bright little weekly, with a fine touch of humour in its very name. The editor plays the game right through — prints on sea-green paper, and

arranges his news under such headings as "Along the Coral Strand," "With the Mermaids," "McGinty's Musings"—McGinty, I believe, being a lyrical hero who permerely provoked a laugh of incredulity. So we packed our waggon and stole on our homeward way, leaving behind us a trail of wonderment.



TRANSFORMING THE DESERT—THE ARTESIAN WELL AT COACHELLA.
From a Photo. by C. C. Pierce.

formed some such feat as "dropping to the bottom of the deep blue sea."

Altogether the *Submarine*, as showing the world how wit and good spirits can survive even desert heat, commands our respect—much as our old friend the mesquite, or the lean and leathery and sadly misunderstood coyote, who, with hunger ever at his elbow, has to scrub so hard for a living.

We were in a populated country now, and to our camp-fire each night strolled inquiring residents. With thoroughly characteristic American bluntness came the almost invariable series of questions:—

"Are you looking for land?"

"Are you prospecting?"

"Are you a Government party?"

When negative replies had been returned to all three queries, there followed inevitably the amazed demand:—

"Then what in thunder are you doing here?"

We soon discovered that such explanations as "sunshine," "scenery," or "a holiday"

Even the genial editor of the *Submarine* bade us good-bye with a wronged and a doubting look in his eyes. Had we struck gold on the Salton salt-pan, or discovered a pearling bed beneath the coral reef? Had we found a new remedy for tuberculosis in the sap of a cactus, or pegged off the site for an hotel and sanatorium in the Thousand Palm Canyon? Had we wrung from the stern, grim desert yet another of its many secrets and wealth-bestowing potentialities? And, having done any or all of these things, were we deliberately robbing the enterprising local newspaper of its legitimate journalistic "scoop"? But if the editor of the *Submarine* ever chances to read these lines he will know that we wronged him not; that the day may come when he will require a special shipping column, in which will be recorded the passenger lists of the numerous pleasure craft sailing—on wheels, and with mule-power engines—in and out of these magic desert seas.

A Woman In It.

By Florence Warden,

Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

A NEAT little brougham drove up to the door of Tolkington and Smee's, the well-known Regent Street jewellers, and a gentleman stepped out.

He was between sixty and seventy years of age, tall, dignified, and well-dressed, with that indescribable "something about him" which is usually defined as "a military appearance." He had mild blue eyes, the wrinkles round which were such as to give him a kindly expression, and a long, drooping moustache which was still only slightly tinged with grey, though his close-cropped, glossy hair was nearly white.

He walked slowly, with the help of an ebony stick with a gold crutch handle, and ran his eye over the contents of the show-window without appearing satisfied at anything he saw there. Then he hesitated in the doorway, looked back at the brougham, and did not make up his mind to enter the shop until he caught the eye of an assistant who was showing a lady out, and who held the door open after her departure, as if inviting the gentleman to come in.

Then he made up his mind, entered, and said:—

"I'm afraid it's not of much use for me to trouble you, but I have a daughter who has taken a fancy to the idea of a diamond bracelet in the form of a serpent. It seems to me an uncanny notion, and I don't suppose you have anything of the sort."

"I'm not sure that we have a bracelet in that particular design, but the lady is quite right in thinking that such a design is made. We could have it done for you ourselves if you liked. If you will allow me, sir, I'll speak to our manager, and in the meantime perhaps you will look at some other designs. We have a very handsome one that I should like to show you."

The gentleman smiled and shook his head.

"I don't suppose it will be of any use," he said. "I have a very autocratic young lady to deal with, and my taste is supposed to be inferior. However, you may show it to me if you like."

He took the seat offered him, and not only saw the bracelet in question and three or four more, but bought one for which he paid fifty guineas.

In the meantime the manager, a tall young man with a well-bred manner and decidedly distinguished appearance, came to interview him on the matter of the specially-designed ornament. After a little discussion the customer expressed a wish to have some designs sent to him to the Hotel Burleigh, where he and his daughter were staying.

He took out his card-case, and putting his pencil through the address, "Melborough Hall, Lincoln," wrote the name of his hotel and his hotel number under his name, "Sir Francis Melborough, Bart."

On his way to the door he stopped.

"Perhaps," said he, "you had better not go to the trouble of making the designs until you hear from me again. My daughter is full of caprices, and when she gets this bracelet she may like it and forget her whim about the serpent."

"It will be no trouble at all, sir, I assure you."

The designs were made at once and dispatched to the hotel, and on the following day a letter came to the firm from Sir Francis with an order for the bracelet to be made after a chosen design. The letter further said that Sir Francis would be glad if Mr. Eleham, the gentleman to whom he had spoken at the shop, would come to his hotel and bring with him some handsome rings, preferably set with sapphires.

Old Mr. Tolkington, the senior partner, who was nearly as deaf as a post, and who, therefore, had had for some years to content himself with a passive part in the business, read the letter and then looked over his spectacles at his partner, Mr. Smee, who was a stout, rubicund man of middle age, afflicted with gout and a short temper.

"I don't think we'd better send Eleham," said Mr. Tolkington.

"Why not?" asked his partner, shortly.

The senior partner, who, with his long, lean, stooping figure, cadaverous face, and dim but still thoughtful eyes, formed a strong contrast to Mr. Smee, rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"'DON'T LIKE HOTELS. DON'T LIKE DAUGHTERS,' HE SAID, SLOWLY."

"Don't like hotels. Don't like daughters," he said, slowly.

Mr. Smee looked at him with ready indignation.

"What nonsense!" said he, shortly. "Did you see Sir Francis?"

Mr. Tolkington went on rubbing his chin.

"I saw a man who gave us a card bearing that name," he answered, cautiously.

"Well, and didn't he look as if the name belonged to him?"

"He did look as if it might," admitted the old jeweller, cautiously.

"And didn't he pay fifty guineas for something he bought here?"

Mr. Tolkington waved his long, thin hand.

"For all that," he said, "I should like you to take the rings and not Eleham. You're not young and not handsome, Smee, and Eleham is both. As they want the handsome young man to go, I think it's safer to send you."

Mr. Smee was no Adonis, certainly, but he felt that he had a right to be offended. He left the private office in which they were talking without answering, and was so very much offended that the senior partner finally thought it better to relent, and to send the young manager to the Hotel Burleigh with the rings.

Mr. Smee, on his side, to make a pretence of satisfying his partner's absurd suspicions, took the precaution to look in "Whitaker's Almanack," where he duly found the name of Sir Francis Melborough among the baronets, with the date of creation, 1784.

And he hoped Mr. Tolkington was satisfied now.

Mr. Tolkington nodded, but did not say whether he was satisfied or not.

When Eric Eleham, the young manager, arrived at the Hotel Burleigh with his commonplace little brown hide bag and asked for Sir Francis Melborough, he was shown into one of the private sitting-rooms, where he found his distinguished-looking customer standing on the hearthrug with his back to a little fire which was burning in the grate, though the month was May and the weather not particularly cold.

On the sofa lay a young and very beautiful woman, dressed in a white cashmere morning-gown trimmed with a profusion of cream-coloured lace, with big bows of pale rose-coloured velvet on the sleeves and breast.

She sat up when the young man entered, and remained looking at him without speaking while her father greeted the visitor.

Eleham, while answering Sir Francis's questions, managed to glance more than once at the lady, in whom he recognised a customer who had purchased some small silver trays a few days before. He had been struck at that time with the beauty of her large light eyes, the perfection of her profile, and the pale gold colour of her hair, which contrasted with the clearly-marked dark eyebrows.

And he remembered that she was tall, of a good figure and remarkably graceful carriage, altogether the sort of woman whose appearance cannot easily be forgotten.

"Well, Ella," said Sir Francis, when the young man had opened his bag and produced a dozen most beautiful rings, "I think

we can find something to please you here, can't we?"

With a careless manner and off-hand tone the lady got up, and walking slowly to the table took up a ring in which was one splendid emerald of good size and good colour, and placed it on her finger.

"They're all very handsome," she said, indifferently, "but really I don't want any of them. Richard is going to give me more jewellery than I want, as it is."

"It isn't so much a question of what you want as of what is becoming to a woman of your position when she marries," said her father, in a tone of rebuke. "Sir Francis Melborough's daughter must have jewels on her marriage, and they must be of the best."

Eric Eleham smiled.

"I don't think you can have any fault to find with the quality of what we sell, Sir Francis," said he.

"To be sure not, to be sure not. This one is the prettiest ring I have seen for a long time."

And as he spoke he took up a half-hoop of sapphires, with points of diamonds.

"I don't care for sapphires. If I must have one I'll have this," said Ella.

And taking off the emerald ring she placed it on the table apart from the others. Sir Francis turned to the manager and smiled.

"You don't often have lady customers who can make up their minds as quickly as that, do you?" he said.

His daughter laughed.

"No, Sir Francis, indeed we do not," said the young man, smiling, and turning with another glance at the beautiful Ella, who was looking at him with unmistakable interest.

"Pay for it then, papa," said she. "I decide on the big emerald."

Eric Eleham put the rest of the rings back into the bag, and Sir Francis took out a pocket-book and asked the price of the ring. Hearing that it was two hundred pounds, he began to count out his notes and gold, and then said:—

"May you take a cheque?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Francis, from you," answered Eleham, who had made some inquiries downstairs, with the caution impressed upon him by Mr. Tolkington. By this time he had his bag, repacked, in his hand and was ready to go.

While he was signing a receipt Sir Francis took up the bag.

"What!" said he, "do you mean to say you carry all that valuable property in a miserable little bag like this without even a special lock?"

The young man smiled.

"Sometimes I carry as much as five or six thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and other stones in it," he answered. "Our theory is that a common bag like that is far less likely to attract unwelcome attention than one made expressly for carrying valuable property."

"That's ingenious, certainly."

"And of course I don't walk. I came from door to door in a hansom, and I shall return in the same way."

A moment later he had taken the cheque, given the receipt, and was outside and on his way downstairs.

Three or four days later another communication reached the firm from Sir Francis, who desired that some tiaras might be brought by Mr. Eleham to show to his daughter.

The cheque had been duly honoured, and the firm began to congratulate themselves on such a good customer, and the bag which the young man brought to the hotel contained on this occasion some thousands of pounds' worth of splendid gems.

Sir Francis was as genial as ever, his daughter lovelier than before in an indoor dress of lavender silk, with a girdle of velvet some shades darker. Her pale golden hair was elaborately dressed, and when she placed one of the tiaras upon her head the young man could not help being struck with her regal appearance. She carried her beautiful head, indeed, as if she had been used to wear a crown; and remembering how many fugitive princesses he had heard of as flitting about Europe at the present time, it occurred suddenly to him to wonder whether this woman, mysterious in her dazzling beauty, were one of them.

She, however, was critical, and by no means so much impressed with her own appearance as he was.

"I don't like these great belts and bands of diamonds," said she. "I should like something more artistic. This looks merely as if I wanted to show how many big stones I could put on my head."

"You are quite right, madam," said he. "But we have to please all tastes. Now, the American and African ladies like the sort of thing you have on for that very reason."

"But the man I'm going to marry is a nobleman, not an African millionaire," said the lady, smiling, "so he will be able to

afford a little simplicity in his wife's tastes. Show me something I shall really like."

Eleham produced a beautiful ornament, consisting of a spray of leaves rising high at one side of the head and tapering off with tendrils and leaf-buds towards the front. The lady was delighted, and decided upon it at once.

"Put away your great fenders and chandelier pendants," said she. "I shall see nothing I like so well as this if I go half over London."

Sir Francis, however, was not so well pleased. The ornament was pretty, but looked mean, he thought. He was not allowed to influence the wilful lady, and he wrote out a cheque for five hundred pounds while Eleham repacked his bag.

Ella went from one mirror to the other and surveyed herself from all points of view. The cheque was given, the receipt made out, and Eleham had bowed and made his way to the door when a cry from the lady arrested his steps Turning, he saw that the diamond spray had fallen from its place on her head and was dangling in her fair hair.

"Allow me," said Eleham, instinctively starting forward, as she as instinctively turned to him for help.

"IT WAS A DELICATE MATTER TO DISENTANGLE THE LITTLE TENDRILS FROM THE FAIR HAIR."

It was a delicate matter to disentangle the little tendrils from the fair hair, and the task was an exciting one. When at last he succeeded and placed the ornament in her hand she rewarded him with a brilliant smile and a glance of her blue eyes which set his pulses throbbing.

Not only did she smile, but she even condescended to hold out her hand. He felt as if the touch had been that of a princess, and, picking up his bag quickly, he went out of the room and down the stairs, less master of himself than a man of business ought to be at the conclusion of a good day's deal.

Even when he reached the shop and handed the cheque to Mr. Tolkington in the dark little back office where the senior partner usually spent his days watching what went on in the shop through a little peep-hole of his own contriving, Eleham was thinking more of the lady than of the transaction he had just successfully accomplished.

Mr. Tolkington took the cheque and the bag with a nod, and the young man went out.

A few minutes later there was a long ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling from the senior partner's electric bell. An assistant went quickly towards the office, but not before the door had been flung open and old Mr. Tolkington, his face grey rather than white, appeared in the doorway.

"Eleham! Where's Mr. Eleham?" he cried, with a sudden sharpness of tone which set all the assistants wondering.

"He's just gone out, sir."

"Out! Gone out!" The gaunt old figure came forward a step or two, and there was a sort of "creepy" sensation about the nerves of his *employés* as they noted the glassy look in his eyes. "Go after him! Find him! Fetch him back! And where—where's Mr. Smee?"

The junior partner, who had been within

hearing, came forward without a word, led the old man back into the office, and closed the door.

"What is it?" said he.

For answer the senior partner pointed with a trembling finger to the bag, which stood open upon the table. Beside it, in folds of crumpled tissue paper, were half-a-dozen cheap cases containing articles of the commonest sham jewellery.

"I—I don't understand," stammered Mr. Smee, turning pale.

The elder man, who could scarcely speak for rage, whispered, hoarsely:—

"Eleham! Where's Eleham? Find him! I must see him! Find him, I say! This comes of letting a young fool go instead—instead——" He glared across the table at his partner, and hissed out with savage meaning, "instead of an old one!"

Mr. Smee's red face lost its colour.

"Do—do—you mean that—that——"

"I mean that this is what your young jackanapes of a manager has brought back instead of nearly seven thousand pounds' worth of di—di—diamonds!" cried Mr. Tolkington, gnashing his false teeth with rage.

"What! Do you mean——"

"I mean that he's been tricked by a parcel of knaves, and that we've got to pay for his infernal stupidity!" replied Mr. Tolkington, who rarely used strong language, but whose feelings on this occasion carried him away. "And this is the donkey you wanted to—to—to make a partner of!"

His voice went up to a squeak of indignation on the last word.

For, indeed, Mr. Smee, who had a rather wild young son whom he wanted to succeed him in the business, had suggested that the sedate and steady Eleham might serve as ballast to the firm in the generation to come.

"We must send for the police at once," said Smee.

And as he spoke he touched the bell.

"And, of course, we must hear what Eleham has to say."

"He's gone out!" retorted Mr. Tolkington, in the same husky whisper.

"*Out!*"

And as Mr. Smee turned round and faced his partner, the same idea came into both their minds at the same moment.

"Well, of course," said Mr. Tolkington, "he may have gone to his luncheon."

There was a moment's dead silence, which even the entrance of one of the assistants, come to answer the summons, did not break. Then Mr. Smee, gouty, but impatient and impetuous, hobbled out into the shop, unable to wait.

And as he went in by the inner door the outer door opened, and there entered, walking at his usual leisurely pace and wearing his usual air of genial amiability, the distinguished-looking but suspicious customer, Sir Francis Melborough.

Mr. Tolkington saw him too. Watching through his peep-hole in the dark background he saw Sir Francis saunter in, look to left and right, and, recognising Mr. Smee, walk straight up to him and say, in his well-bred undertones:—

"I've been sent by my daughter to ask whether you can get her a spray for the bodice of similar pattern to the hair ornament she bought this morning."

Poor Mr. Smee was struck dumb. At the first moment he could think of nothing better than to fly at his customer's throat, pin him to the counter, and accuse him of the theft of the jewels. The next he fell into a sort of stupor of uneasy bewilderment, unable to believe that this frank, well-bred, well-to-do gentleman could really have had anything to do with the robbery.

He stammered, grew redder, nay, purpler than ever, and gasping out, "I'll—I'll ask Mr.—Mr. Tolkington," he fairly turned tail and ran, or rather hopped, into the office, leaving Sir Francis staring after him through his gold double eye-glass, and looking interrogatively at the assistants, as who should say, "Is this man sane? Is he sober?"

"What shall we do?" gasped Smee, when he found himself face to face with his partner, with a closed door between him and his apparently astonished customer.

Mr. Tolkington did not immediately answer. He was staring through his watch-hole at Sir Francis, who, after a moment's hesitation, took the chair offered him by one of the young men, and sat down at the silver counter, patiently waiting for the return of the excitable Smee.

Then Tolkington turned to his partner. He had made up his mind.

"We'll have him in here, tell him about it, and see how he takes it," said he, briefly. "Ask him in to see me. If he won't come, we shall know that he's a wrong 'un. If he comes, well, we shall see!"

Mr. Smee, still purple and feverish, hobbled away to give the message. Sir Francis looked rather surprised, but rose at once and went into the office, where, owing to Mr. Tolkington's deafness, all that he said had to

be passed on by the junior to the senior partner, who caught the meaning more from the movement of the lips than by ear.

"Sir Francis," began Mr. Smee, "we sent a valuable parcel of jewellery for your inspection by the hands of our manager. This is what he has brought back."

And he pointed to the array of cheap cases on the table. The baronet put on his gold double eye-glass and examined the articles in amazement. Then he looked quickly at the bag. It was a common brown hide bag, just like that in which the real jewels had been carried, but whether it was the same or a substitute nobody present exactly knew.

"He's been robbed!" said Sir Francis, with decision.

"Yes," said Mr. Smee. "The question is by whom. He went to the hotel in a hansom; he came back the same way."

Sir Francis frowned.

"The astonishing thing is," said he, "that he was so particularly careful. While he was with us he never let the bag go out of his hand."

"He must have let it go out of his hand somewhere," said Mr. Smee, sharply. "Anyhow, he won't have the chance of carrying one for us again."

"What do you mean?" asked Sir Francis.

"Why, that he will be dismissed from his post this morning, and that we shall send for the police."

"I've done that already," said Mr. Tolkington, in whose mind his first suspicions of his customer were melting under the influence of that gentleman's bewilderment.

"May I stay here until the police come?" asked the baronet. "I can't help feeling a deep interest in the case and in this poor fellow's misfortune, and if my evidence can be of any use I should like to express my willingness to give it in his behalf."

Mr. Tolkington was watching at his peep-hole. He turned round and said, in a low voice, with the air of a giant spider ready to pounce: "Here he is, Mr. Smee; would you fetch him in?"

There was a moment's breathless silence as the junior partner hobbled out, and with a brief word ushered the young man into the office. It was Mr. Tolkington who undertook the office of accuser.

"You've been robbed," said he, harshly, as soon as the door was closed.

Eleham did not seem to understand.

"Robbed!" echoed he, vaguely, glancing from Mr. Tolkington's grey, angry face, first at that of Mr. Smee, purple and tremulous, and then at the anxious, kindly countenance of the baronet.

"That trash," went on Mr. Tolkington, pointing with a shaking hand to the litter on the table, "is what you have brought back to us in place of nearly seven thousand pounds' worth of diamonds!"

Eleham stared stupidly at the cases on the table, and then looked up wonderingly at Sir Francis. What had he got to do with it? What did it all mean?

"Do you mean to say," he asked, slowly,

"'TRASH,' WENT ON MR. TOLKINGTON, POINTING WITH A SHAKING HAND TO THE LITTER ON THE TABLE."

after a short pause, "that the bag I gave you just now did not contain the jewels I took from here this morning?"

"That's just what we do mean," said Mr. Smee.

Eleham, with a flash of the eye, looked straight at the baronet.

"Sir Francis, what do *you* know about this?" he asked, shortly.

Sir Francis frowned, amazed at his tone, and both the partners moved uneasily and began to protest. But Eleham went on.

"I had the jewels safe when I entered your sitting-room," said he, "and I came straight back in a cab without meeting or speaking to anybody. If they're gone it is you, Sir Francis, who must know how and where they went."

Sir Francis stared at him steadily for a moment and then turned slowly to Mr. Smee.

"Does he drink?" was all he said.

But the cold, cutting tone, the dignified manner, combined to make the short sentence absolutely effective.

"I had not known of it till this moment," said Mr. Smee, quickly, "but really I begin to think he does."

Eleham brought his fist down with a crash upon the table, making all the wretched little cases containing the sham jewellery clatter and jump about.

"You know that's a lie!" said he. "You know that I do not drink; you know that I am neither careless nor untrustworthy. Why do you believe the word of a stranger against mine?"

Sir Francis, putting up his hand to check the partners' interference, said, quietly:—

"It's not a question of belief, Mr. Eleham; it's a question of fact. I suppose you don't accuse *me* of stealing your diamonds?"

The tone of supercilious amazement, quiet and restrained, with which he put the question made even Eleham hesitate to make his accusation more pointed.

"I say," he repeated, stubbornly, "that I took the whole of the jewellery into your sitting-room, and that I brought straight back here the bag that I took out of your sitting-room."

"Do you mean that it was changed *in* my sitting-room?" asked the baronet, in the same mocking tone.

Eleham did not answer.

Before he could do so, indeed, there was a tap at the door, and an assistant informed Mr. Smee, who went to speak with him, that a policeman had come.

Mr. Smee informed his partner of the fact, and the other two men caught the whispered words.

"I'm quite ready to answer any charge you may wish to make against me," cried Eleham, his handsome face flushed and his eyes alight with anger as well as dismay.

But the baronet interfered. Putting up his hand deprecatingly, he said in a low voice to the junior partner:—

"Don't do anything rash, I beg. You have no wish to ruin this young man for what was certainly no worse than an unhappy accident. Give me leave to say that you have in part brought this loss upon yourselves by your system of carrying valuable property in bags which are so common that the substitution of one for another can be effected without difficulty. I am certain that your young manager was followed and watched, and that a bag containing the mock jewellery was substituted for his own at the first opportunity. Wait until he is calmer and cooler, and you will probably learn when the exchange occurred. You will almost certainly find that for one moment he put down the bag somewhere——"

Eleham interrupted him by an exclamation.

"I may have done so," he admitted, suddenly. "I don't recollect it, but I admit I may have put down the bag for one moment between leaving your room and coming out of the hotel. But if I did so, I certainly did it when there was nobody near."

All three men looked at each other with a gesture which said emphatically that the truth was discovered.

The baronet took immediate advantage of the opening for mercy.

"Now," said he, "we have something to go upon. Just tell the police everything, and leave the matter in their hands." He took out his card-case. "If they would like to come and see me about it, I will give them what little information I can. At least, I can speak to the extreme caution and prudence of this gentleman. And I hope, gentlemen," he added, as he went slowly towards the door, "that you will reconsider your decision, and allow Mr. Eleham to continue to occupy his present position until this unhappy matter is cleared up."

With these words he went out of the office, leaving the partners in a state of indecision, and Eleham boiling with rage and disgust.

"Aren't you going to have that man arrested as a thief?" asked he, shortly, as

the door closed. "As sure as my name's Eleham, it was he who changed the bag."

"If so, the police will find it out," said Mr. Tolkington, drily.

He had been looking through his peep-hole, and had seen Sir Francis go straight up to the police-officer waiting in the shop, and make a communication to him before going out.

How on earth, in the face of such openness and even generosity, could he do anything but accept the situation, and leave the matter to the police? Mr. Tolkington turned to his partner.

"Show in the officer," said he. "Mr. Eleham, kindly state the facts—all the facts—to him as fully as possible."

Ten minutes later Eleham, having given a detailed account of his visit to the hotel, not omitting the incident of the falling hair ornament and of his leaving the bag for a moment on the table while he went to the lady's assistance, had left the office, and the partners, having conferred with the officer, had decided to take Sir Francis's advice, and to leave the young manager in his situation for the present.

"If he's had anything to do with this business himself," was the officer's shrewd comment, "you're more likely to find it out by keeping him in your employ than by sending him away."

It was not, however, possible that the relations between the partners and their manager should be so cordial after as they were before the unpleasant incident with which he had had so unhappy a connection. Although it was kept out of the papers, there were rumours, inevitably spread by the assistants in the shop, which affected both the partners and their manager.

On the very next day Eleham received a letter of invitation from the baronet, who wrote in the kindest tone, expressing his regret that the young man should feel resentment towards him, although it must be plain that he had taken his part throughout the unhappy affair of the loss of the jewels. Eleham, reflecting on this letter, arrived at the conclusion that it showed they had not done with him yet, and, in the hope that he might be able to set a trap for them in return for the one they had set for him, he answered, accepting the invitation, and presented himself that evening at the hotel, where he was overwhelmed with sympathy and attention by both the baronet and his daughter.

If Ella had looked handsome by daylight, in her simple morning dress, she looked more beautiful still in white silk, which allowed the beauty of her white arms and neck to be seen. She wore no jewels, but a few pearls of no great value, and Eleham felt rather grateful that she did not revive too poignant recollections of his misfortune by the display of the diamonds he had sold to her.

With charming tact, neither father nor daughter made any mention of the loss of the jewels, but both vied with each other in kindness and courtesy until he began to feel ashamed of his own suspicions and to think that, after all, he must have been mistaken.

This impression was deepened upon subsequent visits to the hotel, and from holding himself on his guard and waiting for a sign of the cloven hoof to peep out, Eleham had begun to believe that he was wrong, and that he himself was a contemptible fellow to have accepted their hospitality in the character of spy, when at last, one evening after dinner, when Ella — on this occasion resplendent with rubies and diamonds—had just lighted his cigarette for him, and was sitting beside him on a sofa, she let fall a few artless words which could not but give him pause.

"I should so like," said she, dreamily, "to see what you do with your splendid stock of diamonds and things at night; how you hide them away and keep them safe."

"My dear, they're all locked up, of course," said the baronet, who was enjoying his own cigar in an easy-chair not far off.

Eleham had said nothing, but he had concealed the flash of new suspicion which darted through his mind.

"Of course, I know that," said Ella. "But I should awfully like to see exactly what you do and how you do it. Do you keep your safes in the shop, or in the office at the back, or in the cellar?"

"They're not all put in the same safe," said Eleham, trying not to answer with any appearance of caution.

"And who locks them up and unlocks them? Do you?" said she, with the frivolous unconcern of a spoilt pretty woman, who expects her least question to be answered without delay or reserve.

"Sometimes I do."

"You have duplicate keys, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, it's always you who have to take out the things in the morning! I'm sure neither of those respectable old gentlemen I've seen would have energy enough to come to business very early in the morning!"

"'AND WHO LOCKS THEM UP AND UNLOCKS THEM? DO YOU?' SAID SHE."

It was a shrewd guess, and Eleham smiled. He admitted that it was his duty to arrive first, to let himself in by the side-door, and to see that all was safe. And then she began to coax and to try to persuade him to let her into the shop some night and show her exactly where he put the jewels and how he kept them.

Eleham excused himself as well as he could, while Sir Francis affected to laugh heartily at her persistency and to be amused at the steadiness with which he assured her that he should be delighted, if only she would obtain the permission of the partners first.

Eleham felt while this ordeal lasted that only the memory of his duty to his employers kept him steady under the fire of Ella's brilliant blue eyes and the coaxing persuasiveness of her voice. She tried her blandishments with even more daring when Sir Francis left the room to get some more cigars; but Eleham, with his brain on fire, stood firm, with the knowledge that he was in the hands of a pair of adventurers.

Eleham wondered whether he was being shadowed when, on driving up in his hansom to the door of the mansions where both the partners lived, he saw that another hansom was waiting outside, and that, just before he reached the flat occupied by the partners, another visitor was admitted.

Who this was he could not see. But he was kept waiting for some time in the little drawing-room, and it was not until he had heard the outer door of the flat open and close again that the door of the room opened, and both Mr. Smee and Mr. Tolkington came in together.

Eleham was confounded by the dry smile which appeared on both their faces when he told them what had brought him there.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Eleham," said the junior partner, when he had told them of Ella's anxiety to obtain an entrance into the premises at night and to inspect the arrangements for the safe keeping of the stock. "All that information is very valuable —very valuable indeed. If you were a paid detective you could not be more enterprising."

Eleham was struck dumb.

"At the same time," went on Mr. Tolkington, taking up the tale even more drily than his partner, "it is always better for a man to keep to his own department. We have, as you know, Mr. Eleham, treated you with great indulgence. But prudence puts a limit even to mercy. And as you have chosen to turn upon the people who have befriended you in this affair, I think it will be better for you to find a situation where your various talents are more appreciated. Will you kindly take three months' notice, Mr. Eleham? And if you can find an opening before the end of that period, we should be glad to shorten it at your convenience."

There was no arguing against the steely determination the young man saw in the

cold eyes of the old one. He understood how he had been outwitted by Sir Francis, who was, he could not doubt, the visitor who had preceded him, and who had cleverly contrived to warn the partners of the sort of errand on which the young manager was coming to them.

It was in a state of desperation that he bowed—after only the faintest attempt at making explanations, to which neither of the partners would listen — and went slowly downstairs.

He realized now the full extent of his danger, and with this full knowledge came a determination which strengthened with every step he took.

He went straight home and wrote the following letter to Sir Francis :—

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—I regret exceedingly that I should have appeared so ungracious as I must have done in refusing the request of Miss Melborough. I confess I thought at the time that it would have been more proper to apply to the partners for permission to inspect the business premises at night than to me. I have, however, been treated so badly by them, in being given notice to leave their employment without any reason, that I feel anxious not to show want of gratitude to those who are my real friends. If Miss Melborough will let me know on what evening and at what hour she would like to go over the premises I will bring her my keys myself.—Yours very truly, ERIC ELEHAM.

He posted this at once, and on the following evening he got this reply :—

DEAR ELEHAM,—We are much pleased with your kindness, and you shall find in me a valuable friend when your present engagement is at an end. I can get you a berth in a Paris house, where you will be treated with all the consideration which your merits deserve. My daughter is going to a dance to-night, so we shall be rather late. But perhaps that will not matter. If you can meet us at Piccadilly Circus at 2.30 we will walk up the street together. We shall be in a brougham with a grey horse, and shall stop opposite Swan and Edgar's.—Yours, FRANCIS MELBOROUGH.

Punctual to the minute, Eleham found the brougham with the grey horse at the Circus that night, but only Ella stepped out. She was wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, under which she held up her long black dress ; and her head was enveloped in a hood of black lace.

"Papa will join us farther up the street," she said. "He's come from his club and I from my dance, and I told him to meet us on foot."

They walked up Regent Street, Ella very chatty and charming, Eleham rather silent and preoccupied. They reached the shop of Tolkington and Smee, and Ella led the way up the passage to the side-door.

"Don't let us wait for papa," said she. "It looks as if we were burglars if we hang about near a jeweller's, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Eleham, as he took out a small key and fitted it into the specially made lock of the side-door.

Ella was nervous, he could see, in spite of her flow of small talk. She looked to right and left as the door opened, and then, as Eleham threw it open, she stepped upon the threshold.

"There he is, I think," she cried, not in a loud voice, but very distinctly.

The next moment a tall, thin man had appeared from some unseen corner, and, darting past Ella and Eleham, entered the premises.

The latter did not utter a word, however, but only looked at Ella, who, with a little exclamation, had stepped inside the door.

Eleham relocked it at once.

She turned round.

Probably some suspicion entered her mind, for she drew a long breath and said :—

"What are you doing? What have you done?"

"It wouldn't do to leave the door open, would it?" he said, as he motioned to her to go down the passage. "We had better find out who that man is who ran past us, hadn't we?"

"But—papa!" stammered Ella, who, by the electric light which Eleham had turned on in the passage, was looking very pale.

"We needn't trouble our heads about him, I think."

Suddenly she stood firm.

"You mean to throw in your lot with us, don't you?" she said, with sudden peremptoriness. "You can't do better, I give you my word."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Give me your keys, the keys of the safes. Quickly."

"Tell me first who that man is?"

"I'll tell you everything presently. We've no time to lose."

With a spasm of horror at the knowledge that this beautiful woman was a professional thief, Eleham handed her his bunch of keys and saw her feverish clutch at them.

He had laid his hand upon her arm, with the intention of telling her to escape while there was yet time, and to leave her accomplice to his fate, when she, too quick for him, stepped back sharply, and putting to her lips a little gold whistle, which she wore dangling from a long, thin gold chain, blew on it three times.

And there sprang out from the end of the

passage the tall, thin, dark man, with a stout iron crow-bar in his hand.

But Eleham was prepared. In his turn he put a whistle to his lips, blew once, with a shrill, sharp sound, and the next moment he and the man were engaged in a tussle so grim that even Ella, used as she probably was to encounters of this sort, uttered a low cry of horror as they wrestled and fought, up ing to his feet, was in time to see the dark man seized in his turn and pinioned against the wall by two policemen in plain clothes who had been concealed on the premises.

At the same moment there appeared at a door in the passage the faces of the two partners, Tolkington and Smee.

Eleham turned to them, gasping.

"Now—now—you'll believe me," said he.

"ELEHAM TURNED TO THEM, GASPING."

and down the passage, struggling for possession of the iron bar and each doing his best to throw the other.

But it was two to one. Suddenly Eleham felt himself attacked from behind as well as in front, and knew that it was the white, strong fingers of the woman that were round his throat, throttling, choking him. Gasping, struggling, he had to relax his grip on the man; and the next moment, pulled by the woman, tripped up by the man, he had fallen heavily to the floor.

Quick as thought Ella handed the keys to her confederate.

"Get to your work. Get to the safes," cried she. "I'll keep him quiet."

But Eleham saw the handkerchief in her hand, smelt the sickly smell of the drug with which it was saturated, and, suddenly spring-

Ella uttered a scream of anger and amazement.

"You've—you've betrayed me, betrayed us!" panted she, her handsome face transformed with fury till it looked like that of a demon.

But Eleham, sick and faint, was incapable of answering her.

Although he had known that these two specious, gentle, attractive creatures were —must be—thieves and adventurers of no commonly astute type, yet the absolute knowledge of the fact was overwhelming all the same. In particular there was something repulsive about the fact that he had had to help in the unmasking of the woman whose beauty was so undeniable, whose charm was so strong.

"What could I do?" he said, hoarsely, not

to her but to Mr. Smee, who was already grasping his hand in contrite reconciliation. "I couldn't do anything but give them up to you, though it's a hateful thing to have to do."

"Of course you couldn't. And you must forgive us for being such fools as not to believe you before."

Meanwhile old Mr. Tolkington was peering with curiosity into the face of the tall, dark man, whom the police had by this time secured, while one of their number kept watch and ward over the lady.

"And whom have we here? I don't know this man," said he.

The prisoner, who was breathing heavily, shifted his eyes, and would not look him in the face.

"And where's the third rascal — the baronet?" asked Mr. Smee.

"I think," said Eleham, suddenly, when he had looked intently at the tall, dark man for a few seconds, "that there is no third rascal. I think he is Sir Francis Melborough, baronet, of Melborough Hall, Lincoln."

The partners uttered an exclamation, and the prisoner darted a savage glance at the young man.

"I—I don't understand," said Mr. Smee.

Then one of the police-officers spoke.

"Probably, sir," said he, "we shall understand a good deal more than we do now when we have made a thorough search of their quarters at the hotel."

Both prisoners started at these words, but escape was out of the question.

The officer was right. Not only were the well-made white "transformation" and the military drooping moustache found at the hotel, but a good deal of stolen jewellery was found there also.

A remand having been granted on the appearance of the prisoners before the magistrate in the morning, inquiries were at once set on foot by the police, which resulted in the discovery that they had their hands on two of the cleverest jewel thieves in the world.

Never committing more than one robbery in a twelvemonth, these two, who were husband and wife, took the whole of Europe for their field of operations, and lived royally on the proceeds of their crimes.

In Vienna, in Paris, in Rome, in Berlin they had made a haul within the past half-dozen years. Always giving an aristocratic name carefully chosen in the real peerage, always laying their plans with care and selecting only one jeweller in each town as a victim, they had never before been caught.

The real Sir Francis Melborough being in South America, they had availed themselves of the fact to act in London under the shelter of his name, and so artfully had the male swindler thrown doubts upon Eleham's honesty that it was the young manager, and not the sham baronet, whom the police had suspected.

By a sudden inspiration Eleham, on the night previous to the capture, had written to "Sir Francis" offering to give up the keys of his employers' premises, and by the same post to his employers themselves, telling them of what he had done, and advising them to take any precautions they thought necessary to assure themselves of the truth of what he told them.

Then, for the first time, Smee and Tolkington had asked themselves whether they had been on the wrong tack, and whether, in taking it for granted that it was their young manager, and not their customer, whose honesty was in question, they had not been making fools of themselves.

They had sent for the police and secreted themselves and the officers upon the premises, with the result that Eleham's innocence and the guilt of the two thieves were completely established.

Not slow to own themselves in the wrong, they acknowledged that, if Eleham had been tricked easily, so had they. And, far from insisting on his resigning his position as manager, they themselves asked him to retain it—with the prospect of a share in the business at no very distant time

The Life-Story of the Lobster Moth.

By John J. Ward.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THE lobster moth is quite an ordinary kind of moth, possessing no striking features, either in colour or form, distinguishing it in essential particulars from the generality of such insects. But the first time you find the larva or caterpillar of this insect, you wonder what strange animal you have come across; for it is probably the oddest and most extraordinary of British caterpillars. The popular name of this insect is indeed derived from the fanciful resemblance which its caterpillar is supposed to bear to a lobster.

The lay individual's idea of a caterpillar is, generally speaking, a soft, round-bodied grub, sometimes smooth and sometimes hairy, with a very indefinite number of tiny legs, by means of which it crawls about and clings most tenaciously. The larva of the lobster moth is something very different, however, and possesses quite original ideas as to what a caterpillar ought to be, both as regards anatomical structure and the manner in which it should conduct itself generally.

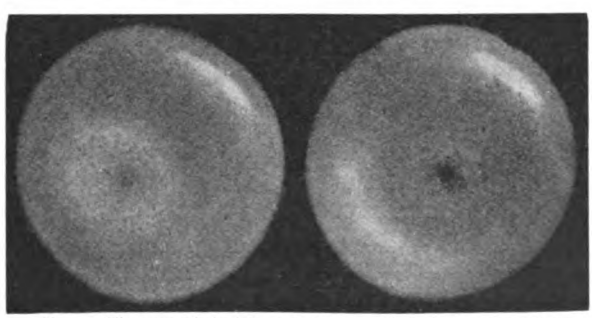


Fig. 1.—The eggs of the lobster moth, magnified about twenty-five diameters.

You have only to touch or irritate one of these larvæ to get a most surprising demonstration of annoyance; in fact, if you persist in teasing it, it gets into a terrible rage, and makes such obvious show of its anger that, unless you are well acquainted with its capabilities, you might think it wise to keep just out of its reach. I will endeavour in the course of this article to depict, by means of photography, the terrifying attitudes assumed by one of these caterpillars when angry. But I want you first to start with me and trace the history of this curious animal from its earliest moment—namely, when it leaves the egg, and then we shall see the various strange tactics it pursues throughout its six or seven weeks of caterpillar life.

In the first place, the eggs which the female moth deposits about oak and beech trees are well worth glancing at. They are shaped somewhat like a skittle-ball, and are about the twentieth of an inch in diameter, of a pearly-white or very pale green colour, and their shell surface is beautifully reticulated with a delicate network pattern, although the latter feature needs the microscope to reveal it. In illustration Fig. 1 two eggs are shown as seen by means of this instrument.

After the course of a fortnight, or thereabouts, from the time these eggs were deposited the young larvæ emerge, and from the moment of their appearance they are novelties considered from a caterpillar point of view. The usual appearance of a larva after emergence from the egg is that of a tiny grub, difficult to see, and very slow in movement. But the egg of the lobster moth is one of the largest deposited by British moths, and immediately its shell breaks there appears one of the most lively and quaint little animals you can possibly imagine—considering it is a caterpillar.

In illustration Fig. 2 two of these caterpillars are shown photographed directly after their emergence from the egg. One will be seen resting near the base of the central vein, or mid-rib, of the leaf, the other on the edge of the same leaf—in the characteristic feeding attitude.

The young larva is of a shining or polished brown colour, and what makes it look so uncaterpillar-like is that the second and third pairs of legs are so long as to seem altogether out of proportion with its general anatomy; in fact, they look very like legs borrowed from some entirely different insect. The first of the three pairs of anterior legs—which are true legs, the clasper-legs being used only for clinging purposes during the

caterpillar stage—are shorter than the second and third pairs, and are carried held up in front of the head; the remaining two longer pairs keep up a rapid quivering movement, with an occasional wave in the air, both when the larva is walking and holding by its claspers, ceasing only when it is at rest. Then, too, it has a curiously-forked tail, which it keeps more or less elevated in the air, and along its body are a number of pointed humps; but these details become more obvious as the caterpillar gets older, for reasons which we shall understand later.

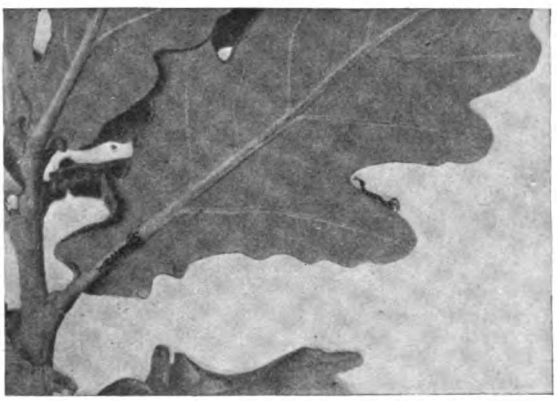


Fig. 2.—When the caterpillars of the lobster moth are first hatched they resemble ants; two can be seen in the illustration, one on the edge and another on the central vein of the leaf.

This incessant quivering and waving of the second and third pairs of long legs, and the lively way in which the larva moves about, combined with its shining brown colour, leave a distinct impression that you are looking at an ant. Now, ants are insects provided with very strong jaws or mandibles, and are well able to take care of themselves, gaining much respect from would-be enemies on this account. It is apparent, therefore, that this resemblance to an ant carries with it considerable protective advantages for the caterpillar.

Of course, if we look closely at the larva we see that it is not an ant, but a first impression counts for much in the "struggle for existence" amongst living things. For example, there is the ichneumon-fly—an insect which deposits its eggs in or on the bodies of caterpillars; and the grubs hatched out from these eggs feed parasitically on the substance of the larva. Now, this fly, while seeking caterpillars, frequently meets with ants amongst the leaves and stems, and very respectfully allows them to pass, a habit which is strengthened in the species as time goes on. Hence, being in the habit of avoiding ants, the ichneumon-fly, as you can readily imagine, does not attack the lobster moth caterpillar, which at this stage so much resembles an ant. If by any chance the fraud should be detected, what would happen then? In all probability the caterpillar would escape just the same; its somewhat ant-like character, combined with that indefinable and mysterious something else which it possesses, would doubtless make it seem too risky a venture for its enemy to undertake. This mimicry of an ant for protective purposes is by no means unique; Belt, Wallace, and other naturalists have pointed out many other insects which have found it profitable to assume an ant-like appearance, such instances being abundantly evident in tropical countries, where the life competition is keen.

So the baby lobster moth apparently becomes an ant for the first week or ten days of its life. As it grows, however, it gets too big for the ant dodge, and is obliged to give up this kind of tactic and try another device. Its mimicry then takes two different forms, one for use while resting and the other when in movement.

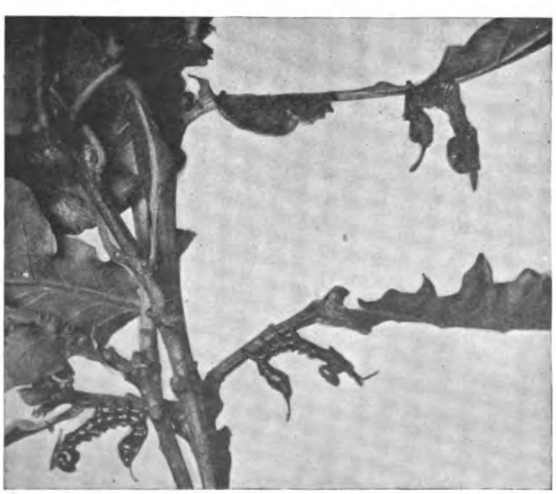


Fig. 3.—Lobster moth caterpillars when twenty-one days old resemble bits of twisted leaves and scales of leaf-buds, while resting.

In the resting attitude it becomes inconspicuous by resembling a piece of dry and curled-up leaf. This manœuvre is

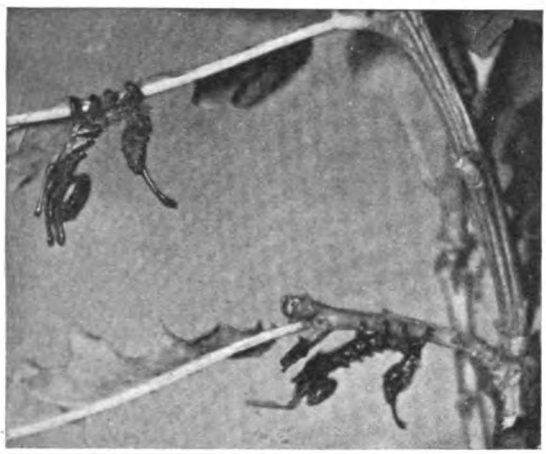


Fig. 4.—The caterpillar when one month old.

effected by placing together the two forks at its tail and so turning them into a likeness to a leaf-stalk ; and then, hanging its body down from a stem or leaf, it doubles or folds up its four long legs, and allows these to hang down in a bunch in front of its head, and, as Professor Poulton has shown, these strongly suggest the brown scales of leaf-buds.

In illustration Fig. 3 three of these larvæ are shown resting in the attitude described above, when three weeks old. It will be observed that they usually rest against that portion of the leaf on which they have been feeding, and at first glance do not look unlike the missing portion of the leaf, shrunken and shrivelled and still clinging to the stalk. Another example is shown in Fig. 4, which represents two larvæ when about a month old. In about six or seven weeks they are full grown, and a full-fed larva is shown resting in Fig. 5.

Fig. 5.—A full-fed larva resting, and resembling a dry and shrivelled leaf.

In these latter two illustrations the same characteristic of resting near the leaf on which it is feeding is again exhibited, and the resemblance to a withered and dried-up leaf, as is seen, becomes very much intensified as the larva increases in size.

These caterpillars cannot always be at rest, however, and, as it is not the custom of shrivelled leaves to walk about and consume other green leaves, Nature has provided these larvæ with further means of protection for use when feeding, or if attacked while in movement, and these we will now proceed to consider.

First we may glance at the caterpillar peacefully feeding (Fig. 6), and observe how it makes straight cuts up the edge of the leaf, clearing away the soft parts until it reaches the central vein or mid-rib. It eats rapidly, but not for long together,

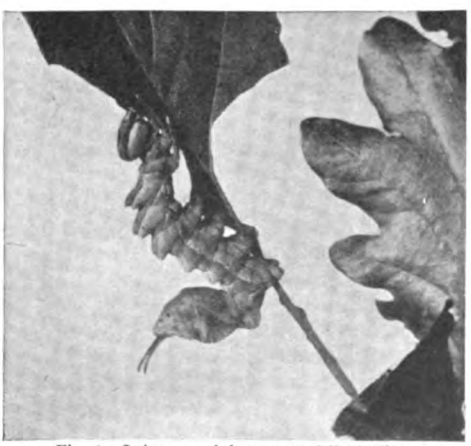


Fig. 6.—Lobster moth larva peacefully feeding.

feeding for a short time and then resting, and then feeding again, and so on.

Now, when one of these caterpillars is found in this way enjoying its meal of beech or oak leaves it is always on the alert, and at the slightest noise or the rustling of a leaf in its near neighbourhood it instantly stops feeding, lifts up its anterior legs, and at once becomes the withered leaf again, just as if it knew the value of this means of protection. After being disturbed in this fashion it generally rests for awhile before feeding again, resuming its meal after things have quieted down. Such is its ordinary careful method of avoiding discovery by its enemies. It sometimes occurs, however, that it has a real enemy to contend with, and then we see a very different display of manœuvres.

In illustration Fig. 7 is a caterpillar which,

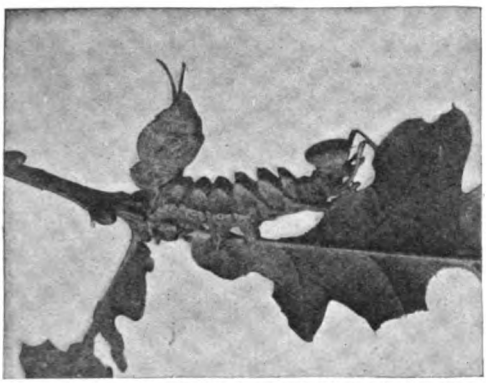


Fig. 7.—A larva, when touched, stops feeding and endeavours to frighten off its enemy by looking ferocious—

just a moment before it was photographed, was feeding as quietly as the example shown in Fig. 6. It will be observed that it has detached its foreparts from the leaf and is raising both its head and tail; and this movement was owing to the fact that I gave it a sharp touch with my finger just as I was about to make the exposure for photographing it. It continued this movement in a slow and stealthy manner until it reached the position shown in Fig. 8, in which it held itself perfectly still, bearing a look which seemed to plainly imply, "I am ready for you now, sir, if you care to do that again!" Not suffering from nervousness I did it again; in fact, I not only touched it, but blew at it, because I wanted to see and photograph it while in a really desperate mood. The blowing seemed to aggravate it immensely, and immediately its head and tail were brought closer together, and its long second and third pairs of legs were quickly put into action. These waved in the air and trembled and quivered with apparent rage as the insect turned its head in most angry fashion towards me. In the illustration Fig. 9 you see it at this interesting stage, where the rapid movements of its legs give them a somewhat indistinct appearance.

I immediately followed up this first assault by another of an exactly similar nature. At this second blowing the larva reached the height of its rage and demonstrations, and Fig. 10 shows it at this moment, where it will be seen to have worked its legs at a speed which has only permitted one—which had evidently just reached the limit of its movement and was about returning—to photograph clearly. Its head and tail are also seen to have come closer together as its rage increased; the latter organ is gently worked from side to side while the rapid leg movements are taking place.

I both touched and blew at it again after this, but when it found that the trick was not working it fell back on the old dodge of being a dried-up leaf again. I say "trick" advisedly, because all of these terrifying attitudes are simply bluff, and the caterpillar does not possess one real weapon of defence, and is, therefore, quite harmless. It depends entirely upon its alarming demonstrations to delude its enemy into the belief that it is able to do some very desperate things if driven to it.

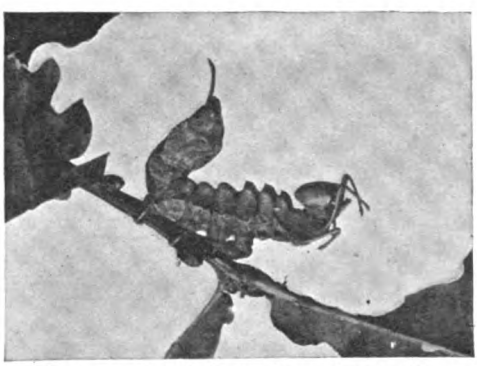


Fig. 8.——and slowly becomes like some ugly spider.

The interpretation of these novel manœuvres was originally suggested by Hermann Müller. This naturalist observed that ichneumons — the flies previously referred to as living on caterpillars during their larval stages — were rarely ever found in spiders' webs, and that these insects know well how to avoid the attacks of such foes. It naturally follows, therefore, that a larva which bears a resemblance to a spider would, in a large measure, be protected against such enemies.

Really, the lobster moth larva can be compared with no other living animal, because

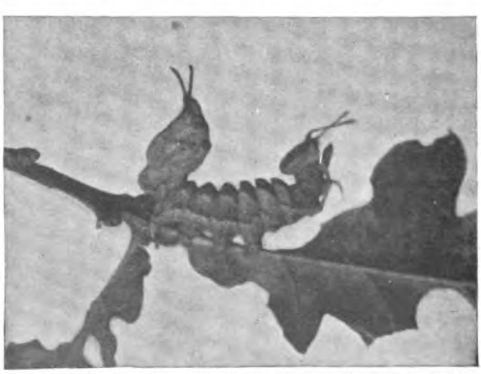


Fig. 9.—If further annoyed it waves its legs about and quivers with rage.

its extraordinary anatomical details, combined with its curious tactics, have struck out quite an original line of defence. As Müller suggests, it approaches in resemblance a spider, a terrible and very much exaggerated spider it is true, but that exaggeration only makes it the more terrifying. When seen from the front its first and short pair of legs are held before its head, and represent the spider's jaws, while the two longer pairs quiver, as it were, with the desire to attack the intruder. The turned-up tail helps to suggest the large abdomen which characterizes spiders; especially is this so when seen from behind.

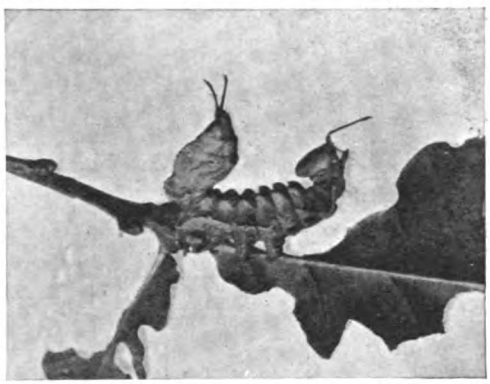
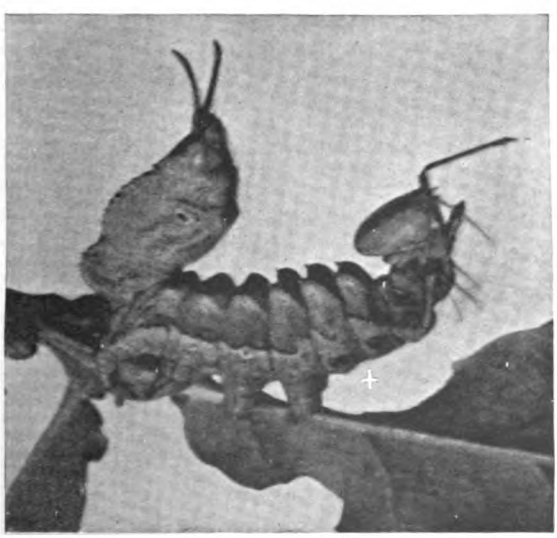


Fig. 10.—If you persist in annoying it, its rage becomes still more intense, its legs waving rapidly and its tail working from side to side.

When the caterpillar was irritated and made angry for its photograph to be taken, another less showy but very extraordinary attempt at bluff was being carried on by the larva, which also records itself on the photographs.

On each side of the bodies of these caterpillars, at the lower part of the fourth and fifth rings of the body—indicated by the white + on the enlarged photograph—there are two intensely black spots, but these are only visible when the caterpillar is angry or irritated, being covered at other times with a flap of skin. In illustrations Figs. 5 and 6 these spots are covered, because the caterpillar is peaceful, but in Fig. 7 they commence to appear as dark-coloured lines, and as the larva is further annoyed they become greatly intensified, as shown in Figs. 8, 9, and 10. Müller has suggested that these black spots correspond to the wounds or stings made by ichneumons when egg depositing, or indicate other marks of injury, which would in either case warn off the approaching ichneumon, for, with maternal instinct, this parasite always selects a healthy host for her progeny to prey upon, and, of course, one not already occupied; since each ichneumon usually deposits just about that number of eggs on each caterpillar which corresponds with its size and substance, so that the demands of the developing inmates when hatched will be well met. So this is probably only another protective ruse of this wily caterpillar.



The above photo., enlarged to show the black spots beneath its foreparts (marked +), which it develops in order to deceive the egg-laying ichneumon.

One would think that a larva so well protected could never be killed in the open warfare of life, but, as a matter of fact, both moth and caterpillar are scarce, which shows that their "struggle for existence" is a hard one. So scarce are they that a dealer in insects can command as much as three shillings for a moth specimen, and a similar price for a live pupa or chrysalis, while a live caterpillar can be purchased for about half this price. It does not by any means follow that, because an insect is provided with highly-evolved protective devices, it will survive and be successful in the struggle for life; in fact, these developments only tend to show how keen that struggle has been, and to what devices it has been compelled to resort to hold a place for itself. Of course, the reciprocal and concurrent developments of the other side—*i.e.*, its enemies—have also to be taken into account, and these

Fig. 11.—In September the caterpillar wraps itself in leaves and becomes a pupa or chrysalis for winter.

may have kept pace with the evolution of all its defensive movements. Probably, therefore, the scarceness of the lobster moth may be accounted for in this way, although one cannot help sympathizing with this wonderful insect, for, as we have seen, it has really made a bold and most ingenious stand for its life. But if we knew more of the enemies which keep it in check—of which we know very little—we might conceive a like sympathy for them also, since they must undoubtedly have proved equally or even more ingenious to have kept them level with such tricky manœuvres.

Fig. 12.—The chrysalis and cast caterpillar skin—exposed by removing the delicate but strong, paper-like covering of cocoon.

The lobster moth belongs to the London district and southern counties, Epping Forest and some of the woods of the Upper Thames Valley and throughout the New Forest being favourite localities for seeking this insect.

If the larva survives all the troubles that beset its caterpillar life, about the end of September it assumes its last disguise by pulling about it two or three oak or birch leaves, attaching them together with silken threads. Inside these it weaves a sheet of delicate but strong paper-like material. This it attaches to a leaf surface by its edges and encloses itself within it. Here in the course of a few days it moults its last caterpillar skin and becomes a pupa or chrysalis. In illustration Fig. 11 the cocoon is shown with an outside covering leaf removed; and in Fig. 12 the paper-like covering is lifted aside to show the chrysalis, near which can be seen its shrunken caterpillar skin.

The cocoon, with its attached leaves, falls to the ground in late autumn, and lies there amongst other fallen leaves until about June of the next year, when, if all has gone well, a moth wakes up to the fact that it ought to be moving, and breaks its way through its chrysalis shell and cocoon into the open air, and hurriedly steers for the nearest tree, the bark of which it then climbs. It is anything but a pleasant-looking insect at this stage; its wings are short and dumpy and cling about it like wet rags; but if we watch it as it comes to rest higher up the tree we see the wings slowly expand and open out, and, as they dry with exposure to the atmosphere, their greyish-brown hues, with lighter and darker shadings and markings, become visible; and then we have the last or perfect stage of the curious insect whose life-history we have briefly reviewed (Fig. 13). It is not nearly so handsome as some of our more common moths, but we can always appreciate its sombre hues, because we know what a strange and interesting animal it was in its babyhood some nine or ten months before. As evening comes on it flutters silently away, seeks its mate, and then in the course of a few days finishes its life functions by depositing its eggs, and so we arrive once more at our starting-point.

Fig. 13.—The lobster moth (Stauropus fagi) natural size.

A Bugle Call.

By L. J. Beeston.

I.

THERE were nine men dining at Colonel Gildershaw's that evening; mostly military, down for a week amongst the partridges. The ninth — Hope-Peynell—had come over on his horse an hour back quite unexpectedly. His boyish, cheery spirit was always welcome there; but there was no spare bed for him and the night had turned out very badly—a drenching night of storm.

This was the cause and beginning of it all.

Colonel Gildershaw went to the window, his unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth, and he drummed upon the pane.

"What are you thinking of, Gildershaw?" said Hope-Peynell.

"That it is a deuced wet night, and I do not like to send you home."

"I have no intention of going," said the other, coolly.

"But the house is full up!"

"Three chairs and a bolster, then."

"But I don't like——"

"I'll go round to 'The Musks.' A good idea," interrupted the other.

"That is more than I would do," grunted Lieutenant Thorn, sipping at his port, his legs stretched out under the table.

"Is there a story attached?" queried Captain Murray, stifling a yawn.

The colonel cut in sharply. "No, no; only stupid chatter. Of course, Peynell," he added, "if you prefer to trot round to my cottage, you may; but I must say——"

It was at this point that D'Avorsy interrupted, speaking in his deep voice that was like the growl of distant cannon.

"What are you all so mysterious about?" he asked. "Are you going to tell me that this cottage is haunted?"

"So much so that the colonel hasn't succeeded in finding a tenant for the past two years," acknowledged Captain Murray.

"Good! Then I sleep there to-night."

"Pardon me," said Hope-Peynell; "but I will not hear of it. I cannot permit that. I came here uninvited, and——"

"And I have the pleasure of offering you my room," interposed D'Avorsy.

"Best of thanks; yet I must decline."

"I am not accustomed to being denied."

Leopold D'Avorsy, officer in a crack regiment of Austrian Hussars, war-worn, deeply scarred with many wounds of swords and passions, spoke in cold, hard tones which told of the truth of his assertion. He added, breaking a short silence which came upon the company, "While I have little belief in ghosts, the subject fascinates me. I should much like to pass a night at this place. You know, Gildershaw, that you need have no fears for me. I have seen some few perils, you are aware. I have what you English call 'a charmed life.' There are some men whom Death appears to shun. I am one of these. I shall take the liberty of sleeping at your cottage to-night."

His manner was final; the last word on the subject seemed to have been spoken. Lieutenant Thorn joined the colonel at the window. The rain had certainly increased, and the night was as bad as could be. The wind was uttering loud cries as it romped round the sky, bending the trees and robbing them of their perished leaves. A continuous roar sounded from the earth, that was receiving tons of rain on her green bosom.

"Speaking of haunted places, I will tell you a story," continued D'Avorsy, willing to break a silence which his dictatorial manner had brought upon all—"a story of love, and death, and war. I share in it, and perhaps it will interest you. But first I will ask you to excuse me one moment, my friends," and leaving his chair he quitted the room.

Summoning his servant — a fresh-faced, good-looking young fellow—he spoke to him in a low tone. The latter, fixing his dark eyes on his master, listened attentively.

"You understand, Paul?" concluded the officer.

"Perfectly, monsieur."

"You will conceal yourself on the balcony outside the dining-room; when you hear me say, in a loud voice, 'I never met any ghost that was not afraid of a pistol-ball,' you will know what to do."

"I shall know what to do, monsieur."

"Go, then."

During the few minutes of D'Avorsy's absence Colonel Gildershaw had been remarking to his guests:—

"That is a very remarkable man. When he declared that Death gives him the go-by,

"'SPEAKING OF HAUNTED PLACES, I WILL TELL YOU A STORY,' CONTINUED D'AVORSY."

he spoke the truth. A man of iron. I know for a fact that he has figured in fifteen duels. In one the terms were peculiar: 'Advance at a given word, and fire when either wishes.' D'Avorsy was first, and pierced his opponent's cap with a bullet; but the other came on to within three feet. The pistol missed fire!

"He was present at Königgrätz," continued the colonel, "where his regiment was annihilated. On another occasion a bursting mortar killed its crew, and D'Avorsy, who was within a yard, lost a tooth! He was a brother in a murderous secret society on which he turned his back. They threatened and thrice endeavoured to assassinate him. An old wound in his left thigh causes him great pain for a month each year. It drove him into the morphia habit. He took such doses that would have done for you or me in six months; he stood it for eighteen. That, and disfavour with the Emperor into which he got himself, threw him into a suicidal condition; he resolved to take his life.

"I saw him a couple of months afterwards, when things were brighter, and he told me of that despondency and fatal resolution. 'But you are alive?' I said. He smiled grimly, and from a drawer pulled an army revolver, half-inch calibre. 'It is loaded in all its chambers,' said he. 'Four times I pressed the trigger; no result. I put it there just as I found it. Shall I try a fifth?' 'For Heaven's sake give it to me!' I examined it, imagining that the bolt was not quite right. At the smallest pressure of my finger it went off—smashed a silver candlestick! 'Bones of Paul!' said D'Avorsy. 'What, then, was the matter with the confounded thing?'"

The subject of the colonel's remarks entered at that moment. He said, dropping into a comfortable chair, "Will you hear the little story, gentlemen? It is quite short. Or shall I bore you in the telling?"

They one and all protested their eagerness to listen.

"Very well," began D'Avorsy. "I met Bertha Lalache in a hamlet deep-buried in the woods of the foothills which you cross coming southward from Silesia. And having nothing to do, I fell in love with this girl, who was altogether unlike a peasant of those parts. She had those dark, mysterious eyes which change with a changing mood, reflecting thoughts as still waters show when a cloud passes.

"She had interest only for me at first, and if she had listened to the soft words I spoke, half in jest, I should, I believe, have tired of the society of that beautiful faun. But—*Cospetto!* considering that she was only the daughter of old Ugo Lalache, she showed a fine spirit, and bade me stand off with glances that warmed my soul like the flicker of cannon. Interest changed to liking; liking to love. I adored this elf of the forest, from her brown hair which the wind played with to her pretty ankles as first I saw them in the trickling water of a brook.

"I confess that I so far lost my head as to ask her to be my wife. She declined. I threw dignity to the breezes and asked if there was another. There was. His name! Julius von Chabert. Who was he? A conscript, serving his time in a foot regiment. With that I had to be satisfied, and the next day came a telegram. I was instantly to report myself. War with Prussia was a certain thing. I cursed Chabert, I cursed the Germans, and I cursed myself for my folly; and I left the green glades of that forest, its streams and its songs, with a feeling that one man's love affair is greater far than the quarrel of two nations. Do not laugh at me, my friends. A score of pretty women have moved me deep enough, Heaven knows; but I tell you that I loved Bertha Lalache. I love her now; and if—if—but you will understand that in time.

"A fortnight later and Austria was at war with the Prussians—that campaign of seven days. We were moving on Königgrätz. It was night; the Elbe guarded the rear of the army. Our movements had taken me so close to the scene of my meeting with Bertha that the farm of Ugo Lalache was not more than gunshot away. But I gave it no thought, since I had little doubt that he had crossed the mountains—he and his daughter, in the general hurry and scamper.

"My company had been thrown forward to within half a mile of a thick wood. At the edge of a part of that wood a picket had been stationed. At a late hour, the moon riding high and bright, I went to make sure that the fellow was at his post, and I found him missing."

At this point Colonel Gildershaw uttered a growl at the mere recital of so rank an offence.

"As I stood there," continued D'Avorsy, "I heard, rising through that moon-drenched, still air, five notes of a bugle call. They sounded from within the wood. I moved forward, very cautiously, peering here and there for perhaps the body of that outpost, for I thought he must have been killed. Suddenly there rose those silver notes a second time, high and melancholy. I heard the fluttering of waking birds in the tops of the trees, and one trilled a love message to his mate. I pushed forward in the direction of the sound, and soon the whisper of voices lent me even better guidance. And presently I perceived the truth of the matter. Prepare yourselves for a great shock, my friends. The missing picket was standing in a glade silver-white in the moon's rays. His arms encircled a girl's head, and upon her brow and lips and cheeks he rained his kisses.

"For a full minute I was too choked with rage to interfere. This sentry had quitted his post, and he had, by a signal no doubt previously agreed upon, called his love to him by those five notes from a bugle. In the meantime the Austrian army might do as it liked!

"I went forward, and putting a hand upon his shoulder I twisted him round with an effort that nearly flung him down. He went white as a ghost. 'My captain!' he said. Then he saluted, and looked at the death in my eyes with an unflinching stare. He was brave.

"I had attention only for his companion. You have guessed her name? Quite right; she was Bertha.

"Womanlike, she failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation. She even gave me an uneasy smile. 'Monsieur,' she said, 'this is my sweetheart; this is Julius, of whom I told you.'

"Soul of my sword!—she was beautiful.

"As I did not answer her she kept looking from me to him. The fellow stood as a statue in the moonlight, his lips tightly compressed.

"Then some vague apprehension came to her. 'What does it mean?' she said, quickly.

"'It means that the army has been betrayed.'

"Not understanding my words she turned to Chabert, questioning him; but no reply passed his lips. And then I think she comprehended how serious the matter was. She clasped my right arm with her slender white fingers.

"'What has he done?'

"'Deserted his post.'

"'Ah! you will forgive him?' she panted.

"'Pardon does not rest with me.'

"'What—what will they do to him?'

"'He will be shot at dawn.'

"I hear her scream now. The night wind rustled the trees, and they appeared to respond to that cry of heart-break. She fell on the ground at my feet; she clasped my knees; she called on me in the most frenzied terms to save him. I glanced at the sentry. He was still motionless as brass; his eyes were fixed upon her bowed head, and down his cheeks two great tears were running."

Hope-Peynell half-raised himself from his chair in intense agitation. "And Chabert—what of him?" he exclaimed.

"He was shot at daybreak."

"HE WILL BE SHOT AT DAWN."

"Oh, you scound——" Hope-Peynell checked the word and dropped back again.

"Quite right," said the deep voice of Colonel Gildershaw. "It was no matter for private sentiment. I, for one, D'Avorsy, absolve you from all blame. The offence was heinous in the extreme."

D'Avorsy bowed.

Lieutenant Thorn said, softly, "The love affair of a man is greater far than the quarrels of two nations. Poor—poor wretch!"

"But where is the ghost of your story?" asked Captain Murray.

"I have heard it said," D'Avorsy continued, in his calm tones, "that on those nights when the moon is at the full, in the forest above Königgrätz, in that deep wood which is fringed by the Elbe, where Bertha still may live, a bugle call of five clear notes sounds in the glade. They affirm that it is the soul of the dead picket calling to his love, as birds call to one another. I have not heard it myself, nor do I believe it. *Cospetto!* I never met any ghost that was not afraid of a pistol-ball."

The last sentence had not died upon his lips when a thunderous report sounded from without the French windows.

The effect was all that the narrator had hoped for. Coming at that moment, when the emotions of his listeners were deeply stirred, and following upon the words he had used, the pistol-shot caused an immense consternation amongst the guests. There was a general rush to the window, but Paul, who had obeyed his master's order and discharged a revolver of heavy calibre, had disappeared. A loud burst of laughter from D'Avorsy announced the trick to the others.

"A ghost tale should end with a bang," said he. "Confess that the effect was striking."

So greatly did the Hussar enjoy the joke that they could not but join in his merriment. Colonel Gildershaw said: "It was not a bad idea."

He had been lighting a cigar just before he made the comment, and D'Avorsy stood waiting for the match. The colonel passed it; the other was in the act of applying the tiny flame to a cheroot between his teeth when there rose from a distance, high and clear above the thresh of the rain, five notes of a bugle call.

D'Avorsy glanced up quickly. A scar the length of his right cheek turned livid as the blood retreated.

"Capital!" cried Hope-Peynell. "You arranged that also?"

For a fraction of a second the Hussar stared at the speaker. The expiring match burned his fingers and he flung it away with an oath. If something had shaken his nerve, it was for a moment only. He laughed low. "I knew it would please you," said he.

He lighted his cheroot with fingers that were absolutely steady. Yet he had heard those five notes, that precise call, one moon-drenched night in the woods above Königgrätz!

II.

A COUPLE of hours later the Austrian officer, who persisted in his resolve to pass the night at the colonel's little cottage, "The Musks," departed. By that time the rain had ceased, and a few fugitive stars seemed scurrying across the breaks in the clouds.

It was soon after midnight when Lieutenant Thorn, sitting up in bed reading a novel, heard a rap at his door, and in answer to his surprised "Come in!" there entered Hope-Peynell. He was dressed. In one hand he carried a lighted candle, in the other a pack of playing-cards.

"Can't sleep," he explained. "Saw a light under your door, thought you were in a like case, and so——" he put the cards on a small table which he drew to the bedside. "We'll play," said he. "Cribbage. Twice round the board."

"Why can't you sleep?" asked Thorn, shuffling the pack.

"For one thing, I feel horribly guilty, turning D'Avorsy out to make room for me. Candidly, I am a firm believer in ghosts. I wish the fellow hadn't persisted in going. You'll laugh at me, but the more I think of it the more certain do I feel that the bugle call which we all heard to-night was not a pre-arranged thing."

"Oh, rubbish!" exclaimed Thorn. "Come, do you mean to say that it was a ghostly call?"

"I don't know," answered the other, doggedly. "Did you see his face at the time? I did; it went grey."

"Then the only thing I can suggest, if you think our Hussar is in danger," replied Thorn, derisively, "is that one of us slips round to see that all is well."

"Quite so," was the emphatic answer. "I agree to that. The question is — which one?"

"Let the game decide," said Thorn. "Whoever loses, goes."

The players then applied themselves to the game with keen interest. Ten holes from the winning one they were on equal terms. Thorn shuffled for the final round. He was smiling, but on the face of Hope-Peynell was a most anxious expression. At that instant, as the cards were being dealt, a sharp report sounded from a far distance and pulsated away in faint and fainter echoes.

"My soul!" exclaimed Hope-Peynell, "that was a pistol-shot!"

"Too loud, I think. Play away." The smile passed from the speaker's face.

"You've lost," said the other, after a moment's pause. He rose from his chair.

"Confound it!" growled Thorn, putting his legs out of bed. "What a nuisance you are, with your wretched apprehensions!"

He dressed quickly, grumbling the while. The window of his room was but six feet from the ground. "I'll jump," said he. "I do not want to alarm the house. Good night."

He leaped down lightly and disappeared round a bed of shrubs.

III.

To go back a few hours.

D'Avorsy trudged along the country road, sodden and heavy, on which his feet made a loud crunching. He whistled an air from "La Bohème." Fear had no part in this man's composition; besides, what was there to be afraid of? It was true, as he told himself, that that bugle call was a remarkable coincidence, but there it ended.

He had sent on his man Paul a short time before to arrange a few matters, and to see that the sheets were aired. The colonel, providing against a batch of unexpected arrivals, had prepared four or five rooms in this cottage, though he trusted that the accommodation would not be needed.

"WHAT A NUISANCE YOU ARE, WITH YOUR WRETCHED APPREHENSIONS!"

Twenty minutes' sharp walking brought D'Avorsy to the little building, which stood back from a lane off the high road. There was a flower-garden in front, also an orchard at the back, and a row of eight poplar trees sheltered it from the east. These tall, black sentinels, swaying in the wind, brooded over the cottage with hoarse, complaining whispers. As only the rooms in the upper part had been

prepared—and that roughly—the lower windows had no blinds or curtains; and the pallid moonlight shone on the black panes. Water trickled somewhere. A bull-frog croaked.

> And over all there hung a cloud of fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> "The place is haunted!"

"Certainly this is an infernally desolate hole," said D'Avorsy; "and if I do not get ghosts I shall get rheumatism."

He strode up the gravelled path, under a porch from which boughs of broken jessamine hung, and pulled at a bell. Almost immediately Paul opened the door. He carried a small lamp in one hand.

"Everything right?" inquired the officer.

"Everything, monsieur."

"Well, you can go, or stay, as you please. You know the character the place has? Bones of Michael! I can believe it is accursed, for I am shivering terribly. Is there a fire?"

"None, monsieur."

"Nor any coals?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then I shall go to bed. What are you going to do?"

"I shall stay, monsieur."

"You have good courage. Please yourself."

D'Avorsy took the lamp and passed into his bedroom. He bestowed a cursory glance or two at the fresh curtains, the new rug upon the floor, and the few articles of furniture. He placed the lamp on a small chest of drawers, undressed quickly, and was on the point of getting into bed when he paused and murmured, "Ought I to lock the door?"

Deciding instantly that to do so would be to confess a weakness, he curled himself in the blankets. But five minutes had not passed before he wished that he *had* turned the key. He accordingly got up and did so. Further reflection made him angry with himself. By locking himself in he admitted that he was not quite comfortable. Was it possible that he was afraid? As he was not going to stand any nonsense of that sort he jumped up a second time, unlocked the door, and settled the matter by flinging the key out of window. He heard it fall into the garden.

"'EVERYTHING RIGHT?' INQUIRED THE OFFICER."

Then he went to bed again, and almost immediately dropped off to sleep.

He awoke some time later. The first thing of which he was conscious was that his lamp was going out. An acrid smell from the burning wick filled the room. D'Avorsy pulled his watch from under the pillow. Two o'clock. He had slept just one hour.

Muttering an imprecation that was addressed to the lamp, he reached out an arm, and was just about to extinguish the cause of his annoyance when a terrible cold shiver seemed to run through his body. He drew in his arm.

"This place is as cold as a deep grave," he said. "I must have caught a chill."

He heard his heart thump—thumping under the clothes. It was not that he was frightened. The sensation which had assailed him was not fear exactly, any more than the shudder which convulses us is caused by fright when we say, after it, "Someone walked over my grave."

The wind had increased; it whined round an angle of the house; the thresh of the poplars sounded as a sea.

"After all, I might have locked my door," muttered D'Avorsy. "I was a fool to throw the key away."

Shadows deepened about the room, for the lamp's light was failing fast. A circlet of flame tottered on the red, smoking edge of the wick.

D'Avorsy swore loudly, and by a supreme effort he flung from him the unaccountable lethargy which had gripped his nerves. Raising himself upon an elbow, he reached out again and turned up the wick of the lamp.

At that moment the handle of the door rattled and the brass knob began to move round. D'Avorsy's fist closed tightly on the iron stem of the lamp. A grim smile lifted his moustache. Here was something more tangible! He only wished he could encounter it with a revolver.

"Who is there?" he demanded, in his harsh, commanding voice.

For answer the door was thrown swiftly open. The heavy lamp trembled in D'Avorsy's grasp; in another moment he might have hurled it, but suddenly his fingers relaxed their hold, a gasp broke from his lips.

On the threshold stood a figure in a white garment that reached down to the feet. It was the form of a girl. Her face was white as death. The expiring lamp-flame shone in her gleaming eyes. Both her arms were extended, both hands held a long pistol, and both weapons were aimed steadily at D'Avorsy.

The latter became motionless as stone, but it was not fear that worked the change. The steel barrels threatened his life; but he had ever laughed at death, and at that moment he thought of it least. Twice he opened his lips, but no sound issued. At the third attempt a hoarse, strangled whisper broke from them.

"Bertha!"

Both weapons went off—as one. A note of thunder rang through the quiet house. There was the crash of a falling lamp, total darkness, a woman's scream.

IV.

LIEUTENANT THORN was running in the direction of the cottage, eager to assure himself that all was well there, and still more anxious to get back to bed. He was nearly arrived when he perceived a man hastening to meet him. It was Paul, D'Avorsy's servant, and he showed signs of intense agitation.

"Good heavens, man! What is wrong?" cried Thorn.

"M. D'Avorsy—shot!" panted the other. "I—I found him—in his room. Run quickly!"

Thorn sprinted off at a great pace, leaving Paul, who seemed too weak to follow. He found the door of the cottage open, and he rushed into one room after another until he came to the right apartment. He uttered a cry of dismay. The officer of Hussars lay extended upon the floor. He had apparently sprung from the bed, but his right foot had caught in the clothes, which he had dragged off in his fall.

Thorn dropped upon his knees and raised the other's head; at the same moment D'Avorsy opened his eyes.

With a great cry of relief Thorn bounded away for water; then he commenced to tear a sheet into bandages. He examined the wound in the sufferer's throat. It was neither deep nor dangerous, though it had drawn much blood. Said he:—

"I have seen some narrow shaves, but this——! Man, the bullet actually shaved the carotid artery! Who fired it?"

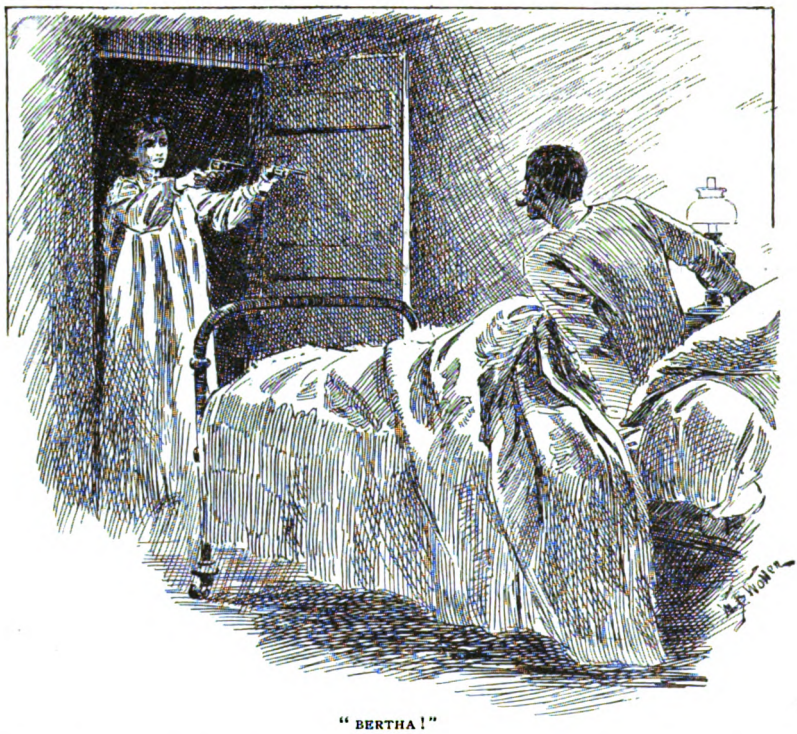
D'Avorsy swallowed a few drops of water. "I did," said he. "Help me into the bed. That's better. I knew it was but a scratch. I was messing about with my pistol, and it went off. There it is on the floor there. Put it away. There—there isn't another? No; of course I—I brought one only. *Cospetto!* I feel a bit sick. Where is my man? He must have heard the noise."

"I met him running for assistance. Are you all right? I'll slip out and rouse up a doctor."

Thorn did so. Then he went off to the colonel's, and broke the news to them all. Incidentally he asked if D'Avorsy's servant had been before him. Wondering where the fellow had taken himself, he went to his room. He found it in a state of disarrangement. One object he saw there which occasioned a momentary surprise. It was a brass bugle.

Five months after these events Colonel Gildershaw ran up against Hope-Peynell in the Junior Army and Navy. He said:—

"I have just received an extraordinary letter. I was never so much astonished in my life as I am at the present moment. It is from Leopold D'Avorsy, who writes from Salzburg. You met him once."



"BERTHA!"

"Well I remember it. That affair——"

"Exactly. What do you think? He palmed off a yarn upon us to the effect that he shot himself accidentally that night, when he missed death in his usual fashion—strolling round one corner as destruction came rushing round another. His servant, you will remember, was missing after the event. It turns out that it was this person who fired at D'Avorsy."

"What!"

"That's nothing to what's coming. The servant was a girl—Bertha Lalache."

"Impossible!"

"Oh, but wait. D'Avorsy tells me all. It seems that her abrupt disappearance gave him a clue; he recalled many moments when something in her face and voice and manner stirred memories within his mind, though he had never dreamed of the truth or pierced through her disguise. Her object, of course, was revenge. She became his servant soon after her sweetheart's sad end. She waited long for an opportunity. She chose a dramatic one, by Jove! It was she who sounded the bugle call that evening—on her dead lover's instrument. But the most interesting part of the story is yet to come."

"I cannot imagine what it can be."

"D'Avorsy never rested until he had found Bertha Lalache. He discovered this strange girl at last, in her old home in the forest above Königgrätz; and—and—either she feared him after her attempt on his life, or else—and I think this is more likely—his persistence and forgiveness touched an answering chord in her heart; but, be that as it may, he has married her, and he vows he was never half so happy!"

"Good heavens!" said Hope-Peynell. He was silent for a full minute before he added, shrugging his shoulders:—

"What queer people one meets in this world!"

The Face and Its Fortune.

THE LAW OF CONTRASTS IN RELATION TO FALLING IN LOVE.

By George Meyners.

WERE you never forced involuntarily to exclaim, "Did you see that beautiful woman?" only to receive the disappointing reply, "I see her, but see no special beauty"? And did not this set you wondering what beauty is, and why that face gave *you* a pleasurable shock, but left your friend indifferent and cold?

I am not proposing to deal here with beauty in the abstract, but with that vague and mysterious quality called "charm"—mysterious because the same face, beautiful to me, may be ugly to you, or at least possess no attraction whatever. A beautiful flower, a sunset glow, are always beautiful in themselves. Why have human faces, within which there glows an immortal spirit, no constant and universal power of pleasing? The simple fact is that they have not. Some please us and of themselves excite us to love and admiration, we know not why, while others positively repel us, and again we know not why. These "whys" have doubtless often been put, but, so far as I know, the world has never yet been able to find a satisfactory answer.

Daring as the assertion may seem, the problem which has hitherto baffled the human race has now been solved. In the following pages the solution will be found. It is, however, only the first "why"—the "why am I fascinated by the face in the window and you are not?" which can now be answered. We may be forced to wait for generations before other "whys," which are sure to crop up in endless succession, can find their answers.

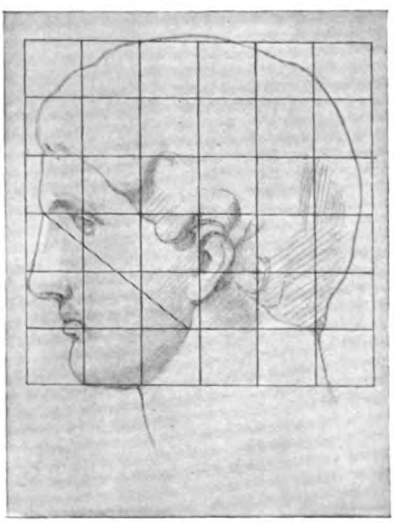
I think it must be obvious to everyone that, in order to obtain first-hand knowledge as to the subtle processes of emotion, we must look within and try to analyze their movements in our own minds. Such watchings of my own sensations many years ago made me aware of the existence of a law which settles for us the people we can love and the people from whom we instinctively shrink. This law I propose to describe, and I shall give my reasons for believing in its existence. Anyone can verify the truth for himself by a few weeks' study of the faces of his friends.

But—there is no help for it—I must take the reader into my confidence, as if he were my own familiar friend from whom I keep no secrets. I do so with diffidence, because I cannot be sure of a friend's indulgence.

Although long familiar with the saying that clever men marry silly women, that dark people fall in love with fair, tall with short, and, generally, that people are attracted by their opposites, I was very sceptical about the truth of the assertion. It, consequently, never occurred to me that there might be such a thing as facial contrasts; indeed, if anyone had told me, I should have been puzzled to know what facial contrasts meant. What first struck me about faces was the fact that they affected me in very different ways. Sensitive as I was to impressions, I realized this deeply in more ways than one. There were some faces which no amount of persuasion could have induced me to kiss; others I longed to kiss, but dared not. Unknown girls became objects of worship to me; I could not keep my eyes off them. They roused dreams of happiness which I knew could never be fulfilled—dreams so delicious that I fluttered and fretted like a bird imprisoned in a cage who hears the call of his mates in the trees. On the other hand, some girls, equally unknown, I hated, feeling all the time sorry that it should be so. All boys doubtless go through the same experience, but I was one of those who took it seriously, so seriously that I felt wounded if anyone rallied me. All this may sound childish, but it is *facts* that really concern us, and these are the facts. What was the secret of this differential action? Did it lie in the eyes? Was it a case of some "soul-attraction"—if there is such a thing—working through the expression? This was obviously not the case. For the face that fascinated might look with the coldest indifference or even with positive disdain, and the fascination only be increased thereby; while, on the other hand, the most loving look from faces that have not the secret spell for us invariably rouse an emotion nearly akin to positive aversion, such as children always, and women occasionally, show with the most brutal disregard to feeling.

But I need not discuss any longer the question whether it is love beaming from eyes that awakens love, for I found out with absolute certainty that it is not. At least, I found out what does awaken it, and that is not love itself. A very startling fact, that love cannot kindle love. It may rouse feelings of gratitude, but not the passion for which it craves.

I well remember the face (it charms me still when I think of it) that first brought me light on this subject. Marriage, or indeed any word of love, was out of the question. It was but a three days' friendship, which became cordial in the first half-hour of meeting. From that time to this I have never seen the lady again, and only once heard of her. She was to be married. The news gave me a pang at which I wondered, for I should never admit that I had been in love with her. But the fascination had evidently penetrated to the depths of my being, though at the time it did not carry me away. I was even cool enough to ponder its cause and to ask myself, "Why do her features bewitch me?"



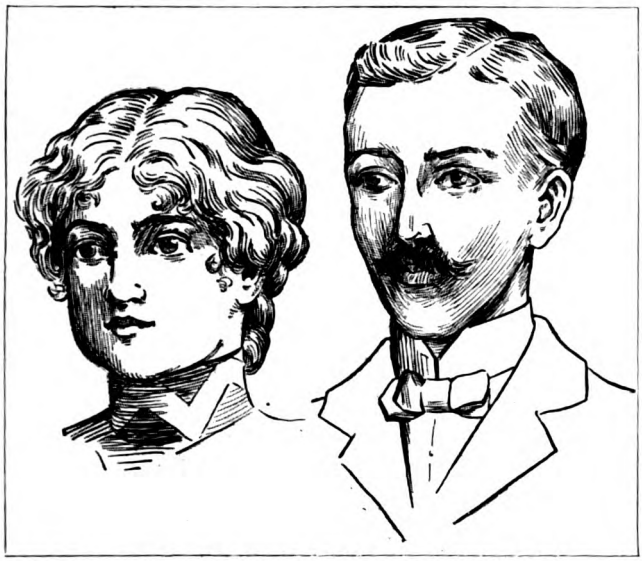
NO. 1.—A STANDARD FACE OF THE GREEK TYPE.

They were not of the Greek type or formally beautiful, but beautiful they were to *me*. I cannot say which part of her face I liked best. I noticed, however, as I studied it unobserved by her, that she had a strong, rather massive chin and lower jaw, though these were not out of proportion; her nose was small and rounded, her eyes were just shaded by her brows, and her lips, though full, did not protrude. Now, all these traits are the exact opposite of my own. I well remember the amazement I felt as the recognition of this contrast broke upon me. I saw at once that in this must lie the secret of the fascination. But, if so, what a curious automatic process the awakening of love must be! For that face had influenced me in a manner I little suspected, as I found out when, four or five years afterwards, the lady's approaching marriage was mentioned openly, and I received a shock. It was as if I had an internal wound, of which I remained unconscious until a sudden shoot of pain betrayed the existence of the scar.

Here, then, I was clearly on the track of a law. I had caught a glimpse of a power outside our wills, moving us along paths not of our own devising. From this time faces had an additional interest for me, an intellectual interest being added to the emotional. I trust, therefore, I shall be forgiven for treating my readers to a list of apparently trivial personal details.

The story just confided to the reader of the face of a young woman which, all unknown to herself and myself, left a scar on my soul will have begun to make clear what facial contrasts mean, and, working on the same lines, we may devise a method by which we can all discover facial contrasts for ourselves. For if a law exists, there can be nothing slipshod in its operation; it is capable of being formulated, otherwise it is not a law.

What the exact formula is I do not profess to have discovered. I have found one, however, which gives good results. The method I recommend is as follows. Draw in profile a perfectly regular face of the Greek type which we take as a standard (No. 1). Whether we are justified in regarding this as a standard is for the moment a matter of indifference. In the meantime let us assume that it is so. In order, then, to find the contrast of any face, taking profiles only into account, we must draw over this standard the face whose contrast we want. It will be found to fall on one side of it or on the other, sometimes, perhaps, crossing it. If it is a very irregular face, it may cross the standard more than once. Let us say that it falls entirely on the left side. Now trace a second face on the top of these two by following a line that falls as far on the right side of the standard as the other fell on the left. Where the lines bend into the horizontal, as under the brow, the nose, and chin, the lines of the second face will have to be as far above the standard as the other was below and *vice versâ*. This will give the profiles of a couple of contrasting faces; contrasting, in that they diverge by equal



NO. 2.—THE CONTRASTING FACES OF A YOUNG MARRIED PAIR.

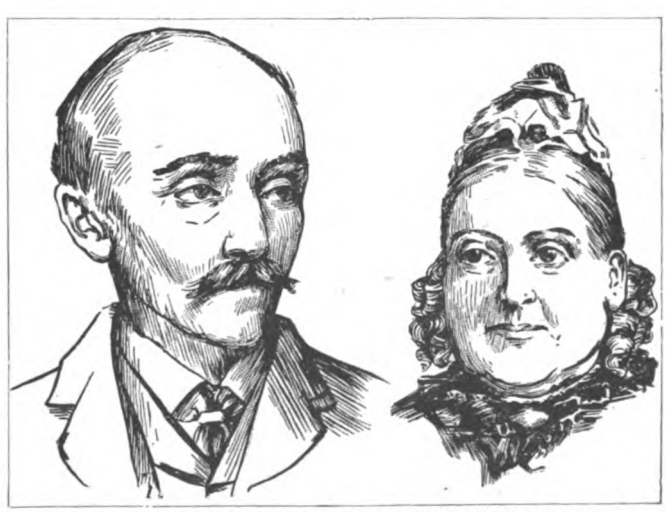
and opposite amounts from the assumed standard of beauty.

But this process applies only to the profile. Profile is merely one line of the face. Certainly it is a very important line, but it is not seen in front view. And the front view must be taken into account if we wish to see as Nature sees.

How important it is to take the whole face into consideration we may gather from the accompanying four figures illustrating two married couples. The upper two (No. 2) represent a young pair whose pictures I took from a current newspaper. They attracted my attention because, a few moments before, I had been looking over the family photographs of a friend and had borrowed the two shown in No. 3, which represented an old couple whose faces were slightly altered by age. One might think that the second couple was the first grown elderly, but they are quite different couples. Here, then, in the same evening, I came across a most striking case of two couples, in which the most conspicuous contrast, viz., the outline of the front view of the face, was the same. The men in each case had narrow, oval faces, thinning away towards the chin; the women, on the contrary, had faces very wide below. Owing to the position of the faces in the figures, it is not easy to see how far the contrasts extended also to the profiles. In the elderly pair the noses certainly show a remarkable difference of type, and I am convinced that we should find them good contrasts. Indeed, I may add that I know a third couple of lovers showing the same contrasts of shape in front view, only it is the woman whose face is small and narrow at the chin and the man whose face has the strong, massive jaw; and certainly the faces of this third couple contrast in other features sufficiently to strike the most untrained eye. Since this was first written I have seen the same contrast scores of times and with many varieties of detail.

If, then, we want to get complete contrasts the profiles alone are not sufficient, for many subtle and, to the eye of Nature, doubtless seductive opposites lurk in other regions of the face than along the median line. But since great technical difficulties lie in the way of our working out complete contrasts by any simple process, we must content ourselves with getting as good profile contrasts as our methods can give us, and be satisfied with rough measurements of the rest of the face.

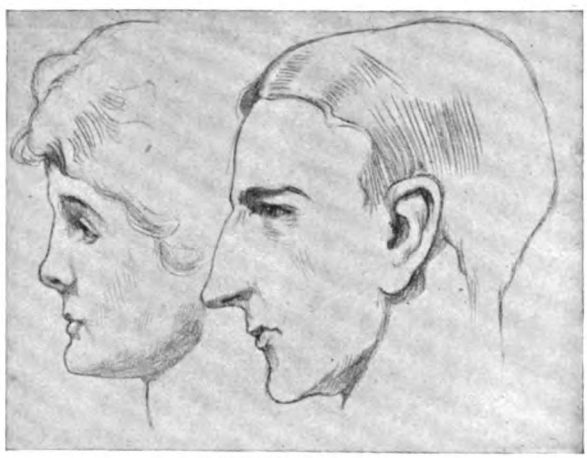
But, after all, the simplest method is to



NO. 3.—THE CONTRASTING FACES OF AN ELDERLY MARRIED COUPLE.

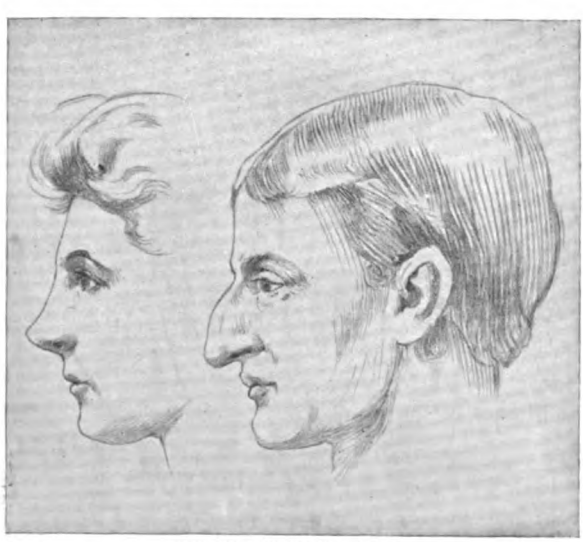
study the faces of married and engaged couples. I was astonished to see how the evidence accumulated directly I began to look for it. Indeed, so far I have found no couples who belie it in all details.

Asking my readers, then, for the present to suppress any of the objections which I feel sure are surging up in their minds, especially in the minds of the women, I begin by appealing to married couples. In an early work I gave a few sketches selected from among my own personal friends. But I eventually followed the advice of the admirable black-and-white artist, Miss Alice Woodward, whose services I have been fortunate enough to enlist. I applied to the publishers of the *Lady's Pictorial* for permission (which was courteously granted) to examine some volumes of that journal, in which reproductions of photographs of newly-married couples are a feature. Photographs are not always taken in a way most suited to bring out the points we wanted to see. Consequently, it was frequently impossible to ascertain the finer details of the contrasts, for in all but a very few cases contrasts were quite traceable, and in the majority they were very striking. A few of these have been drawn by Miss Alice Woodward* with great skill and care and with constant reference to the standard Greek profile, and are here reproduced. These demonstrations will be especially instructive and will help to frame the reader's eye to see contrasts. For, according to my experience, if I could suddenly marshal before the reader every Anglo-Saxon pair at this moment wrapped up in one another's existence, I should probably not convince everybody that their faces are in all cases contrasts. I have sometimes found it difficult to demonstrate a contrast which to me seemed most striking. Few persons have the power of discerning fine differences; just as many fail to notice whether a picture hangs straight or crooked. Why are such elementary powers of observation not trained in the nursery or kindergarten? I suppose they will be some day, when we cultivate human life more according to discovered laws and less according to ancient and—not seldom—barbarous custom.



CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 4.

No. 4 shows a very obvious contrast. There is a downward tendency in all the man's features, and upward and forward tendency in those of his wife. The man's profile is convex, the girl's concave. His face, judging from the shape of the mouth, gives the impression of coming out to a keel; her face is evidently flat and broad. The contrast is also marked in detail of feature; his eyes and their setting are slit-like, hers open; his nose is thin and large and pointed downward, having long, thin nostrils; hers



CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 5.

* Illustrations Nos. 2, 3, 12, and 13 were made from photographs and rough sketches by Miss Nellie Clarke.

CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 6.

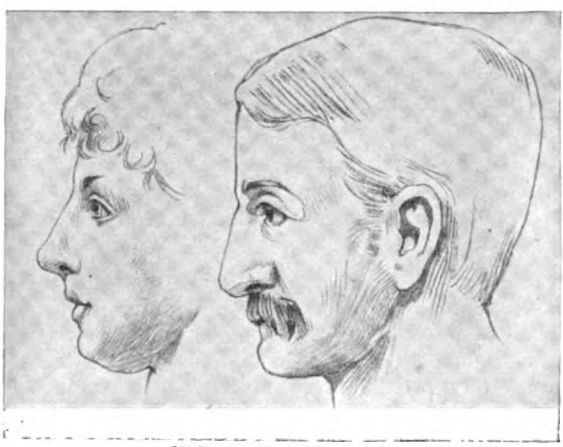
is small and broad, and has small, round nostrils; his mouth is long, with lips drooping, the upper lip hanging over; hers is short and full; his chin is pointed downward, hers forward.

No. 5 is another case of obvious contrasts. The man's face is again bony, thin, and hatchet-like; his wife's rounded, full, and smooth; his, again, tends to droop, hers to look upward. The noses contrast both in profile and in the way they are set on the face; also in the length and width of the nostrils. Other details of contrast are not so very marked, but I may call attention to the differences in the widths of the eyelids and in the shape of the chins.

No. 6 shows us the man with small features, tending rather to look forward, while those of the woman tend to droop; this tendency is specially apparent in eyes, nose, and chin. The chief contrast is in the noses, especially in their shape and in that of the nostrils, hers being very long and his very round.

In No. 7 the man's face tends to be concave, his wife's convex; his face is long and pushed in, hers runs out to a point; his forehead is straight and high, hers retreating and low; his nose and mouth are all firmly set together, hers all loose; his chin is square and drooping, hers rounded and forward.

No. 8 shows two faces of irregular types, the irregularity of the man's face being met by an equal irregularity in that of his mate. A reference to the standard given in No. 1 shows these two faces to be very good contrasts, perhaps as good as could be found. The man's forehead slopes, the woman's is straight; his eyes are deep sunk and close together, hers are wide apart and apparently without pronounced setting; his nose is long and straight and pointed downwards, hers is short, straight, and cut off at an upward slope to the face; his nostrils are long, hers short; his upper lip is short and pouts, hers is long and straight; her chin and the lower part of her face are full and round, his slopes away from all sides to an angle. This case is specially interesting because of the fact that the faces are not very common types, hence, one would expect, less likely to find their contrasts.

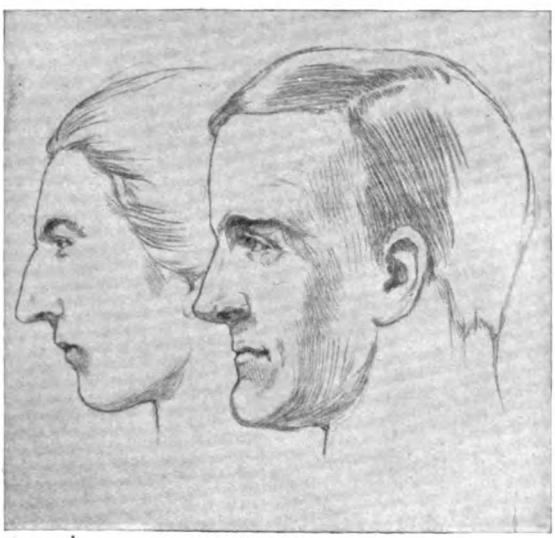


CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 7.

No. 9 shows again the mating of a con-

CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 8.

cave with a convex type of face, for in front view the man's face is broad and massive, especially in the lower part, just where the woman's thins away. The foreheads differ, the brows being arched in the one, straight in the other; the woman's eyes are small and weakly set, the man's large and well defined; her nose is thin and curved, with narrow nostrils, his has a slight upward tip and is broad, with large, widespread nostrils; the contrasts of mouth and chin need no comment.



CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 9.

No. 10 is from a sketch I took from life. The actual contrast was even more remarkable than I succeeded in making it. The man's face was one of those which, for obvious reasons, may be called "embryonic"; *i.e.*, there was a large frontal development, while the features below were small and insignificant. The wife's face was the exact opposite. Her forehead was considerably lower than shown in the figure, so that all her features, which were very pronounced, were high up on her face. This contrast in the faces as wholes was almost ludicrous. The features themselves also contrasted in detail; the noses, the depth of the upper lips, the shape and size of the chins differed greatly.

Although since making this sketch I have several times noticed this embryonic type of face, I have unfortunately not seen it mated with its contrast. Wherever it occurs it should have for its companion a large-faced and large-featured type with a comparatively small forehead.

No. 11 is also from a sketch from life. The contrast was again very striking, and could be carried out even in minute detail. Note the foreheads: his broad, flat, and straight up, hers narrow and rounded; her eyebrows are arched, while his are straight; her eyelids large and eyes drooping, his small, the eye rather staring; her nose thin, sharp, and pointed downward, his broad and flattened horizontally, and with nostrils spreading out sideways over the face. Her nasal septum ran in a curve into the upper lip, his at a sharp angle; her mouth was small and had neatly-shaped lips with a slight pout, his mouth was a long slit in a square jaw; her chin was thin and pointed, his was of great width. As a whole, her thin, pinched-up, delicate face was in extraordinary contrast to his, which was broad, square, and singularly coarse.

It may, perhaps, be objected that these last are caricatures. But what is a caricature? It is a likeness in which the more striking and familiar features are slightly exaggerated, but not falsified. The types are truthfully given, and we are here dealing solely with types. These sketches were not made in any spirit of caricature; they were intended to represent the truth as nearly as I could get it. Each of them seems to me to represent a familiar enough type, but here we see them suddenly brought together as man and wife, and our law enables us to believe that they were very happy in finding one another.

These examples must suffice to enable the reader, who is now in possession of a provisional but apparently accurate formula by which faces may be analyzed, to set about comparing and studying those of his friends. In many cases contrasts can be seen at the first glance; in other cases only when the faces are carefully studied. I may add that during all the years I have been observing the faces of married couples I have never come across a single striking exception. It is true that some contrasts are better than others.

But the witness of single couples, strong as it is, falls into insignificance before the fact already noted that, as soon as we begin to study a series of contrasting couples, we find the same contrast repeated again and again.

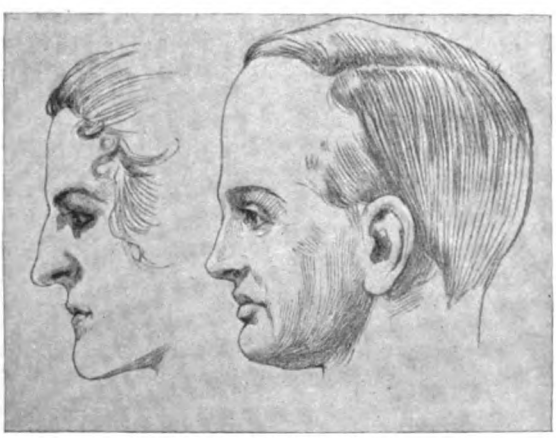
Our point now is that, if we have such a law at all, it is obvious we ought to find men and women who closely resemble one

another marrying others who also closely resemble one another. And this, indeed, is exactly what happens. See, for instances, Nos. 2 and 3.

A good mathematician could perhaps calculate the probability of two couples who resemble one another very closely marrying on the assumption of a mere haphazard sorting. It would be so small that the occurrence would verge on the miraculous. Given such a law of facial attraction as we are here expounding, it not only becomes probable, but ought even to happen with a degree of frequency depending upon the commonness or rarity of the particular type.

It is many years since I first recognised the existence of double and triple couples. I will relate the circumstances, not only as interesting in themselves, but as one of the personal experiences which helped to reveal the law.

The following is the story of the first double couple I ever noticed. I was on bowing terms with two people engaged to be married, the young woman being the daughter of my next-door neighbour. Their devotion to one another afforded amusement to certain frivolous members of the household, and was of special interest to me on account of their contrasting facial types. The man had a large, pleasant, full-moon face without any prominent features; for the nose, though slightly pointed, was small and tended to point downward. The girl was an ideal contrast to him, for she was decidedly *mignonne*, and had a small, thin, sharp face with pretty little tip-tilted nose. The engagement, I heard, was to last a year. What was my astonishment to meet them, before two months were passed, on the platform of an out-of-the-way country railway station, obviously bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon, and radiantly happy. I felt shy of intruding and wished to turn aside, but I had evidently been seen —at least, they were looking towards me, though without immediately recognising me. Retreat was impossible, so I advanced to meet them. I was in the act of raising my hat when I discovered it was another couple! There was identically the same contrast. The men might have been twin brothers and the women twin sisters.



CONTRASTING FACES. NO. 10.

Calling upon a lady in a country house in Surrey for the first time I was embarrassed by a curious feeling that I had known her before. She exactly resembled the wife of an old friend of mine who was at that time managing a factory in a remote corner of Europe. I even kept calling the new acquaintance in my mind "Mrs. J——J——," and felt as if I ought to be at home with her, but was not. The husband was detained by business for half an hour. When at last I saw him coming across the garden it was my friend J——J—— or his shadow, even to his smooth, clean-shaven, sallow, rather foreign type of face. This was so remarkable that I could not keep silent, and told my host and hostess of the strange coincidence. These facts, added to what I had already observed, were surely enough to convince me that some law lies behind our love-making, removing it entirely from the realm of accident.

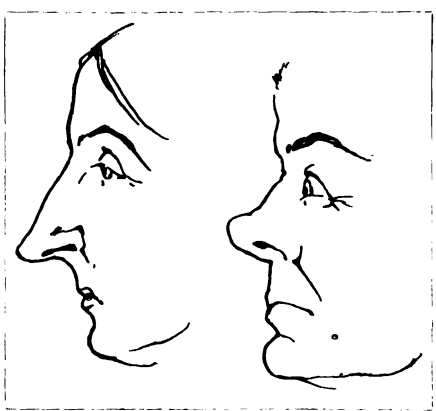
While in the vein of personal narrative let me describe my first triplet of couples; not that it can really strengthen the argument, for obviously such must occur, but again on account of interesting details. I once knew two brothers who showed a very strong family likeness to one another. They had wives who were not related, yet were also strikingly alike, not of course in minutiæ of detail, but in general type. Both women were distinguished by rather long faces, large, prominent, and sharp noses, giving them an appearance of great strength of character, while their husbands had quite small faces and small, rounded noses.

Now, these brothers always reminded me of a friend I had known fifteen years previously, the difference being that this friend's nose was smaller and thinner than theirs. The wife of this friend had the same type of face

as the sister-in-law just mentioned, only her face was much softer, for the nose, though quite as large and prominent, was more rounded, giving her a peculiar *gentleness* and *sweetness* of aspect. These italicized words were an involuntary outburst on the part of the writer, whose own nose is sharp and pointed. But this involuntary expression of admiration is not the only interesting point in the story, for here again we come across the importance of the finer details.

The evidence, then, is slowly leading us to see that there is really only one type of face with which we can fall in love. Some others may attract us in various degrees, and we may even think we could love and get on happily with them, but there is only one which strikes home.

That this proposition is really true we may gather from study of the works of great painters. It is surely matter of common knowledge that, in their imaginative works, painters seem never to get away from their own special types of beautiful women; they may have many different models, but always paint one face. It is no exaggeration to say that Burne-Jones, for example, who sometimes filled his canvas with women (in "The Golden Stairs" there are eighteen), painted them as if they were all sisters. The usual criticism is that the artist in such cases always painted his wife or daughter. But this is really too shallow. It would argue such paucity of inventiveness and power if a painter who ranged the whole field of imagination for variety of subject copied the same face into all his pictures.



CONTRASTING FACES. NO. II.

As soon as we understand that no other face but his own contrast can express the artist's love for his creations, any other bringing in a jarring note, this matter is at once simplified. He has to paint the only face fulfilling his dream of beauty. A tender passion guides his brush and, if he is a true artist, forces him to be faithful to his ideal.

At the risk of perhaps shocking some of my readers, I must here return to my vein of narrative, and relate how the vast importance of *minute* shades of difference in the matter of facial contrast was first forced upon me.

A girl became engaged, when very young, to be married, but later, without being able to give any satisfactory reason, broke off her engagement, and re-engaged herself to another man. Everyone who knew her (as I did) to be almost morbidly sensitive and considerate of the feelings of others was amazed at such apparent heartlessness. But let us see what had actually taken place. She was slowly changing in appearance, and becoming more and more like her mother in face. And the man she eventually married was almost the exact image of her father!

We need not believe that she did any violence to her feelings in entering upon the first engagement. Her face was still unformed. It had doubtless been a good contrast to her first love at the time of her engagement, but gradually ceased to be so as it grew to its definite type. Her affections passed automatically to her more perfect contrast.

A young man asked for my advice and help under the following circumstances. He was engaged to be married to an actress, unknown to his relations, whose opinion of his *fiancée* he thought very problematical. This set me wondering what the girl was like, and for amusement I prepared a rough contrast to his face in the manner suggested. If I had not already been convinced of the truth of the law, the sight of that girl when I did see her would have convinced me. Though I had no other guide whatever than the young man's face, my prospective sketch of her profile was quite as like it as any of the old black silhouettes of our grandparents were like the originals. The engagement, necessarily a long one, was broken off. Six years later he married someone else, who, to my surprise, had what seemed to me quite a different type of face. This was puzzling, for it was impossible that I could have prophesied so correctly if there had been no law of facial contrasts. What had become of it now? As soon as I had another opportunity of studying the man's face, the matter was clear. During the interval

his features had undergone a very considerable change. When he was young and slim, with a youthful, unformed appearance, his nose was too large for the rest of his face, and decidedly aggressive, with an inclination to be pendulous over a weak mouth and chin. The first woman had great depth of jaw and upper lip and a minute, very tip-tilted nose. Six years later the man was much stouter and his face fuller; his nose was now in better proportion and, by the lowering of the nasal septum, had lost the tendency to bend over. The second girl had a length of jaw nearly as great as that of the first, but her nose was not so very small or tip-tilted, but, on the contrary, bent sufficiently downwards to hide all traces of the nasal septum from front view, and this little change in the nose made the two women appear to be of absolutely different types.

So far I have dealt only with the positive side of the law of facial attraction, and I have accumulated evidence to show that, by some mysterious dictate of Nature, people with types of face falling on opposite sides of a standard are disposed to love one another, the attraction presumably increasing with the degree of completeness of the contrast. We now come to the negative side of the same law, *i.e.*, that faces of the same type repel one another, and that the feeling of repulsion becomes more acute as the similarity approaches perfection. If this also holds good, who can doubt any longer that we have unravelled a new secret of Nature, or rather found a loose end towards such an unravelling? We might perhaps have concluded that the law would act in both directions, for, if it is the case that faces fulfilling certain conditions attract one another, Nature would have left her work incomplete unless she had also arranged that those not fulfilling the conditions should fail to attract one another. A physical *indifference* might scarcely be enough, positive repulsion being required.

We all know as a matter of fact that we occasionally feel such a repulsion for persons of the opposite sex. I have already mentioned that it was this curious and spontaneous feeling of dislike which helped very early to draw my attention to the whole subject. This feeling became of continually greater interest to me as I grew older, and found, for instance, that no material advantages could overcome my aversion to a particular marriage. Since those days I have frequently heard from the lips of others that persons existed whom they liked and deeply respected, but whom they could on no account bring themselves to marry. We have all heard of girls in distressed circumstances, struggling, it may be, with poverty, who were compelled, as if by madness, to refuse the most advantageous offers of marriage. It was the more like madness because they could give no reason to their friends, who never ceased urging that they should consent, while a peculiar sense of physical repulsion wrung from them the asseveration that they would sooner die. As to the existence of this aversion there can be no doubt. That it has to do chiefly with the face I feel sure. Natural shrinking from physical deformity may be overcome by sentiments of sympathy and chivalry which are quite consistent with romantic love, and may even help to increase it. The antipathy I have been describing would prove as intense if its object had the figure of the Venus of Milo.

Positive proof that this well-known feeling of repulsion is a matter of facial *resemblance* is not easy to get. Appeals to married couples can hardly help us. Indeed, one argument may be drawn from marriages which seems to refute us on the spot. While it is true that married couples show us so many facial contrasts, yet it has often been remarked that, as time passes, a man and wife who have been happily mated not seldom show a remarkable facial resemblance to one another.

Now, this I know is often affirmed, but since I have been on the look-out for such a couple I have failed entirely to find one. I quite admit that as the faces lose their distinctiveness and take on the characteristics of old age they approach one another in that respect, and, further, that if they have lived in great harmony they may easily have acquired the same expression. Two old faces looking at you with the same expression might certainly look very much alike. But I am convinced that an analysis of the features would still show traces of the fundamental contrast which originally drew them together.

In this absence of objective evidence that it is the resemblance between faces which makes them mutually displeasing to one another I have to fall back again on personal narrative.

I first became aware of the fact from an adventure in a railway train. I was alone in a carriage when a woman came in and sat down in the opposite corner. As I was reading, I took no particular notice of her at first. But when at last I chanced to look up I had the most horrible sensation: a

sudden indescribable feeling of nausea. She was almost the very image of myself, not only in features, but also in colouring. The circumstance so astonished me that for days and weeks it kept coming back, and that one glance (for I could not look) is imprinted indelibly on my memory. I always see her in the same position, and am conscious of the same pair of eyes gazing at me, and I always wonder whether I caused the same disagreeable sensation in her as she all unwittingly caused in me.

I have, however, stronger evidence than this. Fortune gave me a striking example which should satisfy the greatest sceptic.

I was once anxious to help a friend to dispose of some pictures. One of the most valuable represented the face of a woman and dated from the middle of the eighteenth century. It was beautifully painted and evidently a portrait, for the type of countenance was not conventional. No. 12 is not a reproduction of the picture, but is taken from a rough sketch intended only to give an idea of the face. I showed it to several persons, who all admired it immensely. The owner had kept it in his bedroom for years, and felt as if he were parting with a friend in trying to sell it. I made a note of the fact that those who were most enthusiastic about the portrait were men with short faces coming out to a keel and with prominent, high-bridged noses. At last I found a wealthy man who collected pictures. On my report of this one he decided to buy. As I looked at his own face I felt some misgivings, justified by the sequel. I happened to be present when he was introduced to the portrait. The disappointment was tremendous. He could not endure even to glance at it a second time. The excellence of the workmanship had not been exaggerated; but the face, it was "so *ugly*." Some doubts had troubled me, but for such an involuntary and emphatic expression of feeling I certainly was not prepared. It must have been automatic, because he was a man of scrupulous honour, who would never go back upon his word to anyone else's loss. Evidently he felt as I did that day in the train when I encountered my female double. On no account could he live with that face in the house!

NO. 12.—THE TYPE OF FACE WHICH A CERTAIN PICTURE-LOVER COULD NOT ENDURE TO LOOK AT.

The end of the story is remarkable. Not wishing to disappoint my friend altogether, he wandered round the room and, after a little time, bought two portraits, both heads of women, sisters, and very like each other. No. 13 shows the type. Here we have cases of repulsion and attraction following rapidly on one another, both automatic, and no other interpretation can be put upon them than that which is given.

My space is at an end. Those who desire to follow the subject further, especially with regard to objections which appear to tell against it, may be referred to a little volume under the same title which will shortly be announced for publication.

NO. 13.—THE TYPE OF FACE WHICH THE SAME MAN ADMIRED.

The Heart of a Grandfather.

By Katharine Tynan.

"LET me hear no more of this folly, Rupert," the Judge had said. "I will never give my consent. Let there be an end of it!"

It was a good many years ago, eight at least, since the words had been spoken. The Judge had been in his dressing-room, making ready for a dinner-party. He was a very busy man, and the son who was proud of him had snatched at the minutes of the day when they might be together. During the season the Judge dined out most evenings of the week. If, as it happened that evening, his only son's social engagements lay in another direction, Rupert was sure to be found in the Judge's dressing-room, talking over the events of the day while the Judge tied his white tie and got into a swallow-tail, usually in a violent hurry because he had sat so late. Between the shaving and the brushing and the donning of evening clothes—that evening the services of a valet were dispensed with—Rupert's love-affair was put out of court by his father.

"'LET ME HEAR NO MORE OF IT,' HE HAD SAID."

"Let me hear no more of it," he had said; and the ivory pallor of his face had no accession of colour, the lines of his handsome mouth closed till the lips were hardly visible, the curiously-piercing bright grey eyes were inflexible to the boy to whom he had never refused anything from his cradle.

During the day knowledge of Rupert's infatuation for the poor daughter of a country vicar had come to his father. He was not angry with Rupert. Lads would have their follies, he thought, with fond contemptuousness. Only—it must go no farther; there must be an end of it. He never doubted that he would be obeyed. When had he and Rupert not seen things from the same standpoint?

If he had noticed the set look of the young face that was so startlingly like his own—as he might have noticed it in the glass—his opinion regarding the finality of his decision would, perhaps, have undergone a change. But he had always been accustomed to imposing his will upon more than his immediate circle. Fortunately he was too big a man to be a tyrant, and the will was generally for the good of those concerned. And, to be sure, he and Rupert had always seen eye to eye. There had never been a more devoted father and son. They didn't talk much about it; but the Judge knew his son's pride in and love for him as the son knew his father's satisfaction in him.

That matter of Miss Conyers in time passed from the Judge's mind. At the moment it had startled him; but then he had taken the reasonable view. Hot-headed, generous lads like Rupert must have their impracticable follies. He didn't want twenty-three to have the wisdom of fifty. And the boy had not protested. There had not been another word about it. After all, Rupert had seen that his father knew best for him. What was the attraction between girl and boy, the mere passing folly, as compared with the love which had been father's and mother's love to Rupert all his days?

However, as the years passed, the Judge

had one cause of dissatisfaction with his otherwise wholly satisfactory son. Rupert showed himself curiously indifferent, or at best merely friendly, to all women. The Judge did not like it. He had made his way from the comparatively humble position of the son of a country solicitor to almost the top of the tree. As the years passed his honours and eminence grew with them. He had accepted a title. He was now Lord Lethwayt. In course of time the title would come to Rupert. The Judge had an oddly human desire—or it would have seemed oddly human to those who called him a man of steel and adamant—to hold his grandson in his arms before he died. He wanted to know that the title he had created and made greatly significant was going to be handed on. Beyond that he had an unexpected fondness for children. To children, and to dogs and horses, the Judge ceased to be a terrible person.

Rupert had shown no leaning for the profession of the law. He was a soldier, in a smart cavalry regiment which had its quarters between London and Windsor. He had done very decently in his profession, and had won his company in the ordinary way; but he had seen little service. There had been piping times of peace for so long that people had forgotten what war was like.

The Judge had been saving for his only son. When Rupert succeeded to the title he would have plenty of money to keep it up with. Sandridge Park, the Judge's seat, was one of the prettiest places of its size in England. There was also the house in Portman Square. All those years mothers and daughters alike had been ready to smile on Rupert Lethwayt; but, so far as the father could see, he never so much as flirted. It was very disappointing for the founder of his own fame, who desired a grandson to carry on the glories of the name he had made honourable.

Then came a little cloud from the dark places of the earth, which was to grow till it lay over England like a shadow. Calamity followed calamity, till it seemed as though every soldier the country possessed must be put into the fighting line. But the hot days of summer had come before Rupert's regiment was ordered to the seat of war.

For some time the regiment had been awaiting orders. It was a glorious June. The weather had come that makes men think of the sea with longing.

On the west coast of England there is a little cove which the tripper has not yet discovered. There the Judge and his son had spent many a happy vacation while Rupert was a small boy. But of late years the Judge had not revisited Haworth Cove; he was getting on in years now, and took the cure at a German spa year after year with assiduity.

This summer he was not so well. He would not have acknowledged for worlds how his son's regiment being ordered out weighed on his mind. Why, if Rupert were killed—so many eldest and only sons were being killed every day, and Rupert was safe to be found in the fighting line—if Rupert were killed it would be an end of everything. He would be a lonely, heart-broken old man, the first and the last Baron Lethwayt.

The papers mentioned that Lord Lethwayt was absent from the Bench owing to indisposition. Lord Lethwayt, in his library at Portman Square, was writing a letter to his son:—

"My Dear Boy,—I'm off work and liverish. I am running down for a few days to Haworth, and propose that you shall join me there. You will have no difficulty in getting a week's leave. It will be like the old days.—Your affectionate father,

"LETHWAYT.

"P.S.—I go by the ten train from Paddington to-morrow morning."

The letter did not reach Captain the Hon. Rupert Lethwayt, for the excellent reason that he had already left his quarters for a week's leave. Nor did he see that paragraph in the papers about his father's indisposition, else he would have been disquieted.

When the Judge had finished the letter and affixed his big, old-fashioned seal he sat staring at it for a moment, during which he looked oddly unhappy for a man of steel and adamant. His old grievance of Rupert's aversion to matrimony came into his mind, and following the train of thought he remembered Rupert's one love-affair, the love-affair which he had nipped in the bud so remorselessly nearly a decade of years ago. For the first time in his life he wondered if he had been right to act as he did. He might have seen the girl, at all events. And she was well-born, the eldest daughter of a poor scholar with a houseful of children. He might have seen her. To be sure, he had had other views for Rupert. But then Rupert had set them at naught. The Lady Floras and Lady Hildas of those days whom he had thought of as worthy mates for his boy, and certain, one or the other, to please his fancy, had become wives

of other men and mothers of their children. If Rupert had married Agnes Conyers she might have given him half-a-dozen children by this time, grandchildren for the Judge.

"It is a bad thing to have all your eggs in one basket," the Judge said, drearily, aloud, in the splendid dim room.

He caught the ten train at Paddington next day. As he bustled along the platform, where people stared and pointed him out to each other—the illustrated papers had made his face well known—he looked about him for Rupert with a chill sense of disappointment. Rupert had always been punctual when it was a question of their meeting. Supposing he had not been able to get leave! There had been no answer to the letter. Then their few days' holiday together must be given up, and there might never again be a chance; their times together might be over in this world.

The Judge sighed impatiently as he followed his man-servant along the line of carriages. Then for an instant he smiled. It was at the sight of a first-class carriage filled to overflowing, it seemed, with babies and nurses. There were really five children and two nurses, but there were innumerable small packages, and spades and pails, and luncheon-baskets and picture-books, and a small yelping dog. The children were crowding over each other to look out of the carriage windows. A small, bullet-headed boy about six years old caught the Judge's eye. His face was like a small dark peach. He had a remarkably sturdy air, as though he viewed the world as a thing for his delight, and he smiled and waved his hand to the Judge. The Judge smiled back at him.

"We're going to the sea," said the boy. "Don't you wish you were going too?"

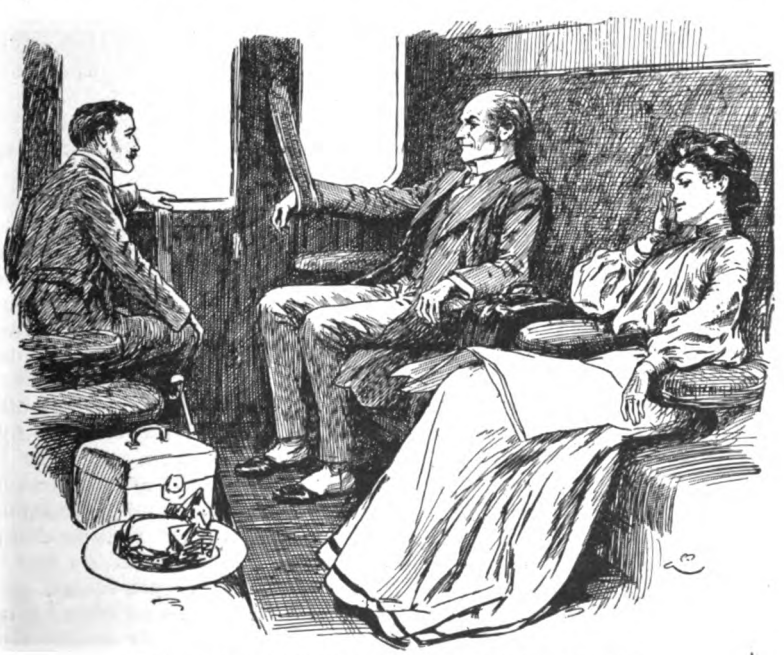
"Don't be so forward, Master Jim," said the prim head nurse, pulling him back.

The Judge would have pursued the acquaintance if he had not caught sight of his son in the next carriage.

"So glad you were able to come, my boy," he called out, exuberantly glad that he was not going to be disappointed of those few days after all; he only realized as his heart bounded up how great the disappointment would have been. "I was afraid you couldn't get leave after all when I didn't meet you at the booking-office. Hot, isn't it? It will be good at Haworth these days."

The man-servant was putting in his small luggage. There was a boy with a tray of papers at the carriage-door. In the bustle of getting in and settling the Judge did not notice the consternation in his son's face, nor the rapid telegraphy of the eyes that passed between him and a young lady who sat in the corner of the carriage, partly hidden behind a ladies' paper. In this moment of joyous excitement the Judge did not remember that the lady had been sitting opposite to Rupert when first he caught sight of him. If he had remembered he would have thought it obliging of her to have made room for him so rapidly, getting into the farthest corner of the carriage and gathering her belongings to her as though there were not, according to the railway company's estimate, still three empty seats to be filled.

Certainly the young lady effaced herself as



"THE YOUNG LADY EFFACED HERSELF AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE."

much as possible. She might hardly have existed for all the hindrance she was to Rupert and his father during the four hours' journey. Once the Judge, glancing her way, casually caught sight of a rounded cheek like a peach, not altogether unlike the cheek of his young friend next door. For the moment she had lowered the paper, and there was a dimple playing charmingly in her cheek. The Judge had been talking of the children in the next carriage. Then while he glanced at her in his abrupt way the paper went up again and the dimple was hidden.

When at last they reached Haworth Rupert left the carriage so hurriedly as to amaze his father. The Judge, having looked after him for a moment with some surprise, waited, and helped the young lady to alight. He was the most punctilious of old-fashioned gentlemen, and he fumed a little as he went after his son, having left the young lady amid her belongings on the platform, the centre of the group of children from the next carriage.

"Odd that she should not have travelled with them," he thought to himself. "Their eldest sister, perhaps, or perhaps a young aunt. Hardly their mother. She didn't look as if she couldn't bear the chatter of children either."

For by this time he knew more of his late travelling companion than the dimple. He had a memory of a vivacious and charming face, with beautiful brown eyes and the most lovely brunette colouring. She was really very like the small boy in the next carriage at whom the Judge had looked enviously.

He grumbled as he met Rupert half-way down the platform and yielded up his bag to him. Rupert answered something vaguely about having had to send a telegram to someone or other.

"The fly from the Jolly Waggoner is outside," he said, with an air of hurry and perturbation. "I have asked old John to collect the luggage. I thought we might walk over the sand-hills; I am stiff, being cooped up so long."

The Judge had no objection. He was a believer in regular exercise, and while he was in town might be met any morning of the year in the Row on his chestnut, at hours when other men were turning over sleepily before awaking.

Still he hesitated after he had greeted old John, the coachman from the Waggoner.

"Hadn't we better wait and assist that young lady with the children? I don't see anything here for her. She may be rather stranded."

"Oh, come on, you Quixotic person," cried Rupert, thrusting an arm through his father's. "As a matter of fact, you are hindering her. Old John has to leave her at her lodgings as soon as he has done with us."

"Why not leave her first?"

"Very well, sir. Indeed, for the matter of that, if we walk John can drop our bags as he passes by the Waggoner. John, drive the lady and children over; we'll walk. Come along, sir."

The Judge, as a matter of fact, wanted to stay and make better acquaintance with the children, but his son hustled him along just before the shouting and joyous group emerged from the door of the railway station. Master Jim was dancing along with his hand in Gregory the porter's hand, and as he came in sight he shouted a greeting to old John. The sound of the exhilarating little voice followed the Judge and his son as they climbed the hill.

"They seem to have been here before," said the Judge.

"Very probably."

"I hope the place hasn't grown much. It must be a good many years since we were here together."

"There is a range of new cottages down by the coastguards', and a couple of bungalows on the cliff. The great world has not yet found out Haworth."

"Ah!" The Judge glanced sharply at his son. "I didn't know you were at Haworth since we were here together, Rupert."

"Last year, when you were at Schwallenbach."

Captain Rupert looked confused. What had come to the boy, the Judge asked, wonderingly. He had always been able to read him like a book. No secrets between them ever. Other men's sons might be sealed books to their fathers. Not Rupert. They saw eye to eye; they felt heart to heart.

"I am glad the place is yet unspoilt," the Judge went on, after a second's pause. "I am glad we can be here together for these few days in quietness."

The talk turned to other topics. As they crossed the hill the fly with the lady and children passed them by. The small boy shouted a greeting which the Judge took to be to himself, and raised his hat to the youngster with a delighted eye. As the carriage went on out of sight he sighed, and Rupert looked at him curiously. It was the first time he had heard his father sigh.

Mrs. Shadbolt, at the Jolly Waggoner,

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER X.—A VISIT TO EDISON—AN ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE.

I WAS suddenly aroused by the abrupt stopping of the special train, all filled with flowers and decorated with flags, in which I had travelled from New York after my last performance at the theatre in order to visit Menlo Park, the residence of Thomas Alva Edison.

It was two o'clock in the morning, very dark, and the snow was falling silently in heavy flakes. A carriage was waiting and its one lamp served to light up the whole station, for orders had been given that the electric lights should be put out. I found my way with the help of Jarrett and some of my friends. The intense cold froze the snow as it fell, and we walked over veritable blocks of sharp, jagged ice, which crackled under our feet. Behind the first carriage was another heavier one, with only one horse and no lamp. There was room for five or six persons to crowd into this. We were ten in all, and Jarrett, Abbey, a friend of mine, and I took our places in the first one, leaving the others to get into the second. We looked like a band of conspirators. The dark night, the two mysterious carriages, the silence caused by the icy coldness, the way in which we were muffled in our furs, and our anxious expression as we glanced around us—all this made our visit to the celebrated Edison resemble a scene out of an operetta.

SARAH BERNHARDT DRIVING TO MENLO PARK, THE HOME OF EDISON.

The carriage rolled along, sinking deep into the snow and jolting terribly; the jolts made us dread every instant some tragi-comic accident. I cannot tell how long we had been rolling along, for, lulled by the movement of the carriage and buried in my warm furs, I was quietly dozing, when a formidable "Hip-hip-hurrah!" made us all jump—my travelling companions, the coachman, the horse, and I. As quick as thought the whole country was suddenly illuminated. Under the trees, on the trees, among the bushes along the garden walks, lights flashed forth triumphantly. The wheels of the carriage turned a few more times and then drew up at the house of the famous Thomas Alva Edison.

A group of people awaited us on the veranda—four men, two ladies, and a young girl. My heart began to beat quickly as I wondered which of these men was Edison. I had never seen his photograph, and I had the greatest admiration for his genius. I sprang out of the carriage, and the dazzling electric light made it seem like day. I took the bouquet which Mrs. Edison offered me and thanked her for it, but all the time I was endeavouring to discover which of these was the Great Man. They all four advanced towards me, but I noticed the flush that came into the face of one of them, and it was so evident from the expression of his blue eyes that he was intensely bored that I guessed this was Edison. I felt confused and embarrassed myself, for I knew very well that I was causing this man inconvenience by my visit. He, of course, imagined that it was due to the idle curiosity of a foreigner eager to court publicity. He was, no doubt, thinking of the interviewing in

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

store for him the following day, and of the stupidities he would be made to utter. He was suffering beforehand at the idea of the ignorant questions I should ask him, of all the explanations he would, out of politeness, be obliged to give me, and at that moment Thomas Edison took a dislike to me. His wonderful blue eyes, more luminous than his incandescent lamps, enabled me to read his thoughts. I immediately understood that he must be won over, and my combative instinct had recourse to all my powers of fascination, in order to vanquish this delightful, but bashful, *savant*. I made such an effort and succeeded so well that half an hour later we were the best of friends. I followed him about quickly, climbing up staircases as narrow and steep as ladders, crossing bridges hanging in the air above veritable furnaces, and he explained everything to me. I understood it all, and I admired him more and more, for he was so simple and charming, this king of light. As we leaned over a slightly unsteady bridge, above the terrible abyss in which immense wheels, encased in wide driving-belts, were turning and rumbling, he gave various orders in a clear voice, and light then burst forth on all sides, sometimes in sputtering, greenish jets, sometimes in quick flashes, or in serpentine trails like streams of fire. I looked at this man of medium size, with rather a large head and a noble-looking profile, and I thought of Napoleon I. There is certainly a great physical resemblance between these two men, and I am sure that one compartment of their brains would be found to be identical. Of course, I do not compare their genius. The one was "destructive" and the other "creative"; but whilst I execrate battles I adore victories, and, in spite of his errors, I have raised an altar in my heart to that god of glory, Napoleon! I therefore looked at Edison thoughtfully, for he reminded me of the great man who was dead. The deafening sound of the machinery, the dazzling rapidity of the changes of light, all that together made my head whirl, and, forgetting where I was, I leaned for support on the slight balustrade which separated me from the abyss beneath. I was so unconscious of all danger that, before I had recovered from my surprise, Edison had helped me into an adjoining room and installed me in an armchair without my realizing how it had all happened. He told me afterwards that I had turned dizzy.

EDISON RECEIVING SARAH BERNHARDT AT MENLO PARK.

After having done the honours of his new telephone and of his astonishing phonograph, Edison offered me his arm and took me to the dining-room, where I found his family assembled. I was very tired, and did justice to the supper that had been so hospitably prepared for us.

I left Menlo Park at four o'clock in the morning, and this time the country round, the roads, and the station were all lighted up by the thousands of jets of my kind host. What a strange power of suggestion the darkness has! I thought I had travelled a long way that night, and it seemed to me that the roads were impracticable. It proved to be quite a short distance, and the roads were charming, although they were now covered with snow. Imagination had played a great part during the journey to Edison's house, but reality played a much greater one during the same journey back to the station. I was enthusiastic in my admiration of the

inventions of this man, and I was charmed with his timid graciousness and perfect courtesy, and with his profound love of Shakespeare.

The next day, or rather that same day, for it was then four in the morning, I started with my company for Boston. Mr. Abbey, my impresario, had arranged for me to have a delightful "car," but it was nothing like the wonderful Pullman that I was to have from Philadelphia for continuing my tour. I was very much pleased with this one, nevertheless, when I entered the car which had been reserved for me. In the middle of the room there was a real bed, large and comfortable, on a brass bedstead. Then there were an arm-chair, a pretty dressing-table, a basket tied up with ribbons for my dog, and flowers everywhere, but flowers without an overpowering perfume. The members of my company were installed in a long car fitted up with beds which shut down during the day to form sofas. There were little tables in front of these, so that they could take meals there, write, play cards, draughts, etc. In the car adjoining mine were my own servants, who were also very comfortable. I went to bed feeling thoroughly satisfied, and woke up in Boston.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER FIRST PRIVATE CAR.

A large crowd was assembled at the station. There were reporters and curious men and women, a public decidedly more interested than friendly, not badly intentioned, but by no means enthusiastic. Public opinion in New York had been greatly occupied with me during the past month. I had been both criticised and glorified. Calumnies of all kinds, stupid and disgusting, foolish and odious, had been circulated about me. Some people blamed and others admired the disdain with which I had treated these scandals, but everyone knew that I had won in the end, and that I had triumphed over all and everything. Boston knew, too, that clergymen had preached from their pulpits saying that I had been sent by the Old World to corrupt the New World, and that my art was an inspiration of the Evil One. Everyone knew all this, but the public wanted to see for itself. Boston belongs especially to the women. Tradition says that it was a woman who first set foot in Boston. Women form the majority there. They are Puritanical, with intelligence, and independent with a certain grace. I passed between the two lines formed by this strange and courteous crowd, and just as I was about to get into my carriage a lady advanced towards me and said, "Welcome to Boston, madame! Welcome, madame," and she held out a soft little hand to me. (American women generally have charming hands and feet.) Other people now approached and smiled, and I had to shake hands with many of them. I took a fancy to this city at once, but all the same I was furious for a moment when a reporter sprang on to the steps of the carriage, just as we were driving away. He was in a greater hurry and more audacious than any of the others, but he was certainly overstepping the limits, and I pushed the wretched man back angrily. Jarrett was prepared for this and saved him by the collar of his coat, otherwise he would have fallen upon the pavement, as he deserved.

"At what time will you come and get on the whale to-morrow?" this extraordinary personage asked. I gazed at him in bewilderment. He spoke French perfectly and repeated his question.

"He's mad," I said in a low voice to Jarrett.

"No, madame, I am not mad, but I should like to know at what time you will come and get on the whale? It would be better, perhaps, to come this evening, for we are afraid it may die in the night, and it would be a pity for you not to come and pay it a visit while it still has breath."

He went on talking, and as he talked he half seated himself beside Jarrett, who was all over, who was wearing a fur cap pulled down over his eyes and an enormous diamond in his cravat. He was the strangest type of the old-fashioned Yankee. He did not speak a word of French, but he took his seat calmly by Jarrett, whilst the reporter remained half sitting and half hanging to the vehicle. We were three when we started from the station, and we were five when we reached the Hôtel Vendôme. There were a great many people awaiting my arrival, and I was quite ashamed of my new companion. He talked in a loud voice, laughed, coughed, spat, addressed everyone, and gave everyone invitations. All the people seemed to be delighted. A little girl threw her arms round

SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE BOSTON REPORTER.

still holding him by the collar, lest he should fall out of the carriage.

"But, monsieur," I exclaimed, "what do you mean? What is all this about a whale?"

"Ah, madame," he replied, "it is admirable, enormous. It is here in the harbour, and there are men employed day and night to break the ice all round it."

He broke off suddenly, and standing on the carriage step he clutched the driver.

"Stop! Stop!" he called out. "Hi, hi, Henry, come here! Here's madame; here she is!"

The carriage drew up, and without any further ceremony he jumped down and pushed into my carriage a little man, square

her father's neck, exclaiming, "Oh, yes, papa; do, please, let us go!"

"Well, but we must ask madame," he replied, and he came up to me in the most polite and courteous manner. "Will you kindly allow us to join your party when you go to see the whale to-morrow?" he asked.

"But, monsieur," I answered, delighted to have to do with a gentleman once more, "I have no idea what all this means. For the last quarter of an hour this reporter and that extraordinary man have been talking about a whale. They declare, authoritatively, that I must go and pay it a visit, and I know absolutely nothing about it. These two gentlemen took my carriage by storm, installed themselves in it without my permission,

and, as you see, are giving invitations in my name to people whom I do not know, asking them to go with me to a place about which I know nothing for the purpose of paying a visit to a whale which is to be introduced to me and which is waiting impatiently to die in peace."

The kindly-disposed gentleman signed to his daughter to come with us, and, accompanied by them, by Jarrett, and Mme. Guérard, I went up in a lift to the door of my suite of rooms. I found my apartments hung with valuable pictures and full of magnificent statues. I felt rather disturbed in my mind, for among these objects of art were two or three very rare and beautiful things which I knew must have cost an enormous price. I was afraid lest any of them should be stolen, and I spoke of my fear to the proprietor of the hotel.

"Mr. X——, to whom the knick-knacks belong," he answered, "wishes you to have them to look at as long as you are here, mademoiselle, and when I expressed my anxiety about them to him, just as you have done to me, he merely remarked that 'it was all the same to him.'" As to the pictures, they belonged to two wealthy Bostonians. There was among them a superb Millet, which I should very much have liked to own.

After expressing my gratitude and admiring these treasures, I asked for an explanation of the story of the whale, and Mr. Max Gordon, the father of the little girl, translated for me what the little man in the fur cap had said.

It appeared that he owned several fishing-boats, which he sent out to get cod-fish for his own benefit. One of these boats had captured an enormous whale, which still had the two harpoons in it. The poor creature, thoroughly exhausted with its struggles, was several miles farther along the coast, but it had been easy to capture it and bring it in triumph to Henry Smith, the owner of the boats. It was difficult to say by what freak of fancy and by what turn of the imagination this man had arrived at associating in his mind the idea of the whale and my name as a source of wealth. I could not understand it, but the fact remained that he insisted in such a droll way and so authoritatively and energetically that the following morning, at seven o'clock, fifty persons assembled, in spite of the icy-cold rain, to visit the whale.

Mr. Gordon had given orders that his coach, with four beautiful horses, should be in readiness. He himself drove, and his daughter, Jarrett, my sister, Mme. Guérard, and another elderly lady, whose name I have forgotten, were with us. Seven other carriages followed. It was all very amusing indeed. On our arrival at the wharf we were received by this comic Henry, shaggy-looking this time from head to foot and his hands encased in fingerless woollen gloves. Only his eyes and his huge diamond shone out from his furs. I walked along the wharf, very much amused and interested. There were a few idlers looking on also, and, alas! there were reporters. Henry's shaggy paw seized my hand, and he drew me quickly along with him to the staircase. I only just escaped breaking my neck at least a dozen times. He pushed me along, made me stumble down ten dangerous steps, and I next found myself on the back of the whale. They assured me that it still

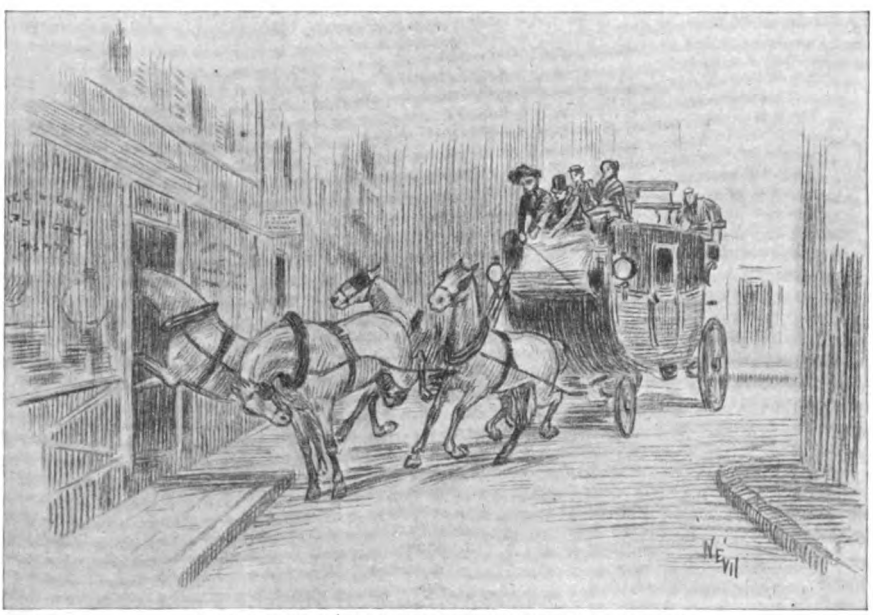
"I FOUND MYSELF ON THE BACK OF THE WHALE."

breathed, though I should not like to affirm that it really did, but the splashing of the water breaking its eddy against the poor creature caused it to oscillate slightly. Then, too, it was covered with glazed frost, and twice I fell down full length on its spine. I laugh about it now, but I was furious then. Everyone around me insisted, however, on my pulling a piece of whalebone from the blade of the poor, captured creature, one of those little bones which are used for women's corsets. I did not like to do this, as I feared to cause it suffering, and I was sorry for the poor thing, as three of us—Henry, the little Gordon girl, and I—had been skating about on its back for the last ten minutes. Finally I decided to do it. I pulled out the little whalebone and went up the steps again, holding my poor trophy in my hand. I felt nervous and flustered, and everyone surrounded me. I was annoyed with this man. I did not want to return to the coach, as I thought I could hide my bad temper better in one of the huge, gloomy-looking landaus which followed, but the charming Miss Gordon asked me so sweetly why I would not drive with them that I felt my anger melt away before the child's smiling face.

"Would you like to drive?" her father asked me, and I accepted with pleasure.

Jarrett immediately proceeded to get down from the coach as quickly as his age and corpulence would allow him.

"If you are going to drive I prefer getting down," he said, and he took his place in another carriage. I changed seats boldly with Mr. Gordon in order to drive, and we had not gone a hundred yards before I had let the horses make for a drug-store near the wharf and got the coach itself up on to the side-walk, so that if it had not been for the quickness and energy of Mr. Gordon we should all have been killed. On arriving at the hotel I went to bed and stayed there until it was time for the theatre in the evening. We played "Hernani" that night to a full house.



SARAH BERNHARDT'S EXPERIENCE OF DRIVING A FOUR-IN-HAND.

The seats had been sold to the highest bidders, and considerable prices were obtained for them. We gave fifteen performances at Boston, at an average of nineteen thousand francs for each.

I was sorry to leave that city, as I had spent two charming weeks there, my mind all the time on the alert when holding conversations with the Boston women. They are Puritans from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, but they are indulgent, and there is no bitterness about their Puritanism. What struck me most about the women of Boston was the harmony of their gestures and the softness of their voices. Brought up among the severest and harshest of traditions, the Bostonian race seems to me to be the most refined and the

most mysterious of all the American races. As the women are in the majority in Boston, many of the young girls remain unmarried. All their vital forces which they cannot expend in love and in maternity they employ in fortifying and making supple the beauty of their body, by means of exercise and sports, without losing any of their grace. All the reserves of heart are expended in intellectuality. They adore music, the theatre, literature, painting, and poetry. They know everything and understand everything, are pure-minded and reserved, and neither laugh nor talk very loud. They are as far removed from the Latin race as the North Pole is from the South Pole, but they are interesting, delightful, and captivating.

It was, therefore, with a rather heavy heart that I left Boston for New Haven, and, to my great surprise, on arriving at the hotel at New Haven I found Henry Smith there, the famous whale man.

"Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed, flinging myself into an arm-chair, "what does this man want now with me?"

I was not left in ignorance very long, for the most infernal noise of brass instruments, drums, trumpets, and, I should think, saucepans, drew me to the window. I saw an immense carriage surrounded by an escort of negroes dressed as minstrels. On this carriage was an abominable, monstrous, coloured advertisement representing me standing on the whale, tearing away its blade-bone, while it struggled to defend itself. Some sandwich-men followed with posters on which were written the following words: "Come and see the enormous cetacean which Sarah Bernhardt killed by tearing out its whalebone for her corsets. These are made by Mme. Lily Noé, who lives," etc. Some of the other sandwich-men carried posters with these words: "The whale is just as flourishing as when it was alive. It has five hundred dollars' worth of salt in its stomach, and every day the ice upon which it was resting is renewed at a cost of one hundred dollars!"

My face turned more livid than that of a corpse and my teeth chattered with fury on seeing this. Henry Smith advanced towards me, and I struck him in my anger and then rushed away to my room, where I sobbed with vexation, disgust, and utter weariness.

I wanted to start back to Europe at once, but Jarrett showed me my contract. I then wanted to take steps to have this odious exhibition stopped, and in order to calm me I was promised that this should be done, but in reality nothing was done at all. Two days later I was at Hartford and the same whale was there. It continued its tour as I continued mine. They gave it more salt and renewed its ice, and it went on its way, so that I came across it everywhere. I took proceedings about it, but in every State I was obliged to begin all over again, as the law varied in the different States. And every time I arrived at a fresh hotel I found there an immense bouquet awaiting me, with the horrible card of the showman of the whale. I threw his flowers on the ground and trampled on them, and, much as I love flowers, I had a horror of these.

Jarrett went to see the man and begged him not to send me any more bouquets, but it was all of no use, as it was the man's way of avenging the box on the ears I had given him. Then, too, he could not understand my anger. He was making any amount of money, and had even proposed that I should accept a percentage of the receipts. Ah! I would willingly have killed that execrable Smith, for he was poisoning my life. I could see nothing else in all the different cities I visited, and I used to shut my eyes on the way from the hotel to the theatre. When I heard the minstrels I used to fly into a rage and turn green with anger. Fortunately, I was able to rest when once I reached Montreal, where I was not followed by this show. I should certainly have been ill if it had continued, as I saw nothing else, could think of nothing else, even in my very dreams. It haunted me; it was an obsession and a perpetual nightmare. When I left Hartford Jarrett swore to me that Smith would not be at Montreal, as he had been taken suddenly ill. I strongly suspected that Jarrett had found a way of administering to him some violent kind of medicine which had stopped his journeying for the time. I felt sure of this, as the ferocious gentleman laughed so heartily *en route;* but, anyhow, I was infinitely grateful to him for ridding me of the man for the present.

When we arrived at Montreal the Pullman car stopped and the silence of the night was broken by a formidable cry of "Vive la France!" which came from ten thousand voices, thrilling me with that thrill of patriotic love which brings the tears to one's eyes and makes one's heart beat more quickly. But emotion of another kind was in store for me. This, too, was very great, but painful, and the memory of it will never be effaced from my mind.

(*To be continued.*)

Some Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

II.—THE BOAT'S SHARE.

I WAS sitting on the steps of Shreelane House, smoking a cigarette after breakfast. By the calendar the month was February, by the map it was the South-West of Ireland, but by every token that hot sun and soft breeze could offer it was the Riviera in April.

Maria, my wife's water spaniel, elderly now, but unimpaired in figure, and in character merely fortified in guile by the castigations of five winters, reclined on the warm limestone flags beside me. Minx, the nursery fox-terrier, sat, as was her practice, upon Maria's ribs, nodding in slumber. All was peace.

Peace, I say; but even as I expanded in it and the sunshine there arose to me from the kitchen window in the area the voice of Mrs. Cadogan, the cook, uplifted in passionate questioning.

"Bridgie!" it wailed, "where's me beautiful head and me lovely feet?"

The answer to this amazing inquiry travelled shrilly from the region of the scullery.

"Bilin' in the pot, ma'am!"

I realized that it was merely soup in its elemental stage that was under discussion, but Peace spread her wings at the cry; it recalled the fact that Philippa was having a dinner-party that same night. In a small establishment, such as mine, a dinner-party is an affair of many aspects — all of them serious. The aspect of the master of the house, however, is not serious; it is merely contemptible. Having got out the champagne and reverentially decanted the port, there remains for him no further place in the proceedings, no moment in which his presence is desired. If, at such a time, I wished to have speech with my wife, she was not to be found; if I abandoned the search and stationed myself in the hall, she would pass me, on an average, twice in every three minutes, generally with flowers in her hands, always with an expression so rapt as to abash all questionings. I therefore sat upon the steps and read the paper, superfluous to all save the dogs, to whom I at least afforded a harbourage in the general stress.

Suddenly, and without a word of warning, Minx and Maria were converted from a slumberous mound into twin comets, comets that trailed a continuous shriek of rage as they flew down the avenue. The cause of the affront presently revealed itself in the form of a tall woman, with a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm. She advanced unfalteringly, Minx walking on her hind legs beside her, as if in a circus, attentively smelling the basket, while Maria bayed her at large in the background. She dropped me a curtsy fit for the Lord-Lieutenant.

"DOES YOUR HONOUR WANT ANY FISH THIS MORNING?"

"Does your honour want any fish this morning?" Her rippling grey hair gleamed like silver in the sunlight, her

face was straight-browed and pale, her grey eyes met mine with respectful self-possession. She might have been Deborah the prophetess, or the mother of the Gracchi; as a matter of fact, I recognised her as a certain Mrs. Honora Brickley, mother of my present kitchenmaid, a lady whom, not six months before, I had fined in a matter of trespass and assault.

"They're lovely fish altogether!" she pursued. "They're leppin' fresh!"

Here was the chance to make myself useful. I called down the area and asked Mrs. Cadogan if she wanted fish. (It may or may not be necessary to mention that my cook's name is locally pronounced "Caydogawn.")

"What fish is it, sir?" replied Mrs. Cadogan, presenting at the kitchen window a face like a rising harvest moon.

"'Tis pollack, ma'am," shouted Mrs. Brickley, from the foot of the steps.

"'Sha! thim's no good to us," responded the harvest moon in bitter scorn. "Thim's not company fish!"

I was here aware of the presence of my wife in the doorway, with a *menu*-slate in one hand and one of my best silk pocket-handkerchiefs, that had obviously been used as a duster, in the other.

"Filleted, with white sauce," she murmured to herself, a world of thought in her blue eyes, "or perhaps quenelles——"

Mrs. Brickley instantly extracted a long and shapely pollack from her basket, and with eulogies of its beauty, of Philippa's beauty, and of her own magnanimity in proffering her wares to us instead of to a craving market in Skebawn, laid it on the steps.

At this point a series of yells from the nursery, of the usual blood-curdling description, lifted Philippa from the scene of action as a wind whirls a feather.

"Buy them!" came back to me from the stairs.

I kept to myself my long-formed opinion that eating pollack was like eating boiled cotton-wool with pins in it, and the bargain proceeded. The affair was almost concluded when Mrs. Brickley, in snatching a fish from the bottom of her basket to complete an irresistible half-dozen, let it slip from her fingers. It fell at my feet, revealing a mangled and gory patch on its side.

"Why, then, that's the best fish I have!" declared Mrs. Brickley, in response to my protest; "that's the very one her honour Mrs. Yeates would fancy! She'd always like to see the blood running fresh!"

This flight of sympathetic insight did not deter me from refusing the injured pollack, coupled with a regret that Mrs. Brickley's cat should have been interrupted in its meal.

Mrs. Brickley did not immediately reply. She peeped down the area, she glanced into the hall.

"Cat, is it?" she said, sinking her voice to a mysterious whisper; "your honour knows well, Lord bless you, that it was no cat done that!"

Obedient to the wholly fallacious axiom that those who ask no questions will be told no lies, I remained silent.

"Only for the luck of the saints being on me they'd have left meself no betther than what they left the fish!" continued Mrs. Brickley. "Your honour didn't hear what work was in it on Hare Island sthrand last night? Thim Keohanes had the wooden leg pulled from undher me husband with the len'th o' fightin'! Oh! Thim's outlawed altogether, and the faymales is as manly as the men! Sure the polis theirselves does be in dhread o' thim women! The day-and-night-screeching porpoises!"

Six years of Resident Magistracy had bestowed upon me some superficial knowledge of whither all this tended. I arose from the steps with the stereotyped statement that if there was to be a case in court I could not listen to it beforehand. I closed the hall door, not, however, before Mrs. Brickley had assured me that I was the only gentleman, next to the blessed saints, in whom she had any confidence.

The next incident in the affair occurred at about a quarter to eight that evening. I was fixing my tie when my wife's voice summoned me to her room in tones that presaged disaster. Philippa was standing erect, in a white and glittering garment; her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed. It is not given to everyone to look their best when they are angry, but it undoubtedly is becoming to Philippa.

"I ask you to look at my dress," she said, in a level voice.

"It looks very nice," I said, cautiously, knowing there was a trap somewhere; "I know it, don't I?"

"Know it!" replied Philippa, witheringly; "did you know that it had only one sleeve?"

She extended her arms; from one depended vague and transparent films of whiteness, the other was bare to the shoulder. I rather preferred it of the two.

"Well, I can't say I did," I said, helplessly. "Is that a new fashion?"

There was a spectral knock at the door

"'THEY TOOK MY SLEEVE TO STRAIN THE SOUP!' REPEATED PHILIPPA."

and Hannah, the housemaid, slid into the room, purple of face, abject of mien.

"It's what they're afther tellin' me, ma'am," she panted; "'twas took to sthrain the soup!"

"They took my sleeve to strain the soup!" repeated Philippa, in a crystal clarity of wrath.

"She said she got it in the press in the passage, ma'am, and she thought you were afther throwin' it," murmured Hannah, with a glance that implored my support.

"Whom are you speaking of?" demanded Philippa, looking quite six feet high.

The situation, already sufficiently acute, was here intensified by the massive entry of Mrs. Cadogan, bearing in her hand a plate on which was a mound of soaked brownish rag. She was blowing hard—the glare of the kitchen range at highest power lived in her face.

"There's your sleeve, ma'am!" she said; "and if I could fall down dead this minute it'd be no more than a relief to me! And as for Bridgie Brickley," continued Mrs. Cadogan, catching her wind with a gasp, "I've thravelled many genthry's kitchens, but I'm thankful I never seen the like of her! Five weeks to-morrow she's in this house, and there isn't a day but I gave her a laceratin'! Sure the hair's dhroppin' out o' me head and the skin rollin' off the soles o' me feet with the heartscald I get with her —the big, low, dirty buccaneer! And I declare to you, ma'am, and to the Major, that I have a pain switching out through me hips this minute that'd bring down a horse!"

"Oh, Heaven!" said Hannah, clapping her hand over her mouth.

My eye met Philippa's; some tremor of my inward agony declared itself and found its fellow on her quivering lips. In the same instant wheels rumbled on the avenue.

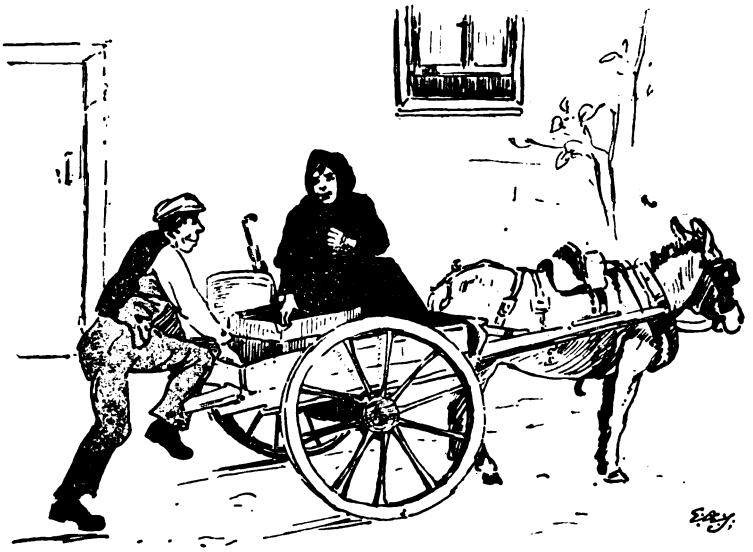
"Here are the Knoxes!" I exclaimed, escaping headlong from the room, with my dignity as master of the house still intact.

Dinner, though somewhat delayed by these agitations, passed off reasonably well. Its occasion was the return from the South African War of my landlord and neighbour, Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox, M.F.H., J.P., who had been serving his country in the Yeomanry for the past twelve months. The soup gave no hint of its cannibalistic origin, and was of a transparency that did infinite credit to the services of Philippa's sleeve; the pollack, chastely robed in white sauce, held no suggestion of a stormy past, nor, it need scarcely be said, did they foreshadow their influence on my future. As they made their circuit of the table I aimed a communing glance at my wife, who, serene in pale pink and conversation with Mr. Knox, remained unresponsive.

How the volcano that I knew to be raging below us in the kitchen could have brought

forth anything more edible than molten paving-stones I was at a loss to imagine. Had Mrs. Cadogan sent up Bridget Brickley's head as an *entremet* it would not, indeed, have surprised me. I could not know that as the gong sounded for dinner Miss Brickley had retired to her bed in strong hysterics, announcing that she was paralyzed, while Mrs. Cadogan, exalted by passion to an ecstasy of achievement, coped single-handed with the emergency.

At breakfast-time next morning Philippa and I were informed that the invalid had, at an early hour, removed herself and her wardrobe from the house, requisitioning for the purpose my donkey-cart and the attendance of my groom, Peter Cadogan; a proceeding on which the comments of Peter's aunt, Mrs. Cadogan, left nothing to be desired.



"THE INVALID HAD, AT AN EARLY HOUR, REMOVED HERSELF AND HER WARDROBE."

The affair on the strand at Hare Island ripened, with infinite complexity of summonses and cross-summonses, into an imposing Petty Sessions case. Two separate deputations presented themselves at Shree-lane, equipped with black eyes and other conventional injuries, one of them armed with a creelful of live lobsters to underline the argument. To decline the bribe was of no avail; the deputation decanted them upon the floor of the hall and retired, and the lobsters spread themselves at large over the house, and to this hour remain the nightmare of the nursery.

The next Petty Sessions day was wet; the tall windows of the court-house were grey and streaming, and the reek of wet humanity ascended to the ceiling. As I took my seat on the bench I perceived with an inward groan that the services of the two most eloquent solicitors of Skebawn had been engaged. This meant that justice would not have run its course till Heaven knew what dim hour of the afternoon, and that that course would be devious and difficult.

All the pews and galleries—any Irish court-house might, with the addition of a harmonium, pass presentably as a dissenting chapel—were full, and a line of flat-capped policemen stood like churchwardens near the door. Under the galleries, behind what might have answered to choir-stalls, the witnesses and their friends hid in darkness, which could, however, but partially conceal two resplendent young ladies, barmaids, who were to appear in a subsequent Sunday drinking case. I was a little late, and when I arrived Flurry Knox, supported by a couple of other magistrates, was in the chair, imperturbable of countenance as was his wont, his fair and delusive youthfulness of aspect unimpaired by his varied experiences during the war, his roving, subtle eye untamed by four years of matrimony.

A woman was being examined, a square and ugly country-woman, with wispy fair hair, a slow, dignified manner, and a slight and impressive stammer. I recognised her as one of the body-guard of the lobsters. Mr.

Murphy, solicitor for the Brickleys, widely known and respected as "Roaring Jack," was in possession of that much-enduring organ, the ear of the Court.

"Now, Kate Keohane!" he thundered, "tell me what time it was when all this was going on?"

"About duskish, sir. Con Brickley was slashing the f-fish at me mother the same time. He never said a word but to take the stick and fire me dead with it on the sthrand. He gave me plenty of blood to dhrink, too," said the witness, with acid decorum. She paused to permit this agreeable fact to sink in, and added, "His wife wanted to f-fashten on me the same time, an' she havin' the steer o' the boat to sthrike me."

These were not precisely the facts that Mr. Murphy, as solicitor for the defence, wished to elicit.

"Would you kindly explain what you mean by the steer of the boat?" he demanded, sparring for wind in as intimidating a manner as possible.

The witness stared at him.

"Sure 'tis the stick, like, that they pulls here and there to go in their choice place."

"We may presume that the lady is referring to the tiller," said Mr. Murphy, with a facetious eye at the Bench. "Maybe now, ma'am, you can explain to us what sort of a boat is she?"

"She's that owld that if it wasn't for the weeds that's holding her together she'd bursht up in the deep."

"And who owns this valuable property?" pursued Mr. Murphy.

"She's between Con Brickley and me brother, an' the saine is between four, an' whatever crew does be in it should get their share, and the boat has a man's share."

I made no attempt to comprehend this, relying with well-founded confidence on Flurry Knox's grasp of such enigmas.

"Was Con Brickley fishing the same day?"

"He was not, sir. He was at Lisheen Fair; for as clever as he is he couldn't kill two birds under one slat!"

Kate Keohane's voice moved unhurried from sentence to sentence, and her slow, pale eye turned for an instant to the lair of the witnesses under the gallery.

"And you're asking the Bench to believe that this decent man left his business in Lisheen in order to slash fish at your mother?" said Mr. Murphy, truculently.

"B'lieve me, sorra much business he laves afther him wherever he'll go!" returned the witness; "himself and his wife had business enough on the sthrand when the fish was dividing, and it's then thimselves put every name on me!"

"Ah, what harm are names?" said Mr. Murphy, dallying elegantly with a tress of his auburn beard. "Come now, ma'am! will you swear you got any ill-usage from Con Brickley or his wife?" He leaned over the front of his pew and waited for the answer, with his massive red head on one side.

"I was givin' blood like a c-cow that ye'd stab with a knife!" said Kate Keohane, with unshaken dignity. "If it was yourself that was in it ye'd feel the smart as well as me. My hand and word on it, ye would! The marks is on me head still, like the prints of dog-bites!"

She lifted a lock of hair from her forehead and exhibited a sufficiently repellent injury. Flurry Knox leaned forward.

"Are you sure you haven't that since the time there was that business between yourself and the postmistress at Munig? I'm told you had the name of the office on your forehead where she struck you with the office-stamp! Try, now, sergeant. Can you read 'Munig' on her forehead?"

The Court, not excepting its line of churchwardens, dissolved in laughter; Kate Keohane preserved an offended silence.

"I suppose you want us to believe," resumed Mr. Murphy, sarcastically, "that a fine, hearty woman like you wasn't defending yourself?" Then, with a turkey-cock burst of fury, "On your oath, now! What did you strike Honora Brickley with? Answer me that, now! What had you in your hand?"

"I had nothing only the little rod I had afther the ass," answered Miss Keohane, with childlike candour; "I done nothing to them; but as for Con Brickley, he put his back to the cliff and he took the flannel wrop that he had on him and he threwn it on the sthrand, and he said he should have blood, murdher, or f-fish!"

She folded her shawl across her breast, a picture of virtue assailed, yet unassailable.

"You may go down now," said "Roaring Jack," rather hastily; "I want to have a few words with your brother."

Miss Keohane retired without having moulted a feather of her dignity, and her brother Jer came heavily up the steps and on to the platform, his hot, wary blue eye gathering in the Bench and the attorneys in one bold, comprehensive glance. He was a tall, dark man of about five-and-forty, clean-shaved save for two clerical inches of

black whisker, and in feature of the type of a London clergyman who would probably preach on Browning.

"Well, sir!" began Mr. Murphy, stimulatingly, "and are you the biggest blackguard from here to America?"

"I am not," said Jer Keohane, tranquilly.

"We had you here before us not so long ago; about kicking a goat, wasn't it? You got a little touch of a pound, I think?"

This delicate allusion to a fine that the Bench had thought fit to impose did not distress the witness.

"I did, sir."

"And how's our friend the goat?" went on Mr. Murphy, with the furious facetiousness reserved for hustling tough witnesses.

"Well, I suppose she's something west of the Skelligs by now," replied Jer Keohane, with great composure.

An appreciative grin ran round the court, the fact that the goat had died of the kick and been "given the cliff" being regarded as an excellent jest.

Mr. Murphy consulted his notes.

"Well, now, about this fight," he said, pleasantly. "Did you see your sister catch Mrs. Brickley and pull her hair down to the ground and drag the shawl off of her?"

"Well," said the witness, airily, "they had a little bit of a scratch on account o' the fish. Con Brickley had the shteer o' the boat in his hand, and says he, 'Is there any man here that'll take the shteer from me?' The man was dhrunk, of course," added Jer, charitably.

"Did you have any talk with his wife about the fish?"

"I couldn't tell the words that she said to me," replied the witness, with a reverential glance at the Bench, "and she over-right three crowds o' men that was on the sthrand."

Mr. Murphy put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the witness.

"You're a very refined gentleman, upon my word! Were you ever in England?"

"I was, part of three years."

"Oh, that accounts for it, I suppose," said Mr. Murphy, accepting this lucid statement without a stagger, and passing lightly on. "You're a widower, I understand, with no objection to consoling yourself?"

No answer.

"Now, sir! Can you deny that you made proposals of marriage to Con Brickley's daughter last Shraft?"

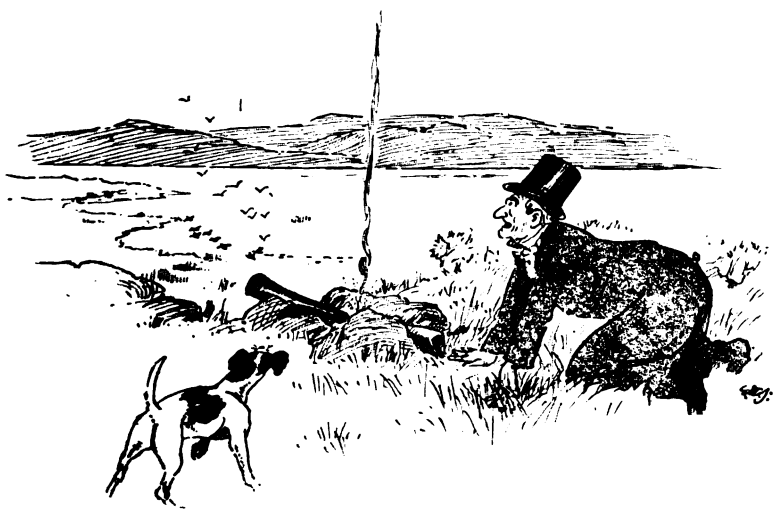
The plot thickened. Con Brickley's daughter was my late kitchenmaid.

Jer Keohane smiled tolerantly.

"Ah! that was a thing o' nothing!"

"Nothing!" said Mr. Murphy, with the roar of a tornado; "do you call an impudent proposal of marriage to a respectable man's daughter nothing! That's English manners, I suppose!"

"I was goin' home one Sunday," said Jer Keohane, conversationally, to the Bench, "and I met the gerr'l and her mother. I spoke to the gerr'l in a friendly way, and asked her why wasn't she gettin' marrid, and she commenced to peg stones at me and



"IT SET TO WORK SPUTTERING AND HISSING LIKE A GOODS-ENGINE."

dhrew several blows of an umbrella on me. I had only three bottles o' porther taken. There, now, was the whole of it."

Mrs. Brickley, from under the gallery, groaned heavily and ironically.

I found it difficult to connect these coquetries with my impressions of my late kitchenmaid, a furtive and tousled being who, in conjunction with a pail and scrubbing-brush, had been wont to melt round corners and into doorways at my approach.

"Are we trying a breach of promise case?" interpolated Flurry. "If so, we ought to have the plaintiff in."

"My purpose, sir," said Mr. Murphy, in a manner discouraging to levity, "is to show that my clients have received annoyance and contempt from this man and his sister such as no parents would submit to."

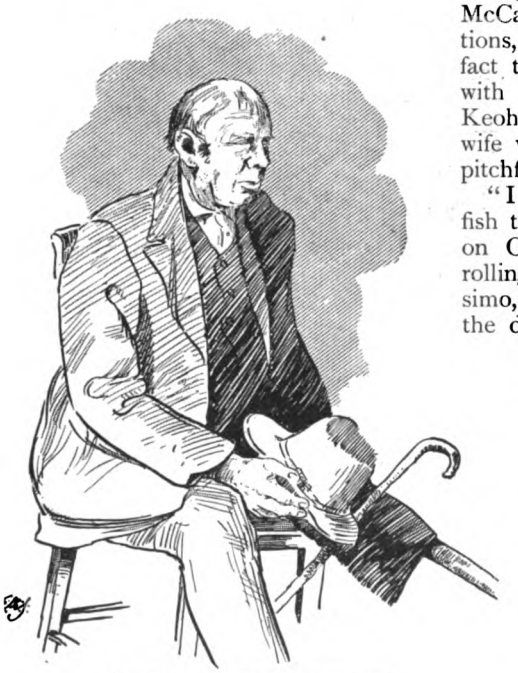
A hand came forth from under the gallery and plucked at Mr. Murphy's coat. A red monkey-face appeared out of the darkness, and there was a hoarse whisper whose purport I could not gather. Con Brickley, the defendant, was giving some instructions to his lawyer.

It was perhaps as a result of these that Jer Keohane's evidence closed here. There was a brief interval, enlivened by coughs, grinding of heavy boots on the floor, and some mumbling and groaning under the gallery.

"There's great duck-shooting out on a lake on this island," commented Flurry to me, in a whisper. "My great-uncle McCarthy went there one time with an old duck-gun he had, that he fired with a fuse. He was three hours stalking the ducks before he got the gun laid. He lit the fuse then, and it set to work sputtering and hissing like a goods-engine, till there wasn't a duck within ten miles. The gun went off then."

This useful sidelight on the matter in hand was interrupted by the cumbrous ascent of the one-legged Con Brickley to the witness-table. He sat down heavily, with his slouch hat on his sound knee, and his wooden stump stuck out before him. His large monkey-face was immovably serious; his eye was small, light grey, and very quick.

McCaffery, the opposition attorney, a thin, restless youth, with ears like the handles of an urn, took him in hand. To the pelting cross-examination that beset him Con Brickley replied with sombre deliberation, and with a manner of uninterested honesty, emphasizing what he said with slight, very effective gestures of his big, supple hands. His voice was deep and pleasant; it betrayed no hint of so trivial a thing as satisfaction when, in the teeth of Mr. McCaffery's leading questions, he established the fact that the "little rod" with which Miss Kate Keohane had beaten his wife was the handle of a pitchfork.



"THE ONE-LEGGED CON BRICKLEY."

"I was counting the fish the same time," went on Con Brickley, in his rolling basso profundissimo, "and she said, 'Let the divil clear me out of the sthrand, for there's no one else will put me out!' says she."

"It was then she got the blow, I suppose?" said McCaffery, venomously; "you had a stick yourself, I dare say?"

"Yes; I had a stick. I must have a stick"—deep and mellow pathos was hinted at in the voice—"I am sorry to say. What could *I* do to her? A man with a wooden leg on a sthrand could do nothing!"

Something like a laugh ran round the back of the court. Mr. McCaffery's ears turned scarlet and became quite decorative. On or off a strand Con Brickley was not a person to be scored off easily.

His clumsy, yet impressive, descent from the witness-stand followed almost immediately, and was not the least telling feature of his evidence. Mr. Murphy surveyed his exit with the admiration of one artist for another,

and, rising, asked the Bench's permission to call Mrs. Brickley.

Mrs. Brickley, as she mounted to the platform, in the dark and nun-like severity of her long cloak—the stately blue cloth cloak that is the privilege of the Munster peasant-woman — was an example of the rarely-blended qualities of picturesqueness and respectability. As she took her seat in the chair she flung the deep hood back on to her shoulders and met the gaze of the Court with her grey head erect; she was a witness to be proud of.

"Now, Mrs. Brickley," said "Roaring Jack," urbanely, "will you describe this interview between your daughter and Keohane?"

"It was the last Sunday in Shrove, your worship, Mr. Flurry Knox, and gentlemen," began Mrs. Brickley, nimbly; "meself and me little gerr-l was comin' home from Mass, and Jer Keohane come up to us and got on in a most unmannerable way. He asked me daughther would she marry him. Me daughther told him she would not, quite friendly-like. I'll tell ye no lie, gentlemen—she was teasing him with the umbrella the same time, an' he raised his stick and dhrew a sthroke on her in the back, an' the little gerr'l took up a small pebble of a stone and fired it at him. She put the umbrella up to his mouth, but she called him no names. But as for him, the names he put on her was to call her 'a nasty, long slopeen of a proud thing, and a slopeen of a proud tinker!'"

"Very lover-like expressions!" commented Mr. Murphy, doubtless stimulated by lady-like titters from the barmaids. "And had this romantic gentleman made any previous proposals for your daughter?"

"'LET THE DIVIL CLEAR ME OUT OF THE STHRAND, FOR THERE'S NO ONE ELSE WILL PUT ME OUT!' SAYS SHE."

"Himself had two friends over from across the water one night to make the match—a Sathurday it was—and they should land the lee side o' th' island, for the wind was a fright," replied Mrs. Brickley, launching her tale with the power of easy narration that is bestowed with such amazing liberality on her class. "The three o' them had dhrink taken, an' I went to slap out the door agin them. Me husband said then we should let them in, if it was a Turk itself, with the rain that was in it. They were talking in it then till near the dawning, and in the latther end all that was between them was the boat's share."

"What do you mean by 'the boat's share'?" said I.

"'Tis the same as a man's share, me worshipful gentleman," returned Mrs. Brickley, splendidly. "It goes with the boat always, afther the crew and the saine has their share got."

I possibly looked as enlightened as I felt by this exposition.

"You mean that Jer wouldn't have her unless he got the boat's share with her?" suggested Flurry.

"He said it over-right all that was in the house, and he reddening his pipe at the fire," replied Mrs. Brickley, in full-sailed response to the helm. "'D'ye think,' says I to him, 'that me daughther would leave a lovely situation, with a kind and tendher masther, for a mean, hungry blagyard like yerself,' says I, 'that's livin' always in this backwards place?' says I."

This touching expression of preference for myself as opposed to Mr. Keohane was received with expressionless respect by the Court. Flurry, with an impassive counte-

nance, kicked me heavily under cover of the desk. I said that we had better get on to the assault on the strand. Nothing could have been more to Mrs. Brickley's taste. We were minutely instructed as to how Katie Keohane drew the shawleen forward on Mrs. Brickley's head to stifle her; how Norrie Keohane was fast in her hair; of how Mrs. Brickley had then given a stroke upwards between herself and her face—whatever that might mean—and loosed Norrie from her hair; of how she then had sat down and commenced to cry from the use they had for her.

"'Twas all I done," she concluded, looking like a sacred picture; "I gave a sthroke of a pollack on them." Then, as an afterthought, "An' if I did, 'twas myself was at the loss of the same pollack!"

I fixed my eyes immovably on my desk. I knew that the slightest symptom of intelligence on my part would instantly draw forth the episode of the fish-buying on the morning of the dinner-party, with the rape of Philippa's sleeve, and the unjust aspersions on Miss Brickley following in due sequence, ending with the paralytic seizure and dignified departure of the latter to her parents' residence in Hare Island. The critical moment was averted by a question from Mr. Murphy.

"As for language," replied Mrs. Brickley, with clear eyes a little uplifted in the direction of the ceiling, "there was no name from heaven to hell but she had it on me, and wishin' the divil might burn the two heels off me, and the like o' me wasn't in sivin parishes! And that was the clane part of the discoorse, yer worships!"

Mrs. Brickley here drew her cloak more closely about her, as though to enshroud herself in her own refinement, and presented to the Bench a silence as elaborate as a drop scene. It implied, amongst several other things, a generous confidence in the imaginative powers of her audience.

"'TWAS ALL I DONE,' SHE CONCLUDED, LOOKING LIKE A SACRED PICTURE; 'I GAVE A SHTROKE OF A POLLACK ON THEM.'"

Whether or no this was misplaced, Mrs. Brickley was not invited further to enlighten the Court. After her departure the case droned on in inexhaustible rancour, and trackless complications as to the shares of the fish. Its ethics and its arithmetic would have defied the allied intellects of Solomon and Bishop Colenso. It was somewhere in that dead hour of the afternoon, when it is too late for lunch and too early for tea, that the Bench, wan with hunger, wound up the affair by impartially binding both parties in sheaves "to the peace."

As a sub-issue I arranged with Mr. Knox to shoot duck on the one-legged man's land on Hare Island as soon as should be convenient, and lightly dismissed from my mind my dealings, official and otherwise, with the house of Brickley.

But even as there are people who never give away old clothes, so are there people, of whom is Flurry Knox, who never dismiss anything from their minds.

Court Missionaries.

By Ellis Deane.

"'ERE, 'Enery, wot's a court missionary?"

The small man in the bar-parlour of the Bunch of Grapes looked up from his newspaper at the florid individual in spectacles, who was generally held to know everything in all the encyclopædias ever written, and a good deal that wasn't in those stupendous compilations.

"A court missionary?" The florid man repeated it twice, obviously in order to gain time. "Why, a court missionary, Jarge, in course, is a functionary—a functionary, mind you—at Court, what's paid to go on missions, you know—missions to Tibet, Patagonia, China, anywhere, etcetery."

Whereupon a shabbily-dressed Cockney house-painter, whom nobody had hitherto paid any attention to, put in his oar.

"If that's all you know about court missionaries you'd better shut up," he said, with scornful emphasis. "It's plain, mate, you've never been before a London beak; it's certain you've never been in trouble—out o' work three months, with a sick wife, an' had up by the police for tryin' to beg money for medicine or steal a coffin to bury your kid, else you'd know what a court missionary is. An' in case you want to know, an' care particular to hear, *I* can tell you."

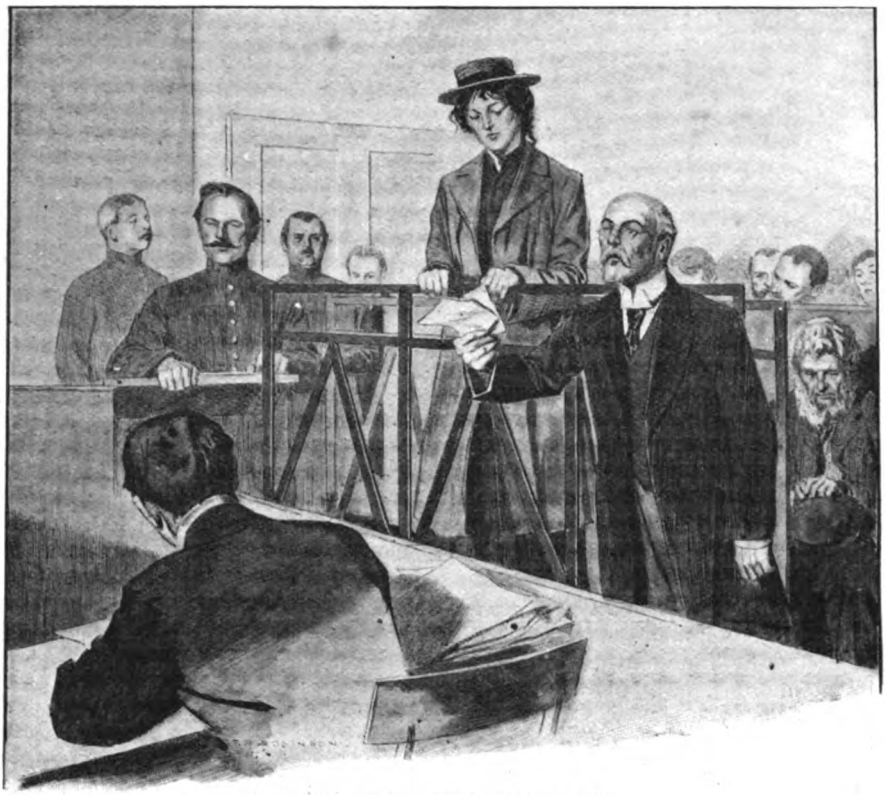
And so, in my hearing, the journeyman house-painter went on to explain that the court missionary one meets so frequently in the newspapers had nothing to do with Tibet or Patagonia. "He's a regular Londoner, he is, an', though they call him a missionary, he ain't what you'd call a missionary at all, for he ain't a parson or a Salvationist, an' he ain't savin' souls. Just a good feller, I reckon, who's been in trouble himself, an' hung about police-courts on the off-chance of doin' some deservin' person a good turn."

It may be remarked that the ignorance is widespread concerning court missionaries. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of readers of The Strand Magazine, lighting on some interesting paragraph in their morning journal, vaguely wonder what a court missionary is.

"If you want to see life," wrote the late George Gissing, "you should become a court missionary. In that capacity you can inspect life to its very dregs. Not all dregs, for the very warmest, truest, noblest kind of human nature often passes through a London police-court." This, indeed, is not surprising, considering that two hundred thousand persons pass through the London police-courts every year. There is a perpetual drama of low life and manners going on at Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Marylebone, North London, Southwark, Whitechapel, and elsewhere. A woman, for instance, stands in the dock charged with crime. A hush falls upon the crowded court as the indictment of the offence is uttered. Hundreds of pairs of eyes are fastened upon the trembling prisoner as she stands there by the side of the stalwart constable. She is dishevelled, unkempt. She wears a hunted expression; she appears to the majority a very type of the low-born criminal. Yet this woman is innocent of the crime with which she is charged. They do not know that what seems to be guilt is in reality despair; her seeming brutal indifference, a paralysis of the thinking faculties. Appearances are against the prisoner; the magistrate eyes her with a stony stare; the evidence of guilt is strong; the woman will certainly be condemned.

At this critical moment a sturdy grey figure rises at the side of the court and moves towards the magistrate, and a voice says quietly, but with great distinctness, "I am sure this woman is innocent. I had a talk with her before she came into court, and I am convinced there is some mistake. I beg your worship will remand the prisoner until I can make further inquiries."

A stranger would open his eyes in wonder. What right had this grey-haired, jovial-faced man to interfere? Was he an official of the court? No, he was no official. Surely, then, the magistrate would disregard this presumptuous intervention. But, no: the magistrate's face bears a look of sudden relief, and he promptly accedes to the wish. The prisoner, her mouth agape, her eyes filled with tears, is led away to the waiting-room. She had found a friend. She had come across someone who would listen to her story with sympathy—nay, more, who would believe in her. In a few hours she would



"I AM SURE THIS WOMAN IS INNOCENT."

be brought up again and discharged. A man, a good man, a man unlike the others, understanding her habits and ways, had stood between her and that terrible monster the law. That man was the court missionary.

The whole credit of originating the Police-Court Mission is due to a working-man many years ago. He went to the chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society and asked him if he knew how rough was the lot of the working-man or friendless wayfarer whom chance threw into a police-court cell. "He has no friends; everybody, magistrate and police, is against him; he is presumed to be a criminal. There is nobody to speak for him—nobody to consider what his character is, whether it is worth while to save him." And so, as a result of this suggestion, the authorities were conferred with and two missionaries were appointed to attend the police-courts of London.

In 1889 it was decided to extend the work, until now there are thirteen missionaries and eight mission women, who attend every court, metropolitan and petty sessional, in the great city.

Let us see what the work of a court missionary is. Let us spend a day with one of them. In a narrow street in the North of London, at half-past eight in the morning, the writer knocked at a certain door. It was opened by a tall, lank man, whose face bore the marks of years of dissipation. As I entered the room the voice of the missionary greeted me cheerily. "Come in; we four are just finishing breakfast. We will be off directly."

Besides the tall, lank man who had opened the door, there were a short, pale, melancholy man of middle-age and a bright-faced young fellow, who, in spite of his youth, was quite bald. We were introduced. "My little family," said the missionary. "My quarters here are small, as you see; but we manage famously."

Afterwards, in private, he explained:—

"Those three are the best fellows in the world. But they are children; they can't look out for themselves, and if I didn't take them in and give them shelter for awhile—until they get their bearings, you know—Heaven knows what would become of them. The tall man is an Oxford graduate—a tutor—who lost his wife, took to drink, and has

made three attempts on his life. I pleaded for him with the magistrate, patched him and brought him home, and now he won't leave me. He's seventy pounds a year of his own, and as he pays me for his board and keep I can't well turn him out. And I don't want to. He's terribly melancholy at times, but a good fellow—a good fellow."

The two other men were temporary sharers of the missionary's humble home—one a musician, the other an accountant, both "fearfully down on their luck." "They had no friends," remarked the missionary as we rode along in the omnibus. "London is a dreadful place. I couldn't desert them, could I? If there were only better provision made for these fellows—temporarily, I mean. But there isn't—and, after all, it takes so little sometimes to save them."

We arrived at the police-court some time before the magistrate took his seat on the bench. The purlieus, the passages, the entrances were hung about with people—a strange assortment—mothers with babes at the breast, old men, little children, several flashily-dressed persons of both sexes. A pathway was respectfully made for the missionary, and he was greeted from several quarters. Although half-a-dozen were waiting to see him, and there came as many messages from the cells and waiting-room, he passed on straight to his desk in the inspector's room and began to examine his morning's correspondence.

As it will convey some idea of the court missionary's labours and his relations with the world outside, we may give two letters actually received:—

DEAR SIR,—I am a poor woman with three small children. This morning my husband was convicted of burglary and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. I used to give music lessons before our trouble, but now they are going to take the piano away, unless I can pay the guinea for two months' hire. Can you help me? I have no friends, and my pupils would leave me if they knew. For God's sake tell me what shall I do.—Yours respectfully, etc.

The other ran:—

I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well and happy, and leading a strate, sober life on a farm here. I shall never forget how you stood by me, and when I came out of prissen you were the best friend I had in this world. God bless you, sir. I shall kepe strate for your sake.

WAITING FOR THE COURT TO OPEN.

The letters read, we pass together to the waiting-rooms for male and female prisoners, and then to the cells, where one gains a loftier idea of human nature in hearing the greetings and seeing the hand-grips between missionary and prisoners.

"What, Weston, you here again? I thought you promised me——"

"Oh, sir, I've been in such trouble at 'ome. I didn't mean to—really I didn't. It come upon me so sudden-like."

"Well, well, we'll see. But I fear the magistrate will not hear me this time."

"Oh, yes, he will, sir. Yes, he will. You just speak to 'im this once, and I'll cut me right 'and off—s'welp me, I will, right to the bone——"

"There, there; don't say another word. I'll come back to you in a moment, and you can tell me all about it."

Here, too, we encounter the female missionary, amongst the sinning and down-trodden of her sex, deep in her labours of sympathy and charity. She is too busy for more than a smile and a passing word. "I never have a moment's idleness. There is so much to be done. There are the regular ones—well acquainted, you know, with sin and poverty and misery—and there are the waifs and strays. Here is my visiting-card; please take it and pass it along." This is our introduction; but we are to see this court missionary again, whispering words of counsel and cheer to an old offender as she leans out of the dread "Black Maria," and once more surrounded by other objects of her professional solicitude.

But to return to our agenda.

When, after a round of interviews, the court opens, there is much for the missionary to do. He must look out for all the cases in which he is interested, or in which he can lend a helping hand. He has received confidences which neither the magistrate nor the police could ever expect to get. As each prisoner stands in the dock the magistrate will constantly ask what can be done for this or that case. At the missionary's suggestion many cases are put back till the afternoon, or remanded for a longer period; and magistrate and missionary often consult together on the various cases. Later in the day the missionary is present during the time of applications for summonses or advice, before starting out on a round of house-to-house visits.

LONDON POLICE COURT MISSION

If you want a Friend.

SEE

Mr. G. NELSON,
Police Court,
Great Marlborough Street,
W.

OR

Miss S. JAGGS,
17 Colshill Buildings,
Ebury Street,
Pimlico, S.W.

COURT MISSIONARIES' CARD.

"This," said Mr. Nelson, opening an adjacent door, "is my public wardrobe, our clothing and outfitting stores. You see," he continued, "a man's appearance so often counts against him. He has been out of work for a long time, and his apparel is frayed and patched to such an extent that he often becomes a butt for ridicule. Such a man, however honest and willing, is seriously handicapped in his efforts to obtain a livelihood, and finally loses his self-respect and grows to be as worthless as he looks. It is for this reason that we welcome gifts of clothing, which often serve to rehabilitate some poor fellow in both senses of the word."

FEMALE COURT MISSIONARY AND "BLACK MARIA."

An odd story is told in connection with the slop-chest. Years ago a gentleman well known in City circles had the misfortune to spend an evening in too convivial a fashion, with the result that he found himself locked up in the police-station for the night. He was particularly fond of dress, and his clothes were all of an aggressively resplendent make and material. When, in the morning, the folly of his behaviour was borne in upon him as he lay stretched in his cell,

and the gorgeousness of his raiment smote his eye, he asked hurriedly if he could not have a moment's conversation with the court missionary.

"I can't go into court with these things," he said. "I can't face the ridicule of the crowd. Can't you give me something else to wear? Perhaps there is some prisoner who would exchange clothes with me?"

Naturally, the missionary felt that this proposition was a trifle out of his line; nevertheless, as the stockbroker was insistent and was prepared not merely to exchange on equal terms, but even add a sovereign into the bargain, a deal with the mission wardrobe was effected. The beautiful grey frock-coat, the plaid trousers, the orange-check waistcoat, and the scarlet cravat were folded up and placed on the shelves, while their late owner donned a dark tweed suit somewhat the worse for wear.

THE STOCKBROKER CHANGES GARMENTS.

Several years passed; the stockbroker's garments remained undisturbed on their shelf. They had been several times offered to shipwrecked strug-for-lifeurs by the court missionary, but invariably refused, one unfortunate, who had been rescued from a fire, remarking that they were "a bit too gaudy" for his use. "Better go naked and 'umble, governor, than wear such a song-an'-dance uniform," he said.

On the other hand, the stockbroker himself did not rest undisturbed. He lost heavily, took regularly to drink and evil ways, and ended by becoming a common nuisance. One night this man got into a brawl with a costermonger in Newman Street, attacked the intervening policeman, and in the ensuing fray had his clothes almost torn from his body. He was taken to the same police-station, and in the morning was visited by the same court missionary.

"Look here," said the man. "Ten years ago you did me a good turn"; and he related the incident, adding, "I little thought I should ever come to this." The missionary held out his hand. "Don't despair," he said; "I'll do you another good turn. I've got your old clothes here yet. Put them on, forget all that has happened in the interval, promise me you'll turn over a new leaf, and I'll get you a situation."

The wretched man got into his gentleman's garb, on the strength of which and the missionary's story the magistrate discharged him. The promise was both given and kept, and the man is now a self-respecting member of society.

After leaving the precincts of the police-court we turn to other courts—these and alleys, mean streets—where the missionary is paying his calls and inquiring about the fortunes of his "friends." We meet many reformed artisans and navvies in their homes, and when it is all over a very tiring, strenuous day has been passed.

There is plenty of romance—and occasionally comedy—in the court missionary's life. Not a day passes without incidents—often of a striking character. A few years ago an elderly man was expelled from a common lodging-house and arrested for vagrancy. He was said to have seen better days. In court he created a sensation by exclaiming:—

"What do you charge me with? Not working? I have worked like a slave for forty years. I accumulated a vast fortune by the sweat of my brow. I had a mansion in San Francisco that cost me fifty thousand pounds. I had another in Melbourne. I owned a yacht and spent my winters at

Monte Carlo. I gave thousands to charity—thousands. Now I am ruined and want sixpence and there is nobody to give it to me."

Everybody thought the man was mad, and the police testified that his story was ridiculous—that they knew from inquiry that the "ex-millionaire" had been a dead-beat all his life. Everybody present expected he would be sent to prison, but the missionary spoke up and asked the police, "Do you know this man's name?"

"No; we know his alias. He wouldn't tell his true name."

"He told me," was the quiet response. "And everything he says I believe to be true. I am now in communication with his relatives."

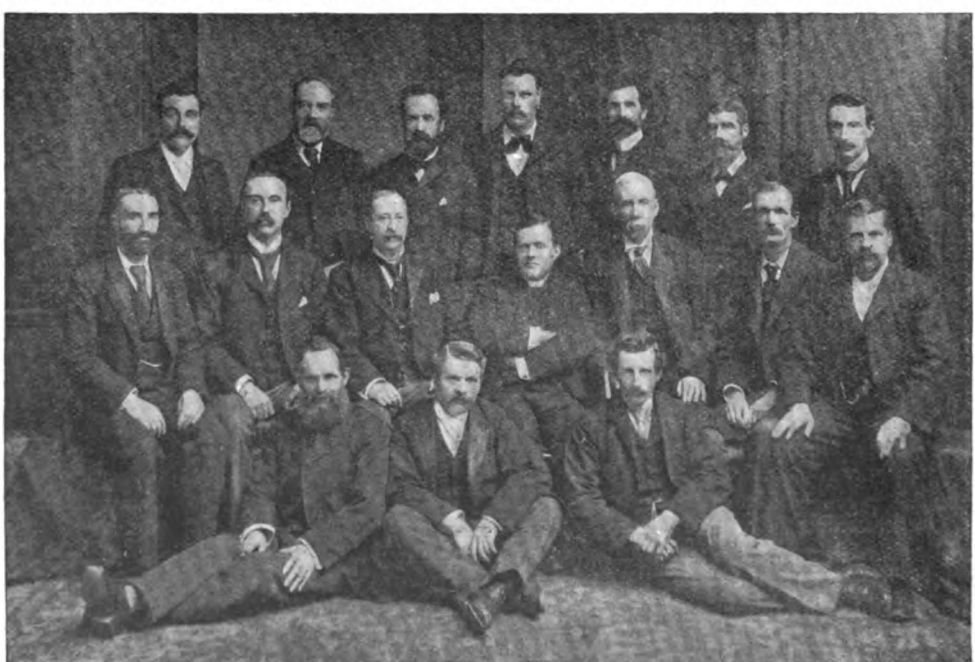
THE EX-MILLIONAIRE.

The quondam millionaire was discharged.

Once a young American was charged at Westminster Police-Court with attempted suicide at the end of a long run of ill-luck. He was remanded on the court missionary promising to look after him. Mr. Barnett took the man home and kept him for four weeks, at the end of which time he was able to provide him with a new suit of clothes and send him back to his own people.

That happened seven years ago. The missionary thought no more of the episode. One day last September an American gentleman drove up to the police-court in a motor-car and asked to see the missionary. "The man whom you befriended years ago has risen to an important position of trust. I have come to liquidate his debt. Here is ten pounds, and if you ever have any hard case rely upon me for a hundred pounds if you want it."

Mr. Barnett took the visitor's card and read thereon the name of a well-known millionaire.



From a Photo. by] LONDON DIOCESAN STAFF OF COURT MISSIONARIES. [*Russell & Sons.*

My Wedding-Day.

By Richard Marsh.

THE night before my wedding-day I could scarcely sleep a wink—that is, to speak of. I suppose it was partly the excitement; because, of course, I could not help thinking—and there were so many things to think of. "Now, Maud," said mamma, when she was bidding me good-night, "don't you girls stop up talking. You get between the sheets as soon as you're upstairs, and go to sleep at once." But she might as well have talked to the moon. Of course, Eveleen came in to have what she called a "few last words"; from the way she said it there might have been going to be a funeral instead of a wedding. I had not previously suspected her of being sentimental; but that night she was positively depressing. And so horridly hopeful. She hoped that George would make a good husband, and that we should be happy, and that I should never regret what I was doing, and that it would all turn out for the best, and that marriage would suit me, and that I should not go into a rapid decline, as Aunt Louisa did, and that George would not quarrel with mamma, and that he would not estrange me from all my relations and friends, and that whatever happened I should always remember she was the only sister I had; she kept on hoping that sort of thing till I had to bundle her off.

To crown all, when at last I was between the sheets, who should come creeping into the room like a ghost but mamma herself, though it must have been frightfully late; and her manner was positively sepulchral.

"When you were a small child," she began, "I always used to come and kiss you before you went to sleep; have you forgotten?" Of course I had not forgotten. "So I have come again to kiss you, for the last time."

"Dear mother, I'm not dying to-morrow; at least, I hope not."

"That depends on what you mean by dying"—which was a cheerful thing to say! "I trust, my dear daughter, that events will prove you have chosen wisely, and that you will have every happiness; my own married life has not been without its trials. Only, in the midst of your own happiness, do not forget that you have a mother, and that you are still my child. God bless you!"

As she stooped over to kiss me I felt her tears fall on my cheeks. That finished me. After she had gone I had a good cry—the first I had had for years and years. I was more than half disposed to jump out of bed and run after her and promise that I would never leave her—never! never! never!—but—I managed not to. Still, I was anything but comfortable, lying all alone in the dark there. Because I could not shut my eyes to the fact that mamma had said things to George, and that George had said things to mamma, and that papa had said things to both of them; and everybody knows how that sort of thing grows, till a breach is made which may never be bridged over. Then there was my dress. Three times I had had to have it altered; till, finally, in desperation, I had made up my mind to have an entirely new bodice made. I could not go to the altar screwed up so tight as to be in continual terror of my seams bursting, or else being suffocated. George would be furious if anything did happen. The new bodice was something of a fit. But it had not yet come home, though Mme. Sylvia had promised—pledged what she called her professional reputation—that it should come before ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Still, I could not help owning to myself that I had scarcely any faith in the woman; and suppose it did not come? My wedding-dress!

The horror of such a prospect was too much for me. I believe it frightened me to sleep, if you could call it sleep. Because then I dreamt—such dreams! They were really dreadful nightmares. I know that in one of them George was throwing mamma out of the window and I had on scarcely a rag, and papa, laughing like a maniac, was cutting my wedding-dress into tiny shreds and Eveleen was shrieking; when, in the very midst of it, I woke with a start—a frightful start—to find that someone was gripping my shoulder with a clutch of steel, and that a voice was saying to me in the pitchy darkness:—

"Maud, wake up!—wake up! There are burglars in the house; they are in the drawing-room, stealing your presents!"

Roused out of sleep by a thunder-clap like that, it was not surprising if I were disposed to wonder where I was and what had happened.

"Who is it?" I inquired. "And what's the matter?"

"It's Eveleen! And as for what's the matter, they're not my presents, so it's not of the slightest consequence to me what becomes of them, though I should not be in the least surprised if they're all of them gone by now. Do wake up!"

Before I really knew it I was not only wide awake, but I was stealing along the pitch-dark passage in my night-gown, with Eveleen's hand in mine. Sure enough, as we leaned over the baluster, we could see, through the open door, that there was a light in the drawing-room, where all my wedding-presents were laid out for inspection.

"What are you doing in there?" I cried. "Who are you?"

Looking back, they seem rather foolish questions to have asked. It was, perhaps, because she felt this strongly that, without the slightest warning, Eveleen burst into the most appalling shrieks and yells.

"Help! help!—murder!—thieves!—burglars!—help-p!"

I had never suspected her of having such powerful lungs. It was partly owing to the surprise occasioned by the discovery, and partly to the thrill which the noise she made sent right through me, that I was induced to do the most daring—and also the rashest—thing I ever did do. Without giving Eveleen the least hint of my intention, I flew down the stairs and dashed into the drawing-room in my night-gown, just as I was. What would have happened if the burglar had stayed and attacked me is too terrible for thought. Fortunately, he did nothing of the kind. Just as I tore through the door the light in the room went out; I heard a scrambling noise, as if somebody was stumbling against furniture and knocking over chairs. Then I saw a blind lifted and a figure leaped through the open window. I believe I should have leaped after him if Eveleen had not stopped me. I had already lifted the corner of the blind when she shouted:—

"Maud! What are you going to do?"

"I can see him running across the lawn, and I believe he's taken all my presents!"

"If he has, whatever good do you suppose you'll be able to do by jumping through the window after him?"

"There he is! He's going through the gate! He'll escape!"

Eveleen, coming rushing across the room, flung her arms around me and held me tight.

"Come back!" she cried; which were hardly the correct words to use, since, as a matter of fact, I had not actually gone.

"I FLEW DOWN THE STAIRS."

Then papa and mamma and the servants came hurrying in, and there was a fine to-do. That burglar had apparently supposed that those wedding-presents had been laid out for his inspection. Anyhow, he had gone carefully over them and selected the very best. As Eveleen rather coarsely—and also ungratefully—put it, the things he had left behind were hardly worth having. He had taken Aunt Jane's turquoise bracelet, and Uncle Henry's pearl necklace, and Mrs. Mackenzie's diamond brooch, and, indeed, nearly every scrap of jewellery, and the silver tea-service, and the dressing-case—George's own present to me—and five cheques, and all sorts of things; though, of course, in the excitement of the moment, we could hardly be certain what he had taken; but I may say at once that it turned out to be worse even than we feared.

When, at last, a policeman did appear upon the scene, he was anything but sympathetic. From his manner we might have left my presents lying about on purpose, and the window open too. He was the most disagreeable policeman I ever did encounter.

"HE WAS THE MOST DISAGREEABLE POLICEMAN I EVER DID ENCOUNTER."

Anyone would easily imagine that after such an interruption there was no more sleep for me that night. But mamma insisted upon my going back to bed. Extraordinary though it may seem, I believe I was no sooner between the sheets than I was fast asleep. And that time I had no dreams. I was visited by no premonitions of what was to happen to me on what I had meant should be the happiest day of my life. My existence had been uneventful up to then. Scarcely anything worth speaking of had occurred, except my meeting George. It appeared that Fate had resolved to crowd into a few hours the misfortunes which might very well have been spread over the nineteen years I had been in the world. Everything went wrong; some evil spirit had been let loose that day to play on me as many cruel pranks as it possibly could—I feel sure of it. Stealing my wedding-presents was only the beginning. I had worked and schemed, planned and contrived, so that everything should go smoothly and be as nice as it could be. Instead of which anything more tragic could hardly be conceived.

To begin with, Eveleen, who seemed destined on that occasion to act as a bird of ill-omen, awoke me, for the second time, out of sleep with a piece of information which was really almost worse than her first had been. Indeed, for a moment or two, when I realized all that it meant, it seemed to me to be an absolutely crushing blow. She waited till she was sure that I had my eyes wide open; then she let fall her bombshell.

"Maud, I have another pleasant piece of news for you. Bertha has the measles."

"Eveleen," I exclaimed, starting up in bed, "what do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. And as Constance slept with her last night she will probably have them also, so that you will, at any rate, be two bridesmaids short. Read that."

She handed me a letter which she had been holding in her hand. Seating herself on the side of my bed, she watched me with an air of calm resignation while I read it. It was easy enough for her to be calm; it was different for me. I had arranged for four bridesmaids. Bertha Ellis was to be

one; her cousin, Constance Farrer, was to be another. Bertha had had for some days what we had thought was a cold; during the night it had turned into measles—at her time of life, because she was as old as I was. And Constance had actually slept in the same bed with her. So, as Mrs. Ellis had written to point out, it was altogether out of the question that either of them should be present at my wedding.

"Now," I demanded, "perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what I am to do."

"I suppose it would be too late to get anyone to take their places?"

"At the eleventh hour—practically at the church door? And who is to get into their dresses? They are both of them so ridiculously small."

"You would have them like that in order to make you look tall. It seems as if it were a judgment."

"How can you say such awful things? Why don't you suggest something?"

"The only thing I am able to suggest is that you should do without them and put up with Ellen and me."

"You know very well that I only asked Ellen Mackenzie because I knew that her mother was going to give me a diamond brooch—and now it's stolen. It's not alone that she's hideous, but she won't harmonize with me in the very least; and, anyhow, having only two bridesmaids will spoil everything."

"Then there's nothing for you to do except postpone the wedding, unless you know of some establishment where they hire out bridesmaids of all shapes and sizes on the shortest notice."

"If it were your wedding-day I wouldn't talk to you so heartlessly. How can you be so unkind?"

"Pray, Maud, don't start crying. Red eyes and a red nose won't improve either your appearance or anything else. You are perfectly aware how your nose does go red on the slightest provocation."

Talk about the affection of an only sister! Mamma came in just as I felt like shaking Eveleen.

"Oh, mamma," I burst out, "Bertha Ellis has the measles, and Constance Farrer is almost sure to have them, so I shall be two bridesmaids short, and I had set my heart on having four."

Mamma was, if anything, less demonstrative in the way of sympathy even than Eveleen.

"Be so good, Maud, as not to excite yourself unnecessarily. You will have need of all your self-control before the day is over. Anything more unreasonable than your father's conduct I cannot imagine. He insists on going to the City."

At that both Eveleen and I jumped up.

"But, mamma, he's to give me away at half-past twelve!"

"That makes not the smallest difference to your father. It seems that there's some absurd foreign news which he says will turn that ridiculous City upside down, and he simply insists on going."

I was beginning to put some clothes on anyhow.

"Then he sha'n't!—I won't let him! Mamma, you mustn't let him!"

"It's all very well for you to say that, and goodness knows I have done my best; but you might as well talk to a wooden figure-head as to your father when he is in one of his moods. He's gone already."

"Gone! Mamma!"

"He said that if he was not back at twelve he would meet you at the church door at half-past; but you know how he may be relied upon to keep an appointment of that kind; especially as he went out of his way to inform me—not for the first time—that the whole business is a pack of rubbish."

There are fathers, no doubt, who take the tenderest interest in everything which concerns their children; especially when they have only two, and both of them are daughters. But if my father has any tenderness in him he manages to conceal the fact from the knowledge of his family. And as for interest, I doubt if he takes any real interest in either of us. When George was coming to the house about seven times a week mamma dropped a hint to papa to sound George as to what was the object of his dropping in so often. But papa could not be induced to take it.

"Don't you try to induce me to ask the man if he intends to make a fool of himself, because I won't do it." That was all that papa could be persuaded to say.

When, after all, without any prompting from anyone, George put to me the question on which hinged so much of my life's happiness, it was ever so long before anyone said a word about it to papa. As to referring George to him, as some daughters, more fortunately situated, might have done, I knew better. At last, one evening, when I was alone with him in the drawing-room after dinner, I managed to find courage enough to tell him.

"Papa, I think you ought to know that I am engaged to be married."

He looked up from the book which he was reading.

"What's that? Rubbish!"

He looked down again. It was a promising beginning.

"It may be rubbish, but it is a simple fact. I am engaged to be married."

"How old are you?"

"I should have thought you would have known my age. I was eighteen last birthday."

"In another ten years it will be time enough to think of nonsense of that sort."

"Ten years! I am going to be married in six weeks from to-day."

"Be so good as not to interrupt me when I'm reading with nonsensical observations of that kind."

That was the form my father's congratulations took. It may easily be imagined what trouble we had with him. He could not be brought to regard things seriously. It was not merely because he thought I was too young; if I had been fifty it would have been exactly the same. It was simply because he hated being bothered. And yet when, after repeated trials, it was driven home to his understanding that I was going to be married, and that George was a respectable person, he surprised me by the generosity which he all at once displayed. One morning, as he was leaving the breakfast-table to start for the City, he slipped a piece of paper into my hand.

"That's to buy clothes."

When I had looked at it, and saw it was a cheque, and the figures which were on it, I jumped up and ran after him into the hall, and kissed him.

"What's that for?" he demanded. I explained. Putting his hand on my shoulder he turned me towards the light and looked me up and down. Then he remarked, "Perhaps, after all, that young man's not such a fool as I thought him." It was the nearest approach to a compliment he had ever paid me.

What we had to endure from him on the great question of the wedding! His ideas on the subject were barbarism.

"Let us all go in a four-wheeler—we can put the young man on the box—and drive round the corner to the nearest registrar. It will all be done in a business-like manner inside ten minutes."

"WHAT'S THAT? RUBBISH!"

That was his notion of what a wedding ought to be. I need scarcely say that mine was entirely different. I had made up my mind to have a really pretty wedding. May Harvey had been married the year before. Hers was a pretty wedding; I had resolved that mine should be prettier still. Mamma, Eveleen, and I arranged everything. By degrees we persuaded him, if not exactly to agree, then at least to wink at what was going to happen. On one point I was firm—that he should give me away. He promised that he would. But when he began to realize what a pretty wedding really meant he

became restless and more and more trying, and he said the most horrid things. And now on the very day itself he had gone off to the City! If I could have relied on his returning at twelve, or even on his meeting me at the church at half-past, I should not have minded. But I was perfectly aware that if business was at all pressing he would think nothing of sending one of his clerks to take his place; on some absolutely essential matters I knew to my cost that he had not the slightest sense of propriety. As, however, all I could do was to hope for the best, there was nothing left but to appear resigned.

"I presume if my own father doesn't care enough about me to trouble himself to be present at my marriage it's not of the slightest consequence."

Just as I was about to sigh Eliza, the housemaid, appeared in the doorway, addressing mamma.

"If you please, ma'am, cook's going."

Mamma turned round to her with a start.

"Cook's going—where?"

"She's leaving the situation."

"Eliza! What do you mean?"

"If you please, ma'am, Mary and she have been having words about who it was left the drawing-room window open last night; and then Mary she said she believed as how it was cook's young man who broke in and stole Miss Maud's presents; and then cook she said that after that she wouldn't stay with her in the same house not another minute; so she's gone upstairs to put her things together."

Off went mamma to interview cook. I turned to Eveleen, who was still sitting on the side of my bed with an air of complete unconcern, as if nothing whatever mattered. I always did say that she was almost too much like papa.

"It seems as if everything was going wrong—everything! Eveleen, what is the time?"

"Just past ten."

"Past ten! Has my dress come?" She shook her head with an air of the utmost nonchalance. If it had been her dress! "But Mme. Sylvia promised that I should have it before ten! And I've had no breakfast!"

"There is breakfast waiting for you downstairs."

"As if I wanted any breakfast! As if I could eat, feeling as I do! You know that I had arranged to commence dressing at ten! Eveleen, what am I to do?"

"You mean about the dress? It's only just past ten; it may come still."

"May come! Eveleen, do you want me to—to hit you? Eliza or someone must go at once and fetch it, finished or not."

"I dare say Eliza can go, if you think it necessary. If you take my advice you won't excite yourself."

"Won't excite myself! If it were your wedding and your dress you'd talk in a different strain."

"I should have made different arrangements."

"You would have made——" I bit my lip till it nearly bled; I had to do something to stop myself. "I know how nice you can be if you like; but I don't mean to quarrel with you, to-day of all days, if I can help it." As I was speaking Eliza reappeared in the doorway. "Eliza, I want you to get a hansom and to tell the man to drive you to Mme. Sylvia's as fast as he can. I'll give you a note to her. You're to bring my dress back with you. I'll write the note while you're putting on your hat. Do be as quick as you can."

"If you please, miss, Miss Mackenzie's downstairs."

A voice exclaimed behind Eliza:—

"Oh, no, she's not; she's here." There stood Ellen, in her bridesmaid's dress, all smiles. She came bustling into the room—in that bustling way she always has. "Well, my children, how are you? And how's the sweet young bride? You told me to be here by ten—ready dressed—and here I am. What do you think of it?" She turned and twisted herself about so as to show off her dress. "It's a bit tight under the arms and a shade loose in the back, but it's not so bad. Am I the first? Where are Bertha and Constance?"

I waved my hand towards Eveleen.

"Tell her—I can't!"

Eveleen told her everything, and I will say this for her, she made out things to be as bad as they very well could be. Ellen Mackenzie's face was a study. She is one of the plainest girls I know—her dress did not suit her at all; I knew it wouldn't; nothing ever does; and she seemed to grow plainer and plainer as she listened. But she was more sympathetic than any of my relations had been. She threw her arms round me, quite indifferent as to what might happen to her dress.

"You poor darling! To have had your presents stolen—and two bridesmaids down with the measles—and your father gone to that

horrid City—and the servants quarrelling—and now no wedding-dress! As to that Mme. Sylvia, if I were in your place I should feel like wringing her neck."

"I shouldn't be surprised if I did wring it if my dress isn't ready by the time that Eliza gets there. Eliza, haven't you got your hat on?"

She had actually stood there looking on and listening, with her eyes and mouth wide open. But she was ready almost as soon as the note was—it was a note! And just as we had started her off, with strict injunctions to come back at once and bring the dress with her, if she had to snatch it out of the dressmaker's hands, a person arrived who stated that he was a detective and had come to inquire into the burglary, and who insisted on seeing me. So we saw him all three of us together, and a most unpleasant interview it was. He asked me the most disagreeable questions, wanting to know what I valued the missing presents at, and how much they had cost, and if the jewellery was real, and unpleasant things of that sort. While we were in the very midst of it mamma came in in a state of painful excitement.

"Are you a policeman?" she demanded. "Because if you are I should like you to tell my cook and my parlourmaid that if they leave my house this day without giving me due and proper notice they will do so at their peril, and that I shall prosecute them both as sure as they are living." The detective stroked his chin and seemed disinclined to do as mamma desired. She went on: "My parlourmaid has been making the most unwarrantable accusations against my cook, in consequence of which she declares that she won't stay in the house another minute; and when I told my parlourmaid what I thought of her behaviour she announced that she should also go at once. They are both perfectly well aware that it is my daughter's wedding-day, and that if they do go everything will be in a state of confusion; so I want you to speak to them and bring them to a proper sense of their duty."

"COOK NOW CAME FORWARD—BATTLE IN HER EYE."

The detective still seemed dubious.

"I am afraid, madam, that that sort of thing hardly comes within my jurisdiction. But if they are going I should like to ask them a few questions about this burglary before they leave the house."

Cook with her hat on, and Mary with hers in her hand, had been standing in the doorway all the while. Cook now came forward—battle in her eye; we always had had trouble with her temper.

"I'm quite ready to answer any questions that's put to me; but if anyone says a word against Mr. Parsons, who's as honest and respectable a man as ever walked this earth, then I say they're liars."

Then came Mary, who, as we had all of us noticed, always had a way of hinting more than she actually said.

"What I say is true, and I'm not going to be frightened from speaking the truth by anyone. I say that Mr. Parsons was hanging about this house last night till after twelve o'clock; and so he was."

There was a frightful scene. I believe, if the detective had not been present, that those two women would have attacked each other. When Eveleen and Ellen got me back into my own room my nerves were in such a state that I was trembling all over. It was past eleven. There were still no signs of Eliza or my dress. The carriage was to come to take me to the church at twelve; the wedding was to be at half-past; as we wanted to catch the afternoon train for Paris we had arranged to have it early. I was feeling both miserable and desperate, altogether different from what I had intended to feel.

"I shall go and fetch the dress myself," I said.

"Rather than you shall do that," exclaimed Eveleen, "I'll go myself." And she went,

giving me a few words of advice before she departed. "Do control yourself, Maud, and don't give way. Everything will be all right if you keep calm. I promise to bring you your dress in twenty minutes, if I don't meet Eliza with it on the way."

It was all very well for her to talk about keeping calm, but I had reached a stage when something had to be done. So I threw myself on the bed and had a cry. Although Ellen did try to comfort me it was not the slightest use. Then, when she saw the state I was in, she started crying too. And while we were both of us at it in came mamma. She was almost in a worse condition than we were. Cook and Mary had both left, and the detective had gone without having done the slightest good, and everything was topsy-turvy. The refreshments for the reception which was to take place after the wedding were to come in from outside, and the waiters also; still, it was dreadful to be practically servantless. Mamma was in such a state of painful agitation that she almost drove me to hysterics. Then Jane, the kitchenmaid, came rushing in. Since Eliza had not yet returned, she was the only maid we had in the house.

"If you please, ma'am, the carriages have come."

"Carriages! What carriages?"

"To take Miss Maud and her bridesmaids to the wedding, ma'am."

"Wedding!" Mamma laughed; it was an awful sound. "Since it does not seem likely that there will be any wedding, it will hardly be worth their while to wait."

"Shall I tell them to go, ma'am?"

When the idiotic Jane asked that question I leapt right off the bed on to the floor.

"Mamma! Jane! How can you be so absurd?"

I was just going to give both of them a piece of my mind—because mamma's conduct really was ridiculous—when someone else came tearing up the staircase. It was Eveleen, followed by a smartly-dressed young woman carrying a large box—at which I made a dash—with Eliza in the rear.

"Here's your dress!" cried Eveleen.

The young woman began to explain.

"Mme. Sylvia sends her apologies, and hopes you will excuse her for having kept you waiting; but there has been an unavoidable delay owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding——"

Eveleen cut her short.

"We'll have the apologies and all that sort of thing afterwards. What you have to do, Maud, is to put on that dress in the shortest time on record, and let's hope it fits. You've been crying—so have you, mamma—and Ellen! You're three nice people. As for you, Ellen, nothing will get those marks off your face except clean water, and you'll have to wash."

Ellen's complexion takes a tremendous time; she uses all sorts of things for it, so that that was a bad blow for her. We all began to bustle. The young woman began to unpack the dress, and I got quite ready to slip into it when it was unpacked. Suddenly there was an exclamation from Mme. Sylvia's assistant.

"My goodness! what is this?" She was holding up what looked as if it were some weird sort of a blouse made of all the colours of the rainbow; it was certainly not part of my wedding-dress. She stared and we stared. Then she dropped on to a chair with a groan. "There's been a mistake," she gasped. "In the hurry I've brought a dress which we have been making for Mrs. Markham for a fancy-dress ball, and I'm afraid your dress has gone to her."

There are moments in life when, the worst having come to the worst, obviously the only thing left to do is to look it boldly in the face. I realized that one of those moments had come to me then. All hope was gone; nothing remained but to calmly face despair. I gave myself a sort of mental pinch, and walked quietly up to that young woman, feeling—and no doubt looking—almost dangerously cool. I picked up the parti-coloured garment, which was all that had been brought to me after all that strain and stress.

"This looks as if it might be some sort of fancy dress. Am I to understand that it is a fancy dress?"

I believe that that assistant was overawed by my manner.

"Yes; it's for one of our customers—a Mrs. Markham—for a fancy-dress ball."

"And, pray, where is my wedding-dress?"

"I expect it has been sent to Mrs. Markham in mistake for hers."

"And when may I rely on receiving it back from Mrs. Markham?"

"Not before to-morrow, at the earliest; it has been put on a train at Euston—she lives in the North."

"Since I am to be married to-day, it will not be of much use to me to-morrow, will it? Put this article back in your box. Return it to Mme. Sylvia, and inform her, with my

compliments, that she will hear from my solicitors. I should imagine that she will probably hear from Mrs. Markham's solicitors also. Take Mrs. Markham's fancy costume —and yourself—away as fast as you possibly can. Eveleen, I will be married in my going-away dress."

I have little doubt that they were all impressed by what, under the circumstances, seemed my almost preternatural calmness. Scarcely a word was spoken by anyone. Even mamma merely remarked that the assistants in Mme. Sylvia's establishment seemed to be as utter idiots as their principal; and that, for mamma, was nothing. I bundled her off to dress, and I made Eveleen and Ellen go too. I attired myself for my wedding, which was far from what I had intended to do. It had been arranged that I should be costumed by a sort of committee consisting of my four bridesmaids, with mamma acting as my supervisor. But since that arrangement had been made everything had been altered; and as now nothing remained but my going-away dress, I needed no assistance in putting on that. With a travelling costume a bridal veil seemed almost painfully out of place, so I resolved to do without that also. I wore a hat.

Just as I was putting the finishing touches to my hat there came a tapping at my bedroom door. When I cried, "Come in!" to my amazement who should enter but George's best man, Jack Bowles.

"Maud!" he exclaimed. "What ever's up? Do you know it's nearly two, and George is almost off his head, and the parson's going to a funeral?"

I turned to him with what he has since assured me was the air of a tragedy queen:—

"I am ready now. We will start at once."

He stared, as well he might.

"Like that?" he cried.

"Like this. You and I will drive to the church together, and I will explain everything to you as we go." I hurried with him down the staircase, calling to the others as I went; unseen, unnoticed, a quiver passed all over me as I recalled how, in the days gone by, with a prophetic eye, I had seen myself, a vision of snowy white, descend that staircase "with measured step and slow," surrounded by my bridesmaids. "Mamma, I'm going to drive to the church with Mr. Bowles. You and Eveleen and Ellen had better follow in another carriage."

"My dear!" mamma's voice came back. "What do you mean? I'm not nearly ready yet."

"Maud!" Eveleen distinctly shouted.

But I waited for nothing; for no one. Hastening to a carriage with Mr. Bowles, off we started. It was rather an invidious position; there had been passages with Mr. Bowles which made my situation one of some delicacy. When George told me that he had asked him to be his best man, I felt that he was hardly the person I should have chosen for the part. However, I had not quite seen my way to acquaint him with the manner in which Mr. Bowles had behaved at Mrs. Miller's dance; to speak of nothing else. So there we were alone together perhaps for the last time in our lives. Possibly what had passed between us made him all the quicker to feel for me in the

"'MAUD!' HE EXCLAIMED. 'WHAT EVER'S UP?'"

plight in which—as I explained to him—I found myself. He showed the most perfect sympathy. Even George could not have been nicer.

But, for me, disasters were not ended. I was to be the victim of another before the church was reached. It seems to me that motor-cars are always doing something. As we were passing along the busiest part of the High Street one of them did something then. It skidded—or something—and took off one of our back wheels. Down dropped a corner of the brougham with a crash which sent me flying into Mr. Bowles's arms. Presently, when, apparently uninjured, we found ourselves standing in the road, the centre of an interested and rapidly increasing crowd, we realized that it might have been worse.

"The stars," I murmured, with a presence of mind which, now that I look back upon it, seems to have been really phenomenal, "are fighting against me in their courses."

"Poor old George," said Mr. Bowles, who was always rather inclined to slang, "will be fairly off his nut!"

All at once I espied papa coming along in a hansom cab. I called out to him. Stopping the cab he sprang out to us.

"What are you two doing here?" he demanded, in not unreasonable astonishment. Then he went on to offer exactly the kind of explanation I had expected. "Do you know, I've been so occupied that I quite overlooked the fact that I was due with you at half-past twelve. I hope it made no difference. Where's George?"

"He's at the church."

"At the church? What's he doing there?"

"He's waiting for me to come and be married."

"Waiting? How's that? Aren't you married already?"

"No; and—it—doesn't look—as if—I—ever—shall be."

"Jump into my hansom—you and Bowles—we'll soon see about that."

We jumped in, Mr. Bowles and I, and we drove off to the church—to my wedding!—three in a hansom cab! If ever anyone had foretold that such a thing would—or could—have happened to me I should have expired on the spot.

When we reached the church—we did reach it!—we found that such of the people as remained were standing on the steps or in the doorway. George, who was nearly distracted, came rushing forward at the sight of me; the people actually cheered. It appeared that the clergyman—our vicar—who had been specially retained, had gone to his funeral; but a curate, of some sort, had been routed out from somewhere, and he performed the service. Just as it was begun in came mamma and Eveleen and Ellen. The instant it was over George and I rushed home, got my trunks — George himself helped to carry them—and tore off to Charing Cross just in time to catch the boat-train.

When it had started, and he and I were in a compartment alone together, I put my head on his shoulder and I cried—with joy. Everything had gone as wrong as it very well could have done; but we were safely married!

"I PUT MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER AND I CRIED—WITH JOY."

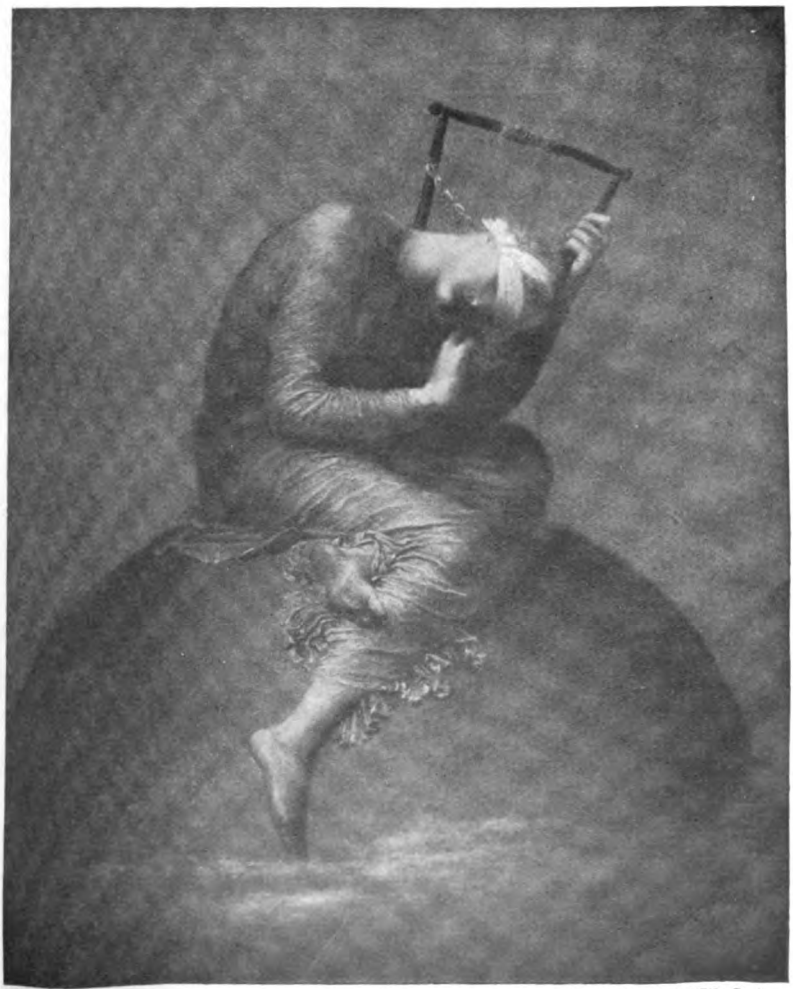
Which Are the Most Popular Pictures?

II.—IN THE TATE GALLERY.

IN treating of the most popular pictures in the National Gallery in the November number of this Magazine, the fact which stood out so conspicuously—that the feeling of the great mass of the visitors went out instinctively towards the finest examples of a given painter—is no less remarkable when the Tate Gallery is considered and the same tests are applied to it. As in the case of the National Gallery, there are, no doubt, those who will maintain that the greatest pictures are left out in the cold, so to speak, though the number of those who will argue in this way will probably be immeasurably smaller than in the case of the gallery which houses the Old Masters; for the Tate Gallery is practically the home of the modern artist, and the critic who grovels, as it were, before an Old Master has scant respect for a new one.

It is almost impossible to place one picture as absolutely first in this gallery, but perhaps the one which really takes precedence of the rest is the late Mr. G. F. Watts's "Hope." Few paintings are more familiar to the great body of the public, as there are few print-sellers who fail to exhibit it in their windows. "Hope" is a typical example of the work of the man who regarded himself, as he has said, "as a thinker who happens to use the brush instead of a pencil" for the expression of his thoughts.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote: "Standing before that picture, he finds himself in the presence of a great truth. He perceives that there is something in man which is always apparently on the eve of disappearing, but never disappears"; while he



"HOPE." By G. F. WATTS, R.A.

(Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.)

adds: "an assurance which is always apparently saying farewell, and yet illimitably lingers, a string which is always stretched to snapping point, and yet never snaps."

"Hope" is one of the three or four of the Watts pictures most frequently reproduced, another in the same gallery which runs it hard in the race for popularity being "Love and Life." "It is this picture," Mr. Watts said, "which probably best portrays my message to the age." "More than that," as he also wrote, "the picture of my own which I like best is that in which I believe I have been most successful in expressing my thought. This is 'Love and Life.' I have expressed my meaning perhaps best in this picture because this meaning is simplest, that Love—by which I mean of course not physical passion, but altruism, tenderness—leads man to the highest life."

"LOVE AND LIFE." By G. F. WATTS, R.A.
(Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.)

Love, it need hardly be said, is represented by the male figure, strong in his immortal youth, his wings protecting the immature, girlish Life as she goes onwards up the rough path: he so loving, to use the words of Shakespeare:—

> That he might not beteem the winds of Heaven
> Visit her face too roughly.

Beneath Love's feet, as they ascend into the purer, more translucent air, towards the bluer sky, violets spring, as Laertes prayed they might from the "fair and unpolluted flesh" of the beautiful Ophelia. It was Mr. Watts's idea that without the aid and guidance of Love—Love in its highest—human life could never have been able to rise to such heights.

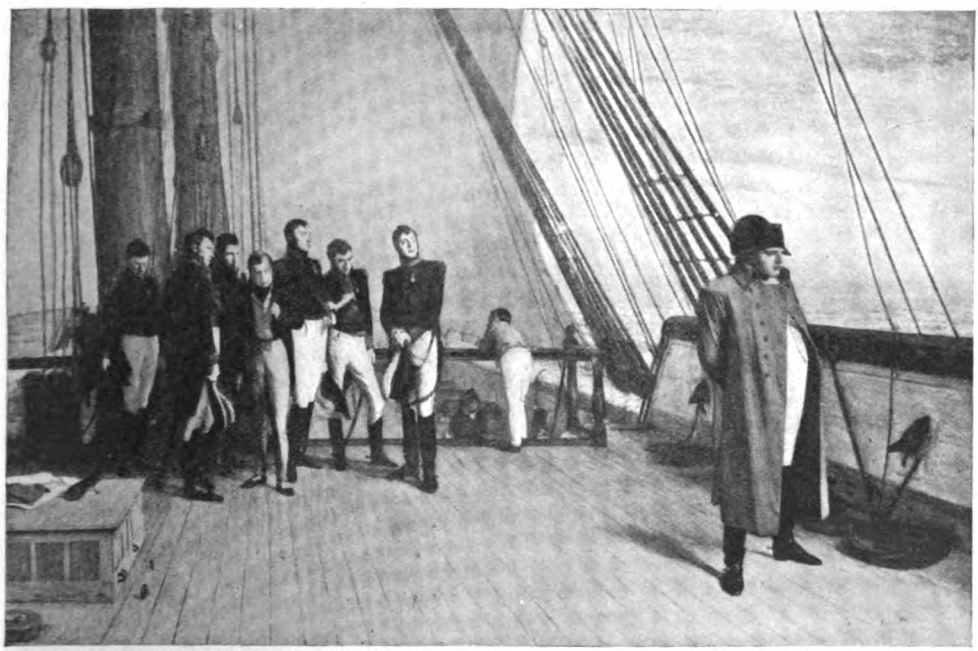
Mr. Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*" and Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua" next claim attention.

It was with this picture that Mr. Orchardson "first blazed out into popularity in 1881," to use the expressive words of Sir Walter Armstrong.

Of "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," Sir Walter wrote: "The æsthetic and the intellectual elements alike find their focus in the Emperor's figure. All the rest is complement, complement rightly placed and just in proportion, balancing the masses, picking up and resolving the lines, completing the chords of colour. Mr. Orchardson is often blamed for his empty spaces. The truth is that his spaces—and I confess they are often ample enough — are seldom empty. They are filled with subtle colour modulations, with the infinite echoes of a harmony which never dies completely into silence. Almost the only exception I can call to mind occurs in the picture we are now discussing. The mainsail of the *Bellerophon* seems 'blinder,'

more monotonous and opaque, than it need have been. But that seems a pettifogging fault to find."

If I, for my part, may express a personal impression, I should be inclined to say that never was the value of space treated in a more masterly manner than it was in this picture by Mr. Orchardson, whose influence has done so much in teaching us that a room may be furnished with an atmosphere far better than by the multiplication of chairs, tables, and knick-knacks. To me the space introduced into this picture marks the isolation of Napoleon—physically as well as spiritually—from the men to whose charge he was committed, and that is a vivid, a dramatic consideration which adds immensely to the strength of the picture and could have been obtained in no other way.



"NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON.'" By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

There is a fact connected with the painting of this picture which gives it what is probably a unique interest in the history of art. One day a lady, a great friend of Mr. and Mrs. Orchardson, called on them at the house in Westgate where they were staying, and where the picture was actually painted. Not unnaturally the visitor led the conversation to the subject of the picture. "Who is sitting to you for the model of Napoleon?" she asked. The figure had only just been sketched in and Mr. Orchardson said he had no model yet.

"How would I do?" asked the lady; "everybody says I am strikingly like Napoleon."

Mr. Orchardson considered her face for a moment. "You know," he said, smiling, "I never see anything on the surface. I am always looking for the things that are hidden in order to try to see them." It was in such light-hearted badinage that the painter suggested that the things which other people had seen had not escaped his eyes. A sitting was arranged—or, under the circumstances, should one say a standing?—and another after that. After the second sitting was over Mr. Orchardson changed his clothes and went off to play a set at tennis, for he had built himself a real tennis court adjoining his studio. After the game, going into the house to change, he thought he would look at the picture. He saw something he wanted to improve. He picked up his palette with one hand, his brushes with the other. He began to work, and became so engrossed that it was only when the afternoon had faded to twilight and the twilight had darkened into dusk, putting an end to the possibility of painting, that he realized the flight of time or that his flannels were still unchanged. Next morning he went into the studio to look at the work. He saw that it was finished.

"King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"

"KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID."
By SIR E. BURNE-JONES.

is a typical example of the work of him of whom Rossetti, his master, wrote: "If, as I hold, the noblest picture is a painted poem, then I say that in the whole history of Art there has never been a painter more greatly gifted than Burne-Jones with the highest qualities of poetical invention." The influence of Botticelli is "writ large" over this picture, which, though conceived in 1870, was not really begun until 1880, and was finished in 1884, having been most worked at, perhaps, in 1883. It was exhibited in 1884 at the Grosvenor Gallery, and it naturally attracted a great deal of attention. It was presented to the nation by a subscription got up by a committee of gentlemen, who paid eight thousand pounds for it. Shortly before it was sent to the Tate Gallery it was on exhibition at a fine art dealer's in Bond Street, and the Press was naturally invited to see it. The representative of one of the leading papers in Paris, in describing it, remarked that the King had white hair and a white beard! As a matter of fact, the King's hair and beard are very dark indeed.

The story of the King and the beggar maid is told in Percy's "Relics of Ancient Minstrelsy," and is quoted in at least three of the Shakespearian plays, while Lord Tennyson also made it the subject of a poem. No reproduction can possibly suggest the painting of the highly ornate armour worn by the King, who has stepped from his throne in order that the poorly-clad beggar maid without shoes to her feet may sit in his place.

That "Blossoms" should be one of the most popular pictures of the collection is not to be wondered at, for, apart altogether from the harmonious colour scheme, there is in this example of the work of Albert Moore that grace, that classic refinement, that instinctive feeling for beauty which

"BLOSSOMS."
By ALBERT MOORE.

was so characteristic of his work. To obtain this decorative effect he devoted the whole of his life from 1865, when he broke away from the religious work with which he had been occupying himself and produced "The Marble Seat," followed by "Apricots," "Pomegranates," and "The Quartette," pictures which, it has been said, "to many, even to some scholars, seemed a revival of the style of the lost ancient paintings."

marked one of the supreme moments in his career, the beginning of the change from his allegiance to the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, a change which took some ten years completely to accomplish. On its appearance "The Vale of Rest" created a sensation, yet the critics were by no means favourably impressed by it. It owes its origin to a Scotch superstition that, when a coffin-shaped cloud is seen in the sky, it foreshadows an

"THE VALE OF REST." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

In no exhibition of pictures in which several of the works of Sir John Everett Millais appear could there fail to be at least one which caught the popular fancy to a great degree. The reason of this is not difficult to understand. Millais was, as Sir Wyke Bayliss has called him, "the painter of men and women," and in the relations of man and woman there must of necessity be that dramatic element which appeals forcibly to the spectator, a characteristic which never failed to appear in the work of the artist who, according to his contemporaries, was, among the painters of the Victorian era, the one whose place was assured as the compeer of the Old Masters. "The Vale of Rest," perhaps the most popular of his paintings, belongs to the earlier part of his career, for it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1859.

"The Vale of Rest" is said to be one of the pictures which Millais himself ranked highest in his work. It has another important consideration for the student, for it

approaching death. The symbolism of the picture—described in the catalogue of the Tate Gallery as "the most poetic of Millais's works"—was beautifully expressed by Ruskin in his "Academy Notes" for 1859:—

"The scene is the interior of a convent garden just at sunset. Two women are in the garden, which is illuminated by the light remaining in the western sky, that stood cool and grey in the zenith, while the rigid poplars, each like Death's 'lifted forefinger,' made bars against the red, orange, and crimson of the west. The guarding wall of the enclosure is hidden by ash and other trees, filling the intervals of the loftier foliage. The rough sward is broken here and there by low hillocks of graves, and encumbered by the headstones that stand green and sad in the waning light. One of the women is a novice, or lay sister, who, up to her knees in a grave, is busily and vigorously throwing out large spadefuls of earth. Her coif is thrown back from her face, which is dull red with stress of labour.

"Upon the prostrate headstone, taken from the new-made grave, sits an elder nun holding a rosary, and with the long black of her robes sweeping the dark, coarse grass; her head is towards us, and by its expression we discover that she has seen the coffin-shaped cloud which hangs over the setting sun, and stretches a long, heavy bar of purple across a large part of the sky behind. She turns towards the east as if looking for the uprising, according to the promise, of a star of hope in eternity."

Several artists with whom I have talked about the popular pictures at this gallery have expressed surprise that Rossetti, like Burne-Jones, should be included in the list of pictures. Be this as it may, the "Beata Beatrix" is undoubtedly one of the most popular. It may, without exaggeration, be said to be sacred to the memory of Mrs. Rossetti, and it is her best, if not her only, monument. It was begun in 1863, the year after her death, and was finished in 1865. In speaking of it, Rossetti said none of his pictures ever caused him so much pain in the painting, but never had he been more conscious of his mastery of his art. Rossetti had made no direct studies for this picture, but it is thought that he may have used some of those he had prepared for "The Return of Tibullus to Delia," though this has not been definitely proved. It seems certain, however, that in the "Beata Beatrix" he allowed himself to recall his wife's face for the first time since her death. Who, looking at the canvas, can fail to recollect the strange, the dramatic circumstance under which he saw it for the last time? As Mrs. Rossetti lay in her coffin, the poet-painter went into the room with a volume of manuscript poems which owed their inspiration, their being, to her and tenderly laid them in her hands, a present from the living to the dead, with whom they were buried.

"BEATA BEATRIX." By D. G. ROSSETTI.

Remembering this circumstance, it is not difficult to understand how many critics have come to regard this as the most beautifully executed of all Rossetti's works, even though in technique it does not rank so high as some of his other canvases.

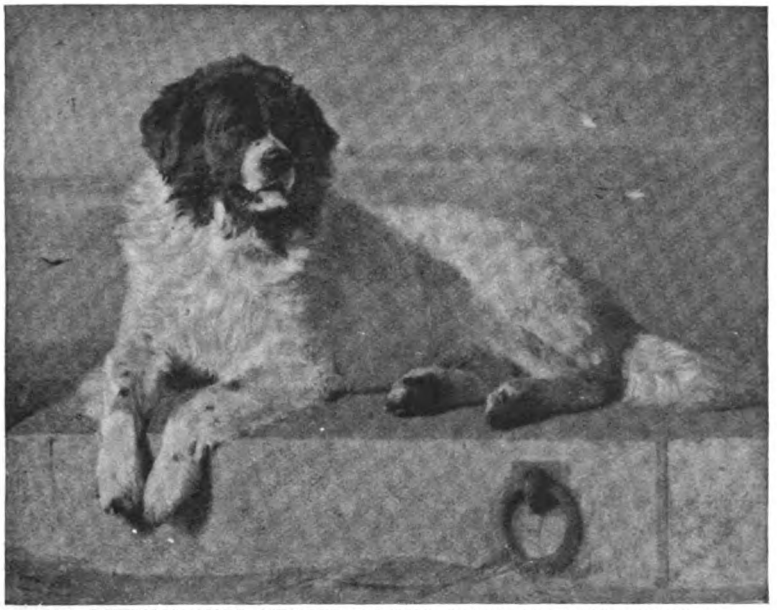
For years Rossetti refused to allow any reproductions to be made of it, although he was assured that if he consented it would be very profitable for him. It is a complete work, in that even the frame itself was designed by Rossetti, and on it are engraved Dante's words, when Beatrice's death "had despoiled the city of all dignity": "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people; how has she become a widow that was great among the nations." Rossetti himself wrote of the "Beata Beatrix" in the following terms:—

"The picture illustrates the 'Vita Nuova,' embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent Death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance in which Beatrice, seated at a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to Heaven.

"You will remember how Dante dwells on the desolation of the city in connection with the incident of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background and make the figures of Dante and Love passing through the street and gazing ominously on

one another, conscious of the event; whilst the bird, the messenger of Death, drops one poppy into the hands of Beatrice. She, through her shut lids, is conscious of a new world as expressed in the last words of the 'Vita Nuova': 'That blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on his countenance *qui est per omnia saecula benedictus.*'"

The popularity of dogs for Englishmen and of Landseer's treatment of them is attested by the fact that in the Tate as in the National Gallery one of his works holds a foremost place in the esteem of visitors. It is "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," that splendid specimen of a Newfoundland which was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838, which is most sought after. It was no imaginary dog, but a real one, the property of Mr. Newman Smith, of Croydon. Landseer first saw the animal carrying a basket of flowers, and was so struck with it that, one evening, when dining with its owner, he proposed to paint it. The dog was sent to his studio in St. John's Wood, and used to lie quietly on a table while its portrait was being done. The history of this picture, for which Landseer got eighty pounds, was told by him in a letter to Mr. Lambton Young, the then secretary of the Royal Humane Society, which was published in the *Athenæum* in February, 1885. The letter was as follows: "I wrote in a hurry on the back of the canvas as a title—when it was going from my studio to the Royal Academy—the title which it now goes by. Mrs. Newman Smith has the picture, and I believe it is left to the National Gallery. I can only in conclusion add that Mr. Newman Smith was rather disappointed when his dog appeared in character rather than as 'The property of Newman Smith, Esq., of Croydon Lodge.'"



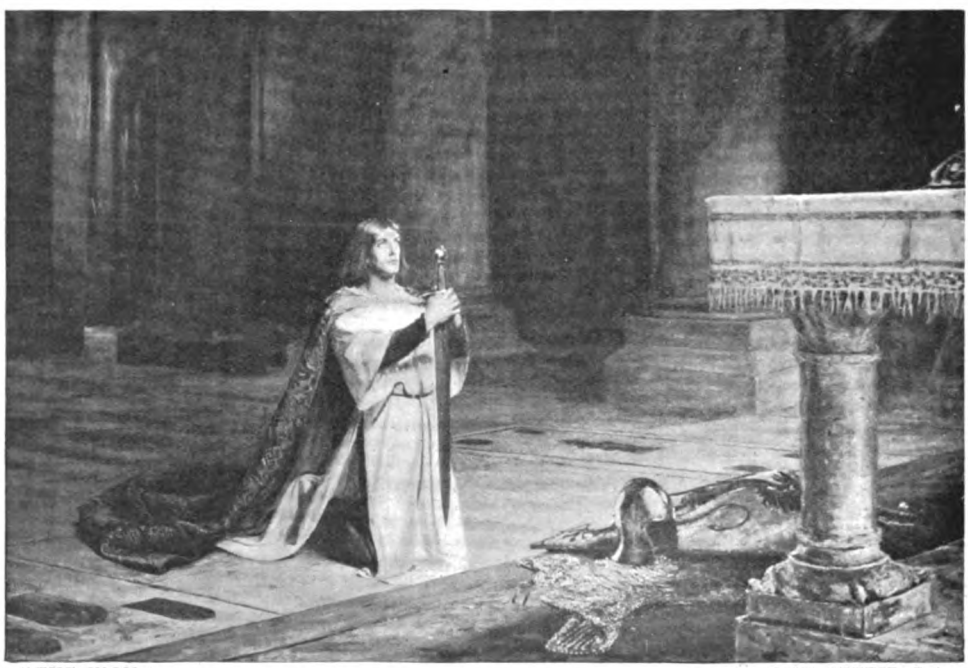
"A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY."
By SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A.

In his "Old London," Mr. Ernest Walford said the dog's name was Leo, "a frequent swimmer in the Wandell." This statement was brought to the notice of Mrs. Newman Smith by Mr. Algernon Graves, and that it is incorrect appears from a letter in which she said: "The dog was bred by the late Philip Bacon, and was given to us (his cousins) as a puppy. It was never out of the possession of the family, and lived and died in my husband's house. He was named Paul Pry."

When the picture was finished, Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, took some ladies to Landseer's to see it. They were at once shown into the studio, though Landseer was not there. He was, however, in an adjoining room, where he could hear everything that was said. The picture was on the easel, and the ladies at once expressed unbounded admiration for it. Rogers, however, was by no means so satisfied, and said, "Same old story; but the ring's good. Yes, the ring's good"—and he pointed to the mooring-ring

set into the end of the quay on which the dog is lying. Before they left, Rogers invited Landseer to breakfast next morning—and no one will need reminding that Rogers's breakfast-parties were among the great events of London society at the time. Not unnaturally, at breakfast, the conversation turned on Landseer's picture. Instead of repeating his criticism of the day before Rogers expressed admiration for it in the highest possible terms. That was too much for Landseer, who had a vivid recollection of the events of the previous day. "You didn't say so yesterday, Rogers," he exclaimed; "why don't you stick to the rusty ring to-day?"

Although a student at the Royal Scottish Academy with Mr. Orchardson, Mr. MacWhirter, and Mr. Peter Graham, the work of the late John Pettie, R.A., developed along lines of its own, though it preserved those traditions of fine technical execution under a keen appreciation of the value of colour tones which were inculcated by that school. "The Vigil," which is the only example of Pettie's work at the Tate Gallery, where it enjoys so much consideration, was exhibited at the Academy in 1884, and was bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest in that year. The idea the painter sought to convey by his picture of a newly-created knight kneeling before the altar, keeping his vigil in prayer during the night season, needs no explanation. In the days when *Punch* made a point of caricaturing the Academy Exhibition it was burlesqued under the title of "The Sword Swallower." By that title, indeed, it is still humorously spoken of in certain quarters, and if any reader would like to discover for himself whether the title is remembered or not, let him go to the gallery and ask for "The Vigil" under that name. The probability is the attendant will reply, "There is no picture of that title in the gallery, but perhaps this is what you want," and he will lead the way to the Chantrey Room and point to "The Vigil."



"THE VIGIL." By JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The abundant popularity which is so universally extended to the work of Mr. W. Dendy Sadler is reflected in the favour which "Thursday" enjoys from the visitors to the Tate Gallery. It represents a scene which the sister Art of Music has made scarcely less popular in the song of the monks who sing—

> To-morrow will be Friday,
> So we fish the stream to-day.

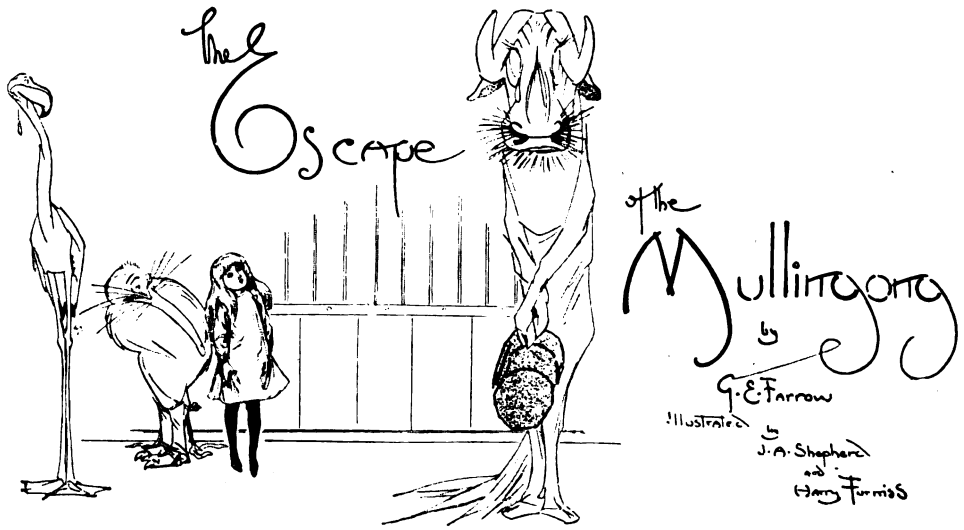
Mr. Sadler is evidently, from his work, one of that rare band of artists to whom that touch of humour which is the saving grace of life never fails to appeal. It is, as it were, some-

"THURSDAY." By W. DENDY SADLER.

thing added to enhance the perception of the dramatic phase of the episode he treats, and not something which interferes with or mars the technical skill with which his pictures are always finished.

"The Pool of London" is one of the series of pictures to which the late Vicat Cole, R.A., devoted the last ten years of his life. It was the excellence of his work which it is said caused the Royal Academicians to revise a custom which had been "honoured in the breach" for thirty years, for Mr. Vicat Cole was the first landscape painter given full honours as an Academician since Thomas Creswick —represented at the Tate by "The Pathway to the Village Church"—was elected in 1850.

"THE POOL OF LONDON." By VICAT COLE, R.A.
(Reproduced from the photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.)



A ZOOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER VII.

A GNU SONG.

THE fresh arrival was a most singular-looking animal. He had a mane and tail like a horse, thin legs like a stag, and a very ugly head with curious, curved horns sweeping downward over his face and nearly hiding his eyes.

"May I join this happy little party?" he asked, beaming pleasantly upon them.

"Ah—er—I don't think I have the pleasure of knowing you," said the flamingo, a little stand-offishly.

"Why, it's the gnu, isn't it?" asked Girlie, who had been to the Zoo so frequently that she could recognise most of the animals.

"Oh, I'm not the gnu that you knew, my dear; I'm the new gnu," said the creature, smilingly.

"Really?" exclaimed Girlie. "What has become of the old one?"

"He's dead," said the gnu, solemnly. "He had something the matter with his brain, I think. Well, really, it *was* enough to turn it when you come to think of it."

"What was?" exclaimed Girlie.

"Why, not knowing how to spell his own name," said the gnu.

"Was there any doubt about it, then?" Girlie inquired.

"Why, yes," the creature replied. "You see, there's *ever* so many ways of spelling our name, and they're all pronounced exactly alike.

"There's gnoo, to begin with," he went on, "and knu, and pnew, and new, and knoo, and gnu, and pnu, and nue, and knew, and gneu, and pnoo, and nu, and gnew, and knue, and pneu, and noo, and gnue, and kneu, and pnue, and neu, and if *that* isn't enough to drive anybody crazy I don't know what is."

"Yes; you seem to be very delicate creatures," agreed the apteryx, mildly. "I once knew a gnu who had neuralgia, pneumonia, and numismatics all at the same time."

"I didn't know before that numismatics was a disease," said the flamingo, sarcastically.

"Nobody said it was," retorted the apteryx.

"You said he had neuralgia, pneumonia, and *numismatics*," said the flamingo.

"Well, I suppose people can have other things besides diseases, can't they?" replied the apteryx. "Besides, I've *had* numismatics myself; they're delicious," he went on, defiantly.

"What are they, then—something to eat?" asked the flamingo.

"Oh, let's change the subject," said the apteryx, yawning, and Girlie came to the conclusion that it was only his artful way of getting out of explaining what the word

numismatics meant. "I don't believe he knew himself," she thought.

"Can you *do* anything now that you have come?" asked the flamingo, somewhat abruptly, at this point, addressing the gnu.

"I can sing a little," he admitted.

"Oh—do, do, please!" cried Girlie. "I should so like to hear a gnu sing."

"Shouldn't it be a gnu *song?*" asked the flamingo. "It sounds incorrect somehow to speak of a gnu sing."

"I didn't mean a *new*, you know; I meant gnu," explained Girlie.

"But they are the same," protested the flamingo. "Besides, why shouldn't the gnu sing a new song?"

"Oh, *please!*" interrupted the gnu, "*please* do not pursue the subject, it is quite bewildering; let me get on with the song, if I am to sing it."

"Oh, yes, please do," cried Girlie.

And, forming a little semicircle, they all sat down at the gnu's feet and waited for him to commence.

"It's a little thing of my own called 'Always-keep-a-civil-tongue-in-your-head-and-remember-that-to-rise-should-ever-be-your-chief-aim-in-life-besides-which-it-is-often-better-to-trust-to-your-own-judgment-than-to-rely-upon-the-opinion-of-others.'" He finished breathlessly, not having stopped to take breath during the entire sentence.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Girlie, "is all that the *title* of the song?"

"Yes," replied the gnu, "though you can call it 'The Balloon,' if you prefer," he added, simply, and then commenced singing:—

I'll sing a song about a man
Who lived at Timbuctoo,
Though *how* he lived or *when* he lived,
I'll not relate to you.

His head grew big, and bigger still,
And bigger, every minute;
Yet when 'twas pointed out to him,
He said, "There's *nothing* in it."

And fat it grew, and fatter still,
More fat, and even fatter;
But if a body mentioned it,
He said, "It *doesn't* matter."

It swelled and swelled to such a size,
The man grew nearly blind;
But still he only smiled and said,
"*Indeed*, I do not mind!"

No hat, in all far Timbuctoo,
This monstrous head would fit;
Yet, when his neighbours grieved at this,
He said, "Don't *mention* it."

And *still* it grew, and grew, and grew,
Till all became alarmed;
But he replied to all their fears,
"Believe me, *I* am charmed!"

And when at length it grew so big
That people in the dark
Mistook him for a hansom cab,
He murmured, "*What* a lark!"

At last the man light-headed grew,
And rose up in the air;
And as he hovered high above
He shouted, "I don't care!"

The gnu paused, and then added in a soft, melancholy voice:—

Then slowly, in the dim far West,
He disappeared from view,
And with a red silk handkerchief
Politely waved adieu.

"THE GNU COMMENCED SINGING."

"GIRLIE RETURNED WITH THE ALLIGATOR."

Here the singer became so overcome that it was really quite pathetic to see him, and Girlie was just trying to comfort him when the alligator in livery came hurrying up and, speaking in a loud whisper, said to her :—

"If you please, miss, the lion wishes to know if you would mind going to the station now to meet the mullingong, as he has *quite* forgotten which station he is expected to arrive at."

"But if he doesn't know, however am I to do so?" asked Girlie.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the alligator, scratching his head in a puzzled way. "Perhaps you had better come and ask the secretary-bird." So Girlie bade adieu to her new friends and returned with the alligator.

CHAPTER VIII.

"TO MEET THE MULLINGONG."

THE secretary-bird was sitting beside the toucan under the trees when Girlie came up.

"Oh, there you are," he observed. "You had better go and meet the mullingong now, hadn't you?"

"Yes. I've been asked to do so. But—where am I to go to?" asked Girlie.

"THE SECRETARY-BIRD WAS SITTING BESIDE THE TOUCAN UNDER THE TREES."

"That's your affair," said the secretary-bird, unconcernedly.

"Of course," agreed the toucan, "decidedly her affair."

"But who is he, or what is he, rather?" cried poor, bewildered Girlie. "I must know *who* I am going to meet!"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the secretary-bird.

"Neither have I," said the toucan, yawning; "not the slightest idea, and, what's more, I don't care."

"He's either a bird or an animal," said the secretary-bird.

"Or *vice versâ*," declared the toucan, wisely; "probably *vice versâ*, I should say."

"I know he has a duck's bill," said the secretary-bird, "because one of his names is ornithorhyncus, which is Greek for bird's snout, you know."

"Besides, he has fur; I happen to know that much," continued the toucan.

"Then he can't be a bird," said Girlie, in despair. "I declare it's very puzzling."

"Remember!" said the toucan to Girlie, moving off, while the secretary-bird prepared to follow him, "*everything* depends upon your bringing him back with you. Oh, and, by-the-bye," he added, as an afterthought, "you might as well order supper to be sent at once; the animals are beginning to get hungry, and if they are not fed soon they may become unmanageable, and in that case I won't be answerable for the consequences. So order supper at once, please."

"But where?" cried Girlie, wildly, for the secretary-bird was hurrying away after the toucan. "Where? And *how* much am I to order, and who of?"

"Oh, at the usual place," called out the secretary-bird, "and be sure not to order too much."

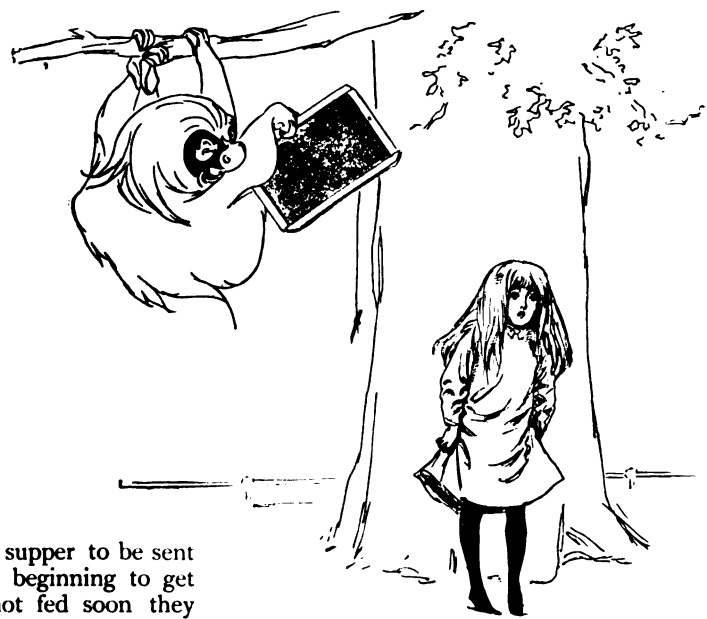
"Nor too little," chimed in the toucan, who had waited for his friend.

Before Girlie could ask another question they had both hurried down one of the side-paths, and, half flying and half running, were quickly out of sight.

Girlie sat down under a tree and tried to collect her scattered senses, for she was perfectly bewildered with all these commissions.

"Let's see," the poor child thought; "first of all I have to go and meet a creature that I've never seen or heard of before, and which may be either a bird or an animal, or both, from what I can make out; then, when or where I am expected to meet him I haven't the slightest idea; and finally I am to order supper for a number of birds and animals, and I am not told what to get, where I am to order it from, or what quantity I am to order. I declare it's too bad."

"Prove it," said a voice over her head, and looking up Girlie saw a sloth hanging from the branches of a tree. He was holding a slate with a pencil tied on to it towards her. "Prove it," he repeated; "I should like to see it in black and white."



"'PROVE IT,' SAID A VOICE OVER HER HEAD."

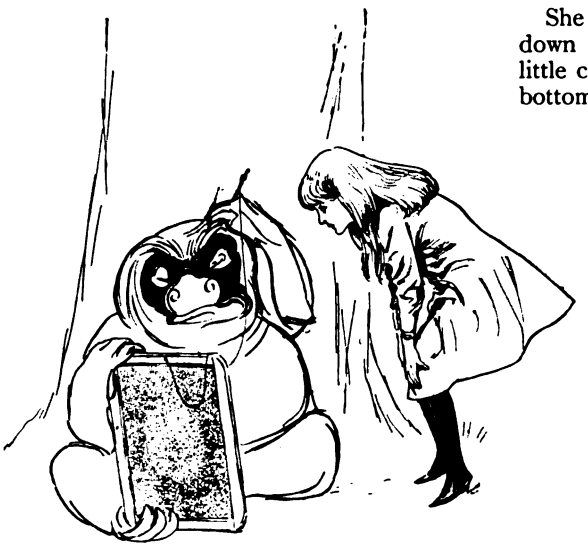
"What?" exclaimed Girlie.

"Why, you said it was too bad, didn't you? You should be able to prove it, if what you say is true. How much too bad is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, ever so much," declared Girlie.

"Ever so much is rather a lot," he said, doubtfully. "I don't think I can do compound sums; however, I'll put it down. Too bad from ever so much—let's see—too from much leaves—er—er—dear me, how much is much—I've forgotten for the moment?"

"Why, it is ridiculous," declared Girlie;



"'IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO PROVE,' SAID THE SLOTH."

"you'll never be able to make a sum of it. Besides, what's the use if you do?"

"I don't know," said the sloth; "it *will* be a bother, won't it? So perhaps, after all, we had better leave it. I should have liked to have proved it, though," he added, regretfully. "Let's see, what was it you said—'it's too bad'—wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Girlie.

"It's very difficult to prove," said the sloth, looking at his slate in a puzzled manner. "I can see that; but stop a minute, though!" he added. "What's too bad? I forgot to ask you that; it may make a difference."

"Why," said Girlie, "I've got to find the mullingong, and——"

"That's easy," declared the sloth; "he's in the box in the keeper's lodge. He came this morning; I saw him."

"Oh, where—*where* is the keeper's lodge, please?" cried Girlie.

"At the end of this path," was the reply; "and the door's open——"

"Thank you very much," cried Girlie, hurrying off towards the keeper's lodge, a little more relieved in her mind.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE MAZE.

BEFORE Girlie had gone very far she saw the keeper's lodge, with the door open, as the sloth had told her.

She hurried forward and peeped in. A large, square wicker basket stood at one end of the room, and this, Girlie at once concluded, must contain the mullingong.

She raised the lid, which was only held down by its own weight, and saw a singular little creature curled up in the straw at the bottom of the basket.

"This is he," she thought, giving a sigh of relief; for, although it had a furry coat, the little animal had also a flat bill, exactly like a duck's, just as the secretary-bird had said a mullingong should have.

"I beg your pardon," began she; but the mullingong only gave a startled little squeak, and tried to bury its head in the straw.

"Why, it's frightened!" exclaimed Girlie. "Don't be alarmed," she cried. "I wouldn't hurt you for anything." And she put out her hand to stroke the little creature's fur.

The mullingong, however, had no intention of responding to these friendly overtures, and, withdrawing to the farther end of the basket, gave a series of agonized gasps.

"I've come to meet you, you know," continued the child. "They are having a garden-party in your honour, so will you please come back with me?"

The little creature still remained silent, so Girlie thought the best thing to do was to try and lift it out of the basket. She soon had him under her arm and was hurrying back down the same path by which she had come.

She had rather a difficulty in holding him

"SHE HAD RATHER A DIFFICULTY IN HOLDING HIM IN HER ARMS."

in her arms, though, for he kept wriggling about in a most disconcerting manner, flapping his beaver-like tail and opening and shutting his broad-webbed feet, and every now and then throwing back his head and gasping as though he were about to faint.

She was hurrying along, all her attention being taken up by her troublesome charge,

"There!" exclaimed Girlie, in a vexed voice, "now I've lost him again. What a pity!"

"I should think it's a very good thing," said the camel, with a sniff. "He didn't seem to be very useful, to himself nor to anyone else."

"You don't understand——" Girlie had

"NOW I'VE LOST HIM AGAIN!"

when she suddenly heard a cough by her side, and turning around she saw a Bactrian camel (the kind with two humps, you know) standing looking at her with a particularly supercilious expression on his face.

"You seem to be having rather a trouble with that creature," he remarked. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Why, you know——" began Girlie, when the camel interrupted her.

"I don't know," he said, severely, "or I shouldn't have asked. What's he been doing?"

"Nothing, that I know of," said Girlie.

"Then why are you ill-treating him in that manner?"

"I'm not——" began Girlie, when, looking down, she could see that the mullingong had wriggled so far out of her arms that he was hanging head downwards by his tail, gasping, and turning up the whites of his eyes "like a dying duck in a thunderstorm," thought Girlie.

She made an effort to get him comfortably settled again, but just as she thought that she had managed it he suddenly sprang from her arms and disappeared into the shrubbery by the side of the path.

begun, when just then she heard the little well-known squeak, and without waiting to say anything more to the camel she hurried off in the direction from which it proceeded, in the hope of catching the mullingong again. To her surprise she found herself in a narrow lane between two hedges a little higher than herself.

"Dear me!" she thought, "I don't remember this place at the Zoo before. I wonder where it leads to?"

She went on for a while, and then suddenly found herself at a standstill. The little lane had ended abruptly, and she could proceed no farther.

"What a bother!" she exclaimed. "Now I shall just have to go back again, I suppose."

This was easier said than done, for when Girlie tried to retrace her steps she found that a little way down the lane branched off in two directions, and having chosen one she followed it till she came to a full-stop at the end of it, and once more had to try and find her way back, only to discover a minute or two later that she had somehow got into a

lane entirely different from any in which she had been before.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, wearily, after she had been hurrying like this from one lane to another for some time. "I must have got into a maze somehow, I suppose, although I had no idea that there was one here. I'm sure I've never seen it before in all the times I've been to the Zoo. I wonder if I shall meet someone who can tell me how to get out, otherwise I may be here for ever? This terrible thought caused her to renew her efforts to escape, and she began running frantically from one lane to the other. Presently she heard a pattering of feet, and, looking behind her, she saw a funny little fat bird waddling along as quickly as he could, mopping his forehead (if birds have such a thing) with a very brightly-coloured handkerchief. He hurried up, breathing heavily.

"I'm a puffin," he announced, somewhat abruptly, when he reached Girlie's side.

"So I hear," said Girlie. "You really shouldn't run so hard; I'm sure it cannot be good for you, especially as you have such a difficulty in breathing."

"When I say I'm a puffin," the bird said, still dabbing at his forehead with the handkerchief—"when I say that I'm a puffin I hope that you don't think that I mean I'm a-puffing; for although I am a puffin, and my father was a puffin before me, a person may be a puffin without being a-puffing. Although," he admitted with a smile, "I certainly, at the present time, am both a puffin and a-puffing—a puffing puffin, in fact, aren't I?"

"I—I—suppose so," stammered Girlie, who was trying to follow this reasoning, and who was beginning to feel a little confused.

"I thought I'd hurry to catch you up," continued the puffin, "so that we might be company for each other; we may have to remain here for a very long time, you know."

"Dear me! Do you think so?" said Girlie, as they walked on together. "How long have you been in the maze, please?"

"Oh, about two hours, I believe," said the puffin; "but, bless you, that's nothing. Some people are twice as long as that getting to the centre."

"What is the use of getting to the centre?" asked Girlie. "Is there anything to be seen when you get there?"

"Of course," answered the puffin; "there's supper. I think it's rather a good idea, don't you? When the supper-bell rings you all enter the maze, and everybody tries to get to the centre (where the tables are) first. Of course, only a few get there at a time, and consequently there is no crowding, and, besides, some people never get there at all; so that there's all the more for other people, besides being a great saving for the host and hostess."

"But I should think it's rather uncomfortable for the guests, isn't it?" asked Girlie, who was just thinking in her own mind that she preferred the old-fashioned way of going in to supper, when at the end of a particularly short turning they suddenly found themselves in a kind of square courtyard, in which, on the grass, several long tables were arranged for supper.

"Why, here we are at the centre," exclaimed the puffin. "The first two in to supper."

"I'M A PUFFIN."

(To be continued.)

An Intentional Explosion.

Illustrations from Photographs by Mr. H. Fane, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.

THIS fine explosion was a premeditated affair. Had it occurred anywhere except on the lonely veldt, thousands might have been able to witness a spectacle of great magnificence. As it was, it was witnessed by few except those immediately concerned, and one photographer of skill and nerve.

ARRANGING THE SHELLS TO BE EXPLODED.

But where comes in this explosion of which we write? Merely, we answer, as a result of the end of the Boer War. When the conflict was ended an enormous amount of material, sent to the front, had to be done away with. To burn up your powder, to get rid of your antiquated shells, or those which once may have belonged to someone else, is one of the losses of war.

The operation was carried out some time ago by the Ordnance Depôt at Bloemfontein, and, in order that no one might be injured by flying fragments, a pit twenty feet square by twenty deep was dug in the veldt, two miles from the depôt itself and three miles from the town. The ammunition shown in our illustrations is but a very small proportion of the amount totally destroyed in the series of explosions, of which this was the grand *finale*. Each time the explosion was differently arranged, for many distinct forms of ammunition lay around for use, and each, of course, had to be arranged in such a way that no harm should result. Accordingly, in the bottom of the pit the heavier shells were laid on the ground. Above these were placed the smaller projectiles and wet gun-cotton. On top of all, bags filled with earth were placed to tamp the explosion and to increase the detonative effect.

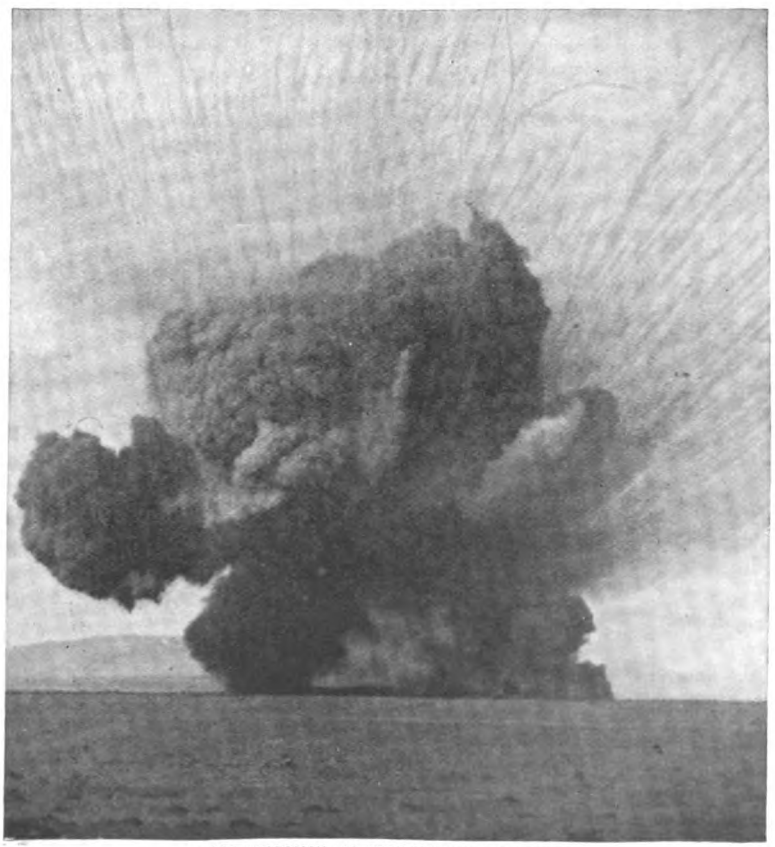
Let us examine for a moment more closely the projectiles which wrought such a splendid spectacle. Our first photograph shows a group of men arranging the projectiles. In the lower row are shells of a 9·45in. howitzer, the weight of each shell being two hundred and fifty pounds, with an explosive charge of black powder. Interspersed

READY FOR THE EXPLOSION.

between these are the service high explosive 6in. and 4·47in. shell, containing lyddite, the shells weighing one hundred pounds and forty-five pounds respectively. Regarding the larger projectiles, it is interesting to know that they were supplied for the howitzers intended for the siege of Pretoria. Curiously enough, these shells were part of a large consignment sent by train to Pretoria in June, 1900, but they never reached their destination. The train was intercepted by General De Wet, its contents looted, and the *débris*, including a large mail, a great quantity of clothing, and these very projectiles, was placed on a heap and fired. "When we covered fifteen hundred paces," wrote De Wet himself, "we heard the explosion of the first shells and wheeled round to view the conflagration. The night was very dark, and this rendered the sight that met our eyes still more imposing. It was the most beautiful display of fireworks that I have ever seen. One could hear between the thunder of the big bombs the dull report of exploding cordite. Meanwhile, the dark sky was resplendent with the red glow of the flames."

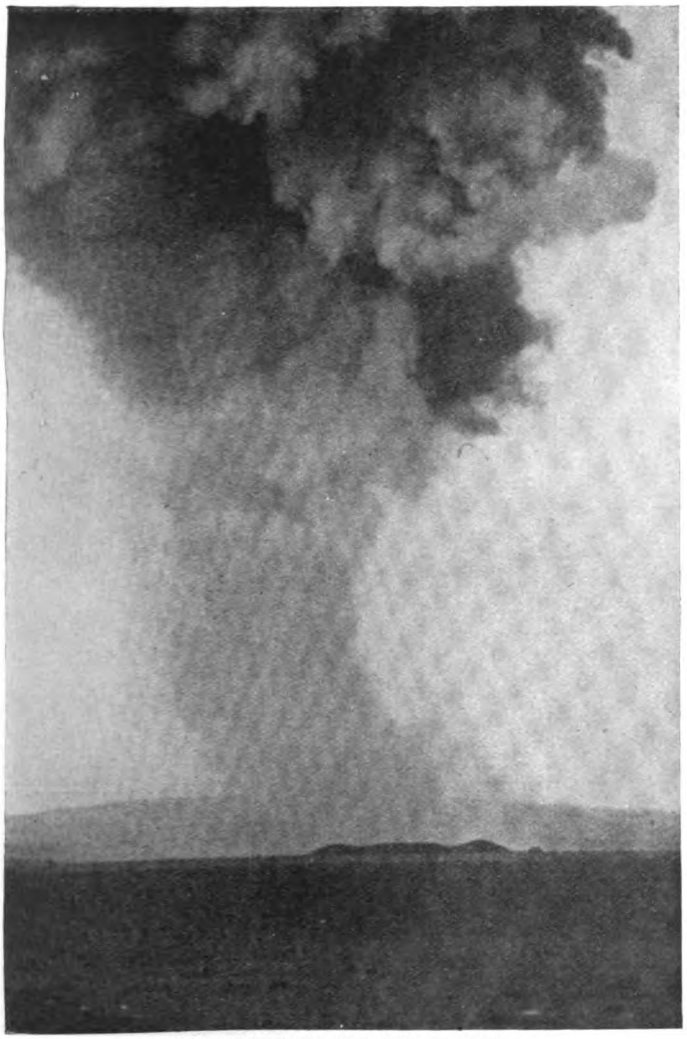
If we now look at the second illustration, showing sand-bags on top of the projectiles, we may note at either end of the mass a few white slabs. These are made of gun-cotton, used in the Army for all disruptive purposes, and by means of which this particular explosion was made possible. In its dry state gun-cotton explodes violently, but when damped with a certain percentage of water is harmless. If, however, it is subjected to the action of dry cotton—or, to put it better, if the cakes of wet gun-cotton are perforated to allow a "primer" of dry gun-cotton to be placed in the damp mass it is an even more powerful explosive than when wholly dry. The speed at which the detonation travels from one mass to another is at least eighteen thousand feet per second.

We may note, also, in our first photograph two thin ribbons of white leading from the mass of projectiles over the side and top of the pit. These were the electric wires by which the detonator was fired from a covered position some distance away. The photograph shows the officer in charge attaching the electric detonator containing the dry "primer" to the slab of gun-cotton. The wires were led to a block-house, where they were joined to a so-called "quantity exploder." One single pressure on the lever of this machine was all that was necessary to let Inferno loose.



THE EXPLOSION, AS SEEN HALF A MILE AWAY.

The camera which took these pictures, operated by Mr. H. Fane, of Bloemfontein, was placed half a mile from the scene of the explosion. A thick column of smoke five hundred



THE SPECTACLE A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

feet in height by two hundred feet wide burst from the bowels of the earth, succeeded by a deafening shock which shook the neighbouring town almost to its foundations. There was magnificence of colour in this mass of smoke. The greenish-yellow fumes of lyddite were distinctly to be seen, lending momentary beauty to the towering crest of smoke climbing so quickly into the clear atmosphere above. It was some minutes before this enormous mass of black was dispersed. Unfolding itself gradually as if it were tied together in a coil and welcomed its liberation, it disseminated itself sidewise and upwards, finally disappearing into the realms of space. In less time than it takes to write a small bit of dry cotton had turned a mass of inert matter, weighing thousands of pounds, into a demon of danger, had burst strong iron into thousands of flying fragments, and had pushed instantaneously upward, against a heavy weight of air, an enormous volume of dense and dangerous smoke.

What the downward effect of this immense explosion was may also be seen. The mass of shell was entirely shattered, and huge quantities of earth, dislodged by the detonation, covered the fragments in the pit. For some time after the explosion the pit was filled with noxious or poisonous gases which prevented approach. Fragments of the projectiles were found at any distance from twenty-five to two thousand yards away, one fragment of a 9·5 howitzer shell having been picked up eighteen hundred yards, or over a mile, from the pit itself.

THE RESULT OF THE EXPLOSION.

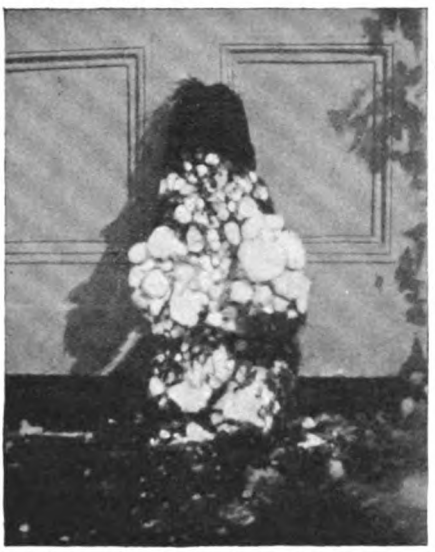
Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHAT IS THIS?

"I send you a photograph of my French poodle, taken after playing in deep snow. You will notice that the dog is begging. It might be interesting to know if your numerous readers can guess the subject



of the photograph. As she plunged in the snow small balls formed all over her body and legs, and some of them were bigger than cricket balls."—Miss Bridget N. C. Warner, Malmains, Frenchay, near Bristol.

REMARKABLE AUTOMOBILE.

"I send you a photograph of a remarkable automobile taken by Mr. D. H. Hammond; you will notice that its construction is peculiar. On close inspection it will be seen that the body is made of a wheelbarrow; the wheels are taken from a farmer's seed-drill; its tyres are cotton-covered garden hose; the seats being washboards and 'gem' tins; the tank, a galvanic auto-sprayer; mudguards, six-inch leather belting; the horn, gas tubing with tin funnel; the dash, wire cloth; and the handles, from cooking pots. Special notice should be taken of the chauffeur, who is made—the body of balls of cord and neck of a cone of cord." — Mr. Frank G. Gramer, 31, E. Main Street, Rochester, N.Y.

A POST-OFFICE WHICH COLLECTS AND DELIVERS.

"The original idea of a walking post-office comes from Seacombe, Cheshire, and was made by me to help the hospitals in cycle-parades, etc.; it has won many prizes. You may give the idea to the Postmaster-General for his consideration." — Mr. S. M. Jones, 65, Bell Road, Seacombe, Cheshire.

AN IMITATION ELEPHANT.

"The elephant seen in the photograph is generally made up by men of the 15th Company R.G.A., who have been to the East Indies and know the native language. As soon as completed the driver leads him round the barracks and the officers' quarters, the driver and his assistants using native language during the tour. This elephant can be made to dance or sing, the music being supplied by one of the men composing the elephant, who plays a mouth-organ. A piece of thin twine is made fast to the bottom of the trunk and passed through the blankets to one of the men underneath, and as he draws the string in to him so the trunk rises in the same manner as that of a real elephant would do when eating; on the thread being slackened the trunk is lowered to its original position. The dog enjoys the sport as well as anyone, and is quite content when he is on the elephant's back."—Mr. R. Morrison, 15th Company R.G.A., Londonderry.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice.

An Excellent Costly Watch of Rs. 7 with completes free.

Apply with half-anna stamp to—

MESSRS. M. A. GHATALAH & CO.,

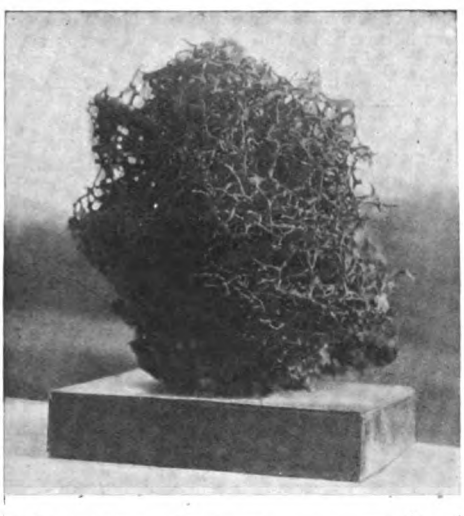
Chittoor, North Arcot.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS —."

"The cutting I send you is taken from the advertisement page of an English weekly, the *East*. It will give your readers an idea of the curious ways in which advertisements in English generally appear in Indian papers."—Mr. Brajrendra Krishna Shi, Wari, Dacca, Bengal, India.

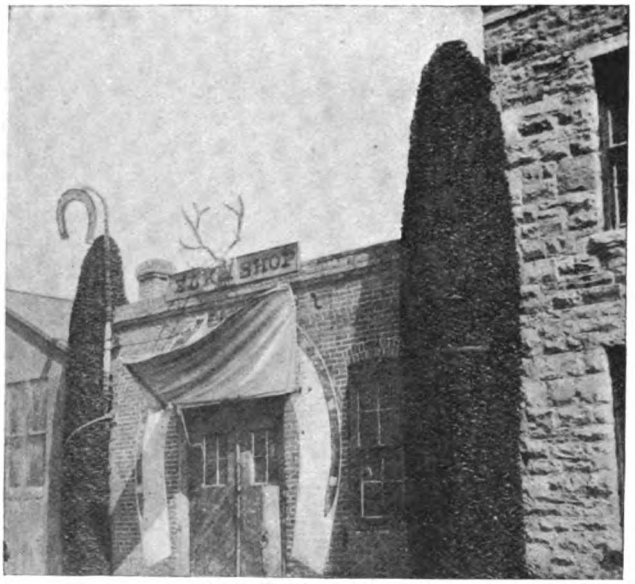
A WHITE MOLE.

"I send you a photo. which I think will be a rara avis to the majority of your readers, viz., a white mole. It should be especially interesting and instructive to the children, showing as it does the vast difference between the power of the front legs and the hind ones."—Mr. W. J. Nott, Temple Newsam, Leeds.



THE RAVAGES OF ANTS.

"I send you a photo. of fifteen inches of the end of a beam supporting the roof of a piano showroom in this city, which we took out and replaced by an iron girder a short time ago. The span of the roof is nineteen feet in the clear, and the beams are five feet apart; the weight of concrete roof which has been practically lying on this fifteen inches of rotten honeycomb is about four tons as near as possible. I may add that the only specimen of ant-eaten beam in the Indian Museum is, in comparison to this one, a solid block of wood."—Mr. Thos. W. Hall, 5, Garstin's Place, Hare Street, Calcutta.

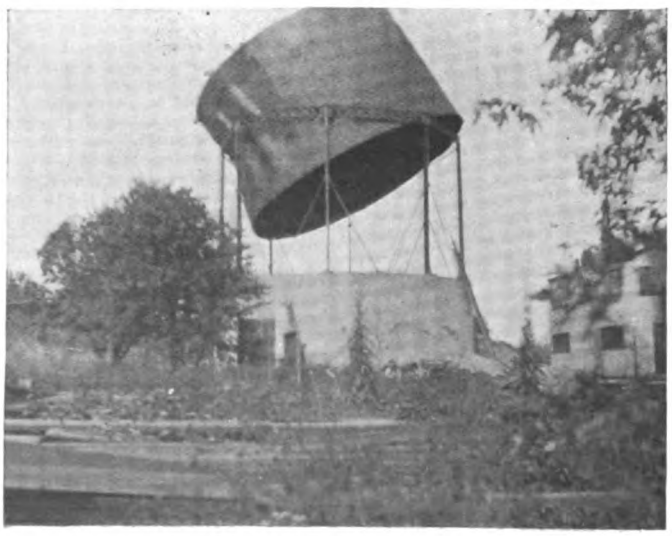


HORSESHOE COLUMNS.

"While in Fort Collins, Colorado, recently, my attention was attracted to a blacksmith's shop in front of which were two large pillars or columns made entirely of horseshoes which had been taken from horses shod in the shop. The columns are about eighteen and sixteen feet in height, as large as a hogshead at the base and tapering off near the top."—Mr. John D. Howe, Lock Box 776, Omaha, Nebraska.

CURIOUS EXPLOSION.

"This picture was taken by Thomas Stout, chief clerk of the City Solicitor's office at Philadelphia, Pa. It represents the freakish force of an explosion of gas which raised a gasometer, weighing twenty tons, fifty feet in the air, and let it drop down again upon the iron framework from which it was lifted. The tank had just been built for the North Pennsylvania Gas Company to supply the towns of Fort Washington, Ambler, and other suburbs of Philadelphia with gas. It was being filled for the first time, and it is thought that the explosion which occurred resulted from the injection of overheated gas. The explosion shook the air violently for a mile around and broke many windows. The return of the immense sheet-iron tank, which is twenty-five feet in height and thirty feet in diameter, to its present resting-place after sailing up in the air is remarkable."—Mr. Wm. B. Bray, 1,109, Market Street, Philadelphia.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH STATUE.

"The statue shown in the photograph is very curious, as the following will show. It was sculptured for, and represents, Louis XIV. of France, and was being conveyed to that country when the vessel containing it (and also the sculptor) was captured by an English ship commanded by Sir R. Holmes, a naval celebrity of that period. The body was finished, the head being left for completion on its arrival in France. On learning who it was for the English commander compelled the sculptor to finish it, by chiselling his (Holmes's) head on the King's body. Sir R. Holmes was afterwards made Governor of the Isle of Wight, and held this office from 1667 till 1692, and after his death the statue was erected to his memory and can still be seen in the quaint little church at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight."—Mr. H. E. Figgures, 123, High Street, Lymington.

A COLLISION MADE TO ORDER.

"This collision, which occurred between two locomotives, was 'made to order' for an exhibition given at Point of Pines, a resort near Boston, Mass. A track about a mile long was built from a railroad line and the engines run out on it, one being placed at either end of the track. They had been condemned by the railroad company as unfit for use for hauling trains, and it was decided to see what would be the result of driving them against one another. A full head of steam was generated on each; then the engineers pulled open the valves which started them and leaped to the ground. The engines met nearly half way, and were forced into the air by the shock, which tore off the pilot of each, broke off the smoke-stacks, and crushed in the front parts of each boiler, allowing the steam to escape in clouds. Pieces of iron were thrown five hundred feet away by the force of the collision, which was witnessed by ten thousand people."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.

"DOG-POWER."

"This is a photograph of a rudimentary pump employed for agricultural purposes in an out-of-the way part of Germany. The wheel is a kind of cage, in which the dog is incarcerated. He plunges continually forward, barking loudly the while, and the revolutions of the wheel thus produced set the necessary machinery in motion. At the time the photograph was taken the captive's movements were so rapid that he appears somewhat spectral in the picture. He is sometimes replaced by the boy on the left, who, by crawling forward, does the same work, though more slowly. The dog on the right is serving an apprenticeship."—Miss A. C. Metcalfe, Sutton Manor House, Wansford, Northants.

ENORMOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

"Amongst the many wonderful specimens of ingenuity in nest-building, that of the African social grosbeak is very remarkable, not for its neatness, however, for it is rather slovenly, but for its enormous size. Seen at a distance the nests resemble native huts

and, were they not so high, might easily be mistaken for such. They are built usually on a long, thick branch of a camel thorn tree, and one nest (or colony) comprises often more than a hundred nests closely packed together. The entrance being along the depending edge or fringe, no rain or wind can enter the comfortable abode. The weight of these nests (after years of additions for the growing family) becomes so great that even the thick branch around which they are built becomes unable to sustain the weight, the branch snaps during a wind storm, and the poor, helpless inmates find themselves homeless — many, no doubt, being killed by the fall. The bird itself is small, about the size of our English sparrow, and of the same colour."—Mr. A. J. Good, 83, Loop Street, Cape Town.

NOVEL USE FOR LAMP-STANDS.

"I send you two snap-shots of a lamp-stand, which my nephew and niece, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, dressed up to surprise us. I thought it so well done for such young folk that I snapped it."—Mr. J. S. Towgood, Parklands, 3, Park Crescent, Brighton.

A THIEVING JACKDAW.

"Below are the contents of a jackdaw's nest found in a chimney at Beech Hurst during alterations. Thinking it a curious collection I photographed it. Amongst the items are a wooden wheel of a child's perambulator, a cube block with the letter 'J' on it, a lead whistle-end of a toy trumpet, a doll's bath, half a tea saucer, pieces of wire, a pipe stem, a toy animal, a pocket of an apron, house flannel, brown paper, newspaper, sticks, hay, straw, etc., etc."—Mr. A. Nobbs, The Gardens, Beech Hurst, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

BEEF FED ON IRON.

"I send you a photograph of the contents of a heifer's stomach. The animal was bred in Ireland, and fattened for the butcher at Brough Sowerby, Westmorland. It seems to have thriven well on a mixed diet of iron, stone, and glass; while an occasional cartridge or two has, no doubt, helped it to go off at a good price when it was ready for the butcher."—Mr. J. B. Walton, 5, Poynder's Road, Clapham Park, S.W. Photo. by C. R. Davis.

"VANHEIMERT WAS LED A LONG MILE THROUGH THE SCRUB, WITH HOWIE AT HIS HEELS."

(*See page* 132.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. FEBRUARY, 1905. No. 170.

STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. Hornung.

VI.—"TO THE VILE DUST."

VANHEIMERT had been in many dust-storms, but never in such a storm so far from the haunts of men. Awaking in his blanket with his mouth full of sand, he had opened his eyes to the blinding sting of a storm which already shrouded the very tree under which he lay. Other landmarks there were none; the world was swallowed in a yellow swirl that turned browner and more opaque even as Vanheimert shook himself out of his blanket and ran for the fence as for his life. He had only left it in order to camp where his tree had towered against the stars; it could not be a hundred yards away; and along the fence ran that beaten track to which the bushman turned instinctively in his panic. In a few seconds he was groping with outstretched hands to break the violence of a collision with invisible wires; in a few minutes, standing at a loss, wondering where the wires or he had got to, and whether it would not be wise to retrace his steps and try again. And while he wondered a fit of coughing drove the dust from his mouth like smoke; and even as he coughed the thickening swirl obliterated his tracks as swiftly as heavy snow.

"HE WAS GROPING WITH OUTSTRETCHED HANDS."

Speckled eye-balls stood out of a sanded face as Vanheimert saw himself adrift and drowning in the dust. He was a huge young fellow, and it was a great, smooth face from which the gaping mouth cut a slice from jaw to jaw. Terror and rage, and an overpowering passion of self-pity, convulsed the coarse features in turn; then, with the grunt of a wounded beast, he rallied and plunged to his destruction, deeper and deeper into the bush, farther and farther from the fence.

The trees were few and mostly stunted, but Vanheimert crashed into more than one upon his headlong course. The sense was choked out of him already; he was fleeing on the wings of the storm; of direction he thought no more. He forgot that the run he had been traversing was at the best abandoned by man and beast; he forgot the lazy days that he had promised himself at the deserted homestead where he had once worked as a lad. He might have remembered that the paddock in which he was burying himself had always been the largest in the district. It was a ten-mile block without subdividing fence or drop of water from end to end. The whole station was a howling desert, little likely to be stocked a second time by enlightened man. But this was the desert's heart, and into it sped Vanheimert, coated yellow to the eyes and

lips, the dust-fiend himself in visible shape. Now he staggered in his stride, now fell headlong to cough and sob in the hollow of his arm. The unfortunate young man had the courage of his desperate strait. Many times he arose and hurled himself onward with curse or prayer; many times he fell or flung himself back to earth. But at length the storm passed over and over his spent members; sand gathered by the handful in the folds of his clothes; the end was as near as end could be.

It was just then that two riders, who fancied they had heard a voice, struck an undoubted trail before it vanished, and followed it to the great sprawling body in which the dregs of life pulsed feebly. The thing groaned as it was lifted and strapped upon a horse; it muttered nonsense at the taste of raw spirits later in the same hour. It was high noon before Vanheimert opened a seeing eye and blinked it in the unveiled sun.

He was lying on a blanket in a treeless hollow in the midst of trees. The ground had been cleared by no human hand; it was a little basin of barren clay, burnt to a brick, and drained by the tiny water-hole that sparkled through its thatch of leaves and branches in the centre of a natural circle. Vanheimert lay on the eastern circumference; it was the sun falling sheer on his upturned face that cut short his sleep of deep exhaustion. The sky was a dark, pellucid blue; but every leaf within Vanheimert's vision bore its little load of sand, and the sand was clotted as though the dust-storm had ended with the usual shower. Vanheimert turned and viewed the sylvan amphitheatre; on its farther side were two small tents, and a man in a folding-chair reading the *Australasian*. He closed the paper on meeting Vanheimert's eyes, went to the farther tent, stood a moment looking in, and then came across the sunlit circle with the newspaper in one hand and the folded chair in the other.

"And how do you feel now?" said he, setting up the chair beside the blanket, but still standing, as he surveyed the prostrate man with dark eyes drawn together in the shade of a great straw sombrero.

"Fine!" replied Vanheimert, huskily. "But where am I, and who are you chaps? Rabbiters?"

As he spoke, however, he searched for the inevitable strings of rabbit-skins festooned about the tents, and found them not.

"If you like," replied the other, frowning a little at the immediate curiosity of the rescued man.

"I don't like," said Vanheimert, staring unabashed. "I'm a rabbiter myself and know too much. It ain't no game for abandoned stations, and you don't go playin' it in top-boots and spurs. Where's your skins and where's your squatter to pay for 'em? Plucky rabbiters, you two."

And he gazed across the open towards the farther tent, which had just disgorged a long body and a black beard not wholly unfamiliar to Vanheimert. The dark man was a shade darker as he followed the look and read its partial recognition; but a grim light came with quick resolve, and it was with sardonic deliberation that an eye-glass was screwed into one dark eye.

"Then what should you say that we are?"

"How do I know?" cried Vanheimert, turning pale; for he had been one of the audience at Mrs. Clarkson's concert in Gulland's store, and in consecutive moments he had recognised first Howie and now Stingaree.

"You know well enough!"

And the terrible eye-glass covered him like a pistol.

"Perhaps I can guess," faltered Vanheimert, no small brain working in his prodigious skull.

"Guess, then!"

"There are tales about a new chum camping by himself—that is, just with one man———"

"And what object?"

"To get away from the world, sir."

"And where did you hear these tales?"

"All along the road, sir."

The chastened tone, the anxious countenance, the sudden recourse to the servile monosyllable, were none of them lost on Stingaree; but he had once set such a tale abroad, and it might be that the present bearer still believed it. The eye-glass looked him through and through. Vanheimert bore the inspection like a man, and was soon satisfied that his recognition of the outlaw was as yet quite unsuspected. He congratulated himself on his presence of mind, and had sufficient courage to relish the excitement of a situation of which he also perceived the peril.

"I suppose you have no recollection of how you got here?" at length said Stingaree.

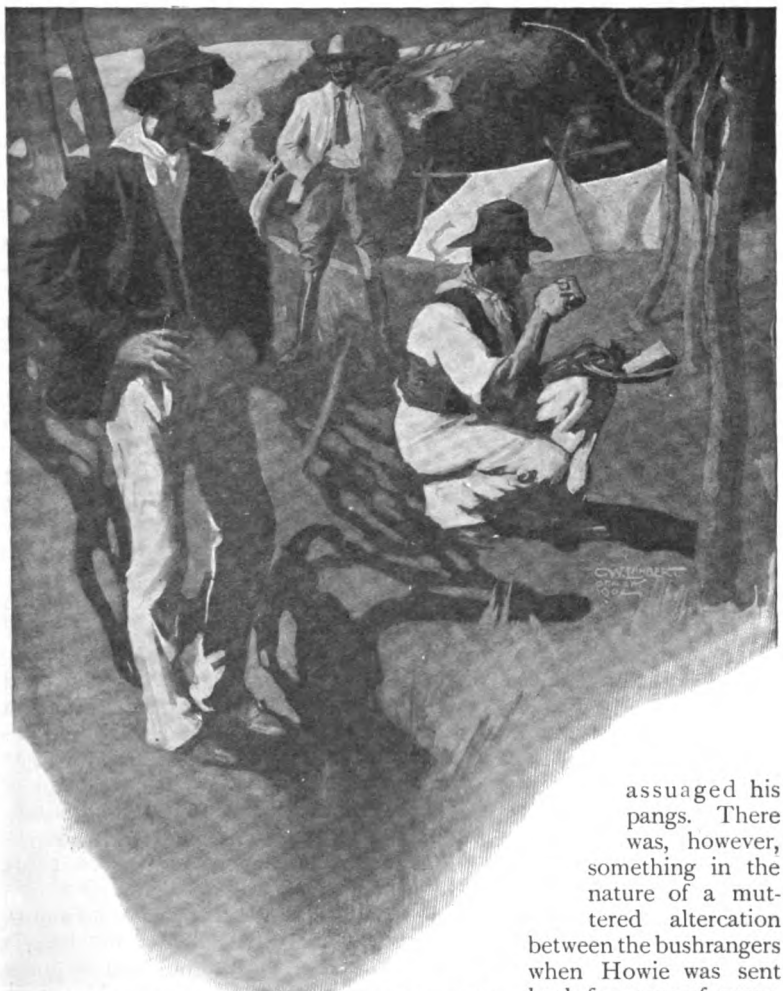
"Not me. I only remember the dust-storm." And Vanheimert shuddered where he lay in the sun. "But I'm very grateful to you, sir, for saving my life."

"You are, are you?"

"Haven't I cause to be, sir?"

"Well, I dare say we did bring you round between us, but it was pure luck that we ever came across you. And now I should lie quiet if I were you. In a few minutes there'll be a pannikin of tea for you, and after that you'll feel a different man."

Vanheimert lay quiet enough; there was much to occupy his mind. Instinctively he had assumed a part, and he was only less quick to embrace the necessity of a perfectly consistent performance. He watched Stingaree in close conversation with Howie, who was boiling the billy on a spirit-lamp between the two tents, but he watched them with an admirable simulation of idle unconcern. They were talking about him, of course; more than once they glanced in his direction; and each time Vanheimert congratulated himself the more heartily on the ready pretence to which he was committed. Let them but dream that he knew them and Vanheimert gave himself as short a shrift as he would have granted in their place. But they did not dream it, they were off their guard, and rather at his mercy than he at theirs. He might prove the immediate instrument of their capture—why not? The thought put Vanheimert in a glow; on the blanket where they had laid him he dwelt on it without a qualm; and the same wide mouth watered for the tea which these villains were making and for their blood.



"STINGAREE AT HIS DISTANCE WATCHED THEM BOTH."

It was Howie who came over with the steaming pannikin and watched Vanheimert as he sipped and smacked his lips, while Stingaree at his distance watched them both. The pannikin was accompanied by a tin plateful of cold mutton and a wedge of baking-powder bread, which between them prevented the ravening man from observing how closely he was himself observed as he assuaged his pangs. There was, however, something in the nature of a muttered altercation between the bushrangers when Howie was sent back for more of everything. Vanheimert put it down to his own demands, and felt that Stingaree was his friend when it was he who brought the fresh supplies.

"Eat away," said Stingaree, seating himself on the camp-stool and producing pipe and tobacco. "It's rough fare, but there's plenty of it."

"I won't ask you for no more," replied Vanheimert, paving the way for his escape.

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Stingaree. "You're going to camp with us for the next few days, my friend!"

"Why am I?" cried Vanheimert, aghast at the quiet statement, which it never occurred to him to gainsay. Stingaree pared a pipeful of tobacco and rubbed it fine before troubling to reply.

"Because the way out of this takes some finding, and what's the use of escaping an unpleasant death one day if you go and die the next? That's one reason," said Stingaree; "but there's another. The other reason is that, now you're here, you don't go till I choose."

Blue wreaths of smoke went up with the words, which might have phrased either a humorous hospitality or a covert threat. The dispassionate tone told nothing. But Vanheimert felt the eye-glass on him, and his hearty appetite was at an end.

"That's real kind of you," said he. "I don't feel like running no more risks till I'm obliged. My nerves are shook; and if a born back-blocker may make so bold, it's a fair old treat to see a new chum camping out for the fun of it!"

"Who told you I was a new chum?" asked Stingaree, sharply. "Ah! I remember," he added, nodding; "you heard of me lower down the road."

Vanheimert grinned from ear to ear.

"I'd have known it without that," said he. "What real bushmen would boil their billy on a spirit-lamp when there's wood and to spare for a camp-fire on all sides of 'em?"

Now, Vanheimert clearly perceived the superiority of smokeless spirit-lamp to tell-tale fire from the point of view of those in hiding; so he chuckled consumedly over this thrust, which was taken in such excellent part by Stingaree as to prove him a victim to the desired illusion. It was the cleverest touch that Vanheimert had yet achieved. And he had the wit neither to blunt his point by rubbing it in nor to recall attention to it by subtle protestation of his pretended persuasion. But once or twice before sundown he permitted himself to ask natural questions concerning the old country, and to indulge in those quiet gibes which the Englishman in the bush learns to expect from the indigenous buffoon.

In the night Vanheimert was less easy. He had to sleep in Howie's tent, but it was some hours before he slept at all, for Howie would remain outside, and Vanheimert longed to hear him snore. At last he fell into a doze, and when he woke the auspicious music filled the tent. He listened on one elbow, peering till the darkness turned less dense; and there lay Howie across the opening of the tent. Vanheimert reached for his thin, elastic-sided bushman's boots, and his hands trembled as he drew them on. He could now see the form of Howie plainly enough as it lay half in the starlight and half in the darkness of the tent. He stepped over it without mistake, and the deep diapason went on behind him.

The stars seemed unnaturally bright and busy as Vanheimert stole into their tremulous light. At first he could distinguish nothing earthly; then the tents came sharply into focus, and after them the ring of impenetrable trees. The trees whispered a chorus, myriads strong, in a chromatic scale that sang but faintly of the open country. There were palpable miles of wilderness, and none other lodge but this, yet the psychological necessity for escape was stronger in Vanheimert than the bodily reluctance to leave the insecure security of the bushrangers' encampment. He was their prisoner, whatever they might say, and the sense of captivity was intolerable; besides, let them but surprise his knowledge of their secret, and they would shoot him like a dog. On the other hand, beyond the forest and along the beaten track lay fame and a small fortune in direct reward.

Before departure Vanheimert wished to peep into the other tent, but its open end was completely covered in for the night, and prudence forbade him to meddle with his hands. He had an even keener desire to steal one or other of the horses which he had seen before nightfall tethered in the scrub; but here again he lacked enterprise, fancied the saddles must be in Stingaree's tent, and shrank from committing himself to an action which nothing, in the event of disaster, could explain away. On foot he need not put himself in the wrong, even with villains ready to suspect that he suspected them.

And on foot he went—indeed, on tip-toe till the edge of the trees was reached without adventure, and he turned to look his last upon the two tents shimmering in the starlight. As he turned again, satisfied that the one was still shut and that Howie still lay across the opening of the other, a firm hand took Vanheimert by either shoulder, otherwise he had leapt into the air; for it was Stingaree, who had stepped from behind a bush as from another planet, so suddenly that Vanheimert nearly gasped his dreadful name.

"I couldn't sleep! I couldn't sleep!" he cried out instead, shrinking as from a lifted

hand, though he was merely being shaken playfully to and fro.

"No more could I," said Stingaree.

"So I was going for a stroll. That was all, I swear, Mr.—Mr.—I don't know your name!"

"Quite sure?" said Stingaree.

"My oath! How should I?"

"You might have heard it down the road."

"Not me!"

"Yet you heard of me, you know."

"Not by name—my oath!"

Stingaree peered into the great face, in which the teeth were chattering and from which all trace of colour had flown.

"I shouldn't eat you for knowing who I am," said he. "Honesty is still a wise policy in certain circumstances; but you know best."

"I know nothing about you, and care less," retorted Vanheimert, sullenly, though the perspiration was welling out of him. "I come for a stroll because I couldn't sleep, and I can't see what all this barney's about."

"'I COULDN'T SLEEP! I COULDN'T SLEEP!' HE CRIED OUT."

Stingaree dropped his hands.

"Do you want to sleep?"

"My blessed oath!"

"Then come to my tent, and I'll give you a nobbler that may make you."

The nobbler was poured out of a gallon jar, under Vanheimert's nose, by the light of a candle which he held himself. Yet he smelt it furtively before trying it with his lips, and denied himself a gulp till he was reassured. But soon the empty pannikin was held out for more. And it was the starless hour before dawn when Vanheimert tripped over Howie's legs and took a contented header into the corner from which he had made his stealthy escape.

The tent was tropical when he awoke, but Stingaree was still at his breakfast outside in the shade. He pointed to a bucket and a piece of soap behind the tent, and Vanheimert engaged in obedient ablutions before sitting down to his pannikin, his slice of damper, and his portion of a tin of sardines.

"Sorry there's no meat for you," said Stingaree. "My mate's gone for fresh supplies. By the way, did you miss your boots?"

Vanheimert looked at a pair of dilapidated worsted socks and at one protruding toe; he was not sure whether he had gone to bed for the second time in these or in his boots. Certainly he had missed the latter on his second awakening, but had not deemed it expedient to make inquiries, and he now merely said that he wondered where he could have left them.

"On your feet," said Stingaree. "My mate

has made so bold as to borrow them for the day."

"He's welcome to them, I'm sure," said Vanheimert, with a sickly smile.

"I was sure you would say so," rejoined Stingaree. "His own are reduced to uppers and half a heel apiece, but he hopes to get them soled in Ivanhoe while he waits."

"So he's gone to Ivanhoe, has he?"

"He's been gone three hours."

"Surely it's a long trip?"

"Yes; we shall have to make the most of each other till sundown," said Stingaree, gazing through his glass upon Vanheimert's perplexity. "If I were you I should take my revenge by bagging anything of his that I could find for the day."

And with a cavalier nod, as though that were the last word on the subject, the bush-ranger gave himself over to his camp-chair, his pipe, and his inexhaustible *Australasian*. As for Vanheimert, he eventually returned to the tent in which he had spent the night, and there he remained a good many minutes, though it was now the forenoon, and the heat under canvas already intense. But when at length he emerged, Stingaree, seated behind his *Australasian* in the lee of the other tent, took so little notice of him that Vanheimert crept back to have one more look at the thing which he had found in the old valise which served Howie for a pillow. And the thing was a very workmanlike revolver, with a heavy cartridge in each of its six chambers.

Vanheimert handled it with trembling fingers, and packed it afresh in the pocket where it least affected his personal contour, its angles softened by a big bandana handkerchief, only to take it out yet again with a resolution that made his face stream in the heated tent. The blanket that had been lent to him, and Howie's blanket, both lay at his feet; he threw one over either arm, and with the revolver thus effectually concealed, but grasped for action with finger on trigger, sallied forth at last.

Stingaree was still seated in the narrowing shade of his own tent. Vanheimert was within five paces of him before he looked up so very quickly, with such a rapid adjustment of the terrible eye-glass, that Vanheimert stood stock-still, and the butt of his hidden weapon turned colder than ever in his melting hand.

"Why, what have you got there?" cried Stingaree. "And what's the matter with you, man?" he added, as Vanheimert stood shaking in his socks.

"Only his blankets, to camp on," the fellow answered, hoarsely. "You advised me to help myself, you know."

"Quite right; so I did; but you're as white as the tent—you tremble like a leaf. What's wrong?"

"My head," replied Vanheimert, in a whine. "It's going round and round, either from what I had in the night, or lying too long in the hot tent, or one on top of the other. I thought I'd camp for a bit in the shade."

"I should," said Stingaree, and buried himself in his paper with undisguised contempt.

Vanheimert came a step nearer. Stingaree did not look up again. The revolver was levelled under one trailing blanket. But the trigger was never pulled. Vanheimert feared to miss even at arm's length, so palsied was his hand, so dim his eye; and when he would have played the man and called desperately on the other to surrender, the very tongue clove in his head.

He slunk over to the shady margin of surrounding scrub and lay aloof all the morning, now fingering the weapon in his pocket, now watching the man who never once looked his way. He was a bushranger and an outlaw; he deserved to die or to be taken; and Vanheimert's only regret was that he had neither taken nor shot him at their last interview. The bloodless alternative was to be borne in mind, yet in his heart he well knew that the bullet was his one chance with Stingaree. And even with the bullet he was horribly uncertain and afraid. But of hesitation on any higher ground, of remorse or of reluctance, or the desire to give fair play, he had none at all. The man whom he had stupidly spared so far was a notorious criminal with a high price upon his head. It weighed not a grain with Vanheimert that the criminal happened to have saved his life.

"Come and eat," shouted Stingaree at last; and Vanheimert trailed the blankets over his left arm, his right thrust idly into his pocket, which bulged with a red bandana handkerchief. "Sorry it's sardines again," the bushranger went on, "but we shall make up with a square feed to-night if my mate gets back by dark; if he doesn't, we may have to tighten our belts till morning. Fortunately, there's plenty to drink. Have some whisky in your tea?"

Vanheimert nodded, and with an eye on the bushranger, who was once more stooping over his beloved *Australasian*, helped himself enormously from the gallon jar.

"And now for a siesta," yawned Stingaree,

rising and stretching himself after the meal.

"Hear, hear!" croaked Vanheimert, his great face flushed, his bloodshot eyes on fire.

"I shall camp on the shady side of my tent."

"And I'll do ditto at the other."

"So long, then."

"So long."

"Sweet repose to you!"

"Same to you," rasped Vanheimert, and went off cursing and chuckling in his heart by turns.

It was a sweltering afternoon of little air, and that little as hot and dry in the nostrils as the atmosphere of a laundry on ironing day. Beyond and above the trees a fiery blast blew from the north; but it was seldom a wandering puff stooped to flutter the edges of the tents in the little hollow among the trees. And into this empty basin poured a vertical sun, as if through some giant lens which had burnt a hole in the heart of the scrub. Lulled by the faint perpetual murmur of leaf and branch, without a sound from bird or beast to break its soothing monotone, the two men lay down within a few yards, though out of sight, of each other. And for a time all was very still.

Then Vanheimert rose slowly, without a sound, and came on tip-toe to the other tent, his right hand in the pocket where the bandana handkerchief had been, but was no longer. He came close up to the sunny side of the tent and listened vainly for a sound. But Stingaree lay like a log in the shade on the farther side, his face to the canvas and his straw sombrero tilted over it. And so Vanheimert found him, breathing with the placid regularity of a sleeping child.

"THE REVOLVER WAS LEVELLED UNDER ONE TRAILING BLANKET."

Vanheimert looked about him; only the ring of impenetrable trees and the deep blue eye of Heaven would really see what happened. But as to what exactly was to happen Vanheimert himself was not clear as he drew the revolver ready-cocked; even he shrank from shooting a sleeping man; what he desired and yet feared was a sudden start, a semblance of resistance, a swift, justifiable shot. And as his mind's eye measured the dead man at his feet, the live man turned slowly over on his back.

It was too much for Vanheimert's nerves. The revolver went off in his hands. But it was only a cap that snapped, and another, and another, as he stepped back firing desperately. Stingaree sat upright, looking his treacherous enemy in the eye, through the glass in which it seemed he slept. And when the sixth cap snapped as harmlessly as the other five, Vanheimert caught the revolver by its barrel to throw or to strike. But the raised arm was seized from behind by Howie, who had crept from the scrub at the snapping of the first cap; at the same moment Stingaree sprang upon him; and in less than a minute Vanheimert lay powerless, grinding his teeth, foaming and bleeding at the mouth, and filling the air with nameless imprecations.

"STINGAREE SPRANG UPON HIM."

The bushrangers let him curse; not a word did they bandy with him or with each other. Their action was silent, swift, concerted, prearranged. They lashed their prisoner's wrists together, lashed his elbows to his ribs, hobbled his ankles, and tethered him to a tree by the longest and the stoutest of their many ropes. The tree was the one under which Vanheimert had found himself the day before; in the afternoon it was exposed to the full fury of the sun; and in the sun they left him, quieter already, but not so quiet as they. It was near sundown when they returned to look upon a broken man, crouching in his toils like a beaten beast, with undying malice in his swollen eyes. And Stingaree sat at his prisoner's feet, offering him tobacco without a sneer, and lighting his own when his offer was declined with a curse.

"When we came upon you yesterday morning in the storm, one of us was for leaving you to die in your tracks," began Stingaree. He was immediately interrupted by his mate.

"That was me!" cried Howie, with a savage satisfaction.

"It doesn't matter which of us it was," continued Stingaree; "the other talked him over; we put you on one of our horses, and we brought you more dead than alive to the place which no other man has seen since we took a fancy to it. We saved your miserable life, I won't say at the risk of our own, but at risk enough even if you had not recognised us. We were going to see you through, whether you knew us or not; before this we should have set you on the road from which you had strayed. I thought you must know us at sight, but when you denied it I saw no reason to disbelieve you. It only dawned on me by degrees that you were lying, though Howie here was sure of it all along. I couldn't make out your game; if it was funk I could have understood it; so I tried to get you to own up in the night. I let you see that we didn't mind whether you knew us or not, and yet you persisted in your lie. So then I smelt something deeper. But we had gone out of our way to save your life. I couldn't believe that you would go out of your way to take ours!"

Stingaree paused, smoking his pipe.

"But I could!" cried Howie.

"I never meant taking your lives," muttered Vanheimert. "I meant taking you—as you deserved."

"We scarcely deserved it of you; but that is a matter of opinion. As for taking us alive, no doubt you would have preferred to do so if it had seemed equally safe and easy; you had not the pluck to take a single risk. You were given every chance. I sent Howie into the scrub, took the powder out of six cartridges, and put what anybody would have taken for a loaded revolver all but into your hands. I sat at your mercy, really longing for the sensation of being stuck up for a change. If you had stuck me up like a

man," said Stingaree, reflectively examining his pipe, "you might have lived to tell the tale."

There was an interval of the faint, persistent rustling of branch and leaf, varied by the screech of a distant cockatoo and the nearer cry of a crow, as the dusk deepened into night as expeditiously as on the stage. Vanheimert was not awed by the quiet voice to which he had been listening. It lacked the note of violence which he understood; it even lulled him into a belief that he would still live to tell the tale. But in the dying light he looked up, and in the fierce, unrelenting face, made the more sinister by its foppish furniture, he read his doom.

"You tried to shoot me in my sleep," said Stingaree, speaking slowly, with intense articulation. "That's your gratitude! You will live just long enough to wish that you had shot yourself instead!"

Stingaree rose.

"You may as well shoot me now!" cried Vanheimert, with a husky effort.

"Shoot you! I'm not going to *shoot* you at all; shooting's too good for scum like you. But you are to die—make no mistake about that. And soon; but not to-night. That would not be fair on you, for reasons which I leave to your imagination. You will lie where you are to-night; and you will be watched and fed like your superiors in the condemned cell. The only difference is that I can't tell you when it will be. It may be to-morrow—I don't think it will—but you may number your days on the fingers of both hands."

So saying, Stingaree turned on his heel, and was lost to sight in the shades of evening before he reached his tent. But Howie remained on duty with the condemned man.

As such Vanheimert was treated from the first hour of his captivity. Not a rough word was said to him; and his own unbridled outbursts were received with as much indifference as the abject prayers and supplications which were their regular reaction. The ebbing life was ordered on that principle of high humanity which might be the last refinement of calculated cruelty. The prisoner was so tethered to such a tree that it was no longer necessary for him to spend a moment in the red eye of the sun. He could follow a sufficient shade from dawn to dusk. His boots were restored to him; a blanket was permitted him day and night; but night and day he was sedulously watched, and neither knife nor fork was provided with his meals. His fare was relatively not inferior to that of the legally condemned, whose notorious privileges and restrictions served the bushrangers for a model.

"NIGHT AND DAY HE WAS SEDULOUSLY WATCHED."

And Vanheimert clung to the hope of a reprieve with all the sanguine tenacity of his ill-starred class, though it did seem with more encouragement as a whole. For the days went on, and each of many mornings brought

its own respite till the next. The welcome announcement was invariably made by Howie after a colloquy with his chief, which Vanheimert watched with breathless interest for a day or two, but thereafter with increasing coolness. They were trying to frighten him; they did not mean it, any more than Stingaree had meant to shoot the young man who had the temerity to put a pistol to his head after the affair of the Glenranald bank. The case of lucky Fergus, justly celebrated throughout the colony, was a great comfort to Vanheimert's mind; he could see but little difference between the two; but if his treachery was the greater, so also was the ordeal to which he was being subjected. In the light of a mere ordeal he soon regarded what he was invited to consider as his last days on earth, and in the conviction that they were not, began suddenly to bear them like a man. This change of front produced its fellow in Stingaree, who apologized to Vanheimert for the delay, which he vowed he could not help. Vanheimert was a little shaken by his manner, though he smiled behind the bushranger's back. And he could scarcely believe his ears when, the very next morning, Howie told him that his hour was come.

"Rot!" said Vanheimert, with a confident expletive.

"Oh, all right," said Howie. "But if you don't believe me, I'm sorrier for you than I was."

He slouched away, but Vanheimert had no stomach for the tea and damper which had been left behind. It was unusual for him to be suffered to take a meal unwatched; something unusual was in the air. Stingaree emerged from the scrub leading the two horses. Vanheimert began to figure the fate that might be in store for him. And the horses, saddled and bridled before his eyes, were led over to where he sat.

"Are you going to shoot me before you go," he cried, "or are you going to leave me to die alone?"

"Neither here," said Stingaree. "We're too fond of the camp."

It was his first brutal speech, but the brutality was too subtle for Vanheimert. He began to believe that something dreadful might happen to him after all. The pinions were removed from his arms and legs, the long rope detached from the tree and made fast to one of Stingaree's stirrups instead. And by it Vanheimert was led a long mile through the scrub, with Howie at his heels.

A red sun had risen on the camp, but in the scrub it ceased to shine, and the first open space was as sunless as the dense bush. Spires of sand kept whirling from earth to sky, joining other spinning spires, forming a monster balloon of yellow sand, a balloon that swelled until it burst, obscuring first the firmament and then the earth. But the mind of Vanheimert was so busy with the fate he feared that he did not realize that he was in another dust-storm until Stingaree, at the end of the rope, was swallowed like a tug in a fog. And even then Vanheimert's peculiar terror of a dust-storm did not link itself to the fear of sudden death which had at last been put into him. But the moment of mental enlightenment was at hand.

The rope trailed on the ground as Stingaree loomed large and yellow through the storm. He had dropped his end. Vanheimert glanced over his shoulder, and Howie loomed large and yellow behind him.

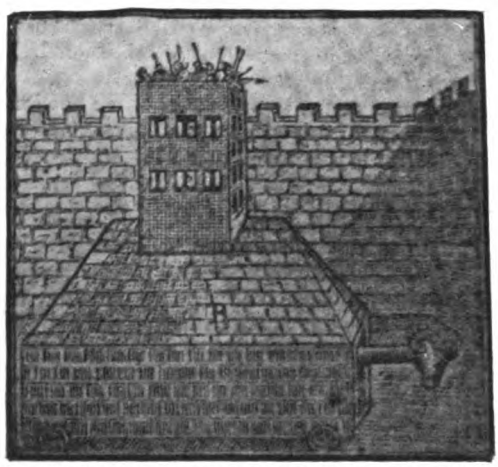
"You will now perceive the reason for so many days' delay," said Stingaree. "I have been waiting for such a dust-storm as the one from which we saved you to be rewarded as you endeavoured to reward me. You might, perhaps, have preferred me to make shorter work of you, but on consideration you will see that this is not only just but generous. The chances are all against you, and all in favour of a more unpleasant death; but it is just possible that the storm may pass before it finishes you, and that you may then hit the fence before you die of thirst, and at the worst we leave you no worse off than we found you. And that, I hold, is more than you had any right to expect. So long!"

The thickening storm had swallowed man and horse once more. Vanheimert looked round. The second man and the second horse had also vanished. And his own tracks were being obliterated as fast as foot-marks in blinding snow.

Odd Pictures by Famous Artists.

By Ronald Graham.

IN the December number of The Strand Magazine there were shown a couple of fashion-plates executed by artists who afterwards achieved world-wide renown, the one—Meissonier—as a painter, the other—"Phiz"—as a delineator of life and manners. If the whole truth of any celebrated artist's life could be known and all his fugitive and irregular productions given to the world it would perhaps occasion much astonishment—it would certainly prove to many a source of entertainment. A successful career, as the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., once remarked to the writer, is "a sum of zigzags," and very few great men arrive at their goal without numerous experiments and adventures. In his youth Romney painted alehouse sign-boards, Gainsborough was an indifferent engraver's apprentice, Benjamin West coloured children's alphabets.



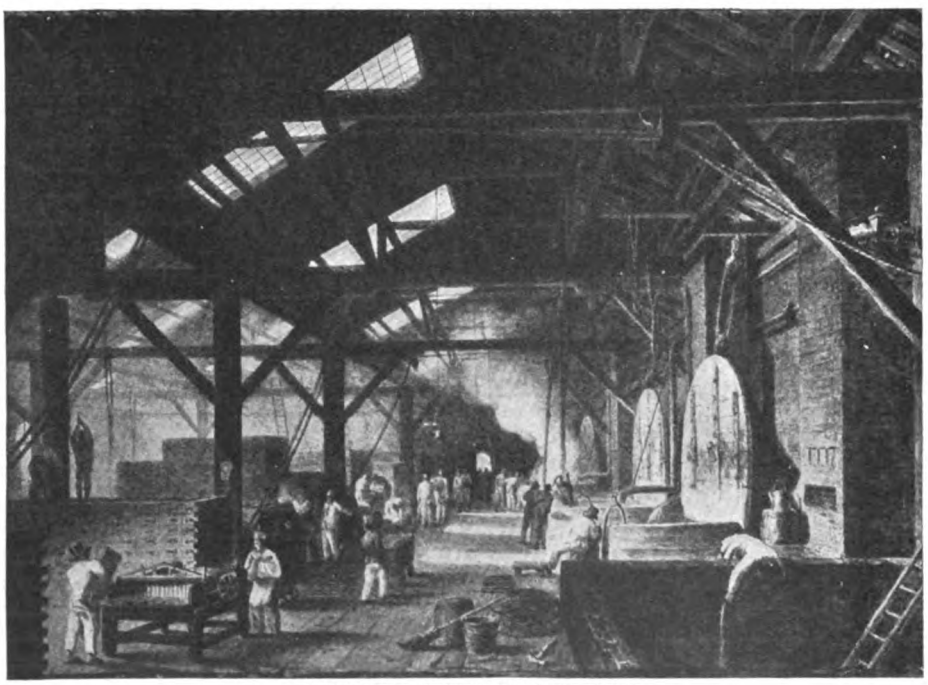
A SPECIMEN OF THE WORK OF GAINSBOROUGH WHEN A WOOD-ENGRAVER'S APPRENTICE.

Recognising, then, the interest which naturally attaches to the productions of an artist which exhibit him in a character in which he is wholly unfamiliar to the world at large, the present writer has been at some pains to drag forth out of oblivion a dozen or so examples of work which, whatever their artistic merits, often tell eloquently one phase of their maker's story. Let us begin with the little woodcuts wrought by the youthful Gainsborough, the original blocks of which are believed to be in existence. "In Gainsborough's lifetime," wrote a correspondent to Leigh Hunt, "Thicknesse had a collection of seven or eight woodcuts mounted in a small portfolio. They were extremely small, and struck me as being of a very rude character when compared with Bewick. When I had examined them and inquired for what purpose they were kept, he informed me that they had been cut by the celebrated Mr. Gainsborough, when apprentice to Mr. Gravelot, the engraver, and that they had seen the light in various publications by old Cave and Hayman. One or two I distinctly remember having seen, I think, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* — an ancient battering-ram, with the ram's head shown very clearly, and the stern part of a Scriptural ship."

From this description there can be no doubt that these are the two blocks which figure in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in May and July, 1743. The design of one—that of the battering-ram, here reproduced—appears to have been borrowed from a steel plate by Villeneuve. At this time young Gainsborough had been a year in London as an apprentice to Gravelot, and, being a particularly clever lad, was doubtless permitted to try his hand upon many of the smallest cuts which fell to his employer's lot.

PORTION OF A BROADSIDE DONE BY ROMNEY FOR THIRTY SHILLINGS.

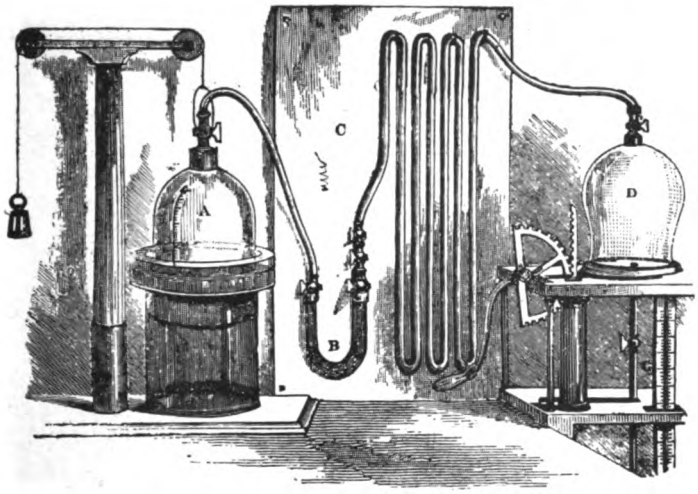
Almost rivalling these in interest is the broadside relating to English Coronation processions, done by George Romney soon after the accession of George III., for which the artist received the munificent sum of thirty shillings. According to one writer, this cartoon was done at the suggestion of a friend and correspondent of Joseph Cave, the bookseller, and brother of Dr. Johnson's patron. It merely represents a large number of male and female figures, apparelled in Court costume and in the act of walking, each group according to their rank. The whole detail for the drawing was said to be furnished by a nobleman who was an coiffeur; and his successor, Sir Benjamin West, toiled laboriously for several days, we are told, at a sort of contour map of Italy, for what purpose it would be difficult to say. But these appear to have vanished, and our next pictorial example is drawn from the works of the illustrious J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Few people nowadays can conceive of this great painter as being a fit and proper person to receive a commission from a soap-boiler to draw the interior of a soap factory. But we must remember that Turner was not then great, that he was only the talented son of a barber in Maiden Lane, Strand; we might even recall, besides, what an important part



A SOAP-BOILER'S ADVERTISEMENT, BY TURNER.
By permission of Mr. T. J. Barrett.

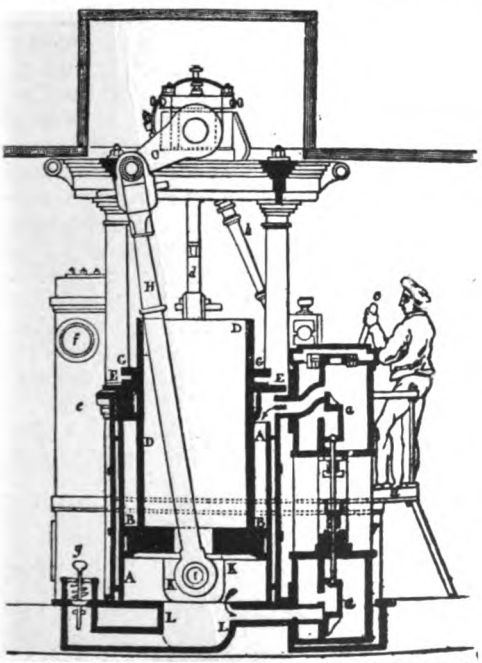
authority on such matters, and, indeed, the drawing itself was done from rough pencil sketches. It was engraved in London and issued as a separate sheet, plain and coloured, eight by twelve inches, by D. Henry, bookseller, St. John's Gate. The sole authority for the remuneration Romney received is in the form of a receipt which turned up at Sotheby's many years ago: "Received from D. Henry, St. John's Gate, thirty shillings for sketch of Coronation procession.—G. Romney."

Of course, there exist similar relics in profusion. Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have drawn a set of outline heads for a ladies' soap-making has played in the annals of later nineteenth-century art. These drawings of Turner's, first identified by the late Charles Green, R.I., may be regarded as the forerunners of such pictures as "Bubbles," and countless others of lesser note. No one who sees them can doubt their authenticity; they bear the master's hall-mark in drawing and colouring, and one can only wonder at Turner's feelings as he plodded along, doubtless for a few shillings, at such uncongenial employment. It may be mentioned that the factory, of which this represents the interior, was only a stone's-throw from Turner's shop and the present offices of this Magazine.



AN ILLUSTRATION BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A., FOR A BOOK ON CHEMISTRY.

careful draughtsman who afterwards became celebrated as a portrayer of men and animals. Philip Calderon, R.A., was another artist who went in for diagrams in his youth, one of his illustrations to Dr. Dionysius Lardner's treatises, published in 1851, being here appended.



A DRAWING BY PHILIP CALDERON, R.A., FOR A SCIENTIFIC TREATISE.

Few people are perchance aware that some twenty careful drawings of fortifications and other military engineering works by James McNeill Whistler are preserved at West Point, at which academy young Whistler was a student at the very moment Calderon and Marks were exciting the chemical world by their masterful draughtsmanship. "What an astonishing amount of perspective we knew in those days, Calderon!" sighed Stacy Marks once, when they compared notes of their early pictorial career.

John Leech—"incomparable John Leech," as Thackeray called him—was another of the brilliant band of the mid-century who occasionally wandered off into formal and technical paths. The present Duke of Devonshire possesses a drawing by Leech of the Crystal Palace, executed as a seal for the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Under date of April 14, 1852, the Duke's ancestor wrote to the artist: "Dear Sir,—In these critical days of the Crystal Palace let me request your acceptance of the seal, for which you gave me the idea. And that you may not have any feeling that you are depriving me of it, I must tell you that I have another.—Believe me most sincerely yours, DEVONSHIRE." The drawing which Leech made is a careful view of the Palace with its myriad panes of glass, and below it, in the manner of a lever, is a spade, in allusion to the architect, Paxton having been a gardener.

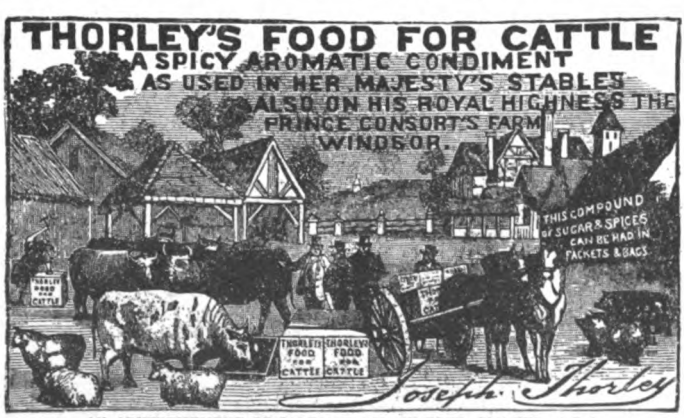
SEAL FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION, DESIGNED BY JOHN LEECH.

A LUNAR LANDSCAPE, BY CARAN D'ACHE, THE GREAT FRENCH CARICATURIST.
By permission of Levy Frères.

One of the last men one would associate with technical draughtsmanship, too, is the talented Caran d'Ache, yet all who enjoy the privilege of acquaintanceship with M. Poiré know that when he first went to Paris he was very glad to turn an honest penny by doing staid woodcuts for the Levy Frères and other firms who would employ him. One of these, a very vivid realization of the surface of the moon, is given above.

THE LABEL OF APOLLINARIS WATER, BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Of the painters who have acquitted themselves more or less surreptitiously of trade-marks their name is legion. Artists were not wont to take pride in their connection with advertisements in the old days, and even Cruikshank was rather ashamed of having once made a sketch wherein the merits of Warren's blacking were set before the world. When the late George Smith, proprietor of the *Cornhill*, launched the delectable Apollinaris water upon the market he was naturally anxious that it should bear an artistic label, by way of initial recommendation; wherefore he summoned a bevy of rising men, such as George Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Matt Morgan, and Walter Crane, each of whom tried his hand on a design. Young Crane's was thought well of, but Du Maurier's presentation of an ideal fountain carried the day, and may be seen on all Apollinaris bottles to this day. Amongst others, Frederick Walker, A.R.A., drew up for his friend, Mr. Thorley, the proprietor of a patent

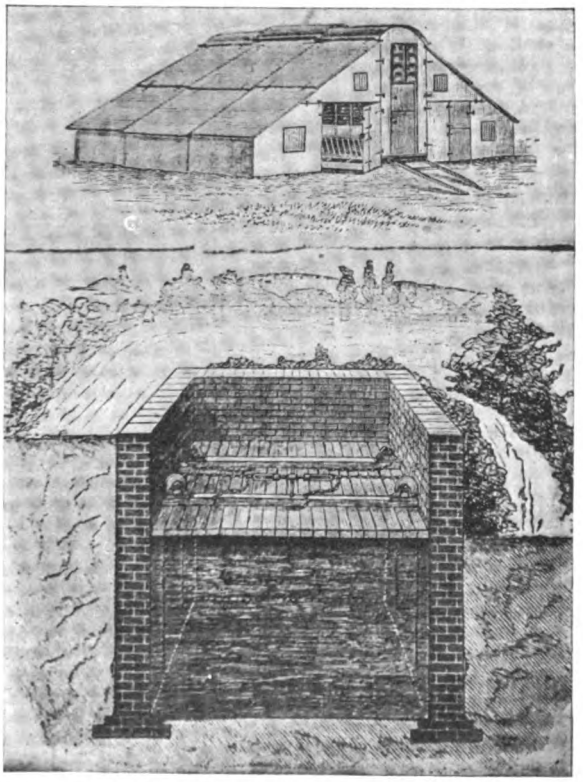


AN ADVERTISEMENT OF CATTLE FOOD, BY FRED. WALKER, A.R.A.

cattle food, the design which was subsequently adopted and is still used.

That exotic and eccentric artist, the late Aubrey Beardsley, was, as many are aware, for some time in an architect's office, where he doubtless acquired much of that extremely painstaking technique which is so marked a feature of his later work. Several architectural drawings by him are extant, one of which—a view of Lincoln Cathedral—we here present as an illustration of an unfamiliar phase of Beardsley's life.

Perhaps there is nothing which



PLANS FOR AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS BY PHIL MAY.

AN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

used to amuse the friends of the late Phil May more than the stories this gifted draughtsman used to tell of his early artistic attempts. He was, in his own words, "ready to take on anything," and he used often to refer humorously to his "steam plough," executed for an Australian paper, as a triumph of "fine art." It is only natural that, May's father being a civil engineer, he should not be utterly lost in technical draughtsmanship, however distasteful it might have been to him. A friend of his forwards us, too, a paper containing two drawings of agricultural appliances and machinery, which, although, as he says, there is no doubt about their being the work of Phil May, are as utterly unlike the work for which he is known to the million as could well be imagined.

The Tornado Trap.

By Frank Savile.

FANSHAW straightened himself, flung down his pick, and eyed the gash in the mountain side with deep disgust.

The very rocks seemed to quiver under the stab of the merciless heat. The sky was steel blue, the parched earth cinder grey. Not a cloud gave promise of relief, save one dim ring of misty cirrus in the utmost east. The surroundings spoke of desolation only. The ditch was dry and silted for lack of a freshet; the sluice-boxes mere tinder, with open, gaping seams. The one great pine that branched above his cabin stood out gallows-like, typical of decay, a wrecked splinter of the mighty forest in which it had once been king. Lone Tree Gulch was not belying its reputation. It stared out upon the hillside a ruin, a wanton insult to Nature from the hands of men long passed.

The miner turned towards his cabin. As he turned he made an exclamation and shielded his eyes with his palm. A quarter of a mile away a horse and a rider picked a path from hollow to hollow across the Divide.

The man muttered to himself, a half-petulant smile twitching his lips. He strolled on towards the cabin and leaned against the slabs, the smile and its perplexity broadening beneath his moustache. A gleam grew in his quiet grey eyes.

The rider drew near. From a hundred yards away a handkerchief was fluttered. Fanshaw raised his hand very deliberately and signalled back. A minute later the horse paced slowly up and halted at his side. A girl looked down at him—a girl clad in a habit of dusky grey which melted into the ash-coloured background. Her sombrero shaded a face delicately tanned by sun and breeze, wherein deep brown eyes confronted Fanshaw defiantly. Adorable little curls tangled down to the level of her brows. And about her lips, too, there lingered a smile of greeting.

For the space of seconds the two looked at each other silently. The girl was the first to speak.

"Help me down, Jack," she pleaded, dropping the reins upon the horse's neck. In her expression there was a tinge of wicked appeal—almost a challenge.

Fanshaw drew up to her stirrup and stiffly extended an arm.

"Both!" she cried, impatiently.

Fanshaw brought up the other hand with the unbending grace of a semaphore. For an instant she hesitated. Then with incredible swiftness she dropped straight into his unwilling embrace.

His eyes, which at first evaded her glance, were at last drawn unresistingly to meet it. As she read them she drew back, laughed happily, and clapped her gloved hands.

"So you grudge a kiss—one single little kiss—to your *fiancée*, who has travelled five hundred miles by rail and a dozen on a hollow-backed, hired mustang to claim it?" she demanded.

Fanshaw searched his pockets slowly and produced a pipe. He began to fill it from a battered tin box.

"I have no *fiancée*," he replied, solemnly, and lit a match.

She shook her finger at him derisively.

"Oh, but you have—you have!" she contradicted. "Eight months ago you asked for, and obtained, the hand and heart of Muriel, only child of the late James Ford, Carterville, Missouri. The engagement was openly announced in all the papers. The friends of all concerned congratulated them, saying that they knew from the very first that it was bound to come about. Is that a true bill?"

"Yes," he admitted, puffing leisurely; "but I released you."

She shook her head firmly.

"No," she denied. "There was no release. You tried to get out of it, but I'm not the sort of girl to take the mitten without a struggle. I refused to be released—I froze on to my chance—and—and here I am!"

Fanshaw pulled himself together.

"See here, dear," he began, quietly, "we have written and we have discussed already. I made my position plain; I don't recede from it. You are a great heiress. I am a pauper, but with my sense of honour still intact. If by any chance this thing"—he swept his hand toward the ditch-gashed mountain side—"had turned up trumps—if it had restored to me even a part of what it first gave and then took back from me—if there had been some little equality between our social positions, I should have come back and——" He hesitated.

"And - -"

"And asked if you remained free."

"You'll never find me that. I'm a captive —always bound to you, Jack, if you go on repulsing me to the world's end."

He gave a little impatient jerk of the head.

"It doesn't matter," he went on. "Lone Tree Mine is still a derelict, the lost lode has never reappeared, all the money made by the first workings has been swallowed up by the search for the cleavage, and I am only a miner, working my own property, which is worth — nothing!"

She nodded.

"That quite neatly recapitulates *your* circumstances, Jack, but where do *I* come in?"

His only answer was one of his perpetual shrugs. She came closer to him.

"Am I to understand that you *hate* me?" she demanded.

He refused to meet her gaze.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Swear that you don't love me, and I'll go away, Jack," she breathed.

"SWEAR THAT YOU DON'T LOVE ME, AND I'LL GO AWAY, JACK."

She saw his face whiten beneath the tan. She felt the quiver that pulsed through his body. Her hand crept up to his shoulder; her fingers touched his temple, and resolutely turned his eyes to meet her glance. With a little laugh that was half a sigh she sat down upon the bench before the cabin door.

"Pride, dear Jack!" she said, reproachfully. "Horrible, ugly, wicked, wicked pride!"

"Honour!" he answered, grimly. "Honour to the dead as well as to the living."

She gave a little start.

"To the dead?" she queried, quickly. "The dead?"

He nodded.

"I'm your guardian."

"Yes?"

"When your father lay dying he—he had natural fears about you. He knew what a great heiress had to encounter. We spoke of it. That was before——"

"Before you gave your promise to me," she interposed.

He made a gesture of dissent.

"It was to him my first promise was given. I swore that with my consent no fortune-hunter should trade upon your innocence. And my word once given has never been broken yet."

For a moment she was silent, watching him with a half-whimsical, half-petulant expression. He no longer leaned against the slabs. He stood up with a straight back, squaring his shoulders as if to meet the attack of a cunning adversary.

"So my father would have considered *you* a fortune-hunter?" she asked, at last.

"It is what the world would call a man in my position who married a woman in yours," he said, stoutly.

"The world—the world!" she derided. "So it is the world that stands between us—orders you to slave out your days—wrecks my life—condemns us both to misery?"

Once again he found no answer but a shrug. She leaned back upon the bench a little wearily. The shadows of disappointment clouded into her eyes; her hands lay listless in her lap. If Fanshaw had watched her he would have suffered in seeing the trembling of her lips.

Yet the next moment she had jumped to her feet.

"Very well," she declared, with sudden briskness. "Then we are to be enemies. But make no mistake, Jack, I shall win eventually. Oh, yes, I shall win. When I

set my mind to a thing—well, you'll see. But at the present moment my crying necessity is food. I'm too hungry for words. What have you got in this bundle of laths you call a cabin? Bread, butter, cheese?"

He looked troubled.

"We—we don't have such things," he stammered. "There's some beans and some bacon, and—and I'm afraid that's all."

She threw back her head and laughed ringingly.

"I'm afraid that's all!" she mimicked. "As if that wasn't the 'all' that I'm yearning for after these miles of cinder upon that—that antelope," she added, eyeing the broncho ungratefully as he sniffed the pastureless soil.

"Come in, then," he invited, hospitably, waving his hand towards the cabin.

She looked at it.

"I've seen more elaborate pig-sties," she suggested, disdaining it with a very tilted nose.

"It isn't worth making much of a structure," he explained. "As a rule, it has to be rebuilt at least three times a year."

Her eyebrows lifted.

"Three times a year?" she echoed, wonderingly, and he smiled.

"Hasn't the reputation of the Divide reached you?" he asked. He lifted his hand and pointed up the canyon that cut the hills behind them.

"Way back there are the eternal snows," he said. "In the dry weather, after a long calm, a sudden draught sets in from the hot air to the cold—bluntly, a tornado. I get three or four every summer. Each time it sweeps up the gulch it takes my cabin with it."

She looked at him with horror in her eyes.

"And you?" she cried. "And you?"

He laughed.

"I'm all right. The little sand whorls which get up tell me when it's coming. Then I get into the cellar."

"The cellar?" she repeated. "What cellar?"

He pointed to the bank of the ditch.

Following the motion of his hand she discovered a zinc-covered flap in the midst of the brown expanse. It was sunk in the earth, levelled flush with the edging clay.

She lifted her hands in dismay.

"Well, if I wanted a reason to hunt you out of this detestable place, there it lies," she protested. "That's quite enough, Jack. I'm going to run you away from here—I'm going to set my great mind to work upon the problem, and you'll be bested—absolutely and conclusively bested. But in the meantime, as I continue to starve, what's the matter with that bacon and those beans?"

He smiled again and held open the door politely. With an air of unbending contempt towards her surroundings she stepped in.

In spite of the simplicity of the cooking, for the next few minutes she watched with astonishment the deft handling of the frying-pan. The bacon sputtered appetizingly. The beans gave forth a savoury smell. She made admiring comments, and, when the repast was served, fell to upon it with fervour. Cook and guest alike displayed a very creditable hunger, and finished the contents of the single dish to a bean.

With a little sigh of satisfaction Muriel drew back her stool from the packing-case table. She took up the corn-cob pipe which Fanshaw had laid upon the shelf.

"Smoke!" she commanded. "Then I can talk to you as one reasonable human being to another, Jack. My mistake was in arguing in a state of famine."

He smiled again, but there was no submission about the resolute set of his lips. He reached out his hand for the pipe, and commenced filling it.

Suddenly a new sound broke the quiet—from outside.

A rattle, as of innumerable pennies being shaken in a giant missionary-box, smote the cabin slabs. The roof of zinc stirred and wrenched at the nails.

Fanshaw dropped his pipe. He leaped to his feet and darted through the doorway.

The next instant he was back. His hand fell vigorously upon the girl's shoulder.

"Come!" he shouted, fiercely. "Run—race for your life!"

She stumbled to her feet in astonishment. Before she could frame a question he was forcing her out into the open and across the sun-baked flat.

For Muriel the next few seconds were a blur of confusion. She realized that the sky had disappeared behind a blanketing of cloud, that dust, pebbles, and all the endless litter of the deserted camp were flying in twisted, funnel-shaped whirls around her. She caught a glimpse of the startled horse galloping wildly across the ridge, and the next instant almost fell upon the zinc cover of the cellar door.

Fanshaw stooped and heaved it up. With a swift motion he half lifted, half pushed her into the hole, slid down beside her, and let the panel fall to above his head with a clang.

The uproar increased. The sand drifts hissed as they whirled by above them. With a drumming rattle the loose sluice-boxes were flung from side to side of the ditch as

they thundered past. Trestles could be heard cracking like matchwood; boulders clanged together with deafening blows. A harsh metallic clatter, which drifted away and was lost in the general hubbub, told how the cabin roof was being swept into the gorge. A second later the crash of planking announced that the slab walls were in hot pursuit.

Muriel clung to her companion, trembling violently. Fanshaw held her to him, soothing her as a mother might soothe a frightened child.

"It only lasts a minute or two," he assured her. "It'll be over before you've realized it. I've seen a dozen of them—I've seen a score."

She hid her face in the lapel of his coat.

"We shall be buried!" she wailed—"buried alive!"

"Nonsense!" he answered, cheerily. "In another moment or two——"

"HE HALF LIFTED, HALF PUSHED HER INTO THE HOLE."

A frightful crash—a splitting, rending sound—drowned his voice. It was followed by a thud that seemed to thunder upon their very heads. Half stunned, Fanshaw reeled against the clay wall, noting with astonished eyes that a crack in the wood and metal was letting a dim shaft of light into the cellar. And at the same moment the storm died down as if by magic. Faintly and yet more faintly the echoes of its passing were swallowed by the distant valleys, while a moment later the deep after-silence was broken by the patter of torrential rain.

Fanshaw pulled himself together and thrust his hand up against the door.

It did not stir.

He drove both his open palms against it; he heaved his shoulders till his muscles seemed to crack. It was obstinately immovable.

The pangs of a sudden fear gripped him; the sweat broke out upon his forehead. He brought his eyes against the crack in the panel and peered into the open. As he looked he swore—and then shivered.

The great lone pine was down—*was over them!* The bulk of the huge butt was between him and the sky, while the top litter and the branches he knew by its position must be damming the ditch. And the channel was filling; the growing rush of water told him that. They were captives till such time as he could tunnel a way with fingers alone through half-a-dozen feet of sun-dried clay!

Muriel's voice was in his ears; her fingers groped for and gripped his arm.

"Let us get out now," she pleaded. "Oh, let us get out!"

For a moment his throat was parched beyond speech. He gulped nervously. It was the sound of the sob that fluttered to him through the darkness that suddenly steeled his manhood back to confidence.

He turned to her—he showed her what an absurd—what a trifling—accident it was—he reassured her—he promised her release within the hour—nay, within minutes, perhaps—he laughed—he joked idiotically of the unforeseen chances of a mountain life. He grew almost boisterous in his anxiety to prove his point and to conceal his fear.

He got no answer save silence and—half heard—a quivering sigh. It seemed to madden him. He flung himself upon the clay. He tore, he ripped—he snatched down great lumps of soil. His breathing came in gasps as he hewed and pulled. The rain hammered ceaselessly upon the zinc panels.

A minute later a cry halted Fanshaw in the midst of his toil.

"Ah!" quavered Muriel. There was more than astonishment in the exclamation. There was terror.

"The water is running down my back," she explained.

Fanshaw wheeled towards her. The wan gleam of light that filtered through the riven door shone upon a tiny runnel which trickled down the clay and wandered about the floor.

Fanshaw tried to laugh.

"You can dodge that, can't you?" he asked, cheerily, and turned again to his tunnelling.

For a minute she was silent again.

"Yes," she said, at last—and Fanshaw heard a new inflection in her voice—"yes, I can dodge it all right, *but it can't escape!*"

Fanshaw's heart stood still.

He looked down. Already there was half an inch of water at his feet. His boots splashed in it—it seemed to broaden as he peered. Minute by minute it would rise. Within the hour—or less—the pit would be full!

"THE WATER WAS AT HIS KNEES."

And with realization of their fate a sort of Berserk rage seemed to flame into the man's veins. He turned upon the impenetrable earth. He worked like a madman—he clawed, he snatched, he wrung great boulders from the embedding soil and stamped them down as if they were noxious reptiles accountable for their prisoning. With feet and hands he smote the ungiving clay and made progress — by inches.

The water was at his knees. Through ten minutes of frenzied effort it mounted to his waist, took a quarter of an hour to lap his armpits, and then, in growing volume, overlapped his shoulders. Outside, the increasing thunders from the channel showed that the mountain stream was fast becoming a river.

As the rising surface laved his chin Fanshaw cried aloud. He turned his fingers upon the rift in the panel above his head and forced them between the edges. He swung his whole weight upon them.

A splinter broke away—a tiny slice of wood not an inch across. The larger opening only showed the hopelessness of—hope. Trunk and clay came nigh to meeting. There was not room to extend a hand, much less shoulders, or even a head!

He heard a gasp. What was touching his chin was over Muriel's lips. He caught her to him, lifted her, clasped her to his breast. He kissed her passionately. He muttered incoherent words—of love—of encouragement—of farewell. Her hands were about his neck. Her lips were pressed to his forehead again and again.

"Together!" she whispered, breathlessly. "We can meet it—together!" He choked. A ripple flung from his heaving chest flowed against his face. He nerved himself for the last struggle—he drew deep draughts of air — he tried to pray.

Crash! Crash! Crash! A sudden trembling from above — a sudden sound of swirling waters—a sudden shaft of light as the shadow of the great trunk was lifted from above the rent in the panel.

Through a long instant of suspense the great roots dragged across the zinc. The door shook, heaved, then burst upward with all the force of Fanshaw's last breath-seeking agony, and showed the open sky!

Straining his neck into air and freedom Fanshaw realized how their safety had been won. The great pine was gone—was already fifty yards away, surging down the ditch

channel to the plain. The new-risen torrent had gripped the mass of boughs which dammed it, and had torn the whole mass with irresistible force from where it lay. What had threatened them had, in turn, become their saviour—the stream had prised the lock of their cell!

He turned to Muriel and lifted her out upon the sodden earth. With a heave and a splash he followed.

She looked about her in bewilderment. Her lips were parted as if she could not drink enough of the rain-cooled air. She clung to him as he stood beside her.

She pointed to the trampled strip of soil where the cabin had stood. Of the planking not one vestige remained.

"An hour ago—less than an hour — we sat there and—and laughed!" she cried, wonderingly. "To think of it! An hour? No, a year, a century, Jack — a lifetime!"

Still leaning on his arm she guided him to the great chasm in the ground from which the huge tree had been plucked. The depth of the pit and the mighty splinters of roots told what forces had been at work. She peered into it curiously, pointing out the great boulders that had been levered up by its fall.

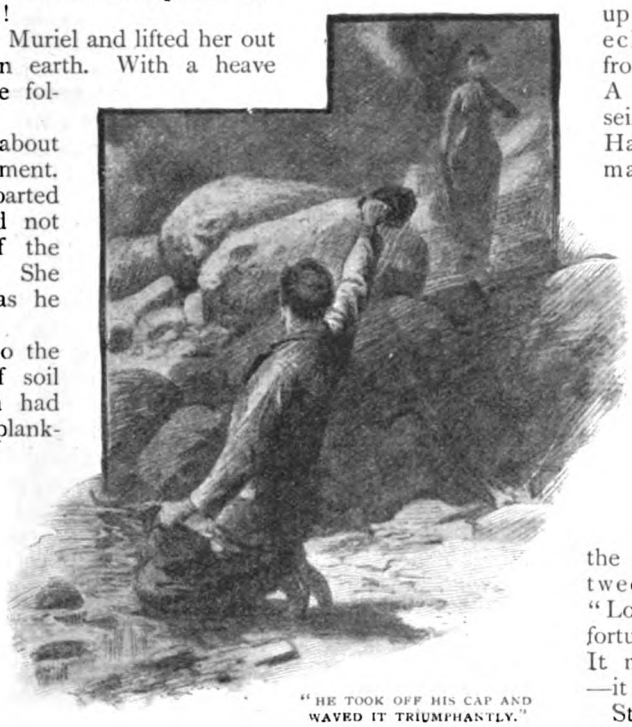
Suddenly Fanshaw gave a shout. The next instant he was in the hole, picking feverishly at the scattered clods. With amazement she watched him snatch the loose handkerchief from his neck, fill it with grit, and stumble down to the edge of the torrent. He knelt upon the bank. He laved the bundle in the stream, swinging it in slow, circling motions, drawing it along the surface where the current was fiercest. The mud within it began to dissolve, staining a long trail upon the already turbid water. He shook it—he beat it upon the ripples. Finally he drew it to him and, bending, spread it open upon the bank. He gave it one searching look, and then shouted again, exultantly.

"The colour!" he yelled. "The colour—and more than the colour! The stuff itself! It's found—it's found at last!"

His voice roared up the gorge. The echoes tossed it from crag to crag. A sudden terror seized upon Muriel. Had the reaction maddened him? Was this the sudden frenzy of relief?

He took off his cap and waved it triumphantly. He called to her—he beckoned to her insistently.

"Look!" he cried, pointing to the strip of silk between his knees. "Look at it! It's fortune — it's love! It means everything—it means *you!*"



"HE TOOK OFF HIS CAP AND WAVED IT TRIUMPHANTLY."

Still half hesitating she drew near. She stared—she rubbed her eyes—and then, in an instant, understood. Among the grit and rubble specks of metal gleamed over fold and fold.

"Aye—the lost lode!" he cried. "A stratum cleavage fifty yards wide, but the lost lode as I live!" He rose to his feet. His arms were about her—his kisses rained upon her cheek.

"And now *I* surrender!" he told her. "Now *I* come to you! Sweetheart, this time it is *I* who ask—who entreat. With honour I can say, 'Come to me, be my wife.'"

For a moment she looked back at him as one dazed. Then, as if drawn by an attraction irresistible, she turned her eyes towards the cellar—that cellar which still brimmed with the waters of the treacherous runnel. She shuddered. She pressed her face against his dripping breast.

"Oh, Jack!" she murmured, thankfully. "Oh, Jack!"

Humour in Clerical Life.

By the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie.

HUMOUR may be described as the flavour of character; every man with any real distinction of character has a humour of his own.

This has been true of the English episcopate and of many of the ablest representatives of the Nonconformist pulpit. Who that has known him can forget the fun which sparkled amidst the vast stores of learning a late prelate carried so lightly? Who that has heard them can forget the droll and epigrammatic things said in a deliberate way, much as we may suppose an owl to lay an egg? Undergraduates who could not unburden themselves to others could open their hearts to him.

The geniality which some were found to condemn preserved at least one man to the service of the Church who has since given notable proof of his calling. Shy and nervous, he had approached perhaps the most extraordinarily solemn member of the Bench of Bishops, only to be confused and repelled. After listening with the gravity which was all his own, his lordship had extended to him the three fingers of an affectionate (and permanent) farewell.

Fortunately, the youth made one other effort before relinquishing his idea of ordination. Shown into a study filled with what might have been the odour of sanctity, but smelt uncommonly like a fine Havana cigar, a well-timed pleasantry relieved him of his embarrassment and set him at his ease, enabling him to give so good an account of himself that he was readily accepted as a candidate.

Another bishop, happily still with us, though retired from the cares of his Colonial diocese, was famous throughout Australia no less for his quaint conceits than for his spiritual vigour and eloquence.

Presented with two splendid carriage horses, he named them Bryant and May, because (1) they were an ideal match, (2) they contained hidden fire, (3) they went off when struck from the box.

An attack of indigestion from an unwary meal overnight led him to propound a conundrum to his host at the breakfast-table—"Why are cucumber and cheese like the Book of Common Prayer?"—with the heart-breaking answer, "Because they give you the *colic* for the day."

When one of his clergy described a wealthy parishioner as a careless, indifferent sort of man, who cared only for his garden during the day and his billiard-room at night, he said: "Garden! Billiards! Don't call him careless; he evidently minds his peas and cues."

To the rude question of a dissipated passenger on board ship, "Why do you wear that thing?" (a cross), he replied: "For the same reason that you wear a red nose—as a mark of my occupation."

Canon W——, vicar of an important parish in Lancashire and chaplain to an asylum, took credit to himself that he did not entrust the spiritual care of its inmates to his subordinates, but took the services himself. One day a lunatic met him in the corridor, and asked abruptly, "Do you like beef?" Smiling, and with the easy tolerance for a crazy brain, Canon W—— replied, "Yes, certainly." "Are

"DO YOU LIKE BEEF?"

you *very* fond of beef?" "I like it very much." "Would you like beef on Sunday and Monday and all the other days of the week?" "Not so often as that; I like a change." "So do we. Send your curate next Sunday, will you?"

Those people who would fain have human nature re-formed and re-stamped according to their own dismal type must be especially dismayed by the way in which the lighter side of things makes itself felt in church.

For humour declines to be banished, even from that holy edifice. It takes its place at the font, and is responsible for many of the names inflicted upon helpless babes. "Happy Bullock" was our first baptismal entry in one register, and "Cassandra Cowmeadow" the last.

"I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR."

Sometimes the parent evades responsibility with the formula, "I'd rather leave it to you, sir," after the manner of a cabman with his fare.

Humour is, perhaps, more effectually barred from the pulpit than from any other part of the sacred fane. Popular opinion, which tolerated and even encouraged it hundreds of years ago, now declares it to be out of place, or allows it only to preachers of exceptional personality, like the late Charles Spurgeon and Joseph Parker. Irony and a bitter tongue are still permitted to do their best or worst, but nothing that can excite the risible faculties.

Under these conditions, humour in the pulpit is usually unintentional. It finds its expression unconsciously. It glimmers in unguarded expressions, or shows itself in eccentricities of look and gesture. Texts with incongruous circumstances give it birth.

Not long ago the incumbent of one of the largest parish churches in England was instituted to his living on St. Matthias' Day in the presence of a crowded congregation. Few of that congregation remained unmoved when the bishop, referring to the festival with its collect, "Who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias," remarked that the circumstances under which they were gathered together that afternoon were somewhat similar. The presence of the late vicar, a highly esteemed peer of the realm, added a poignant application to the statement.

The same dear old prelate preached in another church in the same town after it had been closed and decorated. An uncomely building at best, oscillating between a barn and a basilica, even a careful scheme of adornment had failed to make it beautiful. Looking round at the blues and yellows which stared at him from the walls, the bishop sighed heavily and gave out his text, "How dreadful"—another sigh —"how dreadful is this place."

It is unfortunate when those who are present insist on reading the preacher's personal affairs into the passage of Scripture he announces. This was the case with a clergyman about to espouse "en secondes noces" a lady of notably shrewish temperament. By experts it was considered that his second marriage would profoundly increase his respect for the memory of his first wife.

On the last Sunday of his widowerhood he announced as his text, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." At his first appearance after a waning honeymoon he was unhappily led to choose the words, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Humour often accompanies those who marry and are given in marriage, an uninvited guest. A vicar near Huddersfield, presenting the hand of the bride to the groom for investment with the ring, was astonished to find that his own thumb was being

The late vicar of the Brontës' parish of Haworth, observing the disconsolate looks of a newly-wedded pair, found that they were at variance as to the respective duties of lighting the fire and cleaning the boots, each asserting that these were the work of the other. Like a discreet man the vicar suggested a compromise—the man, who rose early, to light the fire; the woman to clean his foot-gear at night. With this judgment of Solomon they were satisfied, and departed with shining faces.

But humour refuses to confine itself to the atmosphere of nuptial vows and wedding

"THE SHORT-SIGHTED BRIDEGROOM."

energetically licked. This lubrication, it appeared, was intended by the short-sighted bridegroom for the bride's finger, in order to ensure the easy passage of the ring.

Another bachelor, after his lady-love had been asked if she would love, honour, and obey, turned to her and, in a loud voice, which echoed through the church, demanded, "Will ye black my boots in the morning?" This at first sight seemed an ill-timed pleasantry which called for rebuke; it was really an attempt to settle a much-debated question.

marches; it rises superior to the terrors of the grave; it murmurs a final jest from the lips of dying men; it will be exorcised by no function, however depressing or severe. A sense of the ludicrous may be at times a burden heavy to be borne, possessing its unhappy victim at the very moment when of all others he wishes it away.

A young Australian clergyman who uttered a Spoonerism at the most critical passage of the Burial Service, and declared: "We commote her biddy to the earth," was so

overcome by the absurdity of the expression that for a few tremendous seconds he remained apparently on the brink of an apoplectic seizure, mouth open and eyes goggling.

Sometimes it happens that the passage of Holy Writ selected is *à propos* of the occasion in a sense both sorrowful and droll. An incumbent of the name of Price disappeared from his parish in Victoria, taking with him nearly £200 of Church money. The *locum tenens* who took his place was impelled by his evil genius to commence his ministry from the words, "Without money and without price."

Perhaps the best illustration of this unhappy combination is to be found in the experience of a Colonial bishop already quoted who was in those days a rector in the Midlands. Late on a Saturday evening he received a letter from the rural dean asking him urgently, and in the name of friendship, to take the service at his church the next morning. The request was specially inconvenient in view of a church parade at home. Nevertheless, the rector arranged to meet the wish of his friend. It happened that on the previous Sunday he had preached for the first and only time in his life from the Song of Solomon, basing on the words, "Come away, my love, come away," an appeal to the soul to forsake the base, the ignoble, and the sordid, and rise into the realms of the spiritual and divine.

It proved to be one of his most successful efforts; several of his parishioners praised it loudly during the week. He determined, therefore, with the subject fresh in his mind, to take it again on this particular morning.

And again it excited remark. With the announcement of his text a faint smile flickered on the lips of staid and elderly ladies beneath him, whilst younger members of his audience hid their faces in muffs and handkerchiefs. Perplexed, the preacher looked for an explanation in disordered robes or stole awry, but could find none. As he proceeded, his eloquence and earnestness restored quiet to his hearers; under the spell of his speech even the man with the cough forgot to proclaim his trouble.

Unhappily the sermon was of a climacteric nature, ending at intervals with the fervid appeal, "Come away, my love, come away." Each repetition of these words proved too much for the composure of the people, and became the signal for renewed demonstrations of suppressed mirth. In vain the distracted preacher, unable to detect the cause of it all, lashed himself into a frenzy of fine words, and chanted his refrain with greater passion than ever; he surveyed only an area of broad grins, of agonized attempts to preserve the decorum due to the time and place. He finished abruptly, and left the pulpit in dudgeon.

The congratulations of a venerable churchwarden in the vestry failed to appease him. He demanded the cause of the outrageous behaviour in church.

"It is possible, sir," said the white-haired official, "to preach a most admirable sermon which may not be appropriate."

"What is wrong with it? My own people liked it immensely."

"Surely you know, sir, the circumstances under which you have come to us this morning?"

"This is all I know" (producing the rural dean's letter).

"Then it is my painful duty to inform you that our vicar eloped last night with the doctor's wife!"

Many humorous stories are directly at the expense of the clergy, and afford opportunities to the laity for reprisals otherwise denied them. A favourite narrative in Natal describes how one of Bishop Colenso's priests was in the habit of going out each morning to the Indian Stores for three fresh eggs—one for his wife's breakfast and two for himself. One day he returned with a face full of concern.

"What is the matter?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Had a little accident," was the reply.

"I hope you haven't hurt yourself."

"No; but I have broken one of the eggs, and it's your egg, my dear."

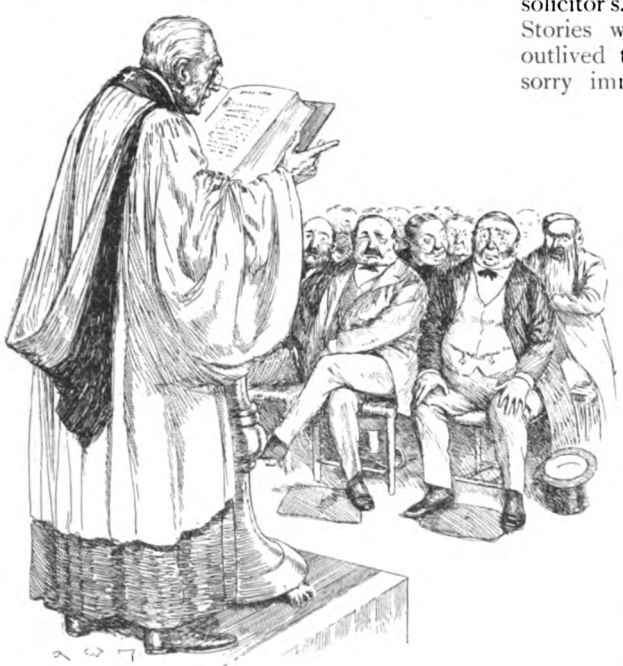
A farewell meeting at Melbourne in honour of a retiring bishop will long be remembered for some ludicrous comparisons made by a prominent citizen, who was one of the bishop's greatest admirers. Referring to the health and circumstances of the parting guest, he likened him to the patriarch Job in three particulars: because, in the first place, he had lost his wife, in the second place he had lost his money, in the third place he was covered with boils!

Many middle-aged men will easily recall the verger at Canterbury Cathedral who, like Tennyson's brook, seemed to go on for ever. He once explained to a visitor the secret of his longevity in a way by no means flattering to his ecclesiastical superiors. "Since I've been here, sir, I've seen five deans come and five deans go; and why? Because they have

eight courses for their dinner and I have one."

To those about to seek admission into holy orders an interview with the ordinary is a time of much anxiety, sometimes of much mental confusion. This, perhaps, accounts for the unusual behaviour of a young candidate who, dismissed on the episcopal doorstep with a solemn "God bless you," hastily answered, "Don't mention it, my lord."

Even clergy of eminence have been the victims of practical jokes. A former dean of a Northern University, finding an unusually large congregation in the cathedral at evensong, inquired the occasion of it from a passing undergraduate. He was told that the visitors belonged to the Newcastle Association of Total Abstainers. He accordingly addressed some gracious words to them after the Second Lesson, admitting his own want of claim to be considered quite an abstainer, but expressing his sympathy with the great effort they were making to put down strong drink. Amongst other things he assured them that the fine specimens of manhood he saw before him did credit to the principles they professed. Alas, for the good dean! The portly figures before him, garnished with cable watch-chains and decanter-stopper studs, belonged to the Newcastle Licensed Victuallers' Association, whose identity the undergraduate had wickedly concealed.



"HE EXPRESSED HIS SYMPATHY WITH THE GREAT EFFORT THEY WERE MAKING TO PUT DOWN STRONG DRINK."

Our final illustration of the humour of clerical life shall be taken from a meeting in the South of England to promote a charity. The mayor had laboured hard to secure a representative gathering, and as he looked around and found the lion lying down with the lamb, the bishop of the diocese seated side by side with the Wesleyan superintendent of circuit, the Baptist and other ministers, he felt that he had reached the supreme moment of his life. He rose, bursting with emotion. After expressing his delight at seeing a number of Christian men forgetting their differences and uniting in a common cause, he summed up the situation in these eloquent words: "The fact is, my lords and gentlemen, if a man's 'art is in the right place, it don't matter what *sex* he belongs to."

The writer of this paper is aware of the suspicion attaching to all narratives of alleged humour—a suspicion not to be dispelled by an affidavit sworn at the nearest respectable solicitor's. To some extent he shares in it. Stories which have survived the Flood or outlived the early dynasties have attained a sorry immortality. Dressed in the ready-made clothes of our own times, they have been paraded as the consummate flower and most recent expression of the mind of man. The sparkling witticism of to-day, the gay impromptu of to-morrow, may, if they please, boast a pedigree more ancient and varied than a Highland laird's. "An uncle of mine," "A man I know," stand confessed in some Persian sage or some monastic and mediæval jester.

Even into this veracious chronicle Joe Miller may have obtruded his undying personality. It may pacify our readers to know (allowing a guarantee to be possible) that the greater part of what is here set down has come to pass in the experience of the writer and his friends.

The Lady of the Lilies.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"VANNI!"

"Leo!"

The two brothers shook hands, looking with a long, sweet look into each other's eyes, for they had not met for a year. It is a far cry from Rome to Venice, when you must count each lira.

Leo was young and very handsome. Titian would have been glad to paint him, had he lived in Titian's day. Giovanni was prouder of his brother than words could tell; but a Venetian has eyes, and words are superfluous when it is a matter of the heart.

"You are a great man, Leo," he said.

"No," said Leo, who was younger than Giovanni by ten years, and had been the baby at home, long ago in the old Rio Alberoni. "But—they think in Rome that I can sing a little. People are kind."

"Kind? They are kind to themselves in being kind to you," Vanni protested. "You look like a gentleman in those clothes, Leo. Come and get into the gondola. People will think I am rowing a prince."

"Then I shall cease to be a gentleman to-morrow, if it is the clothes which make me one," laughed Leo Contarini, "for I shall put on the old blue serge if you have kept it, and I will be a gondolier like yourself. Ah! it's good to be under Venetian skies again."

By this time they were in the gondola, with which Vanni had met his brother at the railway station, up at the far end of the Grand Canal. Leo's luggage had been put in, and Vanni was rowing his well-loved passenger home.

"It was by luck only that I could come for you," he said. "You gave me no time to write after sending word that you were to have a holiday, and telling the day and hour when you would arrive. But if you had given more time I should have been obliged to say, 'Look for Luigi Alessandro or Pietro Ruffini; I dare not promise to be there.'"

"Why would you have had to say that?" asked Leo.

"Because our dear and good signore has suddenly arrived in Venice, bringing his daughter. Oh! but a lily in beauty and a lily in name too. To-day they have gone to Chioggia by steamer, or I must have been at their service. You know well that we Contarinis are bound to serve him, if it were with our hearts' blood."

"Yes," the younger man agreed, a warm light brightening his eyes. "His goodness saved our mother's life and gave me my career. There is nothing we could do which would be too much or enough to show the signore that we Contarinis can be grateful."

"He and the beautiful signorina are at the same hotel and in the same rooms he had ten years ago. It would be like old times again to see his face in the same places and to be his gondolier, if it were not for the young lady."

"She is a grown woman, then? He spoke of his 'little girl,' I remember, and how, some day, he would bring her to Venice; but if I thought of her it has always been as a child."

"She is not a child, nor is she a woman. She is a young girl, young as the morning, and as fair. But you will see, Leo mio. You must pay your respects to the signore and tell him about yourself."

"I have not conceit enough for that," said Leo, laughing, and looking handsomer than ever, as he showed his white teeth. "The signore will have forgotten that there was a me. It was for your sake he did everything, Vanni. He saw me at most twice—a thin slip of a fifteen-year-old boy, without courage even to speak."

"But you sang. Well I recall that night in the moonlight. I brought you out, curled up in the gondola, as a surprise for the signore. You kept so quiet, he did not suspect that he and I were not alone until we lay out there in the still lagoon, close to our dear San Giorgio Maggiore, and when I gave you the signal you began to sing. If I, your brother, do say it, it was like the voice of an angel. The signore was quite excited. He did not say much before you. That was not his way. But next morning he questioned me, and when he had learned that our great ambition was to save money and grant your wish to be a singer, he asked how much that would mean. When I answered that it would be a great sum, no

less than a thousand lire, to keep you for three years and let you go all that time to a good school for the music, he said, 'That shall be my present'; and the same day he put the notes into my hand."

"Yes. It was but the nobler because he cared nothing for me, only for you, Vanni. It was for your sake, and so I owe all to you, as well as to him. I went to thank the signore, I remember, and could not think of a word to say. After that he left Venice; and by this time he will have forgotten that Giovanni Contarini had a brother."

"Not so, for we have already spoken of you. I told him you were singing a fine part in an opera company in Rome, and that our dear father and mother had seen your success before they died. He was glad to hear the good news and said he would see you when you came to Venice."

"He knew I was to come?"

"I told him your season was over at the end of last month, and that, now May had arrived, you would come with it for your holiday to stay with me and my Beata in our little home, which would be honoured by your presence."

"But, Vanni, you should not have said that."

"It is true. And I would have the signore know that you are now someone very different from us; because it is with his money that you rose to be what you are. To-night I take the gondola for the after-dinner outing of the signore and his daughter. Every night they go at nine o'clock, now there is a moon."

When night came Sir Charles Hampton and his daughter Lilian brought a guest for the moonlight excursion (if excursion it could be called, when they were simply to drift, with now and then a touch of the oar), so Vanni said nothing about Leo, but his heart was full of him. He thought of his handsome brother, and felt a vague, uneasy jealousy of the Hamptons' guest, who had a haughty profile and a supercilious air, as if the world had been made for his pleasure. Leo was far handsomer, yet this lazy Englishman would scorn him, would look at him even as he looked at Vanni; yes, with a glance that made no more of a man's flesh and blood than of an image carved in wood. Ah! it was a queer world. You might be as beautiful as a fairy prince; you might sing with a voice to charm St. Theodore down from his pillar in the Piazzetta; you might have the blue blood of the Contarinis in your veins; but if your forebears had met misfortune and you had been born as a peasant, never could you lean against the soft cushions of a gondola, with an exquisite white blossom of English maidenhood at your side, as your equal. You must do your work, whether it were to row or to sing, while others looked on and did not know that you were a man.

"Go slowly, Vanni," said Sir Charles. "We're in no hurry."

"Si, signore," answered Vanni's placid voice.

"Fancy anyone being in a hurry in Venice!" exclaimed the girl. "Isn't this—Heaven?" And she lifted her face, as if to drink deeper draughts of the night's beauty. She was wrapped in a soft white cloak, with lines of

"ISN'T THIS—HEAVEN?"

silver on it here and there, which the moon burnished. And of her uncovered hair the light wove a saint's halo of pale gold, rippling with wavering sheen and shadow as the breeze moved over it. Under the wreath of gold her face was like a delicate ivory carving, set with dark jewels for eyes.

By day she was a very human girl, only rather daintier and prettier than most other human girls of nineteen; but now, in the spell of the moonlight, her beauty was unearthly, and it was so that Leo Contarini saw her first.

He, too, was out on the lagoon. In old days, before the munificence of the signore had assured his future, he had learned the craft of the gondolier—the calling of his people for generations, since the family fortunes fell with the family palace, its very foundation forgotten now. To-night he was out in the old gondola which Vanni and Beata used for themselves and little Tonio on feast days, when they went pleasuring. It was ten years old—five years past a gondola's prime—but though its swanlike grace had gone it was seaworthy, and still obeyed the oar.

Leo had been carelessly happy alone in the old gondola, which had been new before his "career" began. He, too, was drinking in the beauty of the night, with his face held up to his loved Venetian sky, his nostrils wide for the salt smell of the lagoon. Then he had heard his brother's quiet voice, and he had turned to see Vanni's gondola black against the silver water, Vanni's figure swaying against the silver sky. The moon had illuminated a girl's lifted face, and—Leo was carelessly happy no more.

He had seen women more beautiful than she, perhaps, but none whose beauty opened the doors of his soul and poured in a flood of light. The wish came to him that in some way, unknown to her, he might add to the pleasure she felt in the perfection of the night.

What could he do? There was nothing. But yes, he could sing. He would be a voice for her—the voice of this one Venetian night. He was content to be that and nothing more; but he would sing so that she should not forget. Sometimes she would think of that voice, and so something of his would be hers, for all the years that she remembered Venice.

With a few sweeping strokes of his oar he widened the space of ebony and silver between the two gondolas. Then he asked himself what should be the one song that he would give this girl to carry away with her down the years. Should it be a passionate love song? No; it must be lilies, not red roses, for that fair saint of gold and ivory in her silver shrine. She was a lady of lilies.

Almost without conscious choice he found himself singing Gordignani's "O Santissima Vergine"—clear, white music, pure as the sheen of the moon.

"By Jove, what a voice!" exclaimed Sir Charles.

"It's the surroundings which give it value," said Lord George West. "Dare say it doesn't amount to much really."

"Oh, hush, please—please! Don't let us lose a note," whispered the girl.

Vanni said nothing. But he knew who was singing. No one save Leo could sing like that. So much he knew, yet he was far from knowing why Leo sang. He smiled as he stood at his oar, thinking that this time Leo was giving him a surprise, as well as the signore. It was a pretty idea. Vanni wondered if the signore would guess and ask questions. If he did not ask Vanni would not speak—not to-night, at all events. But Vanni was dying to tell that the golden voice was his brother's, and he was disappointed when no questions came, for this showed, he thought, that the signore had forgotten Leo was expected. If he had remembered, he might have put two and two together.

When the song ended they talked about the voice, and Sir Charles praised it highly; but, instead of trying to satisfy his curiosity by an appeal to Vanni, he merely argued with Lord George West. Sir Charles believed that it must be a gentleman who sang—a Venetian, perhaps—while Lord George was of opinion that it was only some gondolier, with a better voice than most of his fellows. And Leo did not sing again.

For a long time that night Lilian Hampton sat at her window, looking out over the mirror that was the lagoon, and as she thought of a thing that had happened, the refrain of the song she had heard was in her ears, like the sound of the sea in a shell. When they had come back to the hotel Lord George West had tried to tell the girl that he loved her, and she had stopped him, she hardly knew why; only—he had seemed so commonplace after that wonderful singing. The voice out there on the lagoon had concentrated all the sweetness, all the poetry and beauty of life which she had vaguely felt existed, but had never known. It had said to her that if she married George West, though she might be happy enough in a way,

and would have the satisfaction of being envied by most of the women she knew, there must always be something that she would miss. And the something would be the best of all; just that poetry, and sweetness, and beauty which she had the capacity to know and had not known.

Vanni had been told to bring the gondola to the hotel door at ten o'clock next morning; but at nine the signore received word that his gondolier was anxious to speak with him for a moment.

Sir Charles Hampton, who was an early riser, was having his tea and toast alone in the garden, as he liked to do, that he might have half an hour's peaceful reading of the day-before-yesterday's paper. He guessed that something unexpected must have happened, hastily finished his tea, and went into the long hall, where the water-lights made a fishing-net of gold on the polished ceiling.

Vanni stood on the marble steps which led up from the water to the door of the hotel, and as the signore appeared he came forward with a limp.

"Why, Vanni, what's the matter?" asked Sir Charles.

"Signore, I am sorry to say that I have stupidly disabled myself. It happened last night on the way home. For my sins I stepped on a nail, and, the sole of my shoe being thin, the point went far into the flesh. I hoped that it would be nothing, but this morning I find that I cannot use my foot on the *ponta piede*. It is not that I would mind the pain, but I could not row the illustrious signore properly; and I have come at this hour to ask him whether he would wish to ——"

"Why, we shall have to get another gondolier, I suppose, until you're well," said Sir Charles. "I'm sorry you've hurt yourself, Vanni, and you must be careful, of course. But it's a nuisance, all the same."

"If the signore approves, I have another gondolier ready," announced Vanni. "It is what I was about to tell him. My brother Leo, who owes so much to the signore, has now come home for his holiday, and is at the signore's service."

"But Leo is a singer."

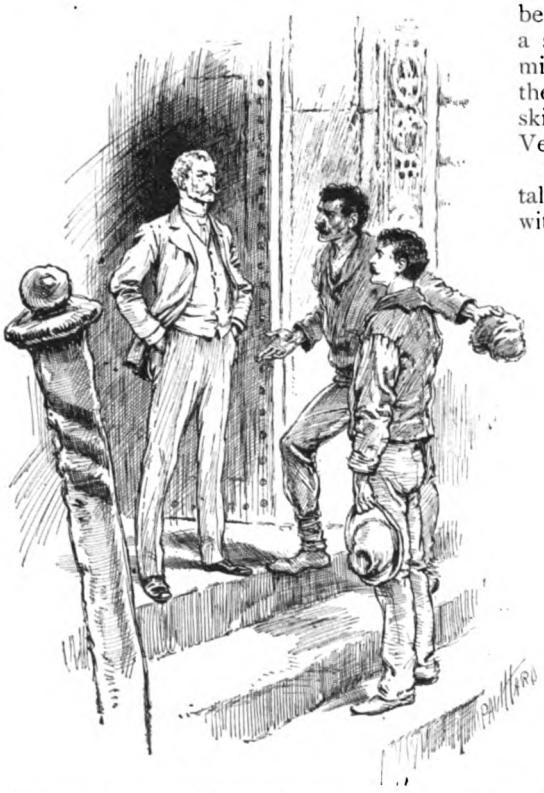
"True, signore, but he has not forgotten how to be a gondolier, and he will gladly take my place. It will be better than having a stranger, and I promise the signore that there is not a more skilled gondolier in Venice than Leo."

"Well, I will have a talk with him. Is he with you?"

"Si, signore. I will call him."

A moment later a tall young man was bowing with respect before Sir Charles Hampton.

He wore the simple yet picturesque blue serge dress of the ordinary gondolier, but he did not wear it like an ordinary gondolier; and the old soldier's first thought was, "Why, this fellow looks like an Italian prince, and he's one of the handsomest chaps I ever saw!"



"'IT WAS LEO WHO SANG ON THE LAGOON LAST NIGHT, SIGNORE,' SAID VANNI."

"It was Leo who sang on the lagoon last night, signore," said Vanni, seeing that his brother had made an impression, and in his pride wishing to heighten it. But instantly Sir Charles's face changed. He had held out his hand to Leo, and had intended, after a few kindly words, to accept the offer of his services. But he remembered his daughter's extreme delight in the beauty of the voice heard in the moonlight, and her wish to see the singer. She was romantic, of course, like

most girls of her age. If she knew Leo Contarini's story, and knew how he could sing, she might be inclined to take more personal interest than would be prudent in so handsome a young man.

Accordingly he told Leo that he was pleased to see him and to hear that he was doing well. He thanked him for offering to act as gondolier, but thought it would be wiser to find some other substitute for Vanni.

"You see," he explained, "you are not a gondolier now, and your position as my servant would be incongruous, awkward for everybody concerned. You would be hurt if we treated you as we treat your brother, yet we could not make you one of our party."

"I would neither expect nor wish it," protested Leo, speaking in English, which he had learned for the sake of his music, as he had German and French. "I should be happy to show my gratitude, even in such a little way, and I should be glad to help my brother. If you take me as your gondolier, signore, I am a gondolier and nothing else."

"Remember, I couldn't have your singing become a subject of conversation. If you do this thing you'll have to keep your talent to yourself. Not a song; not a hint that you can sing. I don't wish to be unkind, and I hope I'm not a snob, but—there are some things that can't be mixed, you know."

"I quite understand, signore."

"Very well. I feel sure I can depend on Vanni's brother to keep his word and his self-command, even in trying circumstances. We'll call the matter settled; and I shall expect you to be ready at ten. There will be one passenger beside my daughter and myself—a friend who has come here to be with us. And oh, by the way, you needn't air your knowledge of English. It's so unusual among gondoliers, it might lead to questions."

"As you will, signore," replied Leo, so meekly that Sir Charles was reassured.

But Leo was not meek because he was anxious on his own account to be accepted as his brother's substitute. It was Vanni who had proposed the plan, and at first Leo had shrunk from it; why, he hardly knew. Vanni had urged, however, that here was a chance for him to prove his gratitude to the good signore, and it was his duty to take that chance. So at last Leo had consented, with a thrilling of the nerves and a sinking of the heart, as if under the weight of a presentiment.

His blood beat in his ears as the Lady of the Lilies came out on the marble steps an hour later, and looked at him with surprise as she descended to the gondola. "Why, father, where is Vanni?" she asked.

"Vanni has hurt his foot. This is his brother," said Sir Charles; and then, as if unwilling to dwell upon the subject, he began a conversation with Lord George. "Yes, the Accademia is the best place for us this grey morning," he said. "Accademia, Leo."

But Lilian was deeply interested in the new gondolier. She smiled kindly over her shoulder at him, because he was Vanni's brother; but as her eyes met his, which were quickly and respectfully averted, somehow she felt the character of her smile changing.

This man was very different from Vanni, though Vanni was handsome too. It was extraordinary that the two could be brothers. So the new one's name was Leo! He looked more like a prince in exile than a common gondolier. His face was wonderfully refined and intellectual. How sad his great dark eyes were; or did she imagine it, and was he really like all the others?

She could not help thinking about Vanni's brother as they wandered from room to room at the Accademia, and in one or two masterpieces of Titian's she fancied a resemblance to the new gondolier's eyes or expression.

In the afternoon Leo rowed them to the Lido for tea, and back again as the sun was setting in a blaze of golden glory behind Venice. This time Miss Trelawney, who had been Lilian's governess and was now her companion, was of the party, and she was so indiscreet in her artistic admiration of the gondolier that Sir Charles was annoyed.

Then things began to happen which caused Lord George to come near hating "that posing humbug," as he mentally called the unnecessarily handsome gondolier.

One thing was that Lilian dropped a bracelet into the water as she was landing at the hotel steps. It did not matter much, she said. It was not very valuable. She was sorry because it had been her "lucky bracelet," but she must make up her mind to do without it. Really, it was not worth while sending for one of the professional divers who, the porter said, could be found at the arsenal; besides, by the time he came it would be too dark for him to spy about under the water.

"I will go down, signorina, and get your bracelet for you now," said Leo.

"Pooh! You couldn't stay under water long enough to find it," Lord George answered for her.

"I will find it," Leo insisted, quietly.

"But you would take cold going home in your wet clothes," protested Lilian. "Oh, no, I wouldn't have you do it for anything."

"I do not take cold so easily," said Leo, laughing, and a moment later he had disappeared under the water.

He stayed down so long that the girl was frightened, but at last he came up again, his face and dark curly hair streaming with water. "Here is your bracelet, signorina," he announced; and Lord George was disappointed, for it would have been better that the bracelet should be lost, he thought, than that the gondolier should be promoted to a pedestal.

"'HERE IS YOUR BRACELET, SIGNORINA,' HE ANNOUNCED."

At the end of a fortnight Vanni was still on the sick-list, for blood-poisoning had been the result of his accident, and he was recovering slowly. Lilian asked after him every day and sent him delicacies; yet she had begun to dread the time when he should be strong enough to take up his duties again. Leo was wonderful. He was far, far too good to be a gondolier; and yet she was so glad that he was her gondolier that she scarcely knew what the days would be like when he was her gondolier no more.

One night she dreamed that she heard "O Santissima Vergine" sung as the mysterious singer had sung it in the moonlight; then that she saw the singer's face, and it was the face of Leo. This was nonsense, of course; but it brought back so vividly her joy in the song that next day she told Leo in the gondola about the incident, describing the voice, and asking if he could tell her who the singer was.

"No, signorina, I cannot tell you," he answered, after a few seconds' pause.

"But there can't be two voices in Venice like that man's. It was glorious. I would give anything to hear it again—anything."

"I will try to find the man for you, signorina," said Leo, "and if I can he shall sing."

That evening Vanni's wife, Beata, came to the hotel and asked if she might see the signorina for a moment. She was immediately admitted to Lilian's room, where the girl was dressing for dinner. It was but a message from her brother-in-law, said Beata, but he had wished her to deliver it herself. She was to tell the signorina that the man had been found, and would sing, if the signorina cared to hear him, under her window at half-past eleven o'clock, when all the barges with the ordinary musicians had gone.

Of course, the signorina did care to hear him, and was much excited at the prospect of what was to happen. She told her father at dinner, and was surprised that he did not seem particularly pleased, though Lord George's indifference was not so amazing. He was never ready to praise Leo, and the cleverer Leo was the less Lord George seemed to like him.

As Lilian sat at her window waiting the canal was dark; but just as mellow, distant bells ceased to chime the half hour before midnight, out of the darkness rose the voice, sweet as the night-blooming Ceres, which blossoms while the world sleeps.

"O Santissima Vergine," the voice sang, as before. And then came a strange song which the girl had never heard, and the words of which she did not understand; but

she thought that the language might be Russian, and she knew that it meant love and sorrow. It was so beautiful and so sad that tears rose to Lilian's eyes, and her heart contracted with a pang like the pain of parting from one dearly loved.

"I must know who this man is and see him," she said to herself. "To-morrow Leo shall tell me."

Soon after the singing had died into silence there was a knock at Sir Charles Hampton's door, and he opened it to admit Lord George West. The younger man apologized for his intrusion by saying that he had a reason which seemed to him good. "I've found out who that singing chap is," he went on. "I was in a gondola, watching for him to come at the time Miss Hampton spoke of. While he was giving his serenade I got near enough to see his face, and I'm hanged if it wasn't your gondolier himself. I thought you ought to know, for you've been so busy looking after General Hatfield lately that you haven't seen what is going on."

"What *is* going on?" asked Sir Charles, rather sternly.

"Well, it's a little difficult to put it into words, though I've been feeling it for some time. To-night's business puts a still worse complexion on it, or I wouldn't bother you. But I made inquiries downstairs after finding out whom we had to thank for the serenade, and it appears that that gondolier of yours isn't a gondolier at all. He's an actor, or, rather, an opera singer, from Rome. It seems that a lot of people know it. He's been imposing himself on you as something that he isn't for the sake of showing off his poses and making an impression on Miss Hampton."

Sir Charles frowned. He asked a few questions, and Lord George answered, as his jaundiced imagination told him, truly. In the end the old soldier did not say much, but before he went to bed he wrote a letter, firm, but kindly, to Leo, telling him that owing to unforeseen circumstances his services would no longer be wanted. Sir Charles enclosed a handsome present, in addition to payment for a week, only half of which had elapsed, and added the information that the Hampton party would leave Venice in the course of a day or two.

It was too late to send the note that night, but he determined to do so early next morning, in time to prevent Leo from reporting himself, according to custom, at ten o'clock. A certain uneasiness prevented Sir Charles from sleeping as well as his habit was, however, and he did not wake until half-past eight. By the time the note was dispatched it was close upon nine, and when the messenger arrived at the house of Vanni Contarini in the Rio Alberoni, with a sealed letter for his brother, Leo had been gone for long. Where he had gone Vanni did not know, but he knew that his brother must return before keeping his morning appointment at the hotel, for he had not taken the gondola.

This was the reassuring message which reached Sir Charles, still in his room; but at the very moment of its delivery Leo was with his daughter.

She had slept lightly and, waking early, had taken a fancy to have her morning coffee in the garden on one of the little wistaria-shaded balconies hanging low over the jade-green water. Sitting there alone she saw Leo pass, in Vanni's old gondola, with a cargo of lilies. He was slowing down, as if to stop at the hotel steps; therefore she knew the flowers must be for her, and she called softly to the young man to stop.

He heard (would he not have heard her voice if he had been dead to all other sounds?) and brought the gondola to rest close to the balcony railing—so close that he could have taken the two little hands lying there, taken them both in one of his and carried them down to his lips. Leo had sung the part of Romeo, and he thought of it now, with a mist that clouded his eyes for an instant, hiding from him the fairest Giulietta who ever looked down from a balcony to her lover. *Her lover!*—he dared not even think the word, and he hastened to speak, lest the girl should guess something of his emotion from his face.

So he smiled and told her where he had found the lilies. He would take them to the door now, and the porter would give them to the signorina's maid to put in water.

"No, don't go yet, Leo," she pleaded, saying his name in the soft tone that always set his heart beating to suffocation. "I want to talk to you. I want to thank you so much for finding that wonderful singer and for persuading him to sing again. Besides, I want you to tell me all about him."

"I gladly would do that, or anything else you could ask, but I cannot do that one thing, signorina."

"Surely you must know? I should like to —to send him money if he would take it."

"He would not, signorina. It was a great pleasure for him to sing for you."

"Why won't you tell me about him?"

"It cannot be explained, signorina. I beg that you will not ask me."

"I must not if you look and speak like that, though it is a great disappointment not to know. But—no, don't go yet, Leo."

"Is there — something I can do for you, signorina?" he asked, when she hesitated; and as she flushed his dark face paled.

The girl found herself trembling, she did not know why. She hardly knew how to put into words what she really wished to say to Leo, yet she could not bear to let him go without saying it. It was the first time she had ever been alone with him, except in her thoughts, and it might never happen again.

"'NO, DON'T GO YET, LEO,' SHE PLEADED."

"I—I—want to ask if there's anything that troubles you?" she stammered. "Lately I have—have fancied that you looked anxious or sad, and I wondered if—there was anything that worried you. My father and I take a great interest in—in you all, and if you needed help——"

"You are more than kind, signorina, but I need nothing," Leo broke into her pause, his voice slightly choked.

"I have—thought of you often, and felt that you ought to have a—a higher place in the world than a gondolier. It is a beautiful life, I know, but—but you are capable of so much. If money were needed to start you in any career more—suitable, I've saved up nearly a hundred pounds out of my allowance, and—if you would let me lend it to you, Leo——"

"Don't, don't, signorina; I can't bear it!" he stammered. "For the love of Heaven, if you only knew, I——"

"If I knew what? Oh, you *are* sad, Leo. You are in some great trouble."

"Trouble that I must bear, and forget, if I can," he answered, because her eyes compelled him to so much of the truth. "And yet I would not choose never to have known it, for there is a sorrow better than any joy which can ever come to me. But forgive me, signorina; I have no right to talk to you of myself ——"

"Not if I ask you?"

"Not even then. But I thank you with all my heart for your goodness. I shall never forget. Now, signorina, I must take your lilies to the door, and go home to fetch the other gondola."

"Good-bye, Leo. I wish I could have helped to make you happy."

He could not have answered to save himself from death, nor, in that bitter-sweet moment, would he have cared to save himself from death. But he looked up, and such a blinding light flashed from his eyes to hers that her breath was caught away and she too was speechless.

She did not say it in so many words to herself, but suddenly she knew the answer to the question she had asked Leo. What his lips had refused to tell his eyes had told in spite of him. All the world was in confusion, tumbling into ruin round her, for not only was she loved by this Italian, this gondolier of Venice, but she loved the gondolier. She ran away from the truth, ran to her own room and hid her face between her hands. She must forget, she must forget! And he—did she wish him to forget? How could everything go on as

before? She would not dare to look him in the face again.

Ten o'clock came, and half-past ten; then a knock at the door. Miss Hampton's maid with a message from Sir Charles that the gondola was waiting.

Pale as her name-flower, the girl went down, wondering how she was to go through the ordeal. But it was a strange gondola and a strange gondolier, who looked ugly and common after Leo's Greek perfection.

That night she refused Lord George in such terms that it was useless to linger and ask for the third time; and two days later the Hamptons left Venice.

It did not seem that the Italian trip had been as beneficial to his daughter's health as Sir Charles had hoped. She was pale, and had lost flesh rather than gained it. Also, she was absent-minded, and went about with a far-away look in her eyes, which depressed her father. He was disappointed, too, that she had refused Lord George, who was the second son of a marquis, and a very good match, even for Lilian Hampton.

Perhaps, he thought, there was somebody else; but apparently this supposition was wrong, for two years passed and the girl showed no preference. She refused several good offers, and told Miss Trelawney, who questioned her, that she did not believe she would ever be able to care enough for a man to marry him.

"Dear child, have you never been the least in love?" asked Miss Trelawney, who was romantic, though more than middle-aged.

To account for a blush Lilian laughed, and said: "Oh, only with a voice. I think I was in love with the voice that sang in the moonlight at Venice, and I've never quite got over it."

"Oh, my dear, you *mustn't* say that, even in joke!" exclaimed her companion. "Why, it was *Leo*, that handsome young fellow who used to take us about in a gondola. Do you remember?"

Did she remember? The blood rushed to her face in a tide. "Leo?" she echoed. "You must be mistaken. It could not have been he."

"It was he. But oh, my goodness, now I think of it, I promised not to tell."

"You must tell," said the girl. "Having gone so far, you must go on now."

"Well, it's so long ago that I promised, I really think the promise must be worn out. And it can't do harm for you to know. Lord George West told me. At least, I overheard part of a conversation between him and your father, by accident, of course, and then, rather than I should blunder into saying anything to you, Lord George explained, but asked me to keep the story to myself. So I did, and, indeed, I'd forgotten it, till you spoke about the voice. It seems that Leo wasn't a gondolier. He'd been sent away from Venice as a boy, on money given by Sir Charles, to learn to sing, and had got on very well. He was in opera in Rome or somewhere, and had come home for a holiday, when his brother was taken ill. Sir Charles wanted to get a new gondolier, but Leo was impertinent enough to have fallen in love with you, and so he offered and almost

"'LEO?' SHE ECHOED. 'YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.'"

insisted. After awhile, though, Lord George and Sir Charles found out what an ungrateful wretch he was, and your father discharged him instantly, telling him never to show his face again. But, my child, how queer you look! No wonder you are shocked."

The girl did not answer. There was a great bitterness in her heart. Leo was not a gondolier after all; he was an opera singer. Opera singers—men as successful as his voice must make him—earned by their genius an equality with the proudest in any land. She understood many things now that had been dark.

Leo had loved her that she had always known. But now she knew more, much more. She knew that, had he been "an ungrateful wretch," as Miss Trelawney had called him, he would have spoken that morning when he brought her the lilies—the last time that they had ever met. He would have told her the truth, and asked that she would wait for him until he should be a great man in his profession. It was gratitude that had kept the words back, and she loved him for it, and for his courage, a thousandfold more than she had loved him before.

The years went on and nothing changed in the life of the father and daughter. People wondered that Lilian Hampton did not marry. When she was twenty-six they said that she would never marry now; men did not seem to interest her, and she was losing her beauty. She looked so pale, so far-away, as if the things which amused other young women bored her. Then Sir Charles died and Miss Trelawney died; but Lilian would not have a new companion. It was true that life had lost interest for her. She tried to care for people and things, but could not, very much. The one real longing she felt was to go back to Venice.

Not to see Leo. She knew that he would not be there, and she was sure that he had forgotten her long, long ago. Perhaps he was married; perhaps he had abandoned his profession, for she had never heard the name of Leo Contarini among famous singers.

No; it was not to see Leo that she longed to go back to Venice, after eight years. But Venice was calling her. She dreamed of sunrises and sunsets on the lagoon; and the thought of Venice was like the thought of her vanishing youth. So she listened to the call for months, and then she obeyed.

It was May when she and her father had arrived in Venice for the first time. It was May when she arrived now, alone; and she went back to the hotel where she had been so happy and so sad, in the old rainbow days, when Leo had brought her lilies.

Her train came in when the afternoon was late. She was rowed to the hotel, and when her maid had unpacked it was time to dress for dinner.

Lilian was tired, and decided to dine early in her own sitting-room.

"Is the signorina going to the opera to-night?" asked the waiter, who was laying the table.

"I had not thought of it," said she.

"Ah! but it is a great event for Venice," the waiter protested. "Many people have come on purpose. It is the great Alberoni who will sing Romeo in 'Romeo and Giulietta.' You know, signorina, he was of Venice, and Venice is greatly proud of him."

"I didn't know," answered Lilian. She did know of the celebrated tenor, but as her father's place was in Devonshire, and his health had been delicate for several years before his death, she had been seldom in London since the singer had leaped into fame, and had never heard or seen him.

"Oh, yes," the waiter went on, arranging a bowl of roses on the table. "His real name is Leo Contarini. But is the signorina unwell?"

She had half sprung up, then sank down again in her chair, her face as pale as the white roses in the man's hand.

"No, no," she faltered. "I had a sudden thought. It is nothing. Go on with what you were telling me."

"I was only about to say that the great Alberoni took that name for the stage because he and his family had lived in the Rio Alberoni here. His brother was for many years a gondolier of Venice, though the two were of an impoverished branch of an ancient and noble family. Now the brother is dead and the wife and child have moved away. People say that they are supported in affluence by the generous Alberoni. And they say also that, while he is here, he will look for a palazzo, for he loves Venice better than any other place in the world."

"If I could only hear him sing again!" Lilian said to herself. Aloud, she asked the waiter if it would be possible to buy a seat for the opera. He thought that it would not be possible, as the signorina had not already secured one; but a ticket might have been sent back at the last minute. It was at least worth while to telephone, and if the signorina wished it he would do so.

The signorina did wish it; and a few moments later there was news. Single seats

were not to be had for love or money, but a box had just been returned. If the signorina was willing to pay for four seats, they were at her disposal. Quickly Lilian took the chance that offered; and instead of resting quietly, alone with her thoughts, as she had intended to do on her first evening in Venice, to her own surprise she found herself seated in a box in the brilliantly-lighted Teatro Fenice.

Plainly dressed in black as she was, the white beauty which had made her for Leo Contarini the Lady of the Lilies drew many eyes to her box opposite the stage.

It was just before the balcony scene that the singer saw her.

For him, eight years rolled away in that moment like a cloud. Again he was standing in his gondola, looking up at a white girl who leaned down to him, and for an instant—an instant which had lit the gloom of his life as if with a lamp—gave him a glimpse of her soul.

Soon she knew that he saw her; and the look which had told of his love long ago told of it now. She knew that he had always loved her; that she had been the star of his life, and would be till the end.

She went back to her hotel in a fever. Would he write? Would he come?

Now, it seemed, there was nothing to keep him back. He was her equal, if not her superior. Royalty delighted to honour him. He was a great man, while in the eyes of the world she was only an everyday woman, no longer in her first youth. If there were a step down to be taken, it was for him, not for her. Yet he loved her, she was sure. So would he not come?

She did not sleep that night, but she rose early and went to the garden, asking that her coffee might be sent there.

How well she remembered that balcony overhanging the water, where she had sat and talked to him when they had seen each other last! It was the one to the left as you came out of the hall door into the garden. No one was there this morning, and, feeling as if she were in a dream, Lilian took her place at the little table.

Coffee came and she drank it, still in the dream which carried her back to the old days—to the last day of all, when Leo had passed with lilies in the gondola and she had called to him.

Her dreaming eyes looked wistfully out over the water, and then into the dream a man came rowing a gondola. The man had Leo's face. He was dressed in the blue serge of the gondolier, and on the seat of the gondola lilies lay in a white heap.

She sprang up, and with a broken cry held out her hands. The man looked at her, his face suddenly illumined, as it had been long ago. He stopped the gondola under the balcony.

Still she held out her hands, and, standing up, he took them both.

"Lady of the Lilies," he said, in a low voice. "This—just to see you—just that you let me touch your hands for one moment—pays for all the years."

"Will you let them go—will you let me go out of your life again?" she asked.

"Let you go?" he echoed. "It was only honour—only gratitude that kept me from ——"

"But neither honour nor gratitude stands in the way now—if you care?"

"If I care!"

"And I—I have wasted all these years. Is it a dream, or is this really you, and were you coming to me this morning—here?"

"I would not have dared to come. I meant only to leave the lilies. I did not dream that you——"

"Let us both dream—always—together," she said.

Then he kissed the hands he held.

At last she was his Lady of the Lilies.

"'LADY OF THE LILIES,' HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE."

The Longest Tunnel in the World.

THE Simplon Tunnel — the longest in the world — is gradually nearing completion, in spite of the incredible difficulties which the engineers have had to face. The geological surveys of the mountains under which the tunnel passes seemed to indicate that the rocks were dry, and it was in this belief and hope that the boring of the tunnel was begun simultaneously on the Swiss and Italian sides in November, 1898. For a long while all went smoothly. Five and a half years was the time allowed for the boring, and on the 13th May of last year (1904) the last barrier of rock should have been blasted away, and the engineers and workmen from the two sides should have rushed into each others' arms. But the mountains had in store a disagreeable surprise. Some eight miles out of twelve had been laboriously drilled and blasted through the rock, when suddenly there was a vast inrush of water. Unsuspected reservoirs in the stony heart of the mountain had been tapped by the little hole which pigmy man was driving through the vast Alpine range, and inexhaustible cataracts thundered into the tunnel from fissures in the rocky walls. Instead of stone the engineers now encountered a yielding and saturated schist. It was the mountain's revenge. For the engineers and contractors it was a disaster. It has meant a vast extra expense, a remodelling of plans, and a great delay in finishing the work.

BARON HUGO VON KAGER, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SWISS END OF THE TUNNEL.
From a Photo. by H. Gross, Lausanne.

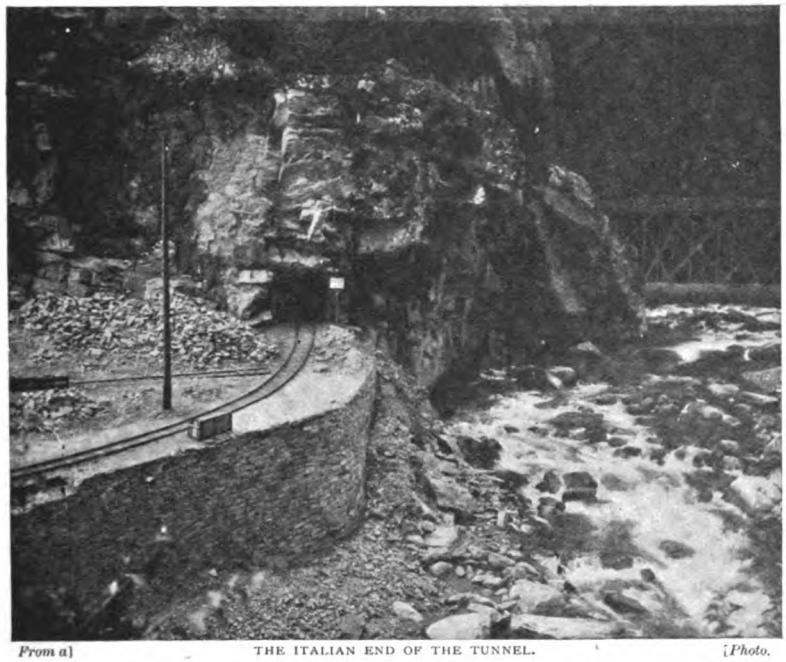
The object of the Simplon Tunnel is to shorten the journey from north to south, and to open a new route to trade. The Italian exit of the tunnel is at the little village of Iselle, the Swiss end is at Brigue, in the Rhone valley. It will be the longest tunnel in the world. From Brigue to Iselle it measures just twelve miles; while the St. Gothard can boast only nine and three-quarters, the Mont Cenis seven and a half, the Arlberg six and a quarter, the Central London Railway five and three-quarters.

The brains that have planned this great work are Swiss or German; the hands that execute it are Italian. The Swiss firm of Brandt and Brandau are the contractors for the work, and in the main the contrivers of it also. There was no question of competing designs or rival estimates. Messrs. Brandt and Brandau (with whom was associated the Zürich firm of Löcher and Co.) went with their scheme to the Jura-Simplon Railway Company (now the property of the State) and it was accepted. Unfortunately M. Alfred Brandt lived to see only the beginning of the great enterprise. He died on November 29th, 1899, his duties of supervisor of the works on the Swiss side devolving on Baron Hugo von Kager, the engineer-in-chief. M. Charles Brandau has control on the Italian side, where the engineer-in-chief is the accomplished Herr Conrad Pressel.

A little above the village of Varzo one comes suddenly upon a curious sight—a mushroom town that has sprung up to harbour the battalions employed in the tunnel works.

HERR CONRAD PRESSEL, ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN END OF THE TUNNEL.
From a] [Photo.

Beyond this Aladdin city are the tunnel works. It is "Vulcan's stithy" dropped down into a profound ravine of the Alps, a swarming ant-heap of men, "a mighty maze but not without a plan." The narrow floor of the valley is choked from side to side with buildings and embankments; tall chimneys pour out clouds of smoke, while the foaming Diveria dashes down in the midst. On both sides and high up the shoulders of the

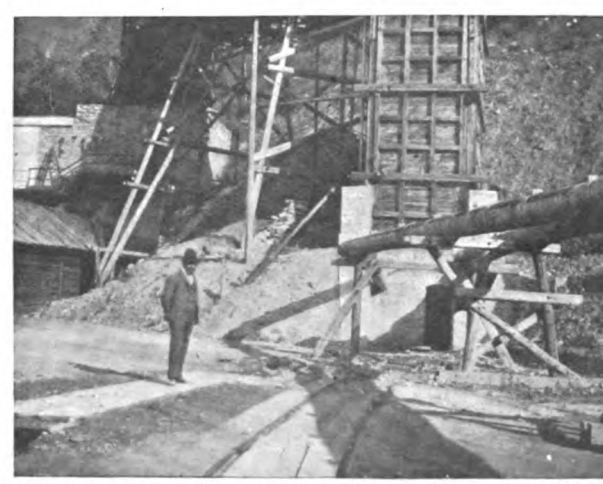


From a] THE ITALIAN END OF THE TUNNEL. *[Photo.*

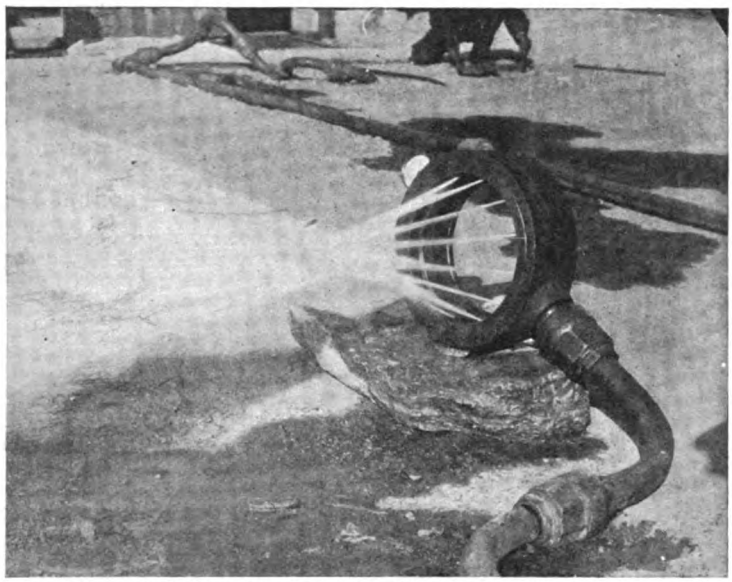
valley, on lines laid tier above tier, run locomotives hauling lines of trucks; the middle distance is filled with wide-spreading buildings —offices for the engineers, workshops, engine-houses, saw-mills, and carpenters' shops. Great stones, rounded, shaped, and numbered, are stacked in huge rectangular piles; baulks of timber and lengths of iron piping lie ready for use; and the river is spanned by several temporary bridges.

Just to the right of the high road one may remark in the rough face of the mountain a dark, egg-shaped mouth, undignified with masonry. That jagged opening into the vast mass of the Alps is the Italian exit of the tunnel, and soon luxurious trains will be issuing from it, bringing curious travellers from the pines of the northern slopes to the acacias and the vines of a sunnier land.

The forces of Nature have been cunningly utilized in the making of the great tunnel. On the Italian side it is the Diveria and on the Swiss side the Rhone that supplies the motive power for the workshops and for the drills, which, day and night, are digging their way through the mountain. In one respect the Simplon differs strikingly from other Alpine tunnels; it is not one tunnel, but two. Two separate and parallel tunnels are being bored simultaneously, about eighteen yards one from the other, and connected every two hundred yards or so by oblique cross galleries, or "traverses." While both tunnels advance together, only one is being now enlarged to the full size and lined with masonry; the other is left as a gallery ten feet by eight feet high. Each tunnel will have a single line of rails. By boring two parallel tunnels the difficulty of ventilation (serious in the case of the St. Gothard) has been completely overcome. Enormous fans (the largest, I believe, in the world) at the entrance to the smaller tunnel force in thirty-five cubic yards of air per second; and all the transverse galleries except the innermost one being closed by iron doors, the air has to find its way to the head of the tunnel where the men are working, escaping by the main tunnel. Some such system as this (employed here for the first time) was necessary to keep down the great heat of the tunnel,



From a] THE SWISS END OF THE TUNNEL. *[Photo.*



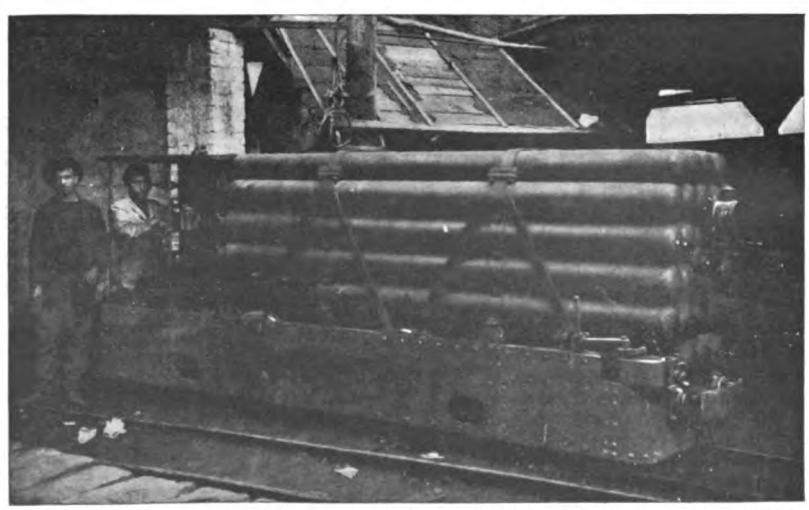
APPARATUS FOR COOLING THE TUNNEL BY FORCING AIR THROUGH SPRAYS OF WATER.
From a Photo.

which attains fifty-five centigrade, while the highest temperature in the St. Gothard was only thirty centigrade. The temperature at the tunnel-head is still further reduced by forcing air through sprays of water by means of the apparatus shown in the above photograph. By these means the men are enabled to work in comparative comfort, and disease among them has been rare. The sanitary conditions prevailing—thanks partly to the neighbourhood of the parallel gallery—have been infinitely better than in any other great tunnel. In the St. Gothard, for example, the men were attacked by, and even died from, a specific disease.

By the courtesy of Baron von Kager and Herr Conrad Pressel I was allowed to make a thorough inspection of the tunnel and its works.

Some three thousand five hundred men are employed altogether on the Swiss and Italian sides, almost all of them Italians, of whom perhaps twenty per cent. have brought their wives with them. Wages average from three to six francs a day, and work does not cease day or night, the workmen being divided into three shifts, each of which works eight hours.

It was with the gang of men that began work at one o'clock that I went into the tunnel. First I had to put on a miner's dress—old clothes, a sou'-wester hat, and heavy greased boots reaching to the knee. I carried a miner's lamp—a wick floating in paraffin held by a long wire with a hook at the end; old-fashioned and smoky, yet the most practicable and efficient lamp ever invented for its purpose. While we were getting into our things Herr Pressel showed me the baths and douches both for engineers and men, and the strange arrangement for keeping and drying the men's clothes when they come out of the tunnel. Innumerable cords running on pulleys are strung from floor to roof in the great bath-room. After his douche the miner makes a bundle of



From a] THE EXTRAORDINARY AIR-LOCOMOTIVE USED IN THE TUNNEL. *[Photo.*

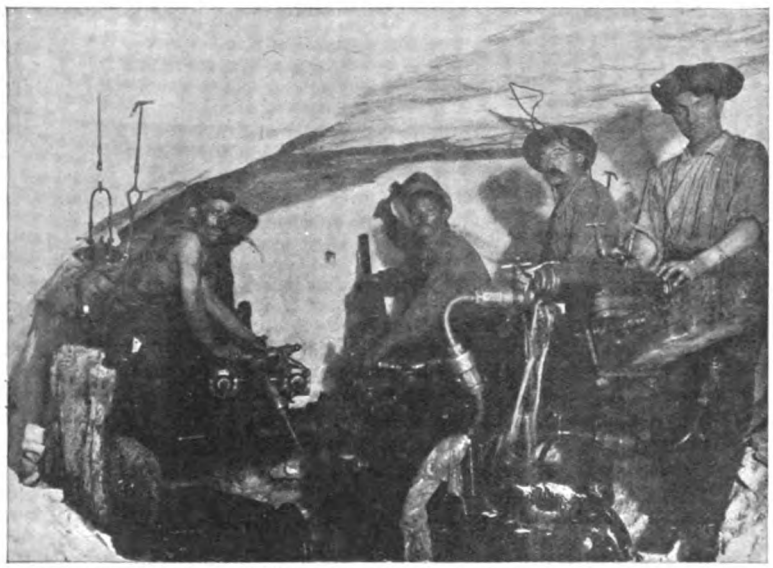
his clothes, pulls the cord, and up they go, where they dry in the warm air, out of the way until he wants them again. Nothing could be more practical and effective.

An army of workers—some six hundred strong—was taking places in the odd little train of wooden boxes drawn by a compressed air locomotive, which was to carry us into the tunnel. This locomotive is of such an extraordinary appearance that it baffles description, but an excellent idea of it may be obtained from the illustration. To the shriek of a whistle we started, rumbling over the wooden bridge across the Diveria and plunging suddenly into a roaring darkness, lighted only by the orange spots of our glow-worm lamps, which cast an uncertain illumination upon the egg-shaped interior of the great tunnel, lined with massive masonry. From rails to roof is some sixteen feet high; on the line of rails the tunnel is fifteen feet wide. We were entering the tunnel not by the mouth which I had seen earlier in the day—the mouth that will be used by the trains when the work is all finished—but by what is called the "gallery of direction." The general direction of the tunnel is a straight line, but at each end there is a short curve, where it runs out into the valleys of the Rhone and the Diveria. For engineering purposes, however, the tunnel has been prolonged at each end by a straight line coming out into the open air, and it is these straight ends which are at present used for gaining access.

The air was wonderfully pure. Respiration was quite normal, nor was there much heat. As we rumbled on I plied Herr Pressel with questions. "How can you tell," I asked him, "that when you have bored right through and meet your Swiss friends the tunnel will be in a straight line? Suppose the two ends do not meet correctly?" Herr Pressel laughed, and so did Engineer Muzzani, who sat with us. "No fear of that," said the engineer-in-chief; "our measurements are too accurately taken. Before anything else was done, a great system of triangulation was carried out across the mountains to determine the exact axis of the tunnel. We are able to work always exactly on that line. I will show you when we get out again a little round house which stands across the river exactly opposite the gallery of direction." (See the photograph given below.) "There is a similar house at Brigue, lying precisely in a straight line with ours here. Each contains a finely-graduated theodolite fixed on a stone base, and from those little houses our line is taken. In case there should be any error, the measurements are verified twice every year. You may take it from me that the two ends of the tunnel will meet exactly—well, there may be an error of perhaps two inches, not more. But even if there were a greater error than that it would be a matter of small importance, for it would only mean enlarging the area of the tunnel."

The train slowed down. We had penetrated a long way. The lining masonry had come to an end, and we were passing cautiously through a framework of great baulks of timber. A boy walked in front of the train, blowing on a horn to warn the men. It was here, Herr Pressel explained, that there had been much trouble with water, as I should see later. Passing the dangerous place we went on quickly again, and presently drew up, amid many glimmering lights, to find six hundred exhausted men waiting to go out. Our men tumbled out of their boxes; instantly the others tumbled in, and almost on the moment most of them fell fast asleep. I have seen nothing stranger than this train-load of exhausted labour deep in the heart of the Alps. Most of the men were naked to the waist, and their olive skin glistened in the light of the twinkling

HUT CONTAINING THE THEODOLITE WHICH ENSURES THAT THE TUNNEL IS BEING BORED IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
From a] [*Photo.*

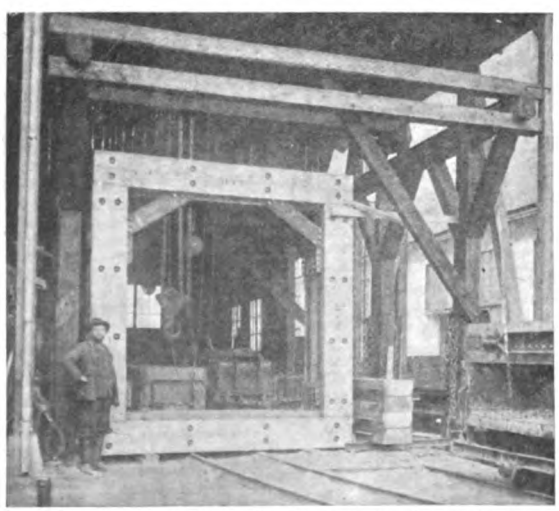


THE HYDRAULIC DRILLS AT WORK AT THE TUNNEL HEAD, IN THE HEART OF THE ALPS.
From a Photo.

lamps. Some slept on their folded arms, others leaned on the shoulders of their comrades, their swarthy, bearded faces smoothed into unconsciousness, many snoring stertorously, with wide-open mouths.

A short walk took us to the head working of the tunnel, where a little group was clustered round the drills. Herr Pressel received reports from Herr Hans Beissner, the engineer in charge of the perforation, while I looked about me. Here one could scarcely stand upright. From wall to wall of the little gallery was wedged a column of iron on to which were braced three of the famous Brandt hydraulic drills. These ingenious implements, working at one thousand five hundred pounds pressure to the square inch, push forward a long drill in the form of a tube ending in three prongs. With a hydraulic pressure of six tons behind it, the drills grind into the rock, a stream of cool water meanwhile flowing through them. Three of these drills, each of two and a half inches in diameter, are always at work at the tunnel head, which is here some three yards wide.

But the drills stop. They have bored the nine firing-holes, about six feet deep, and it is time to blast. There is a delay while the drills are drawn back. A foreman puts cartridges of blasting gelatine into each hole, and lights a fuse which burns two minutes. There is good time to run to the nearest traverse and wait. Huddled shoulder to shoulder we stand expectant, talking only in whispers. Suddenly there is a terrific detonation; another and another. All count eagerly to hear if the nine shots have been fired, and no one moves for several minutes in case there may be a miss-fire. (Not long since, as a foreman was walking forward too soon to see the result of a blast, a belated mine went off and blew out his eyes. It was one of the few serious accidents that have happened during the work.) At last we run forward. There is a great heap of *débris* where the drills stood, for simultaneously with the explosion a torrent of nine hundred gallons of water is hurled by compressed air at the rock-face, cooling it, and washing down the loose masses of rock. As soon as this can be cleared away the drills are pushed forward again; and six to eight times in the twenty-four hours this process should be repeated. The subsequent enlargement of the gallery to the full size of



THE IRON CAGE USED IN THE SOFT PART OF THE WORKINGS.
From a Photo.

the tunnel is done by hand drills and hand labour.

Returning now with Engineer Muzzani to the dangerous place where the train slowed down on coming in, I was to learn something of the enormous difficulties with which the engineers have had to contend. Instead of solid rock the mountain is here composed of loose schist. You can take it in handfuls. It is wet and soft, glittering with flakes of mica, and when a way is opened through it, it must be shored up at once with wood, or it will slide down and bury the workers.

To force the tunnel through this treacherous ground it has been necessary to build a cage of iron plates strengthened with girders. This is carried into the tunnel and pushed through the excavated schist. But the dimensions of the cage are much less than those of the completed tunnel. How, then, to enlarge the tunnel to its proper size? By a method highly ingenious, and the only one that can be used in the circumstances; but extremely expensive and extremely laborious. Secure in the cage, the workmen remove its plates one by one and dig outwards into the crumbling schist. As soon as there is room enough they push out, into the hole they have made, a curved stone. One stone in place, another iron plate is taken away and another stone pushed outwards into the heart of the mountain. Thus, with infinite toil, there is built up round the cage a skin of solid masonry. But this is only provisional, for the tunnel is not yet nearly large enough. Each stone must, therefore, be taken away one by one, a further excavation into the mountain must be made, and another prepared stone be pushed out into the place, until at length the vault has its full height. Underfoot the same thing is done, the masonry in this treacherous place being, of course, of a much greater thickness than in the rocky parts of the tunnel. Like the skins of an onion, these ponderous stones lie one outside the other; and for extra strength they are placed end to end in what the French call the "*système anglais*." Small wonder that eight months were occupied in passing through forty-six yards of this ground; and Herr Pressel estimates that a year and a half will be occupied in the total enlargement of this same length, at a cost of forty thousand pounds.

With M. Muzzani I hoisted myself up through a maze of timber baulks to the place where workmen, naked to the waist, were placing the stones in position. Six or seven men were working crouched together in a small space. As soon as a hole was dug into the schist, boards supported by thrusts were pushed forward to keep the rest of the stuff from sliding down. Then a stone was hauled up by pulleys from below, and with precise care was fitted into its place. "One must be quick at this work," said one sweating Italian to me. "If you don't board up this stuff quickly, there may be a cave-in which would bury us all."

From a] IN THE PARALLEL GALLERY. *[Photo.*

From the main tunnel we went by one of the traverses into the parallel gallery to see the water which has caused such infinite mischief and expense. All these traverses are closed by heavy iron doors, and to open them against the rush of air that pours through the gallery from the gigantic fan outside is almost impossible. To meet this difficulty a little door about a foot square is fitted into the large ones, and on opening this a cataract of wind rushes through with a loud whistling. The air pressure thus relieved, a strong push with the shoulder will open the door and allow one to pass into the smaller gallery. Here, so different is the barometric pressure, a curious tingling buzzes in the ears and sounds become louder. The black hollow was filled with commanding noises. With the wild rush of the wind there mingled the roar of falling waters; and

presently, waving my lamp from side to side, I could see that cascades were rushing into the gallery from fissures in the rock. It was one of the most curious sights imaginable.

Most of the rock through which the tunnel passes is volcanic, containing no fossils, no human remains. Sometimes, Herr Pressel told me, a curious thing happened. The rocks in the gneiss exploded spontaneously. He attributed this either to the relaxation of a bend in a stratum, the rocks being shot forward as by a spring, or to the sudden introduction of a much lower temperature. Whatever the cause, it is not unusual for the advancing miners to be received with a fusillade of stones, as if the Genius of the Mountain were protesting against the disturbance of his eternal sleep. But the water difficulty was wholly unexpected. It is probable that there is some curving of the strata unknown to the geologists, which has enabled the water to run inwards and collect in cavities in the mountain instead of draining down its sides. Whether the torrents now pouring into the tunnel will in time exhaust themselves when they have drained some subterranean lake, no one can say. One strange fact is that springs as far away as the *cantine* by the bridge in the Gorge of Gondo, on the Simplon Pass, have dried up since the water burst into the tunnel.

I was eager to get a photograph of these destructive torrents, but the conditions were as unfavourable as one could well imagine. Water fell from all parts of the roof and walls, dripped down my neck, into the camera, and fell hissing into our lamps. There was not a dry spot to which to attach the magnesium powders. The first two failed to light, but M. Muzzani carefully protected the last one with his hands and managed to fix it to a nail in a baulk of wood. To light a match in that roaring wind was no easy matter, but the skilful engineer succeeded. I had the shutter open and the camera directed towards the principal torrent. The magnesium caught fire, and, for a flashing second, revealed the wonderful scene in all its detail. I scarcely dared to hope that I had secured a good negative; yet when it came to be developed it was excellent. Seldom has a photograph been taken in stranger surroundings.

WATER RUSHING INTO THE TUNNEL—A UNIQUE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CAUSE OF ALL THE TROUBLE.

Some five hours we spent in the tunnel, a mountain seven thousand feet high above our heads; and when at last we rumbled out again into the sunlight my mind was full of wonder at what I had seen. For a last strange impression I was taken to the great fan that ventilates the tunnel. This monstrous engine revolves with incredible speed at the end of a short gallery. The fan itself is hidden; all that one sees is a polished steel shaft. You enter the gallery and suddenly you are caught in a mighty rush of air. You spread out your hands against the walls, your feet slip upon the concrete floor; it is only by the exercise of all your strength that you manage to turn and struggle out against the blast, gasping for breath. It is a very nightmare of a place, like some wild and impossible thing in a story of Poe.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

CHAPTER XI.—A Swindling Grotto—An Exhibition of Jewels—A Train Robber—Vaillant the Anarchist—A Narrow Escape.

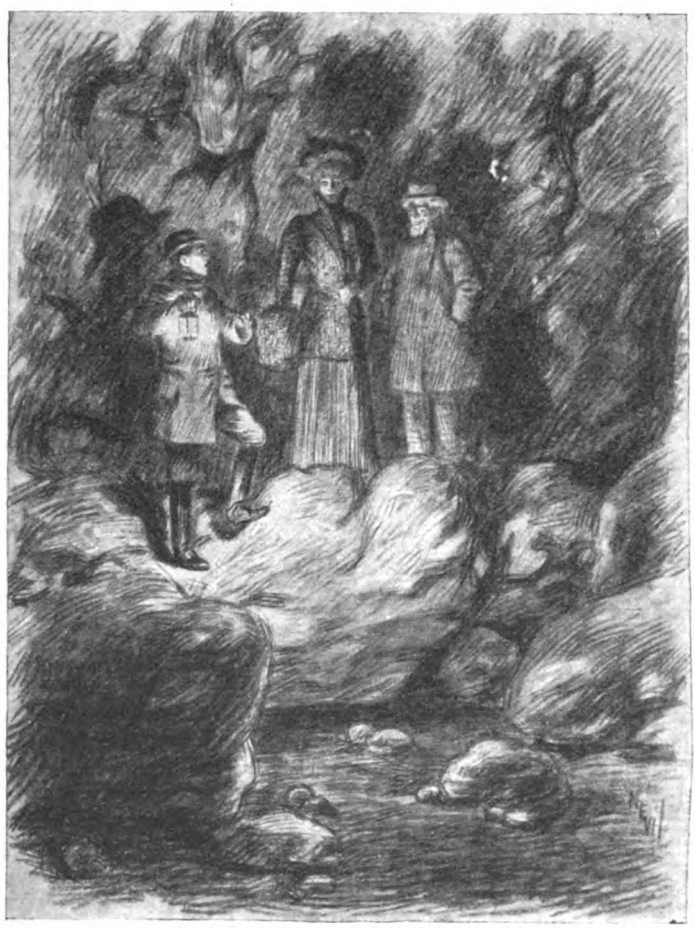
WE stayed at St. Louis for a week from the 24th of January. I must admit that this city, which was specially French, was less to my liking than the other American cities, as it was dirty and the hotels were not very comfortable. Since then St. Louis has made great strides, but it was the Germans who planted there the bulb of progress. At the time of which I speak, the year 1881, the city was repulsively dirty. In those days, alas! we were not great at colonizing, and all the cities where French influence preponderated were poor and behind the times. I was bored to death at St. Louis, and I wanted to leave the place at once, after paying the indemnity to the manager, but Jarrett, the upright man, the stern man of duty, the ferocious man, said to me, holding the contract in his hand :—

"No, madame, you must stay. You can die of *ennui* here, if you like, but stay you must."

By way of entertaining me he took me to a celebrated grotto, where we were to see some millions of fish without eyes. The light had never penetrated into this grotto, and, as the first fish that lived there had no use for their eyes, their descendants had no eyes at all. After a long drive we got out of the carriage and groped our way to the grotto, very cautiously, on all fours, like cats. The road seemed to me interminable; but at last the guide told us that we had arrived at our destination. We were able to stand upright again, as the grotto itself was higher. I could see nothing, but I heard a match being struck, and the guide then lighted a small lantern. Just in front of me, nearly at my feet, was a rather deep natural basin.

"You see," remarked our guide, phlegmatically, "that is the pond, but just at present there is no water in it, neither are there any fish; you must come again in three months' time."

Jarrett made such a fearful grimace that I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter—that kind of laughter which borders on madness; I was suffocated with it, and I hiccoughed and laughed till the tears came. I then went down into the basin of



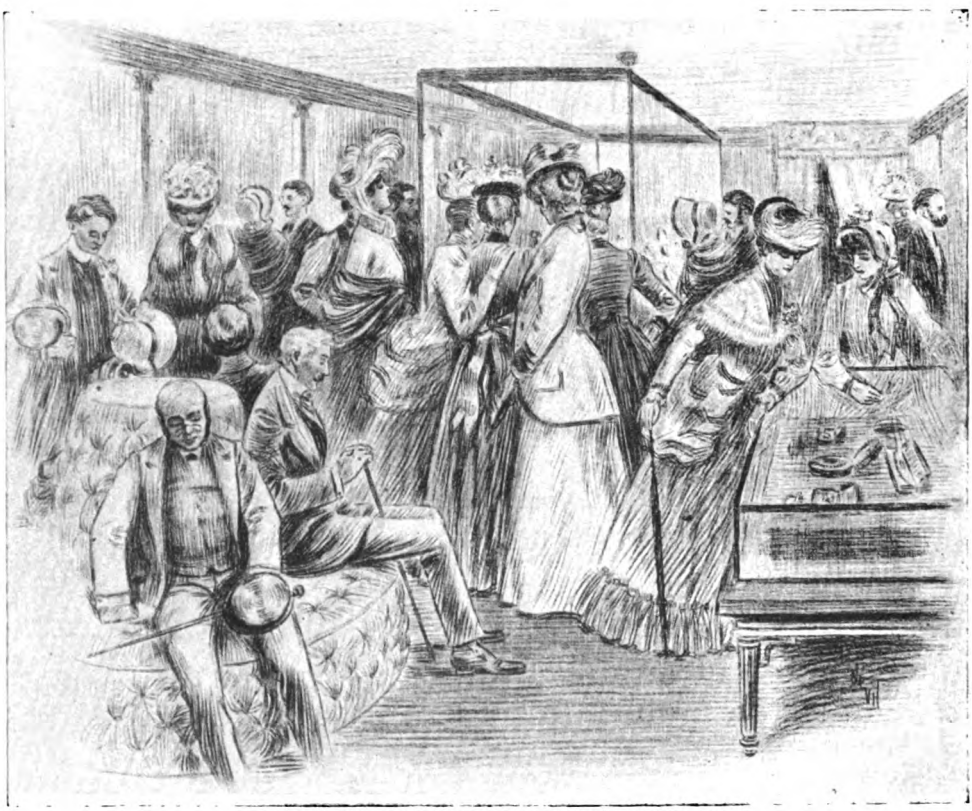
THE SWINDLE OF THE GROTTO OF ST. LOUIS.

the pond in search of a relic of some kind, a little skeleton of a dead fish, or anything, no matter what. There was nothing to be found, however, absolutely nothing. We had to return on all fours as we came. I made Jarrett go first, and the sight of his big back in his fur coat, and of him walking on hands and feet, grumbling and swearing as he went, gave me such delight that I no longer regretted anything, and I gave ten dollars to the guide, to his unspeakable surprise.

We returned to the hotel, and I was informed that a jeweller had been waiting for me more than two hours. "A jeweller!" I exclaimed. "But I have no intention of buying any jewellery; I have too much as it is." Jarrett, however, winked at Abbey, who was there as we entered. I saw at once that there was some understanding between the jeweller and my two impresarii. I was told that my ornaments needed cleaning, that the jeweller would undertake to make them look like new, repair them if they required it, and, in a word, exhibit them. I rebelled, but it was of no use. Jarrett assured me that the ladies of St. Louis were particularly fond of shows of this kind. He said it would be an excellent advertisement—that my jewellery was very much tarnished, that several stones were missing, and that this man would replace them for nothing. "What a saving!" he added. "Just think of it."

I gave up, for discussions of that kind bored me to death; and two days later the ladies of St. Louis went to admire my ornaments in this jeweller's show-cases under a blaze of light. Poor Mme. Guérard, who also wanted to see them, came back horrified.

"They have added to your things," she said, "sixteen pairs of earrings, two necklaces, thirty rings, a lorgnette all diamonds and rubies, a gold cigarette-holder set with turquoises, a small pipe, the amber mouthpiece of which is encircled with diamond stars, sixteen bracelets, a toothpick studded with sapphires, and a pair of spectacles with gold mounts, tipped with small acorns of pearls.



THE EXHIBITION OF SARAH BERNHARDT'S JEWELS.

"They must have been made specially,"

said poor Guérard, "for there can't be anyone who would wear such glasses, and on them were written the words, 'Spectacles which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt wears when she is at home.'"

I certainly thought that this was exceeding all the limits allowed to advertisement. To make me smoke pipes and wear spectacles was going rather too far, and I got into my carriage and drove at once to the jeweller's. I arrived just in time to find the place closed. It was five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the lights were out, and everything was dark and silent. I returned to the hotel and spoke to Jarrett of my annoyance.

"What does it all matter, madame?" he said, tranquilly; "so many girls wear spectacles; and as to the pipe, the jeweller tells me it has already brought him five orders, and that it is going to be quite the fashion. Anyhow, it is of no use worrying about the matter, as the exhibition is now over, your jewellery will be returned to-night, and we leave here the day after to-morrow."

That evening the jeweller returned all the objects I had lent him, and they had been polished and repaired, so that they looked quite new. He had included with them a gold cigarette-holder set with turquoises, the very one that had been on view. I simply could not make that man understand anything, and my anger cooled down when confronted by his pleasant manner and his joy.

This advertisement, however, came very near costing me my life. Tempted by the thought of this huge quantity of jewellery, the greater part of which did not belong to me, a little band of sharpers planned to rob me, believing that they would find all these valuables in the large hand-bag which my steward always carried.

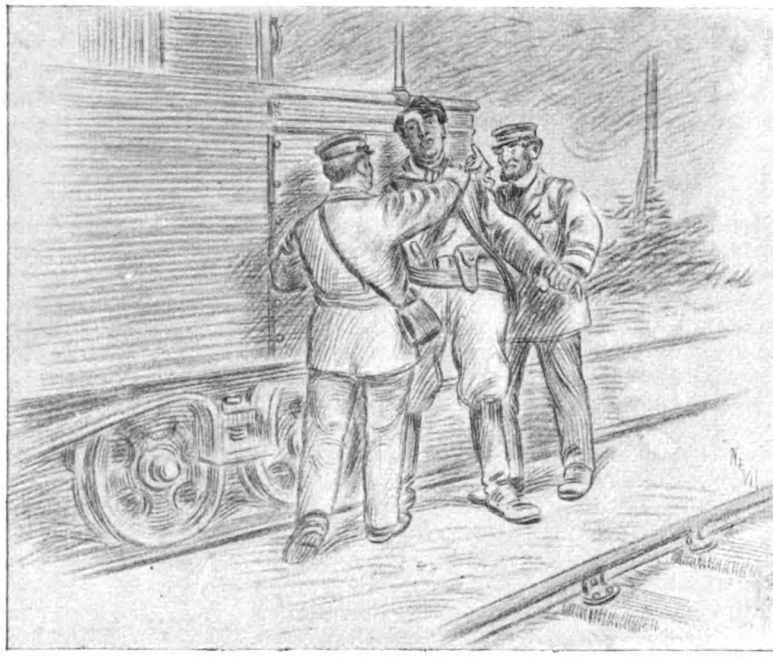
On Sunday, the 30th of January, we left St. Louis at eight o'clock in the morning for Cincinnati. I was in my magnificently-appointed Pullman car, and I had requested that my private suite—consisting of my bedroom, saloon, and the compartment containing the three beds of my attendants, and the kitchen—should be put at the end of our special train, so that, from the platform, I might enjoy the beauty of the landscape, which passes before one like a continually-changing living panorama.

We had scarcely been more than ten minutes *en route* when the guard suddenly stooped down and looked over the little balcony. He then drew back quickly, and his face turned pale. Seizing my hand, he said, in a very anxious tone, in English, "Please go inside, madame." I understood that we were in danger of some kind. He pulled the alarm signal, made a sign to another guard, and, before the train had quite come to a standstill, the two men sprang down and disappeared under the train. The guard had fired a revolver in order to attract everyone's attention, and Jarrett, Abbey, and the artistes hurried out into the narrow corridor. I found myself in the midst of them, and to our stupefaction we saw the two guards dragging out from underneath my compartment a man armed to the teeth.

With a revolver held to his temple on either side, he decided to confess the truth of the matter. The jeweller's exhibition had excited the envy of all the tribes of thieves, and this man had been dispatched by an organized band at St. Louis to relieve me of my jewellery. He was to unhook my carriage from the rest of the train between St. Louis and Cincinnati, at a certain spot known as the "Little Incline."

As this was to be done during the night, and my carriage was the last, the thing was comparatively easy, as it was only a question of lifting the enormous hook and drawing it out of the link. The man was a veritable giant and he was fastened on to my carriage. We examined his apparatus and found that it consisted of merely very thick straps of leather, about half a yard wide. By means of these he was fastened firmly to the under part of the train, with his hands perfectly free. The courage and the coolness of that man were admirable. He told us that seven armed men were waiting for us at the "Little Incline," and that they certainly would not have injured us if we had not attempted to resist, for all they wanted was my jewellery and the money which the secretary carried—two thousand three hundred dollars. Oh, he knew everything; he knew everyone's name, and he gabbled on in bad French: "Oh, as for you, madame, we should not have done you any harm, in spite of your pretty little revolver. We should even have let you keep it."

And so this man and his band knew that the secretary slept at my end of the train, and that he was not much to be dreaded, poor man; that he had with him two thousand three hundred dollars, and that I had a very prettily-chased revolver ornamented with cat's-eyes. The man was firmly bound and taken in charge by the two guards, and the train was then backed to St. Louis,



THE CAPTURE OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER.

from which we had only started a quarter of an hour before. The police were informed and they sent us five detectives. A goods train, which should have followed us in half an hour, was now sent on ahead. Eight detectives travelled on this goods train and received orders to get out at the "Little Incline." Our giant was handed over to the police authorities, but I was promised that he should be dealt with mercifully on account of the confession he had made. Later on I learnt that this promise had been kept, as the man was sent back to his native country, Ireland.

From this time forth my compartment was always placed between two others every night. In the daytime I was allowed to have my carriage at the end on condition that I would agree to have an armed detective on my bridge, whom I was to pay for his services. We started about twenty-five minutes after the goods train. All the men were requested to have their revolvers in readiness, and some white sticks like pastry-rollers were given to the women and to the men who had not any revolvers. Our dinner was very gay and everyone was rather excited. As to the guard who had discovered the giant hidden under the train, Abbey and I had rewarded him so lavishly that he was intoxicated, and kept coming on every occasion to kiss my hand and weep his drunkard's tears, repeating all the time, "I saved the French lady; I'm a gentleman."

When, finally, we approached the "Little Incline" it was dark. The engine-driver wanted to rush along at full speed, but we had not gone five miles when petards exploded under the wheels and we were obliged to slacken our pace. We wondered what new danger there was awaiting us, and we began to feel anxious. The women were nervous and some of them were in tears. We went along slowly, peering into the darkness, trying to make out the form of a man. Abbey suggested that we should go at full speed, because these petards had been placed along the line by the bandits, who had probably thought of some way of stopping the train in case their giant did not succeed in unhooking the carriage. The engine-driver refused to go more quickly, declaring that these petards were signals placed there by the railway company, and that he could not risk everyone's life on a mere supposition. The man was quite right, and he was certainly very brave.

"We can certainly settle a handful of ruffians," he said, "but I could not answer for everyone's life if the train went off the lines, collided with something, or went over a precipice."

We continued, therefore, to go slowly. The lights had been turned off in the car, so that we might see as much as possible without being seen ourselves. We had tried to keep the truth from the artistes, except from three men whom I had sent for to my carriage. The artistes really had nothing to fear from the robbers, as I was the only person at whom they were aiming. To avoid all unnecessary questions and evasive answers, we sent the secretary to tell them that as there was some obstruction on the

line the train had to go slowly. They were also told that one of the gas-pipes had to be repaired before we could have the light again. The communication was then cut between my car and the rest of the train.

We had been going along like this for perhaps ten minutes, when everything was suddenly lighted up by a fire, and we saw a gang of railway men hastening towards us. It makes me shudder now when I think how nearly these poor fellows escaped being killed. Our nerves had been in such a state of tension for several hours that we imagined at first that these men were the wretched friends of the giant. Someone fired at them, and if it had not been for our plucky engine-driver calling out to them to stop, with the addition of a terrible oath, two or three of these poor men would have been wounded.

I, too, had seized my revolver, but before I could have drawn out the ramrod which serves as a cog to prevent it from going off, anyone would have had time to seize me, bind me, and kill me a hundred times over. Yet, whenever I go to a place where I think there is danger, I invariably take my pistol with me—for, to speak accurately, it is a pistol and not a revolver. I always call it a revolver, but in reality it is a pistol, and a very old-fashioned make too, with a trigger so hard to pull that I have to use both hands.

I am not a bad shot, for a woman, provided that I may take my time, but this is not very easy when one wants to fire at a robber. And yet I always have my pistol with me; it is here on my table, and I can see it as I write. It is in its case, which is rather too tight, so that it requires a certain amount of strength and patience to pull it out. If an assassin should arrive at this particular moment I should first have to unfasten the case, which is no easy matter, then to get the pistol out, pull out the ramrod, which is rather too firm, and press the trigger with both hands. And yet, in spite of all this, the human animal is so strange that this little, ridiculously useless object here before me seems to me an admirable protection. And, nervous and timid as I am, I feel quite safe when I am near to this tiny friend of mine, who must roar with laughter inside the little case, out of which I can scarcely drag it.

Well, everything was now explained to us. The goods train which had started before us ran off the line, but no great damage was done and no one was killed. The St. Louis band of robbers had arranged everything, and had prepared to have this little accident two miles from the "Little Incline," in case their comrade, crouching under my car, had not been able to unhook it. The train had left the rails; but when the wretches rushed forward, believing that it was mine, they found themselves surrounded by the band of detectives. It seems that they fought like demons. One of them was killed on the spot, two were wounded, and all the others taken prisoners. A few days later the chief of this little band was hanged. He was a Belgian, named Albert Wirby, twenty-five years of age.

I did all in my power to save him, for it seemed to me that, unintentionally, I had been the instigator of his evil plan. If Abbey and Jarrett had not been so rabid for advertisement, if they had not added more than six hundred thousand francs' worth of jewellery to mine, this man, this wretched youth, would not, perhaps, have had the stupid idea of robbing me. To steal the goods of another person is certainly not right, but this should not be punished by death. To kill a man of twenty-five years of age is a much greater crime than to steal jewellery even by force.

Ah! how I hate capital punishment! It is a relic of cowardly barbarism, and it is a disgrace for civilized countries to still have their guillotines and scaffolds. Every human being has a moment when his heart is easily touched, when the tears of grief will flow, and those tears may lead to repentance. Ah! I would not for the whole world be one of those who condemn a man to death. And yet many of them are good, upright men, who, when they return to their family, are affectionate to their wives, and who will reprove their children for breaking a doll's head.

I have seen four executions: one in London, one in Spain, and two in Paris.

In London it is done by hanging, and this seems to me more hideous, more repugnant, more weird than any other death.

In Madrid I saw a man garrotted, and the barbarity of this torture terrified me for weeks after. He was accused of having killed his mother, but no real proof seemed to have been brought forward against the wretched man. And he cried out when they were holding him down on his seat before putting the garrotte on him: "Mother, I shall soon be with you, and you will tell them before me that they have lied."

These words were uttered in Spanish in a voice that vibrated with earnestness. They were translated for me by an Attaché to the British Embassy with whom I had gone to see the hideous sight. The wretched man

cried out in such a sincere, heartrending tone of voice that it was impossible for him not to have been innocent, and this was the opinion of all those who were with me.

The two other executions which I witnessed were at the Place de la Roquette, Paris. One was that of a young medical student, I think, who, with the help of one of his friends, had killed an old woman who sold newspapers. It was a stupid, odious crime, but the man was more mad than criminal. He was more than ordinarily intelligent, and had passed his examinations at an earlier age than is usual. He had worked too hard and it had affected his brain. He ought to have been allowed to rest, to have been treated as an invalid, cured in mind and body, and then returned to his scientific pursuits. I consider that a crime of high treason against humanity was committed in taking the life of a man of intellect, who, when once he had recovered his reason, might have rendered great service to science and to humanity.

VAILLANT, THE ANARCHIST, IN SARAH BERNHARDT'S DRESSING-ROOM.

The last execution at which I was present was that of Vaillant, the Anarchist. He was an energetic man, and at the same time mild and gentle, with very advanced ideas, but not much more advanced than those of men who have since risen to power.

My theatre at that time was the Renaissance, and he often applied to me for free seats, as he was too poor to pay for the luxuries of Art. Ah! poverty, what a sorry counsellor it is, and how tolerant we ought to be to those who have to endure misery!

One day Vaillant came to see me in my dressing-room at the theatre. I was playing Lorenzaccio, and he said to me: "Ah! that Florentine was an Anarchist just as I am, but he killed the tyrant and not tyranny. That is not the way I shall go to work."

A few days later he threw a bomb in a public building, the Chamber of Deputies. The poor fellow was not so successful as the Florentine whom he seemed to despise, for he did not kill anyone and did no real harm except to his own cause.

I said I should like to know when he was to be executed, and the night before a friend of mine came to the theatre and told me that the execution was to take place the following day, Monday, at seven in the morning. I started after the performance and went to the Rue Merlin, at the corner of the Rue de la Roquette. The streets were still very animated, as it was Shrove Sunday. People were singing, laughing, and dancing everywhere. I waited all night, and, as I was not allowed to enter the prison, I sat on the balcony of a first-floor flat which I had engaged. The cold darkness of the night in its immensity seemed to enwrap me in sadness.

I did not feel the cold, for my blood was flowing rapidly through my veins. The hours passed slowly, the hours which rang out in the distance. "L'heure est morte. Vive l'heure!" I heard a vague muffled sound of footsteps, of whispering, and of wood which creaked heavily, but I did not know what these strange, mysterious sounds were until day began to break. Then I saw the scaffold. A man came to extinguish the lamps on the Place de la Roquette, and the sky spread its pale light over us. The crowd began to collect gradually, but remained in compact groups, and circulation in the streets was interrupted. Every now and then a man,

THE EXECUTION OF VAILLANT.

looking quite indifferent but evidently in a hurry, pushed aside the crowd, presented a card to a policeman, and then disappeared under the porch of the prison. I counted more than ten of these men: they were journalists. Presently the military guard appeared suddenly on the spot, and took up its position around the melancholy-looking pedestal. The usual number of the guard had been doubled for this occasion, as some Anarchist plot was feared. On a given signal swords were drawn and the prison-door opened.

Vaillant appeared looking very pale, but energetic and brave. He cried out in a manly voice, with perfect assurance, "Vive l'Anarchie!" There was not a single cry in response to his. He was seized and thrown back over the slab. The knife fell with a muffled sound. The body tottered, and in a second the scaffold was taken away, the place swept, and the crowds were allowed to move. They rushed forward to the place of execution. There were women, children, old men—all joking there on the very spot where a man had just expired. And that man had made himself the apostle of this populace; that man had claimed for this teeming crowd all kinds of liberties, all kinds of privileges and rights. Thickly veiled, so that I could not be recognised, and accompanied by a friend as escort, I mingled with the crowd, and it made me sick at heart. There was not a word of gratitude to this man, not a murmur of vengeance nor of revolt. I felt inclined to cry out, "Brutes that you are, kneel down and kiss the stones that the blood of this poor madman has stained for your sakes—for you, because he believed in you!"

But before I had time for this a street urchin was calling out: "Buy the last moments of Vaillant—buy, buy!"

Oh, poor Vaillant! His headless body was then being taken to Clamart, and the crowds for whom he had wept, worked, and died were now going quietly away, indifferent and bored. Poor Vaillant, his ideas were exaggerated, but they were generous.

We arrived at Cincinnati safe and sound. We gave three performances there and set off once more for New Orleans. Now, I thought, we shall have some sunshine and we shall be able to warm our poor limbs, which were stiffened with three months of mortal cold. We shall be able to open our windows and breathe fresh air, instead of the suffocating and enervating steam heat. I fell asleep, and dreams of warmth and sweet scents lulled me in my slumber. A knock roused me suddenly, and my dog, with ears erect, sniffed at the door, but as he did not growl I knew it was someone of our party. I opened the door, and Jarrett, followed by Abbey, made signs to me not to speak. They came in on tip-toes and closed the door again.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked.

"Why," replied Jarrett, "the rain has swollen Lake Pontchartrain to such a degree that we cannot cross. We shall have to go by another route that will take us four, five, or six days."

I was furious. Five or six days, and to go back to the snow again! Ah! no; I felt I must have sunshine.

"Why can we not pass? Has the bridge given way?" I asked.

"Not yet, but it is bending and shaking with the terrible force of the water."

"Oh, heavens, what shall we do?" I exclaimed.

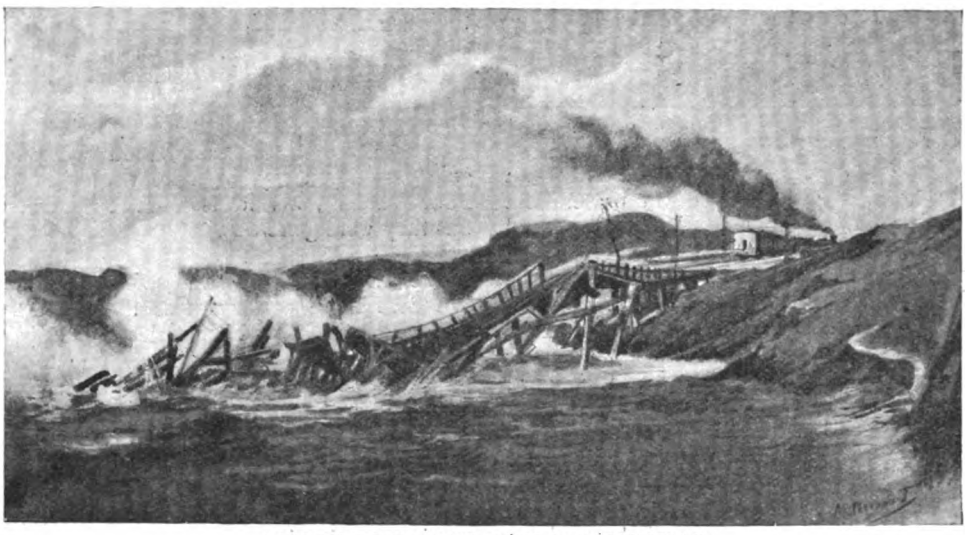
"Well, the engine-driver is here. He thinks that he might get across, but he has only just been married, and he will not try the crossing except on condition that you give him two thousand five hundred dollars, which he will at once send to Mobile, where his father and wife live. If we get safely to the other side he will give you back this money, but if not it will belong to his family."

I must confess that I was stupefied with admiration of this honest man. His daring excited me, and I exclaimed :—

"Yes, certainly ; give him the money and let us cross."

As I have said, I generally travelled by special train. This one was made up of only three carriages and the engine. I never doubted for a moment as to the success of this foolish and criminal attempt, and I did not tell anyone about it except my sister, my beloved Guérard, and my faithful Felicia and her husband Claude. The actor, Angelo, who was sleeping in Jarrett's berth on this journey, knew of it, but he was courageous and had faith in his star. The money was handed over to the engine-driver, who sent it off to Mobile. It was only just as we were actually starting that I began to realize the responsibility I had taken upon myself, for it was risking, without their consent, the lives of twenty-seven persons.

It was too late then to do anything ; the train had started, and at a terrific speed it touched the bridge. I had taken my seat on the platform, and the bridge bent and swayed like a hammock under the dizzy speed of our wild course. When we were half-way across it gave way so much that my sister grasped my arm and whispered, "Ah! we are drowning!" She closed her eyes and clutched me nervously, but was quite brave. I certainly thought, as she did, that the supreme moment had arrived, and, abominable as it was, I never for a second thought of all those who were full of confidence and life whom I was sacrificing, whom I was killing. My only thought was of a dear little face which would soon be mourning for me.



A NARROW ESCAPE AT THE BRIDGE OF PONTCHARTRAIN.

My last minute, however, was not inscribed in the Book of Destiny for that day. The train pulled itself together, and half leaping and half rolling along we arrived at the other side of the water. Behind us we heard a terrible noise, a column of water falling back like a cataract. The bridge had given way. For more than a week the trains from the east and the north could not enter the city.

My conscience was by no means tranquil, and for a long time my sleep was disturbed by the most frightful nightmares, and when any of the artistes spoke to me of their child, their mother, or their husband, whom they longed to see once more, I felt myself turn pale.

(To be concluded.)

The Overcrowded Iceberg.

By Morley Roberts.

THERE was a deal of ice about, and it came streaming south, in all kinds of shapes, right into the track of ships. There were flat-topped bergs and ice-fields, and there were all kinds of pinnacled danger-traps, which were obviously ready to turn turtle and load up any unwary steamer with more ice than she would ever require to make cocktails with. That year ice was reported in great quantities so far south as latitude forty, and there is every reason to believe that there was more ice run into than was ever reported by one unlucky liner and five tramps which were posted at Lloyd's as "missing." The Western Ocean is a no peace-at-any-price body of water, and it tries those who sail it as high as any sea in the world; but when the Arctic turns itself loose, and empties its refrigerator into the ocean fairway, it becomes what seamen call "a holy terror." For ice brings fog, and fog is the real sea-devil, worse than any wind that blows. It was a remarkable thing in such circumstances that Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, preserved his equanimity. As Ward, the mate of the *Swan of Avon*, said, he wasn't likely to preserve the *Swan*.

"Dry up, Ward," said his commanding officer—"be so good as to dry up. When I require your advice to run the *Swan* I'll let you know; but in the meantime any uncalled-for jaw on that or any other subject will make me very cross. Ice or no ice, I'm goin' at my speed, not yours. I ain't called on to explain to a subordinate my idea in runnin' full speed through this fog and ice; but out of more regard for your feelings than you ever show for mine, I don't mind revealin' to you that I'm trusting to my luck."

"Your luck?"

"Yes, my luck," replied Spink, with great firmness. "I've been thinkin' of it a lot this trip, and come to the conclusion that I've more solid luck than any man I know intimate, to say nothing of my commandin' a rust and putty kerosene can like this old tramp at the age of thirty, when you that can lick me in a scrap have to be my mate, though you're older. What I've been ponderin' over chiefly is my very remarkable luck in never having been caught for a permanency by any of the ladies that have been after me."

"They haven't lost much," said Ward, discourteously, "and I reckon that you are mistook when you think you're that enticing that women hankers to drag you in by the hair of your head and kiss you by force."

"I never said so," replied Spink, "but the fact remains that I'm not married."

"You're a selfish beast, Spink, and I sincerely hope you'll be married before you're through," said Ward.

"You are the most insolent mate I ever had," replied Spink, "and the most unfeelin'. Did you hear a foghorn?"

Though it was in the middle of the forenoon watch it was pretty nearly as dark off the Banks as it would have been inside a dock warehouse, for the fog was as thick as a blanket. The rail and the decks were slimy with it, and the skipper and his mate were as wet as if it had been raining. The fog came swirling in thick wreaths and sometimes half choked them. The wind from the north-east was light but very cold, as if it blew off the face of an iceberg, as it probably did. The *Swan* had an air of thorough discomfort, and in spite of it was steaming into the west at her best speed of nine knots an hour.

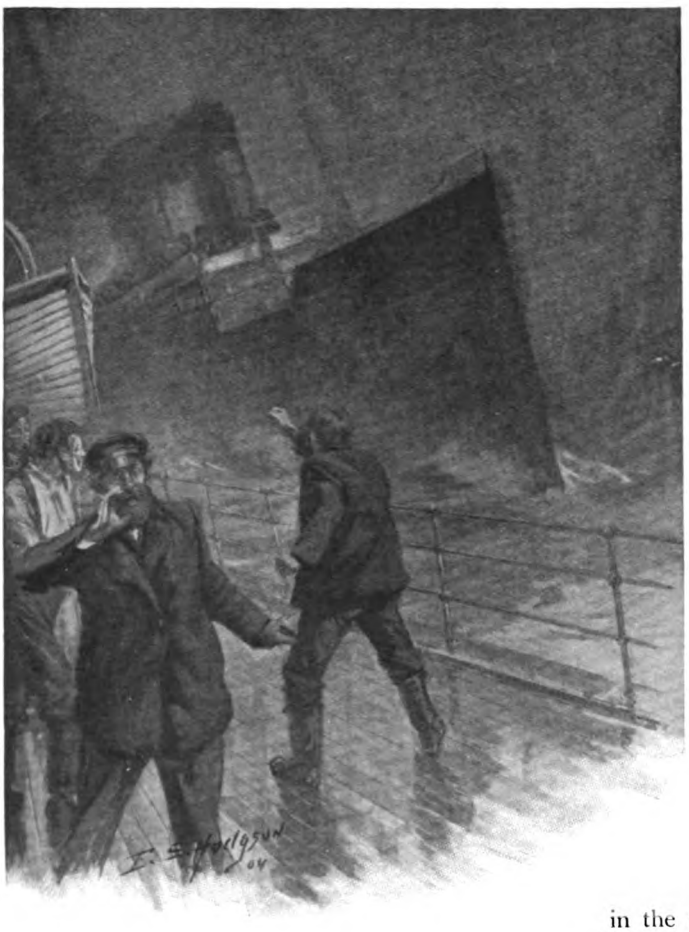
It is no wonder that Spink and Ward quarrelled; there was hardly a soul on board who was not in a bad temper. Nothing disturbs seamen so much as fog, and the fact that Spink refused to be disturbed by it made it all the worse for the others. Ward was distinctly nervous and let the fog play on his nerves. He saw steamers ahead that had no existence, and heard foghorns that were nothing but the sound of his own blood in his ears.

"Yes, I do hear a foghorn. It's on the starboard quarter," he said, anxiously.

"Not a bit of it, Ward; it's on the port bow. It's some darned old wind-jammer. I'll give her a friendly hoot."

He made the whistle give a melancholy

wail, which was not answered by the ship for which it was intended, but by a gigantic liner, which burst through the fog looking like high land and booming at the rate of at least twenty knots. She loomed over them in the



"WARD GAVE AN INVOLUNTARY HOWL."

obscurity, and Ward gave an involuntary howl which fetched the *Swan's* crowd out on deck in time to see that there was no need to kick their boots off and swim for it. They were also in time to answer the insulting remarks of the liner's two officers on the bridge as she scraped past them with about the length of a handspike to spare.

"You miserable tramp!" said the liner as she swept by.

"Oh, you man-drowning dogs!" replied the crowd of the *Swan*.

And everything else that was said never reached its mark. The liner was swallowed up, and resumed her attempt to make a good passage in spite of what she logged as "hazy" weather.

"What did I tell you about my luck?" said Spink, coolly, and Ward very naturally had nothing to say till he got his breath. What he said then could only have been said to a skipper who had so unfortunate a disposition towards violence that he had to ship officers who could lick him.

"You are a wonder," said Ward, "and I wish you had been dead before I saw you. Ain't you thinking of others' lives if you ain't of your own?"

"What's the use of arguing with a thickhead like you, Ward?" asked Spink. "I trust in Providence and my luck, and if you don't like it you can get out and walk."

At this moment a bellow was heard for'ard, "Ice on the starboard bow," and Spink, who for all his talk had the eyes of a cat, motioned to the man at the wheel to starboard the helm a few spokes. The *Swan* ground past a small berg and had a narrower shave than with the liner.

"If we'd been going a trifle slower, Ward," said the skipper, "I might have plugged that lump plumb in the middle, and you would have been down on the main-deck seeing the boats put over the side."

"There's no arguing with you," growled the mate; "you'd sicken a hog, and I wish it was Day's watch instead of mine. If he has the same temper when he wakes that he went below with, you'll have a dandy time with him."

He relapsed into a silence which Spink found more trying than open insubordination, for Spink was a cheerful soul.

"Here, I can't stand this, Ward."

"What can't you stand?" asked Ward, sulkily.

"Not being spoken to, of course," replied the skipper. "I order you to be more cheerful. I don't ask you to be polite, for I

know you can't be; but you can talk when you aren't wanted to, so you just talk now."

"I won't unless you slow down," said Ward. "I don't see why I should talk and be cheerful with a sea-lunatic."

"Well," said Spink, "I'll slow her down to half speed to please you, for goodness knows there's enough ice about without my havin' a lump of it for a mate. Ring her down to half speed and be hanged to you."

Ward rang her to half speed without any second order.

"And I sincerely hope I sha'n't regret bein' weak enough to give way," said Spink, "for I'm a deal too easy-goin' and reasonable."

He lighted his pipe and smoked steadily. As both Ward and Day admitted, he might be hard to get along with, but he had nerves which would have done credit to a bull.

"And now," said Spink, "as you're satisfied at gettin' your own way, I'll go below and have a snooze."

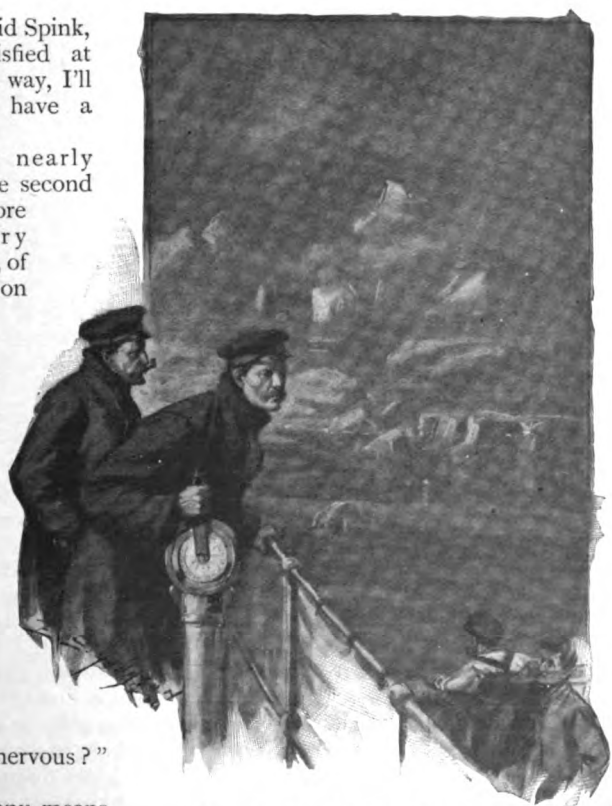
It was very nearly eight bells in the second dog-watch before Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, showed on deck. As he meant to stay on deck all night, he had really been very moderate. The fog was a deal thicker than much of the pea-soup served up in the *Swan*, though Spink rather prided himself on the way the men were fed in her.

"Are you nervous?" asked Spink.

"I ain't by any means happy," said Ward; "and no seaman worthy of the name can be happy on the Banks in weather like this."

"That's a slur on me, I know," said Spink; "but I look over it."

"What would you do if you didn't?" asked Ward.



"THE FOG LIFTED FOR A MOMENT AND SHOWED ICE ALL ABOUT THEM."

Spink did not reply to this challenge, and inside of a minute both he and Ward had something to think of besides quarrelling about nothing. The fog lifted for a moment and showed ice all about them. The air grew bitterly cold, and was soon close on the freezing point. Spink slowed her down again and almost literally felt his way through the obstacles. Once he touched a small berg, but when he did so he was going dead slow. Ward stood by and saw the "old man" handle the *Swan* with admiration. When they were once more through the thick of it he spoke.

"I wish I could understand you, Spink," he said, with far more respect than he often showed. "You're the most reckless skipper I ever sailed with, and now you're more careful than I should be."

"I don't trust in my luck till I can't see," said Spink, and he turned her over to Ward, saying, "Go your own pace, my son. It's most agreeable when you are civil."

And next minute the catastrophe happened, for at half speed the old *Swan* bunted her nose into a low but very solid berg, and the result was very much the same as if she had tried conclusions head on with a dock wall. She crumpled up like a bandbox when it is inadvertently sat on, and it would have been obvious to the least instructed observer that her chance of going much farther was a very small one indeed. She trembled and was jarred to her vitals, her iron decks lifted up like a carpet with the wind underneath it,

one of the funnel stays parted with a loud twang, and the crowd forward came out on deck as if the furies were behind them. And the fog was still so thick that it was impossible to see them from the bridge. But they soon saw Bill Day, the second mate, for even his ability to sleep through most things could not stand being thrown out of his bunk.

"What's up now?" roared the second mate. And the skipper showed at his very best.

"Ward would have her at half speed," said Spink, coolly; "and that gave the southerly drift time to bring that berg just where it could do its work."

And poor Ward hadn't a word to say. Spink had plenty. He spoke to the crew below.

"Keep quiet there, you!" he snapped, without the least sign of a disturbed mind. And up came the chief engineer, McPherson, in pyjamas and a blue funk.

"What's happened, captain? Oh, what's gone wrang the noo?" he cried.

"She's hit more than a penn'orth of ice, Mr. McPherson," replied the skipper, "and if I were you I'd get my clothes on. Mr. Ward, see to the boats. Mr. Day, take the steward and a couple of hands and get some stores up on deck."

He was so cool that he inspired unlimited confidence, although it was now obvious to them all that the *Swan's* very minutes were numbered. It did not require old Mac's report that the water was coming on board like a millstream to show them that. The engineers and firemen came on deck, and Spink addressed them in what he considered suitable and encouraging terms.

"Now, then, you stoke-hold scum, less jaw there. You won't get drowned this trip."

They were exceedingly glad to hear it, for a lot of them were of a different opinion, and said so. There was no time to waste, and, indeed, none was lost. The real trouble began when it was found that one boat wouldn't swim, after the manner and custom of boats in the mercantile marine, and when another was staved in by a swinging lump of ice the moment it took the water. This lump was a small "calf" of the larger berg which they had struck on, and the next moment the original obstacle swung alongside and ground heavily against the steamer.

"There ain't enough boats," said the skipper. "Mr. Ward, d'ye think you could hook on to that berg? We'll have to board it and make out as best we can."

As the *Swan* was a vessel of close on fourteen hundred tons, her kedge anchor ought to have weighed something like four and a half hundredweight. As a matter of fact, it had once belonged to something in the shape of a tug, and it weighed barely two. Ward picked it up as if it was a toy and hove it on the berg, and followed it with a warp.

"Bully for you," said the skipper, and as he spoke the *Swan* gave forth a noise very much like a hiccough. "Down on the ice, the port watch; and the others get the stores over the side. Steward, all the blankets you can get. Mr. Day, put over the side anything to make a raft of; we may want one if the berg melts."

Spars and hen-coops and everything that would float went over the side, some on the ice and some into the water. A couple of hands in the only sound boat kept her clear of the berg and the *Swan* and shoved the floating dunnage to those in the new vessel, which had promptly been christened "The Sailors' Home." Their late home was about to disappear, and said so in terms that were quite unmistakable by the initiated.

"Now, then," said Spink, "when the rest of you are over the side, I'm ready. Ward, take the chronometer as I lower it down. And be careful with this bag; there's the ship's papers and my sextant in it. Now, boom her off," said Spink, "for the *Swan's* going."

There was a tremendous crack on board.

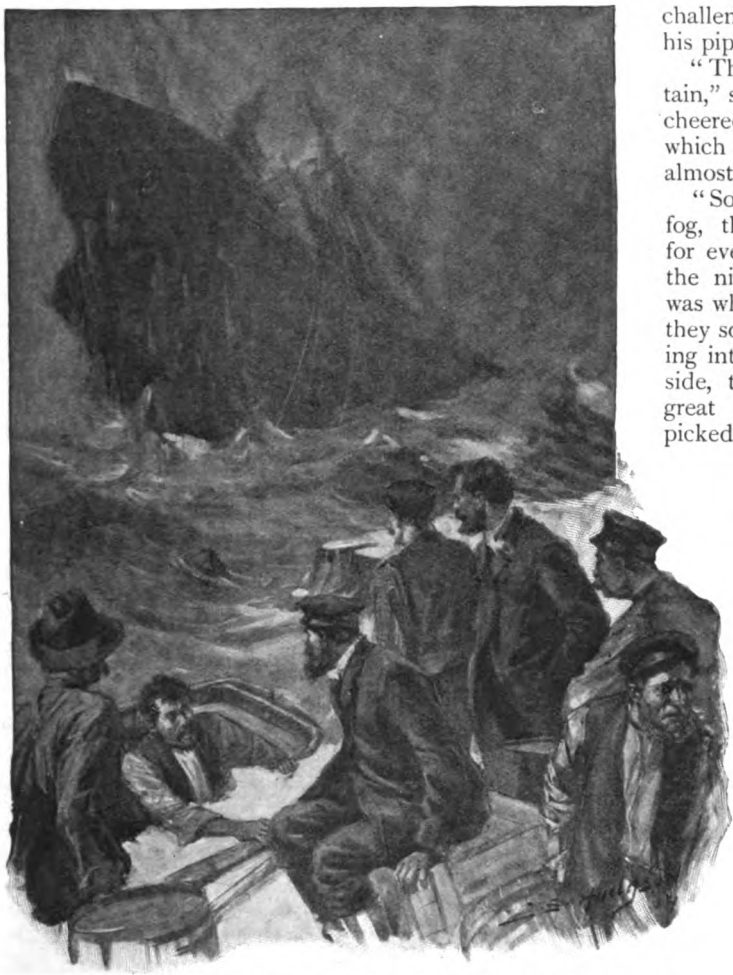
"The fore bulkhead," said Spink. And then the poor old *Swan* cocked her stern in the air. A furious gush of steam came up from the engine-room and all the stoke-hold ventilators until the sea came almost level with the after-hatch.

"She's going down head foremost," said the crew. "Poor old *Swan!*"

And then there was a mighty shiveree on board. The whole of the cargo in No. 1 and No. 2 holds fetched away and evidently shot right out at the bows. All this mixture of cargo must have been followed by the engines slipping from their beds, for, instead of doing a dive head foremost, the *Swan's* stern, which had been high in air, went under with a big splash, and she lifted her ragged bows in the fog before she went down with a long-drawn, melancholy gurgle.

"She warn't such a bad old packet after all," said the sad crew, and for at least a minute no one said another word. Then Ward spoke.

"Where's your luck now, Spink?"



"SHE LIFTED HER RAGGED BOWS IN THE FOG BEFORE SHE WENT DOWN."

"What's become of your theory that half speed in a fog is any better than goin' at it at my rate?" asked Spink. "You haven't a leg to stand on, and I don't propose to take advice from you again. You've disappointed me sadly. My luck is where it was except in the matter of my officers, and it's notorious that I have no luck with them. We're out of the *Swan* without a life lost, we've got heaps of grub, plenty of blankets, and a fine, comfortable iceberg under us. There's many this hour in the Western Ocean that might envy us, and don't you make any error about that. I come from Glo'ster and my name is Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, and, drunk or sober, it's as good as havin' your life insured to sail with me. Oh, I'm all right, and I propose to plug the first man that growls, if he's as big as the side of a house."

None of them was in trim to take up the challenge, and Spink lighted his pipe.

"Three cheers for the captain," said the crew, and they cheered him heartily, for which he thanked them almost regally.

"So far as I can see in this fog, there's plenty of room for everyone," said Spink, as the night grew dark. That was where he was wrong, for they soon discovered, by falling into the water on the far side, that they were on no great ice island, but had picked a very small berg indeed. Spink consoled them by telling them that they wouldn't be on it long, and they could hardly help believing it, he seemed so certain of it.

"And after all," he said to Day and Ward, "the old *Swan* was insured for more than she was worth, and I shouldn't be surprised if the owners were pleased with the catastrophe."

He wrapped himself in blankets and lay down. In five minutes he was breathing like a child.

The night wore away while Mac wept, and Spink slept the sleep of the righteous, and Ward and Day smoked in silence. As for the crew, they lay huddled up together. The dawn broke very early, at about three, and it found most of the inhabitants of the berg still unconscious. In the night the fog had lifted, and the sea was almost as calm as a duck-pond. What wind there was now blew from the west, and was much warmer than it had been. Within a mile there were two or three other small bergs, but when Spink grunted and yawned and crawled out of his blankets there was nothing else in sight.

"Humph!" said Spink, "this is a rummy go, and if I didn't come from Glo'ster I should be in a blue funk. I must keep up my spirits and show 'em what my luck's like. I've been in worse fixes than this many

a time, and after all, with a good seaworthy berg under foot and lashings of grub, I don't see why anyone should growl. If anyone does I'll knock his head off. Now, which of these jokers is the cook?"

He found the steward and booted him gently in the ribs. At least, he said it was gently, whatever the aggrieved steward thought of it.

"Now, then, Cox," said the skipper, "turn out and find me the cook—he's one of this pile of snorin' hogs—and let's have some breakfast."

By the time the grub was ready Ward and Day were "on deck," and the sun was beginning to think of doing the same. The two mates looked round the horizon and saw nothing to comfort them. The only cheerful thing in sight was the skipper, and for very shame the more pessimistic Ward screwed up a smile.

"Not so bad, is it?" asked Spink.

"It might be worse, I own," replied the mate. "What course are you steerin', Spink?"

"Straight for Glo'ster," replied Spink, cheerfully. "How did you chaps sleep?"

Ward said he hadn't slept at all, but Day averred that he had dreamt he had been locked in a refrigerator belonging to some cold meat steamer from Australia. And just then the steward said that breakfast was ready. It consisted of cold tinned beef, iced biscuit, and melted berg. There were signs of a mutiny among the crew at once.

"Say, cook, where's the cawfy?" they asked, and they were only reduced to a proper sense of the situation by a few strong remarks from Captain Spink. The riot subsided before it really began, and all the "slop-built, greedy sons of corby crows," as Spink called them, sat down meekly and ate what they were given. And then the sun came up and warmed them, and they soon began to feel well and happy. But now the real trouble of the situation began to develop. The heat of the summer sun, when it once got high enough to do some work, began to melt the berg. It was rather higher in the middle than it was on the edges, and it was most amazingly slippery. The water ran off it in streams, and, as it was barely big enough to start with, it looked as if they would shortly be crowded.

"I never thought of this," said Spink. "I tell you, Ward, she'll turn turtle before we know where we are. We must put all the stores in the boat and have a man in her to keep her clear if the berg capsizes."

"Your luck ain't what you let on," said Ward, gloomily; "the thing fair melts under us and we'll have to swim."

"To thunder with your croaking!" said Spink. Oh, do dry up!"

"I wish the berg would," said Ward, as he superintended the shipment of the stores. When it was done he put a Cockney deckhand into her and made him shove off.

"Lumme!" said Lim'us; "I'm likely to be the on'y dry 'un of the 'ole shoot."

The word "shoot" soon threatened to become highly appropriate, for about noon the berg was distinctly cranky. However fast it melted above, it was obviously melting much faster down below, for they had apparently struck a streak of comparatively warm water, and when ice does go it goes fast. The "crowd" got very uneasy, and Spink got very cross as he arranged them so as to trim his craft.

"Sit still, you bounders," said Spink; "do you want to capsize us?"

"But we're so cold be'ind, sittin' still, sir," said one, bolder than the rest.

"I'll warm you if I have to come over and speak to you," said Spink.

His threats were interrupted by the sound of a large crack, and presently there were obvious signs that the berg was about to capsize. Lim'us got quite excited as they discussed the situation and came in close, till Ward ordered him to get farther away. As he rowed off reluctantly he encouraged them by yelling, "She's goin' over. May the Lord look sideways at me if she ain't."

"Oh, oh!" said poor old Mac; "I'm a puir meeserable sinner wi' a sore head and no medicine, and I'll be wet in a crack and I'll die wi'out a wee drappie. Oh, oh, oh!"

And the berg stopped cracking, but took on an ugly cant. A big lump of ice broke off it down below and came up to the surface with a leap.

"Steady, you animals," said Spink, politely, to his unhappy crew, and Ward asked him where his luck was. Whatever answer he was to get he never knew, for with a curious heave the berg started on a roll, and with a suddenness which took them all with surprise she bucked them into the Atlantic, together with what materials they had for a raft. It was a lucky thing for at least half of them that there had been time to save such dunnage from the *Swan*, for half the crowd, including McPherson and Day, could not swim a stroke. Ward grabbed Day and helped him to a spar, and Spink did the same for old Mac. And in the meantime

"SHE BUCKED THEM INTO THE ATLANTIC."

Lim'us made everyone furious by squealing with laughter in the boat.

"Oh, oh!" squeaked old Mac, when the skipper laid hold of him. "Oh, oh! I'm drooned, I'm drooned, and I've the rheumatism bad in a' my joints."

Spink dragged him to a floating oar alongside the capsized berg. Now it was not so high out of water, and there was far more space on it. For some time it would be comparatively stable, and, when Spink scrambled on it the first of anyone, he congratulated himself on his never-failing luck. He helped the rest on board, and the whole space was soon occupied by an unclad crowd, wringing the Atlantic out of their clothes and trying to get warm in the sun. It was quite astonishing how cheerful everyone was, with the single exception of that confirmed pessimist, the chief engineer. At their end of the berg the men took to skylarking.

In the warmth of the sun they forgot the discomforts of the past night and did not think of the night to come. But Ward did, and he was still very gloomy on the situation.

"Just as she spilt us," said he, "I was askin' you your opinion of your luck. What do you think of it now? Perhaps you'll use that regal authority of a skipper to get us out of the hole you've got us in."

If ever any skipper had the right to be justly indignant, Spink thought he was that man.

"The hole I got you in! I like that; oh, I do like that. Who was it, I ask, that pestered me to go half speed, and almost wept till I said, 'Have your own way, you cross-eyed beauty'?"

"You never addressed them words to me," said Ward, truculently, "or I'd have given you what for, and well you know it."

Spink shook his head.

"I ain't sayin' that I used them very words," he urged; "all I mean is that that was what I meant when I let you have your own silly way, which has landed me and Day, to say nothin' of the rest, on a penn'orth of ice in mid-Atlantic, more or less."

He fell into contemplation, and did not speak till Ward clapped him on the back and said he was a very good sort after all.

They went to dinner, and the sun did something of the same sort. At any rate, it went out of sight and a thick fog came down on the castaways.

"We 'opes no bloomin' packet'll come and run us pore blighters down," said the men, as they fell to work on the grub, "for, accordin' to the old man, who is the cheerfullest bloke in difficulties we ever struck,

we're right in the track of the 'ole shoot of 'em, and may be picked up or scooted into the sea again any minute."

As a matter of fact, they were then on the southern tail of the Bank, for when the *Swan* bunted her nose into the berg she was pretty well at the locality on the Grand Bank where the usual "lane" to New York is left for the lane to Halifax. The very watch before the collision they had verified their position by flying the "blue pigeon," as seamen call the deep-sea lead, and ever since then they had been floating in the Labrador current to the south and east. To locate them exactly, they were just about where the Great Circle Track of steamers from the English Channel to the Gulf of Mexico crosses the tail of the Bank. There was every chance of something coming along there, even though it was getting late enough in the season for the big liners to take the route to the south'ard for fear of the very ice which had brought them to grief.

"Oh, yes," said the crowd, when they were full up with food, "we're all right."

Nevertheless, the fog did not cheer them up to any great extent, and when it showed signs of lasting all day they grew less happy.

"A hundred vessels might pass us in this," said Ward, who for all his bigness had much less endurance than the skipper, and was now hardly more cheerful than old Mac. "I wish I was out of it."

"Oh, wish again," retorted Spink, contemptuously. "Do you know, Ward, that you make me tired? What do you get by howlin' and growlin'? I know this is goin' to come out all right, and I won't be discouraged by any silly jaw of a man that ought to know better. Shut up!"

And to Day's surprise Ward shut up. At that very moment there came a bellow from Billings, who had relieved Lim'us in the boat.

"Berg ahoy!" roared Billings.

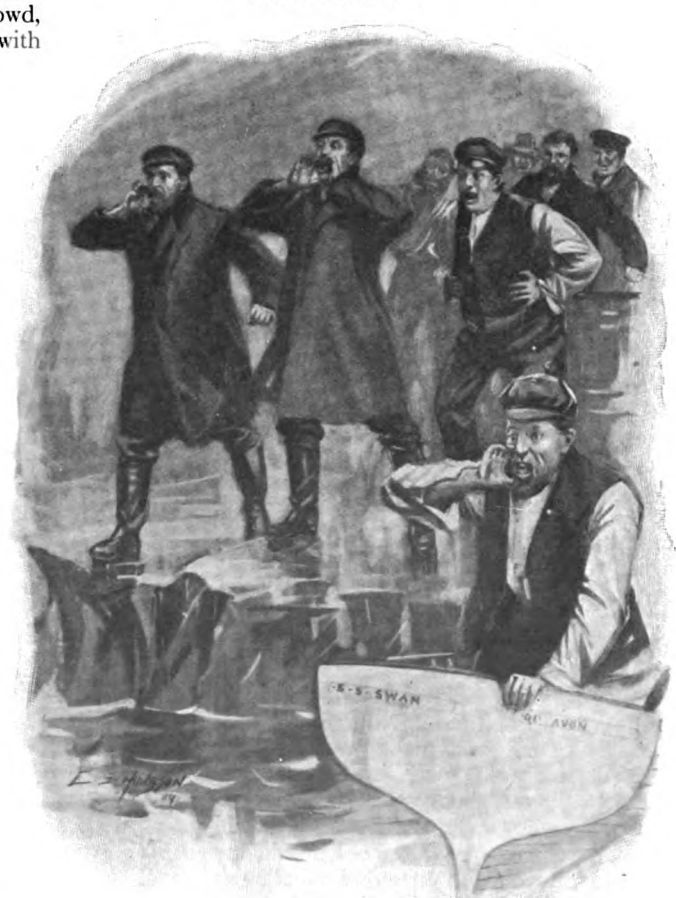
"Halloa!" replied the skipper. "What's the matter now?"

"I 'ears a steamer, so help me Dick," bellowed Billings, joyfully. "I 'ears 'er plain. Don't none of you blokes 'ear 'er, too?"

There was such a buzz among the crowd that it would have been hard to hear a foghorn, and it was not until Spink had hit three, kicked half-a-dozen, and used at least ten pounds' worth of language according to 19 Geo. II., cap. 21, that anything like silence was restored. Then it was obvious that Billings had made no mistake. The sea was fairly calm, the breeze from the west was light, and any sound carried long and far.

"She's coming from the westward," said Spink, as he consulted a toy compass on his watch-chain.

"No," said Day, "she's bound west, or I'm a Dutchman."



"NOW, MEN, SHOUT ALL TOGETHER."

"Then you come from Amsterdam for a certainty," said the "old man," crossly. "Now, men, shout all together when I say 'three.' One, two, three."

And just as the men yelled there was a *hoot-too-oot* from the steamship, which for a moment made them believe she had heard them. But Spink knew better, and when there was another hoot he grabbed Day by the arm.

"By Jemima," said Spink, "we're both right. Day, there are two of 'em. That second squeal never came out of the same whistle that the first one did."

Now, the nature of fog is something that no fellow can understand. Seamen must not think they are a long way off if they hear a sound faintly, or even if they do not hear it at all. That's bad enough, but there is worse behind. They are not to reckon they are near because they hear it plainly, or that it isn't to be heard farther away at some other spot if they cease to hear it at all. And, furthermore, any notion that a sound comes from any particular direction is the biggest trap of the lot. Now the uninitiated can understand that they do not understand, and that seamen are in the same awkward fix whenever a fog comes down to cheer them on their weary way. The two steamers coming out of nothingness and butting into it were commanded by men who trusted to the evidence of their senses as if they were police magistrates trusting to policemen. They hooted and bellowed in the most wonderful manner, and said with one short blast that they were directing their course to starboard, and, as neither knew where the other was or where he was himself, they directed their courses with the most marvellous precision to the exact spot on the tail of the Grand Bank in the Western Ocean where they could collide. And they did so with a most horrid, grinding crash, and with one long, last, fearful, and hopeless wail of their steam whistles.

"Good heavens!" said the iceberg's crew; "this time they've been and gone and done it."

Ward asked Spink, sickly, if he had any remarks to make about his luck. Spink hadn't, but he had some remarks to make about Ward which in other circumstances would have led to war. While he was relieving his overcharged mind there was a horrid uproar coming out of the fog, for both the steamships were blowing off steam and everyone on board of them appeared to be running the entire show at the top of his voice. And just as it was all at its extreme point of interest the fog played one of its commonest tricks, and with an anacoustic wall shut off the whole dreadful play in one single moment.

The castaways turned to each other in alarm, and Billings, who had nearly lost himself in the fog, rowed in close.

"I think they've both foundered," said Billings, and it certainly looked as if he were right, in spite of what Spink said to him.

And everyone sat down and smoked and said how grieved they were for the poor, unfortunate beggars who had been drowned through having no nice, comfortable iceberg to take refuge on. Then they had their supper and went to sleep, leaving all their cares in the faithful hands of poor Spink.

"Ah!" he sighed, "my unfortunate disposition cuts me off from all real sympathy. I've no one to confide in at sea or ashore."

He couldn't go to sleep, and took to walking as far as the narrow limits at his disposal would allow him. When he found that he was in for a restless night he told the man on the look-out that he could turn in. Jackson, who happened to be the look-out, lingered a little before he did as he was told.

"Do you think, sir," he asked, with some trepidation at his daring to speak to the skipper—"do you think, sir, that we shall ever get out o' this?"

"Of course we shall," said Spink. "What do you suppose I'm here for? Go to sleep, Jackson, and mind your own business. You'll be all right."

And Jackson, who was a simple-minded seaman of the real old sort, fell asleep, feeling that the "old man" was to be relied on even on an iceberg in the Western Ocean and in a fog as thick as No. 1 canvas.

For by now the fog was thick, and no mistake. As Spink walked the ice and squelched with his sea-boots in the melted puddles, he could hardly see his hand before his face, and more than once he nearly walked overboard. At midnight it was even thicker, and he was obliged to give up walking and come to an anchor on a tin of corned beef; and though he was on watch it has to be owned that he dozed for a few minutes, just as Lim'us did, whose turn it was in the boat, which lay off the berg. When Spink woke, he found it just about as dark as their prospects. When his eyes cleared he sighed and looked about him, with a mind which took some of its tone from the fog and from the dull, dead hour of two o'clock in the morning.

"I wonder if my luck is out?" he sighed, and he stared into the solidest darkness. It was certainly monstrously dark in one direction. He rubbed his eyes and grunted. Then he lighted a match and looked at his little compass. His mind went back to the lady in Bristol who had given it to him.

"She was a very pretty piece," said Spink, thoughtfully. "But I'm blowed if I can see why it should be darkest towards the east."

He rose up and peered into the fog. Again he rubbed his eyes, and then stood staring.

"Perhaps another berg," he said; "but——"

He stood as still as if his figure had been turned into stone, and presently he looked to the sleeping crowd, who were all as solid with sleep as if they were dead, and nodded in the strangest way.

"Oh, oh! If it is—if it only isn't a horrid delusion!" he murmured. He turned to the darkness again and shook his fist at it and the fog. At that very moment the fog rolled up like a curtain. Right in front of Spink, and not farther than a man could chuck a biscuit, there lay the strange and almost monstrous apparition of a silent, lightless, and derelict steamer!

"What did I say to Ward about luck?" asked Spink of the whole Atlantic Ocean. "Now I've got the bulge on him, and no fatal error about it."

He rubbed his hands together and smiled very happily.

"There'll be fine pickings in this, and no mistake," he murmured. "Oh, this'll be something like salvage. And I'll lay dollars to cents that I can tell how it ever happened. Ah, here comes the fog again!"

The fog dropped down in a thin veil till the dim and ghostly derelict looked still less substantial than it had done. Then it heaved and rolled in, and the deserted packet could be seen no more. Spink sighed, but was happy.

"I'll give Ward the biggest surprise he ever had in his life," he said, as he turned to the boat in which young Lim'us was doing a very solid caulk. Spink kicked some ice into small lumps, and at the third attempt he hit the sleeper on the side of his head. Lim'us woke with a start and heard the captain's voice just in time to prevent him threatening to eviscerate the swab who was slinging things at him.

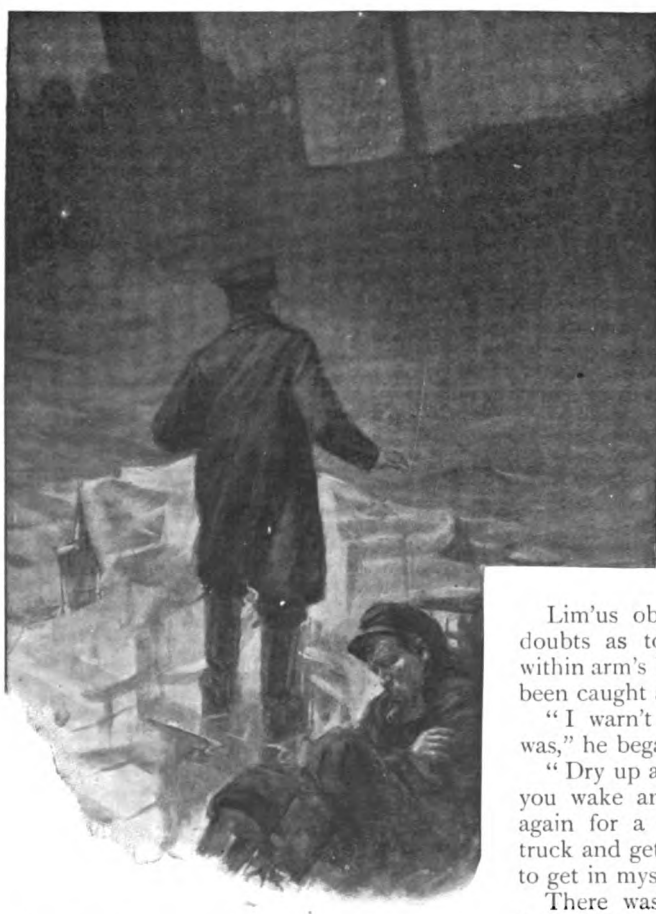
"Hold your jaw," said Spink, in a savage whisper, "and pull in here quiet, or I'll murder you."

Lim'us obeyed instantly, though he had doubts as to whether it was wise to come within arm's length of the skipper after having been caught asleep.

"I warn't asleep, sir; strimy blind if I was," he began, as he came up to the berg.

"Dry up and say nothin'," said Spink; "if you wake anyone, I'll see you don't sleep again for a week. Hand up some of that truck and get the stern sheets clear. I want to get in myself."

There was more than a chance of not finding the derelict and of losing the iceberg, and Spink knew it. Just as he was about to



"THERE LAY THE STRANGE AND ALMOST MONSTROUS APPARITION OF A SILENT, LIGHTLESS, AND DERELICT STEAMER!"

chance it he remembered that he had a couple of balls of strong twine in the bag into which he had dumped all his belongings, including the precious ship's papers, when he left the *Swan*. As he recalled this lucky fact, a heavenly smile overspread his handsome features.

"It's a splendid notion," said Spink. "I feel as proud of it as a dog with two tails!"

He stepped to his bag as lightly as a Po'ar bear after a sleeping seal, and when he found the twine he tied the end of it to Ward's leg.

"Ward at one end and luck at the other," said Spink, with a grin. "Oh, won't he be surprised!"

And the skipper went back to the boat, paying out the twine as he went. He was chuckling in the merriest way, and poor Lim'us, who was cold and very sick of the whole affair, thought that the strain had been too much for him.

"'E's balmy on the crumpet, that's what's the matter wiv 'im," said Lim'us, as he obeyed orders reluctantly and pulled into the solid fog with a mad and grinning skipper, who would probably scupper him as soon as they were out of earshot of the crew.

"I wish I was in Lim'us," said he. "I'd give all my wyges to see Commercial Rowd agin."

And still Spink chuckled and paid out the twine, until suddenly the boat ran into a still deeper darkness.

"Easy, boy," said the skipper, with a strange note of exultation in his voice. "Easy; we're there now."

As he spoke the boat ground up against the side of the derelict, and Lim'us turned about on the thwart and touched the iron plates with his hand.

"If you let a yell out of you," said the captain, "I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

But, indeed, Lim'us was incapable of yelling All he could do was to gasp, and he did that as effectively as if he was a bonito with the grains in him. And the boat drifted towards the vessel's bows while Spink looked for the easiest way on board.

"They ran like rats," said Spink. "Oh, I know the way they ran. They got on board the other boat, and think this one is now surprisin' the cod-fish."

They reached the bows at last and came round on the port side, and there Spink found what he looked for. The vessel had been cut down to within six inches of the water's edge about forty feet aft from the bow.

"Just as I laid it out in my mind," said Spink. "Catch hold, you, while I get on board."

He dropped about ten fathoms of the twine into the water, and with the rest of the ball in his pocket he scrambled up the horrid gash in the derelict's side and went on deck. He walked for'ard and got the twine clear out on the starboard side, pointing for the unconscious mate. Then he made it fast and took a look at his new command. In spite of the fog it was not difficult to see that she was a fine new boat of about two thousand tons, built and fitted, as was pretty obvious from her derricks, for a fast freight boat. It was equally obvious that the whole crew had evacuated her in a panic, for Spink found the skipper's berth with the bed-clothes on the floor along with a sad and derelict pair of trousers. The "old man" had evidently been in his bunk instead of being on the bridge, and so far as Spink could see he had stayed to grab nothing but the ship's papers, without which there can be no maritime salvation.

"This will be a very valuable salvage job," said Spink, as he licked his lips after taking a pull at a bottle of whisky which he found only too handy to the lips of the former skipper. "There's money in this—oh, lots of it. And now I'll show Ward where my luck comes in, and I'll have old Mac and Calder patch up that rent in her before it comes on to blow again."

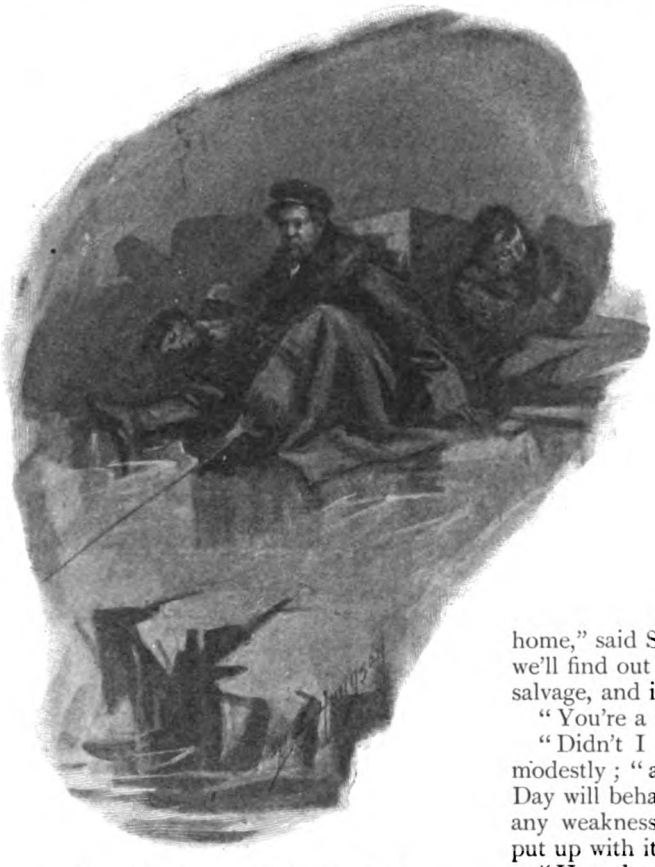
He put the bottle in his pocket and went for'ard, feeling a deal more proud than if he owned a fleet. For the deserted steamer, the name of which was the *Winchelsea*, of Liverpool, was a direct proof that his luck was still what it had been. He found the end of the twine and hauled in the slack very cautiously.

"I wish I could see his face," said Spink, as he gave the twine a yank which made Ward sit up suddenly and wonder what had happened to him.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Ward. The ice was nearer than it had been, and what he said was quite audible on board the *Winchelsea*.

"Eh, what?" said Ward, and then Spink gave the line another yank which almost started Ward on an ice-run for the water. But this time he found out what was the matter and laid hold of the twine.

"Who's pulling my leg?" he roared, in such stentorian tones that the whole crowd woke up instantly.



"'WHO'S PULLING MY LEG?' HE ROARED."

"I am," said Spink, "and I'll thank you to pay attention and not lie there snoring while I do all the work."

"Where are you?" asked Ward; "I can't see you."

"Where d'ye think I am?" asked Spink. "While you were asleep I went out and looked for a new job and found it."

As he spoke there were sudden signs of dawn and once more the curtain of the mist rolled away, and the late crew of the *Swan* saw a big steamer within fifty feet of them, with the late skipper of the *Swan* leaning over her side smoking his morning pipe.

"Jerusalem!" said the crew, and they shook their heads with amazement, while Ward scratched his. Day whistled, old Mac burst into joyful tears, and Billings used some awful language to show his gratitude. And Spink said:—

"When you have washed and shaved and put on clean collars, I should be much obliged by your coming on board and doing enough work to melt the hoar-frost that's on you. Limehouse, scull over to the berg, and look slippy about it."

In ten minutes they all found themselves on board, and Mac and Calder set to work before breakfast to patch her up. The engines and furnaces were still warm, and it took little time to get up steam. But Ward took some to get up his. As he said, it was a fair knock-out, and it seemed like some black magic on the part of the skipper, who walked the bridge after breakfast as if he owned the whole North Atlantic.

"She was bound for England, and we'll go home," said Spink, "and as soon as maybe we'll find out what's in her. This is my first salvage, and it's goin' to be a good one."

"You're a wonder!" said Ward.

"Didn't I always say so?" replied Spink, modestly; "and now I hope that you and Day will behave yourselves, and not trade on any weaknesses that I may have, for I won't put up with it if you do."

"How do you propose to stop it?" asked Day. "You can't plug me or Ward any better now than you could before. Why don't you behave? Then there would be no trouble. I'm fair sick of hearin' about your unfortunate disposition."

"So am I," said Ward.

Spink shook his head with disgust.

"And this kind of talk after what I've done!" he said. "I wish you would read old Kelly's little book on 'The Mate and His Duties,' Ward. It would teach you how to behave."

"I had it in the *Swan*," said Ward, "but, though it had a lot in it about land-saints and sea-devils, there was nothin' in it that fitted a man like you."

"Perhaps not," said Spink, thoughtfully. "I own I'm rare; I'm very rare."

The fog cleared right off and the sun shone and the calm sea sparkled. In such circumstances everyone ought to have been happy, but Spink said he wasn't.

"I wish I wasn't so rare," said Spink.

Has the Public School Boy Deteriorated?

THE OPINIONS OF HEAD MASTERS.

IT used to be said that the boyhood of England constituted the greatest asset of England's future. To-day there are many among us who are fond of proclaiming the deterioration of the English boy, and especially of the public school boy. He is, they say, no longer what he was in the "good old days"—the days of dear old Tom Brown. He has lost in head and heart and hand. Those old qualities of fair-play and pluck, of application and resolution—in short, of character—have dwindled; so that the future race of Englishmen, bred at the great public schools, will be by no means so sterling, strenuous, and straightforward as the race which has won and ruled an Empire.

THE REV. E. WARRE—ETON.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

But is the charge true? Knowing the widespread interest which such a discussion must have amongst parents and relatives, the Editor of THE STRAND decided to secure, if possible, an expression of opinion from those persons best qualified to express it—the head masters of our great public schools. We are glad to announce to our readers that the result of the inquiry thus made is most satisfactory, and can hardly fail to be perused with deep interest.

"It is not easy," writes Dr. Warre, head master of Eton, "to answer your question briefly *currente calamo*. My impression is that the public school boy of to-day is less rough in manner and language than his predecessors of fifty years ago. I do not see that he is less hardy, or, in matters physical, less efficient than they. On the whole I can bear witness to improvement.

"Boys, as a rule, do more work and learn more now than they used to do. The conditions under which they are taught have been altered very much for the better. No one in his senses would propose to revert to the use of fifty years ago with a view to the amelioration of the present use.

"It may be that formerly, when the general level was lower, the instances of good scholarship and high literary ability seemed to tower above the rest more than they do at present; and this, perhaps, may give the impression that the best of the present day are not so good as the best of the past. This I am inclined to doubt. I am afraid that it is true, as regards scholarship and literary culture generally, that education is somewhat hampered by the facilities offered to boys in the multitudinous editions of school-books, so annotated that they avoid for them the effort of thinking in any difficulty, and are in reality even worse than 'cribs.' Then, again, the multiplication of examinations, and the way in which boys are driven to read for examinations as the sole end in view, cannot be regarded as a good thing. The present age seems inclined, if I may so speak, 'propter

examinationem examinandi perdere causas.' This, and the growing habit of specializing early, will, I fear, be found out as time goes on to have done mischief.

"But perhaps this is outside the scope of your question, in answer to which, speaking generally, I would say that neither the Homeric boast :—

'Ημεῖς τοι πατέρων μεγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι,

nor the Horatian pessimism :—

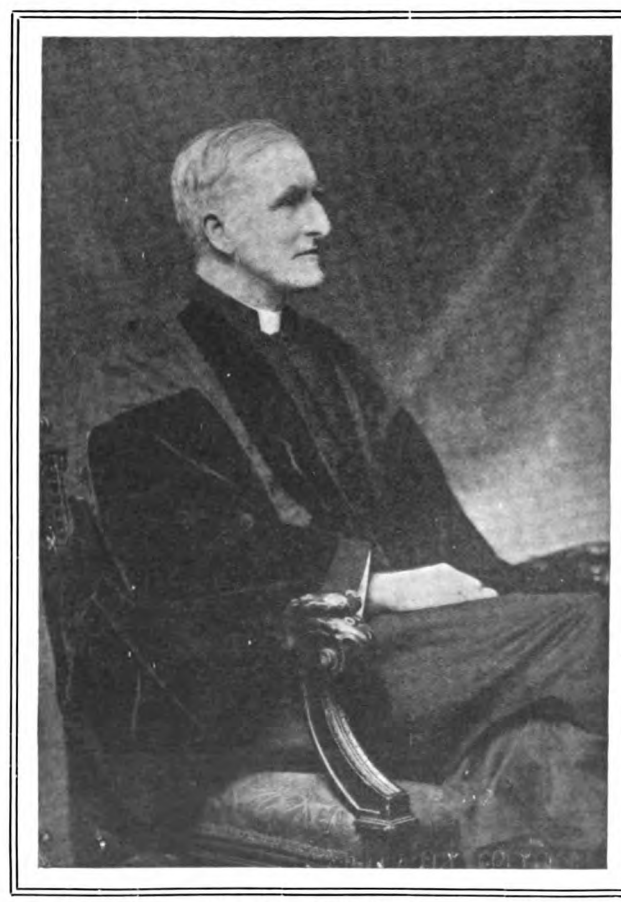
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores

is true of the present schoolboy, but that we may with some reason claim to have made progress, and, at any rate, not to be inferior in culture or character to those who preceded us."

Thus Eton's head master may be said to hold the balance evenly : if the boy of to-day is no better he is at least no worse.

But the head master of Harrow School is more certainly in favour of the boy of to-day.

"The question which you ask," writes Dr. Joseph Wood, "is one of great interest and importance. My own experience undoubtedly leads me to believe that, in all essentials of moral character, the schoolboys of to-day are better, not worse, than the boys of fifty years ago. They are not less manly, and they are certainly less rough and less cruel. Their code of honour is higher, and they deserve and receive a confidence which is rarely disappointed. There are fewer loafers. Petty tyrants are crushed by public opinion. They are very keen in all they do, and their patriotism, if a little unreasoning, is very real and very charming. I do not believe one word that is said of the effeminacy of the boys of to-day, if by 'effeminacy' is meant incapacity to bear pain or to take life in the rough. Like all the rest of the world, boys have more luxury now than fifty years ago. But this does not seem to disagree with them or make them soft. Within the last year I have seen a boy stand to have a dislocated shoulder reduced, and never move a muscle or utter a sound ; and every day I see boys playing football regardless of weather, in rain and hail, and ankle-deep in London clay. In courage and kindliness and frankness of character, English public school boys seem to me to be as good as they ever were.

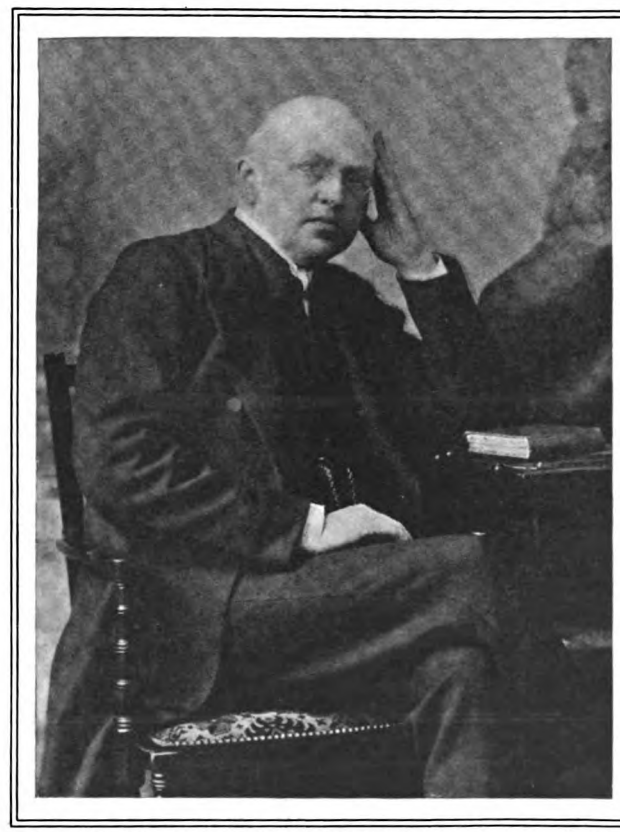


From a Photo. by] THE REV. J. WOOD—HARROW. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Intellectually I am not quite so sure. So much is done for them by teaching, by annotated books, by large libraries in house or school, that I fear there is some little loss of free development. They know more, but use their minds less. And they certainly learn too many things at once. They are tempted also to neglect the reading of standard English literature, not only by the pressure of work and games, but (*pace tua dixerim*) by the delightful and attractive STRAND MAGAZINE and its imitators."

"After my long experience as headmaster of Shrewsbury School," writes the Rev. H. W.

Moss, "I suppose that few schoolmasters are better able than I am to compare the public school boy of from thirty to forty years ago with the public school boy of to-day. My judgment, with perhaps one exception, is wholly favourable to the public school boy as he is. He is as manly, as public-spirited, as devoted a lover of justice and fair-play, as the public school boy of 1860-1870. He is as honourable and straightforward as those who have gone before him. In both instances throughout I refer to the mass, not the exceptions. With not an atom of servility or pretentiousness, the average public school boy is now, I think, more appreciative of the importance of good order than was his predecessor of forty or fifty years ago. The only exception I am inclined to make is that admiration for athletic distinction, even on the part of non-athletic boys, seems to me of late years, in more instances than in the past, to have enfeebled interest in serious pursuits. Still, speaking generally, so far as my own experience goes, I believe that those special characteristics which have so long made the nation feel proud of our public school boys have undergone no deterioration."



From a Photo. by] THE REV. H. W. MOSS—SHREWSBURY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"It has been a rule of my life," says the venerable head master of St. Paul's School, Dr. Fred. W. Walker, "not to write anything for publication except on philological questions.

"I am an old man, but in the course of my long life I have observed nothing that would lead me to believe in the degeneracy, mental, moral, or physical, of my countrymen, old or young."

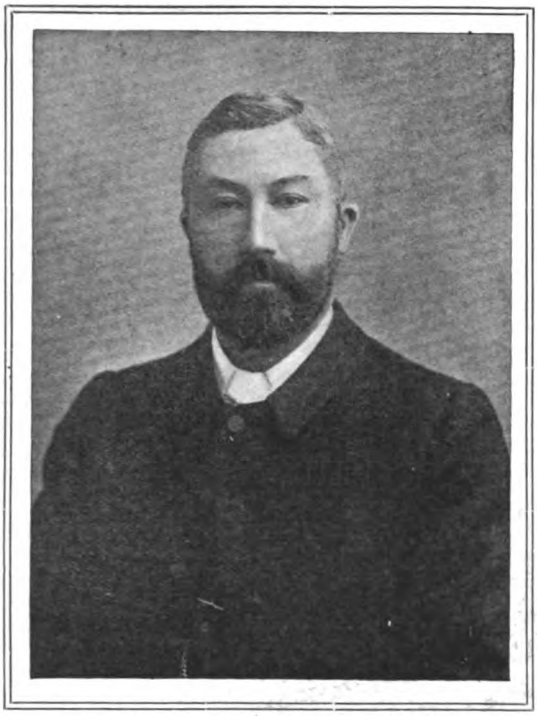
Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μεγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Here is the opinion of the Rev. A. W. Upcott, head master of Christ's Hospital:—

"I think, as far as my experience goes, that the public school boy of to-day is better than the schoolboy of thirty years ago. My experience does not go back farther than this. I think that the schoolboy of to-day is more humane, more tractable, and more open to religious influences than those whom I knew thirty years ago. I think that he has, as a whole, a higher standard of truth and honesty; lies and dishonesty seem far less prevalent among schoolboys than they used to be. Old-fashioned 'bullying' is practically non-existent.

"The schoolboy of to-day no longer regards his master, as was often the case in former times, as his natural enemy, and no doubt much of the improvement in schoolboy morality is due to the healthier and happier relations between masters and boys.

"Sheer idleness is far rarer than it used to be. Diligence seems to be the rule, not the exception. Bad language, betting, and drinking are, in my opinion and experience, almost non-existent among public school boys, and the relations between masters and boys are now so close and constant that if



THE REV. A. W. UPCOTT—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

they existed to any large extent they could not fail to be noticed.

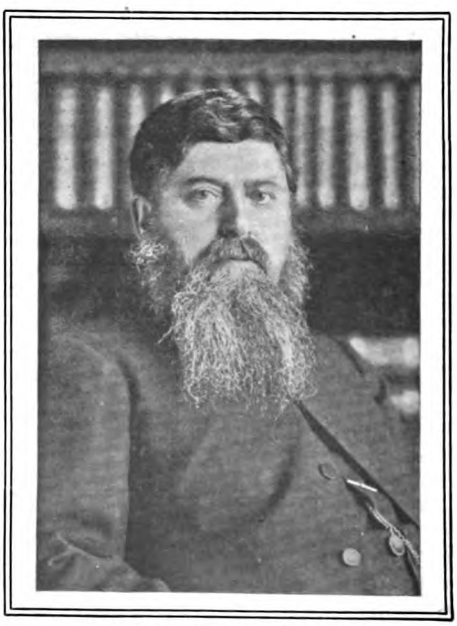
"Is the schoolboy of to-day purer and more moral in his inner life than his predecessors? That is a question which no thoughtful schoolmaster will dare to answer with absolute certainty, but I honestly believe that the general tone of morality is higher than it was.

"The danger to the schoolboy of to-day seems to me to lie in the direction of a certain loss of strength of character and independent manliness, which the easier conditions of life at school make possible. In the old 'struggle for existence,' where evil was often rampant, the good boys (I use the word in no cant sense) were very good. But the price paid for their goodness was heavy indeed."

And now read what the able head master of one of the greatest and most celebrated public schools—Rugby—has to say on the matter.

"It is difficult for me to compare," writes the Rev. H. A. James, "from my own experience, the public school boy of to-day with the type of fifty years ago, seeing that I was only ten years old at that date, and was never a public school boy. But, if one may judge by books and by hearsay evidence, there has been marked progress—a progress, too, as I can personally testify, maintained steadily during the twenty-nine or thirty years over which my own life as a public school master extends.

"To begin with the more obvious changes. Readers of 'Tom Brown' cannot but be struck with the fact that two of the worst features of the Rugby of Arnold's time (he died, it will be remembered, in 1842, and Hughes had left only a few months before) were bullying and drinking. These are troubles from which a modern head master has but very rarely anything to fear. They have both been killed by the development of athletics and by the humanizing influences which Arnold did so much to foster. Just as in the home parents are more the friends of their boys than their rulers, so in the school the attitude of mere obedience has been largely replaced by one of cheerful loyalty, arising in many cases out of personal regard and friendship. This is naturally most marked in the older boys. What the Rugby of to-day owes to its Sixth Form is beyond all words to express; their work is no doing of routine duties by officials, but the leavening of the whole school by leaders who are intelligent



THE REV. H. A. JAMES—RUGBY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

enough to appreciate the value of a sound and healthy tone, and right-minded enough to set a high example to the rest.

"Much has been gained for public schools by the rise of the preparatory school system. It is not only that little boys of eight are no longer plunged into a school life for which they were quite unfitted by their tender years, but that the masters of the best of these schools send us their boys, not simply well grounded in the elements of their work, but trained in right principles and warned against possible dangers.

"You ask about 'application.' The comparison is a difficult one to make, but my strong belief is that industry grows. The high-water mark may not — and perhaps could not — have risen, but the low-water mark is distinctly higher. The average master teaches more intelligently and makes work more interesting, and the response comes naturally.

THE HON. CANON LYTTELTON—HAILEYBURY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"The dangers ahead are the greater luxury of the home life, which reacts upon the simpler life of school, and the excessive devotion to athletics. The popular idea of the time given to games at school is often an absurdly exaggerated one; it is not here that the peril lies, but in misplaced ambitions and hero worship. Athletics have done much, as I have said, to regenerate school life; but they need careful watching if their influence for good is not to be counterbalanced by the harmful consequences of excess.

"One point more: school missions, by not only giving boys a clearer knowledge of, but also by bringing them into actual personal touch with, social problems and the life of the poor in our great cities, have given a new stimulus to human sympathies and a new field for Christian activities. The religious life of schools, deepened as it has been by more careful preparation for confirmation, and various other ways, has here a practical side opened up to it. Those who have seen the work of these missions, or have even been present at a mission camp at the seaside, will know what I mean."

The Hon. Canon Lyttelton, head master of Haileybury, thus writes:—

"The question as to the comparative character, moral and intellectual, of schoolboys, compared with what it was fifty years ago, I can only answer roughly, as my knowledge of boys at that time was insignificant, though I can speak with far more positiveness of thirty years ago, but even then only of a small number of boys.

"But if I am to hazard an opinion, it would be that there are more boys who come through school life at the present day without collapse than there used to be; also that they have decidedly improved in manners and decorum. They are far more amenable to discipline and on a far better relation with their masters and with grown-up people generally. But whether there is quite the same grit of character and strength of will by the age of twenty or twenty-five is open to doubt. There may be, but there is room for some slight uncertainty. Intellectually more is known by the average, and quite the *élite* are probably as good as ever they were; but there is a vast amount of shoddy and useless learning of second-hand facts and frittering away of brain power in multiplicity of examinations and of subjects. But the influence which does the most harm is that of cheap daily papers and magazines. It is becoming increasingly difficult for a boy to gain strength of brain through such experience as now falls to the lot of all."

The head master of Westminster School, the Rev. J. Gow, writes: "In answer to your

inquiry, I should say that boys are not really different from what they used to be, but, being imitative creatures, they reflect very faithfully the changes in the habits of their elders. For instance, they no longer fight; they think it manly to smoke, but not to drink—to swear now and again, but not to use filthy language; they come more often voluntarily to Holy Communion, and are neither ashamed of piety nor persecuted for it. Thus their manners are far gentler than in Tom Brown's day, but they remain on the whole the same careless, humorous, observant persons as of yore."

THE REV. J. GOW—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.
From a Photo.

Here is the opinion of the head master of Tonbridge School, the Rev. Charles Tancock:—

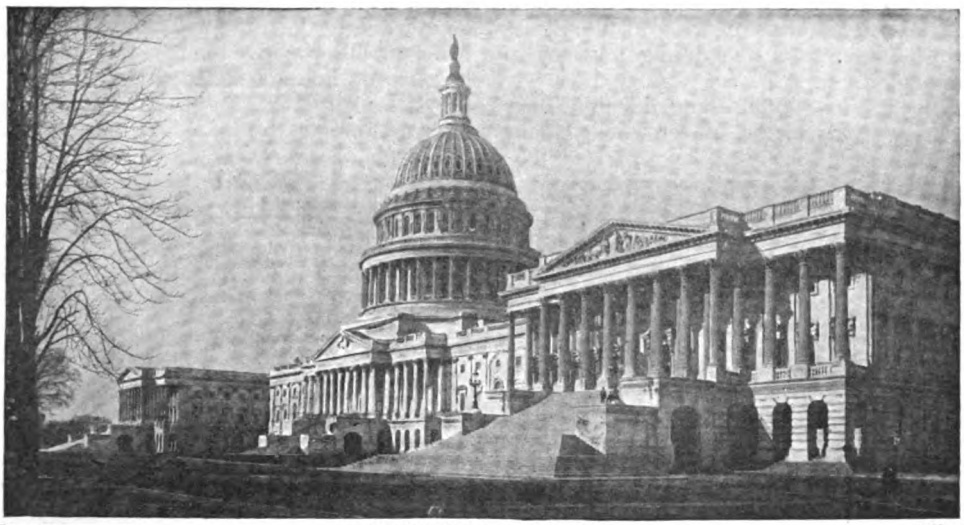
"Generally I am unwilling to write at short notice on questions of the kind on which you ask me now, but on this particular point I have a strong opinion, which I am glad to express publicly, formed after much thought, much reading of old books on school life and conversation with men of an older generation, and much personal observation, and I have no hesitation at all in saying that public school boys of to-day, taken in mass, are far more sensible, obedient, and manly than schoolboys of, say, fifty years ago.

"The old roughness and hardness and prize-fighting spirit is gone and the love of fair-play quite as strong as it was, and, although a modern boy's mind is excessively filled with talk and thoughts of his games, this has, for the most part—in the mass, of course—taken the place not of thoughts of literature and work, but of far less desirable subjects. There is no doubt that the discipline and general tone of our public schools is far better than it was fifty years ago."

DR. J. D. MCCLURE—MILL HILL SCHOOL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Dr. J. D. McClure, of Mill Hill School, writes:—

"I have no knowledge (save that derived from books and fragments of conversation) of the schoolboy of fifty years ago; but the schoolboys of to-day seem to me much better fellows than those whom I knew thirty years ago. I find a similar impression prevails amongst many of those who have been acquainted with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for the last forty or fifty years. The difficulties and dangers which beset school-life are probably as great as ever, but I see no signs of any such deterioration as that to which your letter alludes. I think it only fair to warn you, however, first, that my experience is not very extensive; and, secondly, that many great and good men tell me that I am extravagantly optimistic, and that no set of boys ever were or ever can be quite so good as I make them out to be."



From a] THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. *[Photo.*

From Behind the Speaker's Chair—in Congress.

VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.

PROBABLY the impression first conveyed to the mind of a visitor to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons is one of surprise at the smallness of the Chamber.

> Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Is this the House redolent with memories of Pitt and Fox, where but yesterday Disraeli and Gladstone faced each other across the "substantial piece of furniture," the table to wit, which on a historic occasion Dizzy thanked Heaven stood between him and Gladstone in the prime and passion of his manhood?

Well, not exactly. Pitt and Fox never sat in the present House of Commons. But the case is made stronger by the fact that the old House, destroyed by fire seventy years ago, was even less commodious. It is one of the flashes of that British humour the existence of which Americans deny that, having to provide sitting room for six hundred and seventy members, the House of Commons was built with seats for three hundred and six. America, always subservient to business principles, provides not only a seat for every member of Congress up to the maximum number, but adds a desk amply furnished with accessories. Moreover, the chair is not one of your straight-backed, stiff, hard contrivances. It is a comfortable rocker, set on a pivot, a plan that enables a representative of contemplative mind slowly to revolve, viewing the situation from all points of view. One hundred and thirty-nine feet long, ninety-three feet wide, and thirty-eight feet high, the Hall of Representatives—to quote its official designation—provides desks for three hundred and fifty-two members and four delegates.

Naturally in a country based on democratic principles there is no trace of the antique, occasionally grotesque, tyranny that guards the sacred precincts of the British Parliament against the offending foot of a class some forty-three millions strong haughtily known as "strangers." As a matter of fact, by far the larger area of the Hall is devoted to the convenience of the people. The spacious galleries that, facing the Chair, half encircle the Chamber will seat no fewer than 2,500. Ladies have their especial and favoured seats, but are at liberty to make room beside them for brothers, cousins, or even husbands. There is no *grille*, nor necessity on the part of male or female to go a-begging for orders of admission, except, of course, to specially

reserved places, such as that reserved for the Diplomatic Corps—where, by the way, I, though not officially representing any European nation, was by favour of the Secretary of State made free during my stay in Washington.

When, as on the opening day of a new Congress, the galleries are crowded, chiefly with ladies dressed all in their best, every desk on the floor of the House occupied, the scene presented is one of rare animation. I am bound to admit that, in respect of acoustical properties, the less spacious House of Commons is preferable. The gentleman from Ohio or the gentleman from Alabama, rising to speak from the benches to the right of the Chair in Congress, might as well, so far as occupants of the Diplomatic Gallery are concerned, be conversing in his native State.

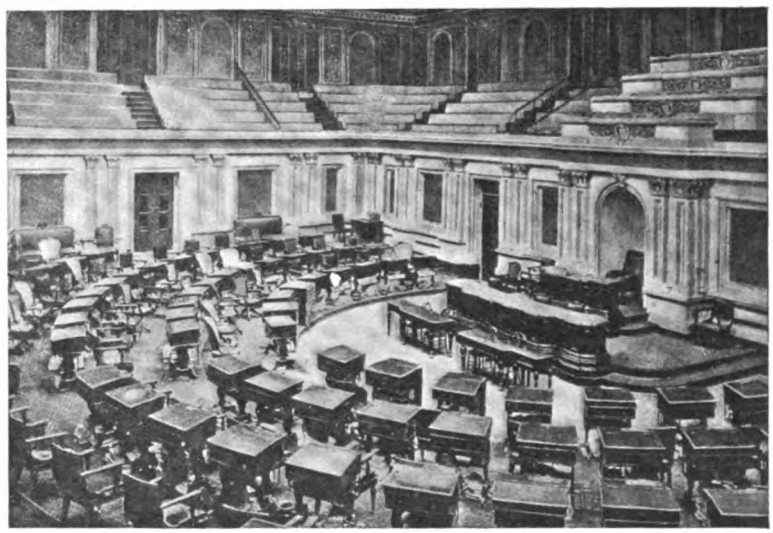
From a] THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION. *[Photo.*

Political parties in Congress are divided into two camps, the Republican and the Democratic. A comparatively modern institution, Congress has not attained the delicacy of distinction marked in the House of Commons by sitting above or below the Gallery. Nor has it yet developed a dissentient Democratic Party or a section of Free Food Republicans. Each political party has its leader. But they do not sit opposite each other, affording the House opportunity, treasured on the banks of the Thames, of observing their countenances and gestures throughout recurrent Parliamentary crises. They have no distinctive seats, corner or otherwise. Possibly it was an instinct of Mr. Parnell's American blood that impelled him, whilst he was the autocratic leader of the Irish Party, to sit anywhere among the rank and file of his followers, not as other leaders, including Mr. John Redmond, of the present day, insisting on the prominence of a corner seat. Such abstention is certainly the practice of the captains of parties in Congress.

This observation leads to another point of distinction between Congress and the House of Commons which largely detracts from the dramatic attributes of the former. Since Ministers do not sit in the House there is no Treasury Bench or Front Opposition Bench on which attention is focused. Inevitably it follows that there is no question hour, frequently the liveliest, most important episode in a long sitting at Westminster.

It would be vain to offer an opinion as to whether this is an advantage or otherwise. From a strictly business point of view it is distinctly preferable. Like the quality of mercy, it is twice blessed. It relieves an overworked Minister from the necessity of quitting his desk in the middle of the working day, having spent an appreciable portion of the morning in drafting, in reply to an embarrassing question, an answer

that, whilst apparently full, shall be as empty as possible of information. On the other hand, it enables the Legislative Assembly to get to business forthwith, free from the obligation to devote the first forty minutes of its sitting to a process of cross-examination, in which it is possible for statesmen of the position of Mr. Weir to occupy an appreciable part. Congressmen are not wholly debarred from satisfying legitimate curiosity with respect to procedure in the executive departments of the State. But inquiry and reply are submitted in writing, and, there being no opportunity of cheap advertisement such as is provided by the question hour in the House of Commons, patriotic curiosity subsides in marvellous fashion.



From a] THE SENATE CHAMBER. *[Photo.*

Fundamental difference between the House of Commons and Congress is found in the relative positions of the presiding officer. The Speaker in Congress is a political personage of avowedly partisan type. It is true that the Chair of the House of Commons is among the spoils of the victors at a General Election. When a member of the House is for the first time inducted it is by favour of the majority of the political party to which he belongs. But once seated in the Chair ancient political impulses and influences have no longer part in his life. He becomes absolutely a piece of judicial machinery, bent solely upon conducting in orderly fashion the daily business of the House.

How absolute is the transformation wrought appears from the fact that the Speaker of the House of Commons is habitually re-elected when the chances of war at the poll have brought disaster to his quondam political friends, placing the Opposition in power. On the retirement of Mr. Peel in the spring of 1895, the Liberals then in office put forward Mr. Gully as candidate for the Chair. The Irish members, perceiving their opportunity of paying off old scores, joined forces with the Conservative Opposition, who had a candidate in the person of Sir Matthew White Ridley. Not that they had any personal objection to Mr. Gully. But here was a chance of kicking over the Chair, emblem of that authority they were openly pledged to belittle. The result of this coalition was that Mr. Gully's election was carried by the narrow majority of eleven. A few months later, the Liberals being routed at the poll, the Unionist Party was returned with a majority that made them absolute master of the destinies of the Chair. Mr. Gully was re-elected without dissent, an honour renewed when, in 1900, another Parliament was elected confirming the right of the Unionist Party to do what they liked with the Chair.

In Congress the Speaker is not only the nominee of his political party. In spite of his judicial position he remains its head. As representing the dominant party he most nearly approaches the position of Leader of the House, filled at the present time in the Commons by the Prime Minister. Mr. Cannon has, in truth, more personal power in Congress than Mr. Arthur Balfour has in the House of Commons. The work of Congress is systematically devolved upon standing committees. Every proposal of legislation, from whomsoever emanating, must be referred to one or other of these committees. There are some threescore of them, varying in membership from five to seventeen. It is the Speaker who not only personally nominates committees, but drafts the terms of the reference which,

rough hew them how they may, shapes their ends. As in the House of Commons, a majority of the committee is selected from the ranks of the dominant party. They elect the chairman, who, with the chairman of the other committees, forms a sort of Cabinet Council, which, under the presidency of the Speaker, manages the whole business of the House and the legislation of the year.

Hence it will appear that in a free and independent nation there exists an autocratic control of the Legislature such as would not be permitted for a week in the Mother of Parliaments, modestly content to rank as merely one estate of the realm.

In matters of ordered procedure there are some distinctive differences between the two Parliaments separated by the Atlantic. Both Senate and Congress meet through the Session at noon. They rarely sit beyond dusk, though, towards the close of a Session, obstruction is occasionally responsible for all-night sittings. In the Senate, as in the House of Lords, the rules governing debate are far more lax than in Congress. In the latter House there is a rule limiting to one hour the duration of speeches. In committee of the whole House speeches are limited to five minutes, a regulation upon which those familiar with procedure in the Commons look with longing eye.

In the Senate, free from the tyranny of such rules, speeches may be carried to any length. When the Panama Treaty last year came before the Senate for ratification, Senator Morgan successfully opposed it in a speech of several days' duration. Mr. Biggar made his first mark in the House of Commons by a speech that occupied four hours in delivery. It consisted chiefly of extracts from a Blue Book. The member for Cavan's achievement comes to nothing compared with that of the Senator from Alabama. On the third day of his rising in an almost empty House he, with comprehensive sweep of his hand over the pile of books by which he stood in laager, blandly observed, "I wish to read a few volumes in support of my claim." As Mr. Gladstone said when his Reform Bill was defeated, "Time is on our side." Time was on the side of Senator Morgan. The end of the Session being close at hand, he triumphed to the extent that, the Session collapsing by lapse of time, it was necessary to summon an extra Session, in which in grim silence Senator Morgan saw the treaty ratified.

In Congress the severity of the rule limiting duration of speeches is modified by the existence of the *Congressional Record*. A member having completed his hour's exhortation, or being abruptly pulled up in committee on the five minutes' rule, may ask permission to "extend" his remarks. If this petition actually involved the meaning borne on its face it would, of course, be met by a stern negative. It is, however, merely a delicate way of soliciting authority for the printing in the *Record* of the continuation and conclusion of the member's speech. Consent must be unanimous. But as the members present do not incur any pecuniary responsibility for the printing of the speech or obligation to read the printed report, consent is rarely withheld. The United States are wealthy, and a few dollars added to the national printing bill is not worth consideration in hostility to the feeling of the member whose valued remarks have been cut short.

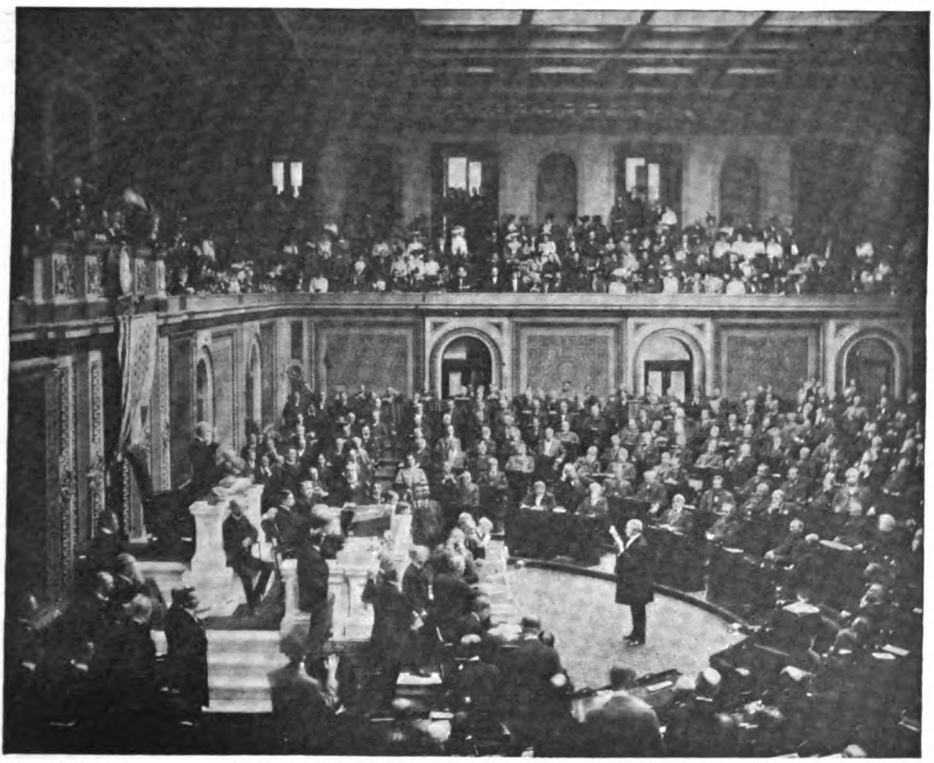
The effect of Senator Morgan's obstructive opposition to the ratification of the Panama Canal Treaty was considerably minimized by the operation of a rule of procedure foreign to the practice of the House of Commons. In Congress business entered upon one Session and left unfinished at the time of adjournment is taken in hand in the succeeding Session of the same Congress. This is a common-sense proposal that has many advocates in the British Parliament. With us the greater part of a Session may have been devoted to the moulding of an important measure, dropped in the last weeks of the Session for lack of time to carry it over the narrow strip of ground remaining. It may have reached the report stage, or even stand for third reading.

The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

The Bill, if brought in again in the following Session, must pass through all its stages as if it were a project quite new to the House. This is a stipulation so obviously absurd that effort has frequently been made to amend it. It is difficult to defend. But there it is, there it has been from time immemorial, and there, says the House, fanatically Conservative where its ancient procedure is concerned, it shall be.

Privileged to be present at the opening of a new Session of Congress, in which the installation of a Speaker was a leading incident, I was struck by the contrast between the two Legislatures. With us the election of a new Speaker, more especially if it be contested, is an incident of dramatic interest, its progress marked by ceremonial that goes back to Stuart times. In Congress the business was accomplished with that absence of fuss and

strict attention to simple business principles that mark its whole procedure. As with us in the temporary non-existence of a Speaker, the Clerk of the House directed preliminary affairs. The Clerk of the House of Commons is in analogous circumstances so weighed down by sense of his own infirmity, inasmuch as he is not a duly elected member, that he is literally speechless. When the moment comes for the mover and seconder of the resolution proposing election of a Speaker to act, the Clerk, nominally presiding, might be expected to call by name upon the gentleman to whose charge the resolution has been committed. Not he, under pain of the penalties of the Clock Tower. Pen in hand he dumbly points in turn to the mover and seconder, who, obeying the signal, rise. In Congress the Clerk, who, by the way, bears military rank as a major, is quite chirpy, volubly directing affairs with an air of authority that could not be more commanding if he were the Speaker himself.



From a Photo. by] SWEARING-IN THE SPEAKER AT THE OPENING OF CONGRESS. *[Leet Bros., Washington.*

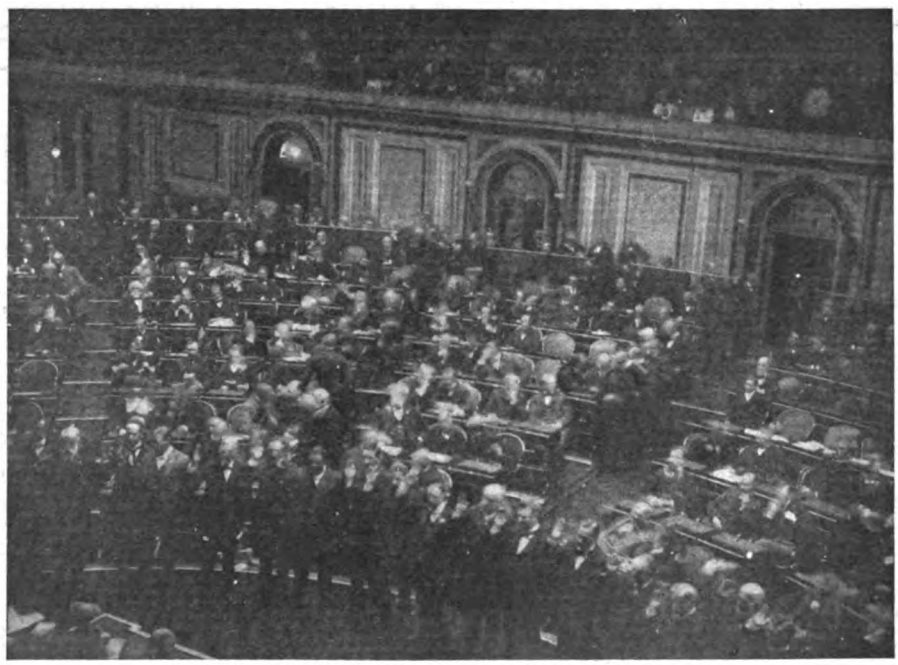
Prayers said by a white-haired, blind chaplain, the roll of Congress was called in the alphabetical order of States. This done, the Clerk, cheerily rapping the table with what looked like an auctioneer's hammer, called upon "the gentleman from Iowa." The member named rose and, in a brief speech, proposed Mr. Joseph Cannon as Speaker. The name evidently struck members with a note of unfamiliarity. For twenty years the Honourable Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, has been known at Washington as "Uncle Joe." It is, however, admitted that on such occasions as the opening of a new Session of Congress a certain measure of etiquette must be observed. So, without audible protest, the Speaker-nominate was alluded to as "Mr. Cannon." He was the candidate of the Republican Party, returned to last Congress in overwhelming majority. The Opposition, undaunted, put up their man, and without more ado Congress divided.

This also is a process entirely different from that observed at Westminster. Members called upon by name responded with cry of "Cannon" or "Williams," according to their political preference. One of the clerks at the table ticked off each vote, with the result that Mr. Cannon was found to have one hundred and ninety-eight votes against one

hundred and sixty-six recorded for Mr. Williams.

The process occupied twenty minutes, which in point of time compares unfavourably with a House of Commons division, whereby a muster considerably larger than that voting in Congress can record their votes in from twelve to eighteen minutes. The system at Westminster has the further advantage of introducing a wholesome break in the proceedings, giving wearied members a healthful trot round the Lobbies. It is cries of "Hear! hear!" In Congress members, when they desire to express approval, clap their hands after the fashion of the little hills familiar to the Psalmist.

The Speaker having made acknowledgment of the honour done him, the process of swearing-in was commenced and rapidly accomplished. Herein, in respect of getting rapidly through what is after all a formal business, Congress has the advantage. The swearing-in of a new House of Commons is a performance that occupies several days of a



SWEARING-IN NEW MEMBERS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW SESSION.
From a Photo.

direfully monotonous to sit and listen to the Clerk calling out three hundred and sixty-four names, to which comes the monotonous response, "Cannon" or "Williams," as the case may be.

The election decided, the oldest member was dispatched in search of the new Speaker, modestly lurking in the Lobby. When found he entered, leaning on the arm of his introducers, members of both political parties upstanding to receive him. Then followed a pretty incident. The Leader of the Opposition, who had made counter proposition in the election proceedings, advancing, conducted the new Speaker to the Chair, pronouncing brief but hearty eulogy. This led to a demonstration unfamiliar in the House of Commons. In that assembly the incident would have been recorded by deep-chested Session. Rows of tables are set out in the middle of the floor. Bibles are scrambled for, and groups of from ten to fifteen members are worked off with more or less of celerity and dispatch. Swearing-in members of Congress is a simpler procedure, and is more decently accomplished. The first to undergo the process was the Speaker. Standing on the white marble daïs, on which his unadorned chair is placed, the Speaker uplifted his right hand, whilst the oldest member, standing well out on the carpeted space before him, recited the terms of the oath. There was no kissing the book nor repetition of the oath by the member. His hand uplifted signified acquiescence.

The Speaker sworn in, members were called, again in the alphabetical order of their States. Filling the space before the

table, hands were uplifted, the oath was read, a group disappeared and another took its place. It was all over in half an hour, and, the Speaker rapping the table with an auctioneer's hammer a size larger than that used by the Clerk, the business of the special Session of the fifty-eighth Congress of the United States was forthwith entered upon.

The distinctive note of a sitting of Congress is its simple, severe business intention. As we have seen in connection with the election of a new Speaker, there is no pomp or ceremony, no procession of the Speaker arrayed in wig and gown, escorted to and from the Chair by the Serjeant-at-Arms carrying shoulder high the mace. As far as personal appearance is concerned the Speaker of Congress is differentiated from unofficial members only by the fact that his chair is set by itself on a marble platform, slightly raised, and he more or less conceals about his person an auctioneer's hammer.

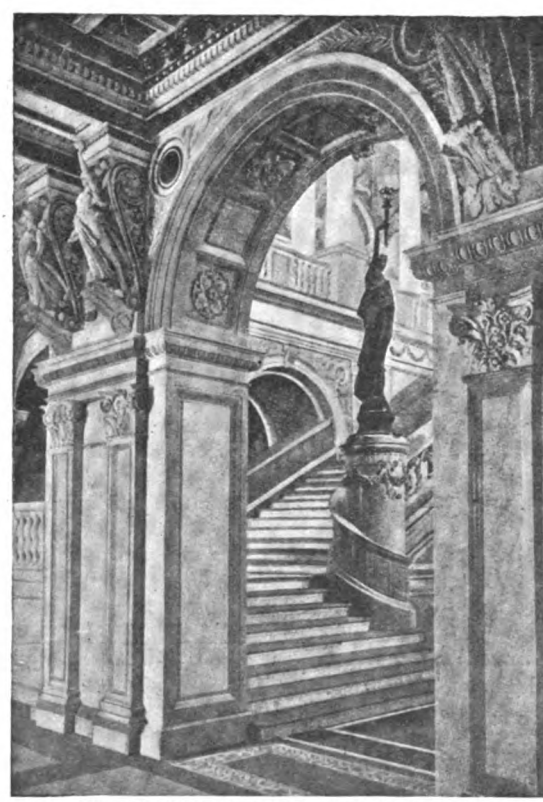
One little human weakness displayed on the occasion of the opening of the new Session is perhaps due directly to domestic impulses. Some years ago, the head of a family having been elected to a seat in Congress, it occurred to the daughters of his household to place on his desk a bouquet of flowers. There was about the proceeding something sweetly reminiscent of bridal custom in other associations. It took on at once, grew into a custom, and has, in this twentieth century, assumed proportions embarrassing to the pages in attendance and the progress of public business.

Looking down from the Diplomatic Gallery upon the corridor behind the Speaker's Chair, I caught glimpses of what seemed a flower garden. These were the bouquets committed to the charge of the pages awaiting opportunity of bringing them in. They came with a rush as soon as seats had been drawn and occupied. Carnival seemed to have come to Washington. Some Congressmen sat blushing behind bouquets piled chin-high on the desk before them. It was a scene upon which Uncle Joe might be supposed to have looked with the friendly eye of a family man. Avuncular instincts, well enough in the case of a private member, are unsuitable for full display in the Speaker's Chair. After watching the tumult for a while Uncle Joe rose and, whacking the table with forbidding hammer, decreed that no more flowers should be brought in.

The ladies in the galleries opposite, many of whom had bestowed thought and money on bouquets for husband or father, looked as if conviction were forced upon them that they had been mistaken in their original estimate of Uncle Joe.

The process of securing seats is more primitive than that which prevails at Westminster. In the House of Commons attendance at prayer-time is a necessary condition of securing through the sitting a desirable place. In Congress the ballot-box is brought into requisition. A page is blindfolded and, dipping his hand into the box, draws forth a number corresponding with the name of a particular member. A seat thus secured belongs to the member for the rest of the Session, and the pother ends.

This is a small matter, in connection with which the Mother of Parliaments might well take a lesson from her eldest and most vigorous daughter.



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.
From a Photo.

THE NEST EGG

BY

W. W. JACOBS

"ARTFULNESS," said the night-watchman, smoking placidly, "is a gift; but it don't always pay. I've met some artful ones in my time—plenty of 'em; but I can't truthfully say as 'ow any of them was the better for meeting me."

He rose slowly from the packing-case on which he had been sitting and, stamping down the point of a rusty nail with his heel, resumed his seat, remarking that he had endured it for some time under the impression that it was only a splinter.

"I've surprised more than one in my time," he continued, slowly. "When I met one of these 'ere artful ones I used fust of all to pretend to be more stupid than wot I really am."

He stopped and stared fixedly.

"More stupid than I looked," he said.

He stopped again.

"More stupid than wot they thought I looked," he said, speaking with marked deliberation. And I'd let 'em go on and on until I thought I had 'ad about enough, and then turn round on 'em. Nobody ever got the better o' me except my wife, and that was only before we was married. Two nights arterwards she found a fish hook in my trouser-pocket, and arter that I could ha' left untold gold there—if I'd ha' had it. It spoilt wot some people call the honeymoon, but it paid in the long run.

One o' the worst things a man can do is to take up artfulness all of a sudden. I never knew it to answer yet, and I can tell you of a case that'll prove my words true.

It's some years ago now, and the chap it 'appened to was a young man, a shipmate o' mine, named Charlie Tagg. Very steady young chap he was, too steady for most of 'em. That's 'ow it was me and 'im got to be such pals.

He'd been saving up for years to get married, and all the advice we could give 'im didn't 'ave any effect. He saved up nearly every penny of 'is money and gave it to his gal to keep for 'im, and the time I'm speaking of she'd got seventy-two pounds of 'is and seventeen-and-six of 'er own to set up housekeeping with.

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Then a thing happened that I've known to 'appen to sailormen afore. At Sydney 'e got silly on another gal, and started walking out with her, and afore he knew wot he was about he'd promised to marry 'er too.

Sydney and London being a long way from each other was in 'is favour, but the thing that troubled 'im was 'ow to get that seventy-two pounds out of Emma Cook, 'is London gal, so as he could marry the other with it. It worried 'im all the way home, and by the time we got into the London river 'is head was all in a maze with it. Emma Cook 'ad got it all saved up in the bank, to take a little shop with when they got spliced, and 'ow to get it he could not think.

He went straight off to Poplar, where she lived, as soon as the ship was berthed. He walked all the way so as to 'ave more time for thinking, but wot with bumping into two old gentlemen with bad tempers, and being nearly run over by a cabman with a white 'orse and red whiskers, he got to the house without 'aving thought of anything.

They was just finishing their tea as 'e got there, and they all seemed so pleased to see 'im that it made it worse than ever for 'im. Mrs. Cook, who 'ad pretty near finished, gave 'im her own cup to drink out of, and said that she 'ad dreamt of 'im the night afore last, and old Cook said that he 'ad got so good-looking 'e shouldn't 'ave known him.

"I should 'ave passed 'im in the street," he ses. "I never see such an alteration."

"They'll be a nice-looking couple," ses his wife, looking at a young chap, named George Smith, that 'ad been sitting next to Emma.

Charlie Tagg filled 'is mouth with bread and butter, and wondered 'ow he was to begin. He squeezed Emma's 'and just for the sake of keeping up appearances, and all the time 'e was thinking of the other gal waiting for 'im thousands o' miles away.

"You've come 'ome just in the nick o' time," ses old Cook; "if you'd done it o' purpose you couldn't 'ave arranged it better."

"Somebody's birthday?" ses Charlie, trying to smile.

Old Cook shook his 'ead. "Though mine is next Wednesday," he ses, "and thank you for thinking of it. No; you're just in time for the biggest bargain in the chandlery line that anybody ever 'ad a chance of. If you 'adn't ha' come back we should have 'ad to ha' done it without you."

"Eighty pounds," ses Mrs. Cook, smiling at Charlie. "With the money Emma's got saved and your wages this trip you'll 'ave plenty. You must come round arter tea and 'ave a look at it."

"Little place not arf a mile from 'ere," ses old Cook. "Properly worked up, the way Emma'll do it, it'll be a little fortune. I wish I'd had a chance like it in my young time."

He sat shaking his 'ead to think wot he'd lost, and Charlie Tagg sat staring at 'im and wondering wot he was to do.

"My idea is for Charlie to go for a few more v'y'ges arter they're married while Emma works up the business," ses Mrs. Cook; "she'll be all right with young Bill and Sarah Ann to 'elp her and keep 'er company while he's away."

"We'll see as she ain't lonely," ses George Smith, turning to Charlie.

Charlie Tagg gave a bit of a cough and said it wanted considering. He said it was no good doing things in a 'urry and then repenting of 'em all the rest of your life. And 'e said he'd been given to understand that chandlery wasn't wot it 'ad been, and some of the cleverest people 'e knew thought that it would be worse before it was better. By the time he'd finished they was all looking at 'im as though they couldn't believe their ears.

"You just step round and 'ave a look at the place," ses old Cook; "if that don't make you alter your tune, call me a sinner."

Charlie Tagg felt as though 'e could ha' called 'im a lot o' worse things than that, but he took up 'is hat and Mrs. Cook and Emma got their bonnets on and they went round.

"I don't think much of it for eighty pounds," ses Charlie, beginning his artfulness as they came near a big shop, with plate-glass and a double front.

"Eh?" ses old Cook, staring at 'im. "Why, that ain't the place. Why, you wouldn't get that for eight 'undred."

"Well, I don't think much of it," ses Charlie; "if it's worse than that I can't look at it—I can't, indeed."

"You ain't been drinking, Charlie?" ses old Cook, in a puzzled voice.

"Cert'nly not," ses Charlie.

He was pleased to see 'ow anxious they all looked, and when they did come to the shop 'e set up a laugh that old Cook said chilled the marrer in 'is bones. He stood looking in a 'elpless sort o' way at his wife and Emma, and then at last he ses, "There it is; and a fair bargain at the price."

"I s'pose *you* ain't been drinking?" ses Charlie.

"Wot's the matter with it?" ses Mrs. Cook, flaring up.

"'COME INSIDE AND LOOK AT IT,' SES EMMA."

"Come inside and look at it," ses Emma, taking 'old of his arm.

"Not me," ses Charlie, hanging back. "Why, I wouldn't take it at a gift."

He stood there on the kerbstone, and all they could do 'e wouldn't budge. He said it was a bad road and a little shop, and 'ad got a look about it he didn't like. They walked back 'ome like a funeral procession, and Emma 'ad to keep saying "*H'sh!*" in w'ispers to 'er mother all the way.

"I don't know wot Charlie does want, I'm sure," ses Mrs. Cook, taking off 'er bonnet as soon as she got indoors and pitching it on the chair he was just going to set down on.

"It's so awk'ard," ses old Cook, rubbing his 'ead. "Fact is, Charlie, we pretty near gave 'em to understand as we'd buy it."

"It's as good as settled," ses Mrs. Cook, trembling all over with temper.

"They won't settle till they get the money," ses Charlie. "You may make your mind easy about that."

"Emma's drawn it all out of the bank ready," ses old Cook, eager like.

Charlie felt 'ot and cold all over. "I'd better take care of it," he ses, in a trembling voice. "You might be robbed."

"So might you be," ses Mrs. Cook. "Don't you worry; it's in a safe place."

"Sailormen are always being robbed," ses George Smith, who 'ad been helping young Bill with 'is sums while they 'ad gone to look at the shop. "There's more sailormen robbed than all the rest put together."

"They won't rob Charlie," ses Mrs. Cook, pressing 'er lips together. "I'll take care o' that."

Charlie tried to laugh, but 'e made such a queer noise that young Bill made a large blot on 'is exercise-book and old Cook, wot was lighting his pipe, burnt 'is fingers through not looking wot 'e was doing.

"You see," ses Charlie, "if I was robbed, which ain't at all likely, it 'ud only be me losing my own money; but if you was robbed of it you'd never forgive yourselves."

"I dessay I should get over it," ses Mrs. Cook, sniffing. "I'd 'ave a try, at all events."

Charlie started to laugh agin, and old Cook, who 'ad struck another match, blew it out and waited till he'd finished.

"The whole truth is," ses Charlie, looking round, "I've got something better to do with the money. I've got a chance offered me that'll make me able to double it afore you know where you are."

"Not afore I know where I am," ses Mrs. Cook, with a laugh that was worse than Charlie's.

"The chance of a lifetime," ses Charlie, trying to keep 'is temper. "I can't tell you wot it is, because I've promised to keep it secret for a time. You'll be surprised when I do tell you."

"If I wait till then till I'm surprised," ses Mrs. Cook, "I shall 'ave to wait a long time. My advice to you is to take that shop and ha' done with it."

Charlie sat there arguing all the evening, but it was no good, and the idea o' them people sitting there and refusing to let 'im

have his own money pretty near sent 'im crazy. It was all 'e could do to kiss Emma good-night, and 'e couldn't have 'elped slamming the front door if he'd been paid for it. The only comfort he 'ad got left was the Sydney gal's photygraph, and he took that out and looked at it under nearly every lamp-post he passed.

He went round the next night and 'ad another try to get 'is money, but it was no use; and all the good he done was to make Mrs. Cook in such a temper that she 'ad to go to bed before he 'ad arf finished. It was no good talking to old Cook and Emma, because they daren't do anything without 'er, and it was no good calling things up the stairs to her because she didn't answer. Three nights running Mrs. Cook went off to bed afore eight o'clock, for fear she should say something to 'im as she'd be sorry for arterwards; and for three nights Charlie made 'imself so disagreeable that Emma told 'im plain the sooner 'e went back to sea agin the better she should like it. The only one who seemed to enjoy it was George Smith, and 'e used to bring bits out o' newspapers and read to 'em, showing 'ow silly people was done out of their money.

On the fourth night Charlie dropped it and made 'imself so amiable that Mrs. Cook stayed up and made 'im a Welsh rare-bit for 'is supper, and made 'im drink two glasses o' beer instead o' one, while old Cook sat and drank three glasses o' water just out o' temper, and to show that 'e didn't mind. When she started on the chandler's shop agin Charlie said he'd think it over, and when 'e went away Mrs. Cook called 'im her sailor-boy and wished 'im pleasant dreams.

But Charlie Tagg 'ad got better things to do than to dream, and 'e sat up in bed arf the night thinking out a new plan he'd thought of to get that money. When 'e did fall asleep at last 'e dreamt of taking a little farm in Australia and riding about on 'orseback with the Sydney gal watching his men at work.

In the morning he went and hunted up a shipmate of 'is, a young feller named Jack Bates. Jack was one o' these 'ere chaps, nobody's enemy but their own, as the saying is; a good-'arted, free-'anded chap as you could wish to see. Everybody liked 'im, and the ship's cat loved 'im. He'd ha' sold the shirt off 'is back to oblige a pal, and three times in one week he got 'is face scratched for trying to prevent 'usbands knocking their wives about.

Charlie Tagg went to 'im because he was the only man 'e could trust, and for over arf an hour he was telling Jack Bates all 'is troubles, and at last, as a great favour, he let 'im see the Sydney gal's photygraph, and told him that all that pore gal's future 'appiness depended upon 'im.

"I'll step round to-night and rob 'em of that seventy-two pounds," ses Jack; "it's your money, and you've a right to it."

Charlie shook his 'ead. "That wouldn't do," he ses; "besides, I don't know where they keep it. No; I've got a better plan than that. Come round to the Crooked Billet, so as we can talk it over in peace and quiet."

He stood Jack three or four arf-pints afore

"HE STOOD JACK THREE OR FOUR ARF-PINTS AFORE 'E TOLD 'IM HIS PLAN."

'e told 'im his plan, and Jack was so pleased with it that he wanted to start at once, but Charlie persuaded 'im to wait.

"And don't you spare me, mind, out o' friendship," ses Charlie, "because the blacker you paint me the better I shall like it."

"You trust me, mate," ses Jack Bates; "if I don't get that seventy-two pounds for you, you may call me a Dutchman. Why, it's fair robbery, I call it, sticking to your money like that."

They spent the rest o' the day together, and when evening came Charlie went off to the Cooks'. Emma 'ad arf expected they was going to a theayter that night, but Charlie said he wasn't feeling the thing, and he sat there so quiet and miserable they didn't know wot to make of 'im.

"'Ave you got any trouble on your mind, Charlie," ses Mrs. Cook, "or is it the toothache?"

"It ain't the toothache," ses Charlie.

He sat there pulling a long face and staring at the floor, but all Mrs. Cook and Emma could do 'e wouldn't tell them wot was the matter with 'im. He said 'e didn't want to worry other people with 'is troubles; let everybody bear their own, that was 'is motto. Even when George Smith offered to go to the theayter with Emma instead of 'im he didn't fire up, and, if it 'adn't ha' been for Mrs. Cook, George wouldn't ha' been sorry that 'e spoke.

"Theayters ain't for me," ses Charlie, with a groan. "I'm more likely to go to gaol, so far as I can see, than a theayter."

Mrs. Cook and Emma both screamed and Sarah Ann did 'er first highstericks, and very well, too, considering that she 'ad only just turned fifteen.

"Gaol!" ses old Cook, as soon as they 'ad quieted Sarah Ann with a bowl o' cold water that young Bill 'ad the presence o' mind to go and fetch. "Gaol! What for?"

"You wouldn't believe if I was to tell you," ses Charlie, getting up to go, "and, besides, I don't want any of you to think as 'ow I am worse than wot I am."

He shook his 'ead at them sorrowful-like, and afore they could stop 'im he 'ad gone. Old Cook shouted arter 'im, but it was no use, and the others was running into the scullery to fill the bowl agin for Emma.

Mrs. Cook went round to 'is lodgings next morning, but found that 'e was out. They began to fancy all sorts o' things then, but Charlie turned up agin that evening more miserable than ever.

"SARAH ANN DID 'ER FIRST HIGHSTERICKS."

"I went round to see you this morning," ses Mrs. Cook, "but you wasn't at 'ome."

"I never am, 'ardly," ses Charlie. "I can't be—it ain't safe."

"Why not?" ses Mrs. Cook, fidgeting.

"If I was to tell you, you'd lose your good opinion of me," ses Charlie.

"It wouldn't be much to lose," ses Mrs. Cook, firing up.

Charlie didn't answer 'er. When he did speak he spoke to the old man, and he was so down-'arted that 'e gave 'im the chills a'most. He 'ardly took any notice of Emma,

and, when Mrs. Cook spoke about the shop agin, said that chandlers' shops was for happy people, not for 'im.

By the time they sat down to supper they was nearly all as miserable as Charlie 'imself. From words he let drop they all seemed to 'ave the idea that the police was arter 'im, and Mrs. Cook was just asking 'im for wot she called the third and last time, but wot was more likely the hundred and third, wot he'd done, when there was a knock at the front door, so loud and so sudden that old Cook and young Bill both cut their mouths at the same time.

"Anybody 'ere o' the name of Emma Cook?" ses a man's voice, when young Bill opened the door.

"She's inside," ses the boy, and the next moment Jack Bates follered 'im into the room, and then fell back with a start as 'e saw Charlie Tagg.

"Ho, 'ere you are, are you?" he ses, looking at 'im very black.

"Wot's the matter?" ses Mrs. Cook, very sharp.

"I didn't expect to 'ave the pleasure o' seeing you 'ere, my lad," ses Jack, still staring at Charlie, and twisting 'is face up into awful scowls. "Which is Emma Cook?"

"Miss Cook is my name," ses Emma, very sharp. "Wot d'ye want?"

"Very good," ses Jack Bates, looking at Charlie agin; "then p'r'aps you'll do me the kindness of telling that lie o' yours agin afore this young lady."

"It's the truth," ses Charlie, looking down at 'is plate.

"If somebody don't tell me wot all this is about in two minutes, I shall do something desprit," ses Mrs. Cook, getting up.

"This 'ere—er—man," ses Jack Bates, pointing at Charlie, "owes me seventy-five pounds and won't pay. When I ask 'im for it he ses a party he's keeping company with, by the name of Emma Cook, 'as got it, and he can't get it."

"So she has," ses Charlie, without looking up.

"Wot does 'e owe you the money for?" ses Mrs. Cook.

"'Cos I lent it to 'im," ses Jack.

"Lent it? What for?" ses Mrs. Cook.

"'Cos I was a fool, I s'pose," ses Jack Bates; "a good-natured fool. Anyway, I'm sick and tired of asking for it, and if I don't get it to-night I'm going to see the police about it."

He sat down on a chair with 'is hat cocked over one eye, and they all sat staring at 'im as though they didn't know wot to say next.

"So this is wot you meant when you said you'd got the chance of a lifetime, is it?" ses Mrs. Cook to Charlie. "This is wot you wanted it for, is it? Wot did you borrow all that money for?"

"Spend," ses Charlie, in a sulky voice.

"Spend!" ses Mrs. Cook, with a scream; "wot in?"

"Drink and cards mostly," ses Jack Bates, remembering wot Charlie 'ad told 'im about blackening 'is character.

You might ha' heard a pin drop a'most, and Charlie sat there without saying a word.

"Charlie's been led away," ses Mrs. Cook, looking 'ard at Jack Bates. "I s'pose you lent 'im the money to win it back from 'im at cards, didn't you?"

"And gave 'im too much licker fust," ses old Cook. "I've 'eard of your kind. If Charlie takes my advice 'e won't pay you a farthing. I should let you do your worst if I was 'im; that's wot I should do. You've got a low face; a nasty, ugly, low face."

"One o' the worst I ever see," ses Mrs. Cook. "It looks as though it might ha' been cut out o' the *Police News*."

"'Owever could you ha' trusted a man with a face like that, Charlie?" ses old Cook. "Come away from 'im, Bill; I don't like such a chap in the room."

Jack Bates began to feel very awk'ard. They was all glaring at 'im as though they could eat 'im, and he wasn't used to such treatment. And, as a matter o' fact, he'd got a very good-'arted face.

"You go out o' that door," ses old Cook, pointing to it. "Go and do your worst. You won't get any money 'ere."

"Stop a minute," ses Emma, and afore they could stop 'er she ran upstairs. Mrs. Cook went arter 'er and 'igh words was heard up in the bedroom, but by-and-by Emma came down holding her head very 'igh and looking at Jack Bates as though he was dirt.

"How am I to know Charlie owes you this money?" she ses.

Jack Bates turned very red, and arter fumbling in 'is pockets took out about a dozen dirty little bits o' paper, which Charlie 'ad given 'im for I O U's. Emma read 'em all, and then she threw a little parcel on the table.

"There's your money," she ses; "take it and go."

Mrs. Cook and 'er father began to call out, but it was no good.

"There's seventy-two pounds there," ses

Emma, who was very pale; "and 'ere's a ring you can have to 'elp make up the rest." And she drew Charlie's ring off and throwed it on the table. "I've done with 'im for good," she ses, with a look at 'er mother.

Jack Bates took up the money and the ring and stood there looking at 'er and trying to think wot to say. He'd always been uncommon partial to the sex, and it did seem 'ard to 'ave to stand there and take all that on account of Charlie Tagg.

"I only wanted my own," he ses, at last, shuffling about the floor.

"Well, you've got it," ses Mrs. Cook, "and now you can go."

"You're p'isoning the air of my front parlour," ses old Cook, opening the winder a little at the top.

"P'r'aps I ain't so bad as you think I am," ses Jack Bates, still looking at Emma, and with that 'e walked over to Charlie and dumped down the money on the table in front of 'im. "Take it," he ses, "and don't borrow any more. I make you a free gift of it. P'r'aps my 'art ain't as black as my face," he ses, turning to Mrs. Cook.

They was all so surprised at fust that they couldn't speak, but old Cook smiled at 'im and put the winder up agin. And Charlie Tagg sat there arf mad with temper, looking as though 'e could eat Jack Bates without any salt, as the saying is.

"I—I can't take it," he ses at last, with a stammer.

"Can't take it? Why not?" ses old Cook, staring. "This gentleman 'as given it to you."

"A free gift," ses Mrs. Cook, smiling at Jack very sweet.

"I can't take it," ses Charlie, winking at Jack to take the money up and give it to 'im outside on the quiet, as arranged. "I 'ave my pride."

"So 'ave I," ses Jack. "Are you going to take it?"

Charlie gave 'im another look. "No," he ses, "I can't take a favour. I borrowed the money and I'll pay it back."

"Very good," ses Jack, taking it up. "It's my money, ain't it?"

"Yes," ses Charlie, taking no notice of Mrs. Cook and 'er husband, wot was both talking to 'im at once, and trying to persuade 'im to alter his mind.

"Then I give it to Miss Emma Cook," ses Jack Bates, putting it into her hands. "Good-night everybody and good luck."

He slammed the front door behind 'im and they 'eard 'im go off down the road as if 'e was going for fire-engines. Charlie sat there for a moment struck all of a heap, and then 'e jumped up and dashed arter 'im. He just saw 'im disappearing round a corner, and he didn't see 'im agin for a couple o' year arterwards, by which time the Sydney gal had 'ad three or four young men arter 'im, and Emma, who 'ad changed her name to Smith, was doing one o' the best businesses in the chandlery line in Poplar.

"'THEN I GIVE IT TO MISS EMMA COOK,' SES JACK BATES."

How the Russian Censor Works.

Illustrated with Examples of the Censor's "Blacking Out."

By Frederick Dolman.

IN the war between Russia and Japan, it is said the Press censorship has been less severe in the Russian than in the Japanese army. This fact, if fact it be, is the more extraordinary inasmuch as the Press censorship, in the eyes of the Russian authorities, is not merely an expedient rendered necessary by the emergency of war, but an instrument of government under the normal conditions of peace.

The Press censorship is a department in the Ministry of the Interior, and is the most expensive part of its administrative machinery. Each of the governmental districts — they number sixty in European Russia—has its censor, with a staff of assistants more or less qualified as linguists. The proof-sheets of every Russian newspaper have first to be submitted to one or the other of these officials before it can be published, at the peril of suspension, or even suppression, if this precaution is not observed. Any article or part of an article, any paragraph, or even advertisement, disapproved of by this functionary has a pen drawn through it, and on the proofs being returned to the newspaper office the editor has to cut out the offending type. Sometimes large amounts of literary matter, on preparing which much time and labour have been spent, must thus be sacrificed and its space filled up as best it can be with "copy" kept in stock for its unimpeachable character in the eyes of the censor.

Proof-sheets of the substituted matter must be submitted, however, before he will pass the paper for press. In the case of daily papers in large towns it is probably about midnight when the censor returns the last sheets and closes his office. The most important news may arrive after this, but it cannot be published. "Moscow may burn to the ground or the Czar may be assassinated," as Mr. George Kennan once put it, "but after the censor has retired to his couch not a line of new matter can be put into the columns of the paper."

Once or twice editorial ingenuity has got the better of despotic authority. The editor of the *Siberian Gazette* at Tomsk received back his set of proof-sheets from the censor with fully half the proposed contents of the morrow's paper ruled out. He and his staff were confronted with a most formidable task —some articles had to be patched up in order to repair the ravages of the censor's pen, others had to be altogether rewritten, and fresh "copy" found to take the place of whole columns of news which had been ruthlessly destroyed. In despair the editor gave up the task and sent the paper to press in the pitiable condition to which it had been reduced by official interference. As he doubtless expected would be the case, the numerous blank spaces made a greater impression upon the public mind than the most trenchant article attacking the Press censorship could have done. In a few days there was published an edict from the Minister of the Interior: "Blank spaces in the pages of newspapers are an implied protest against preliminary censorship and cannot be permitted."

A more celebrated instance of the outwitting of tyranny occurred in 1886 in connection with the prohibited celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs. The newspapers were warned against making any reference to the celebration, and on the day of the anniversary, February 19th, they all appeared—with one exception—in obedience to this command without a single word on the subject of its historical significance. The exception was the *Moscow Gazette*, which celebrated the anniversary—and in a most effective fashion, too—by its non-publication on the day in question. In Moscow, at any rate, the date which the Government had willed should be quite ignored was thus rendered conspicuous and memorable by the non-appearance of its principal newspaper.

The topics on which Russian journalists are to be gagged and muzzled are the subject of frequent circulars sent out from the Ministry of the Interior at St. Petersburg for the information and guidance of the censors' offices throughout the empire. These circulars are in the nature of confidential documents, although, to save themselves trouble in the performance of their duties,

the recipients may sometimes show them to newspaper editors. It is impossible, therefore, for newspaper readers in Russia to know fully and definitely the subjects on which from time to time they are not allowed to be informed, and the course of events may for them be turned all awry without their having any idea of the fact. They know that certain themes are always tabooed by the censor, but they can never tell what piece of miscellaneous news or comment may not be hidden from them by the perversity or even stupidity of officials.

In a book — "Russia: Political and Social"—published some time ago, written by a Russian and translated into English and French, there appeared a summary for one year of these communications from the Ministry of the Interior, as they were remembered by a newspaper editor who had been permitted to have a glimpse of them. The topics thus interdicted to the Press had a very wide range—from a revolt of peasants on a great nobleman's estate to an official inquiry into Jewish money-lending. The official communications placing these two matters under the censor's ban may be regarded as characteristic :—

"Several journals are discussing in a subversive and violent form the affair of the Prince Chtcherbator with his peasants. Considering that such articles have an injurious effect on the relations of peasants and proprietors, reference to this affair is prohibited."

"It is considered indispensable to prohibit the publication of comments on the subject of the inquiries into the economic relations of the Jews and the inhabitants of certain provinces."

In this country, however, we can probably obtain a more vivid impression of the working of the Russian Press censorship from the results of its application to English periodicals when imported into Russia.

With the increasing diffusion of the world's literature and journalism and the widening knowledge in Russia itself of foreign languages, it was natural and inevitable that the Press censorship should be extended to all printed matter reaching the Russian frontiers, from whatever quarter it might come. What was the use of preventing the publication of "sedition" by Russian newspapers if foreign journals, publishing what they pleased, were allowed to come into the country without check? The censors could not send their *ukases* to the editors in London and Paris. They could hardly refuse, on the other hand, having regard to the obligations of the international postal service, to admit foreign periodicals into the country.

The only thing to be done, therefore, was to subject them to rigorous examination at all the postal centres, and in some way destroy any part of their contents which might be considered obnoxious. The method usually adopted has been to "black out" the offending picture or article by means of a heavy stamp with coarse, thick ink, which, when dried, has an unpleasant touch and an evil smell. When the condemned matter, however, reaches to whole pages of a journal the officials do not hesitate to save time and trouble by tearing out the pages.

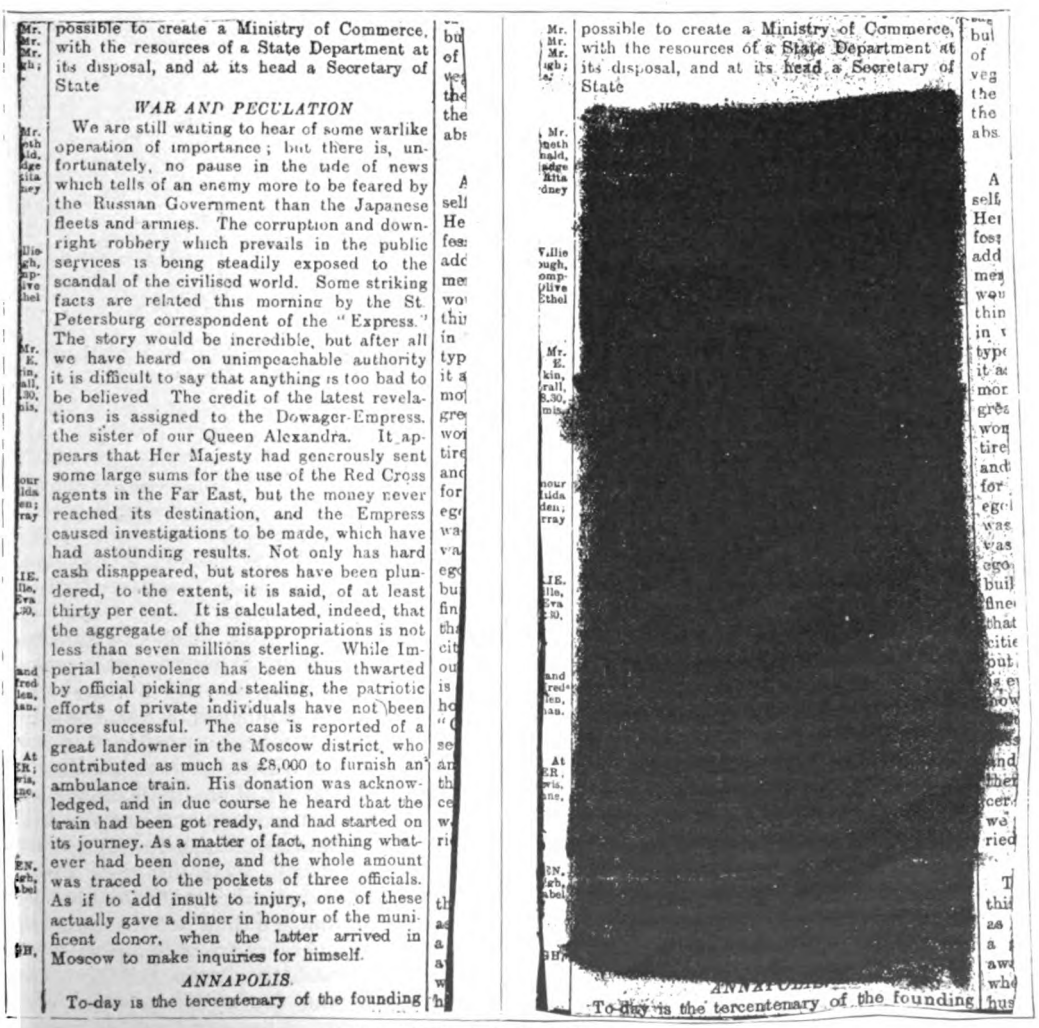
Personal inquiry at the principal London newspaper offices has established the fact that in recent years "blacking out" has been of comparatively frequent occurrence. No definite figures, of course, can be given on the subject, because it may be safely assumed that only occasionally do editors and publishers in London hear of the fate which has befallen some part of a particular issue of their publications. The information usually comes in the form of a request from some correspondent in Russia, asking that this particular column or page may be sent to them in a sealed envelope, and only in a proportionately few cases, it may be supposed, is this trouble taken in order to frustrate the labours of the censors. Now and again such correspondents have sent the "blacked out" articles with their letters in order to clearly indicate the deprivation that they have suffered. Unfortunately for the purpose of this article very few of these "blacked out" specimens have, amidst the rush and hurry of newspaper offices, escaped the waste-paper basket, and half those which illustrate it have had to be obtained direct from Russia.

The war in the Far East has naturally increased the work of the censors in their dealings with the foreign Press, and several of the illustrations relate in one way or another, it will be seen, to this subject. A *Times* article which dared to suggest that Russian feeling on the war was not of unqualified and universal enthusiasm was "blacked out" when it reached St. Petersburg in the *Mail*—the *Times* tri-weekly edition—for October 24th last. An account of the North Sea outrage, with a leading article on the subject, together with various telegrams from the seat of war contained in the same number, were not interfered with. The same immunity, strange to say, had been enjoyed by a paragraph entitled "The Situation in Russia," which

had appeared in the *Mail* three days earlier. It contained the essence of a letter which a correspondent had received from a friend in Russia, briefly putting forth the same view as that given in the article, "Russian Feeling on the War." But being only a short paragraph in small type at the bottom of the page it had evidently escaped the censor's attention.

This same issue of the *Mail*—for October 21st, 1904—suffered nevertheless from two operations of the censorious implement. The victim in one case was a telegram from the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* describing a serious riot at Odessa; the other was a short article from one of its Russian correspondents dealing with the misapplication of the funds which had been raised for the work of the Red Cross Society on the battlefields of Manchuria. The censorship is evidently most severe on any suggestion unfavourable to the probity of Russian officials. One of my other examples of the "blacking out" process is a note in the *Globe* for June 14th last referring to the same matter, and it may, I think, be concluded that official peculation in connection with the war is one of the subjects on which, if the Press censorship can prevent it, the Russian people are to know nothing.

After this it is not at all surprising that ruthless hands should have been placed upon a column of notes by "The Conductor" of "Our Omnibus" in the *People*, dealing incidentally with the questionable character of the Czar, the barbarism of Russia's institu-



possible to create a Ministry of Commerce, with the resources of a State Department at its disposal, and at its head a Secretary of State

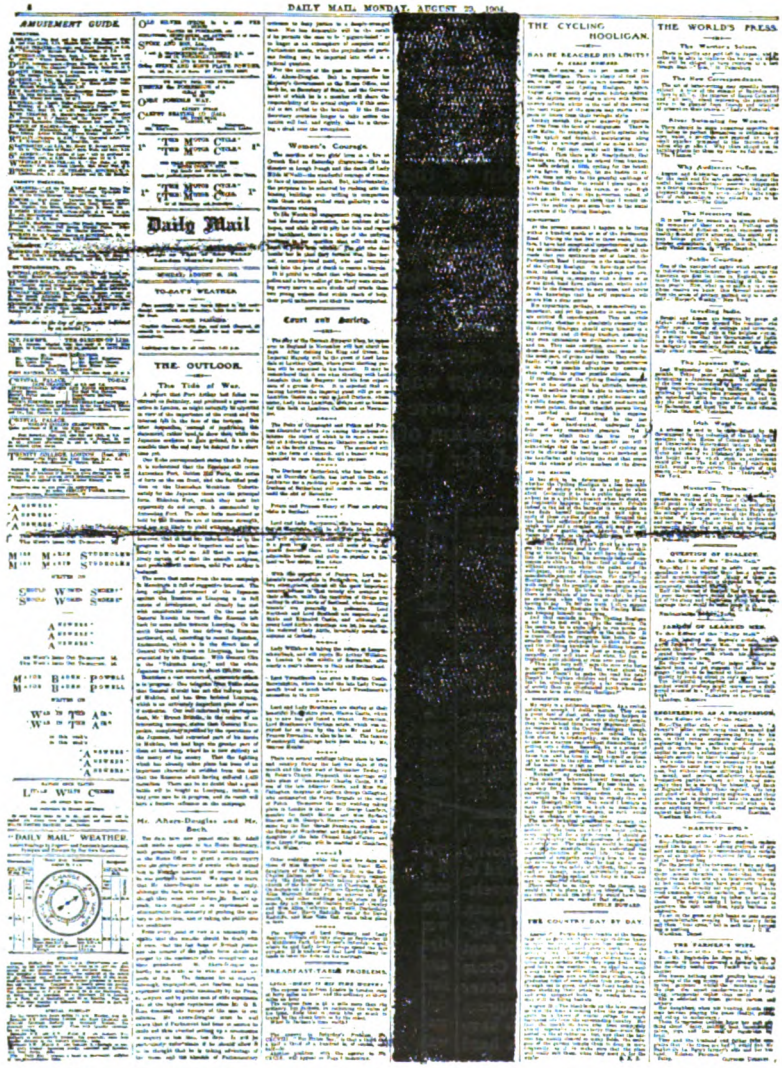
WAR AND PECULATION

We are still waiting to hear of some warlike operation of importance; but there is, unfortunately, no pause in the tide of news which tells of an enemy more to be feared by the Russian Government than the Japanese fleets and armies. The corruption and downright robbery which prevails in the public services is being steadily exposed to the scandal of the civilised world. Some striking facts are related this morning by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Express." The story would be incredible, but after all we have heard on unimpeachable authority it is difficult to say that anything is too bad to be believed. The credit of the latest revelations is assigned to the Dowager-Empress, the sister of our Queen Alexandra. It appears that Her Majesty had generously sent some large sums for the use of the Red Cross agents in the Far East, but the money never reached its destination, and the Empress caused investigations to be made, which have had astounding results. Not only has hard cash disappeared, but stores have been plundered, to the extent, it is said, of at least thirty per cent. It is calculated, indeed, that the aggregate of the misappropriations is not less than seven millions sterling. While Imperial benevolence has been thus thwarted by official picking and stealing, the patriotic efforts of private individuals have not been more successful. The case is reported of a great landowner in the Moscow district, who contributed as much as £8,000 to furnish an ambulance train. His donation was acknowledged, and in due course he heard that the train had been got ready, and had started on its journey. As a matter of fact, nothing whatever had been done, and the whole amount was traced to the pockets of three officials. As if to add insult to injury, one of these actually gave a dinner in honour of the munificent donor, when the latter arrived in Moscow to make inquiries for himself.

ANNAPOLIS.

To-day is the tercentenary of the founding

HOW A "GLOBE" ARTICLE WAS TREATED.


DAILY MAIL, MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1904.

AMUSEMENT GUIDE.

Daily Mail

TODAY'S WEATHER.

THE OUTLOOK.

The Tide of War.

Women's Courage.

Court and Society.

THE CYCLING HOOLIGAN.

THE WORLD'S PRESS.

"DAILY MAIL" WEATHER.

THE FATE OF A "DAILY MAIL" ARTICLE ON "LOST ILLUSIONS: HOW RUSSIA MEETS DISASTER."

tions, and the "piracy" of some of its warships, notwithstanding the fact that the bear in the title-piece is given quite a tame and gentle appearance. Nor can we wonder that Mr. Perceval Gibbon's article from St. Petersburg in the *Daily Mail*—"Lost Illusions: How Russia Meets Disaster"—should have been doomed to extinction. The author of this account of the bearing of the Russians under the influence of the national reverses in the Far East is not altogether unsympathetic, but doubtless no amount of sympathy would have saved his article so long as it contained a frank reference to the Press censor and the futility of his work. As for Mr. L. F. Austin's pungent satire upon the same theme in the *Illustrated London News*, it may be supposed that the censor only regretted that he could not inflict upon him the fate of his article. His delight in extinguishing Mr. Austin's persiflage, it may be supposed, was even greater than that experienced in annihilating the humour of Mr. Punch. Russian subscribers of our merry contemporary had last October a double grievance, however, against the sensitive official. The irony of *Punch's* account of the departure of the Baltic Fleet evidently so touched him to the quick that in his angry eagerness to obliterate he took no pains to spare the harmless but amusing picture, "Young Nighty Thoughts," which filled the centre of the page.

OCTOBER 26, 1904.] PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI. 305

THE BALTIC FLEET.

MONTH BY MONTH

LIBAU, *October* 24, 1904.—It is stated on good authority that the Baltic Fleet will sail for the Far East on the 27th or 28th inst.—*Reuter.*

REVAL, *October* 26.—The battleship *Genaiskwalosk* is again aground, but it is hoped to refloat her in three weeks' time. She will have to undergo extensive repairs, and in consequence the date of departure of the Baltic Fleet has been again postponed till November 13.—*Our Own Correspondent.*

ST. PETERSBURG, *November* 12.—The TSAR has expressed his intention of saying good-bye to the Baltic Fleet in person, prior to its departure for the Far East. During some manœuvres yesterday, two cruisers (believed to be the *Rusnamoksa* and the *Strukamewski*) collided and sunk in the excellent time of 2 min. 15 sec., thus constituting a record. The Fleet will sail on December 22.—*Our Special Correspondent.*

LIBAU, *December* 28, 1904.—The Baltic Fleet, consisting of 5 battleships, 7 cruisers, and 96 transports laden with coal, sailed to-day for the Far East at 11 o'clock, but came, safely, back again in the afternoon. (*Later*) The armoured cruiser *Bloxupovitch*, on entering the harbour, came in contact with a floating mine, and will, it is feared, become a total wreck.—*Press Association.*

PARIS, *January* 2, 1905.—News comes from St. Petersburg this morning that the Baltic Fleet (consisting of 4 battleships, 6 cruisers, and 130 transports laden with coal) is now ready to start for the Far East. The battleship *Sprungulaskski* will not be able to accompany the squadron as was hoped, but owing to her speed of 8½ knots, she will be able to catch it up when the necessary repairs have been made. The date of departure of the Fleet is now fixed for January 20.—*Reuter.*

REVAL, *February* 19, 1905.—The TSAR to-day bade farewell to the officers and men of the Baltic Fleet, and wished them good luck and a safe return. The Fleet (consisting of 3 battleships, 5 cruisers, and 156 transports laden with coal) went for a trial spin immediately afterwards. There were very few casualties, and the Fleet will finally start for the Far East on the 2nd, 3rd, or 15th of March.—*Dalziel.*

LIBAU, *April* 1, 1905.—To-day has been fixed as a suitable one for the Baltic Fleet to begin its final departure on its eventful voyage to the Far East. The TSAR shook hands in person with the Admiral and his officers. Immediately afterwards, preceded by the flagship *Neveraydiesks*, the squadron (consisting of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and 172 transports laden with coal) steamed slowly once more out of the familiar harbour. It is a matter of considerable comment in official circles that this is the first time the fleet has started without a telegram from the KAISER. At the time of writing the squadron is still in sight. (*Later*) A large fleet (consisting apparently of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and about 170 transports) is making for the harbour, and has signalled for a pilot.—*Our Own Correspondent.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.—A new motoring novel by the author of *An Eye for an Eye* is promised, entitled *A Toot for a Toot*.

MODES FOR MEN.

CASUIST.—The question you raise is a puzzling one. If the overcoat handed to you at the cloak-room is better than your own I should advise you to wait till the other party makes a move in the matter. Since, possessing a better overcoat, he is presumably your social superior, the initiative should come from him. If on the contrary the overcoat given you is a worse one than your own, it will be quite proper for you to make enquiries. Etiquette is merely the application of common sense to social matters.

COSMOPOLITE.—The shirt problem you name is always with us. Happily the growth of civilisation has to some extent solved it. There are now many Turkish Baths in London where a shirt may be washed and starched whilst you wait. I regret that I cannot say anything in favour of the india-rubber reversible shirts you name.

CONSTANT READER.—You say that you are certain that an acquaintance always deals himself the ace of hearts at Bridge, and ask advice in the matter. Discretion is advisable. Do not denounce him—scenes are vulgar—but keep him under observation. You cannot do this better than by always arranging to be his partner when you indulge in a friendly rubber. You will find that so much in this matter depends on the point of view.

MILLIONAIRE.—By all means wear boot protectors, they are most fashionable. The "chic" boot protector is made of silver with the owner's monogram engraved on it. The boot protector is not only economical but ornamental, if the wearer has the presence of mind when sitting always to put his feet on a neighbouring chair. The gold boot protectors to =

D
havi
and
are
for
vert
in o

"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS."

MAMMA. "HERE COMES NURSE TO BATH YOU BOYS AND PUT YOU TO BED. NOW BE GOOD AND GO QUIETLY."
Little Girl. "OH DEAR, MUMMIE, I WISH I WAS A NIGHT-DRESS!"
Mamma. "WHY, DEAR?"
Little Girl. "THEN I SHOULD ONLY HAVE TO GO TO THE WASH ONCE A WEEK!"

In the course of his badinage Mr. L. F. Austin refers to two recent "blackings out" undergone by the contents of the *Illustrated London News* — an article by Mr. Charles Lowe on the "Russian Succession," in which the allusions to some of the Czar's ancestors were too faithful for the censor's taste, and the "Ladies' Page," wherein offence had been given by the suggestion, fortified by the examples of the Russian Catherine and our own Elizabeth and Victoria, that, failing the birth of a son, Russia might benefit by the rule of another female Sovereign. The immediate provocation to his sprightly pen, however, had come from the censor's dealing with the *Illustrated London News* portrait of the Czarina, which had been published with the title, "The Mother of a Czar To Be." If the editor had stopped there, probably all would have been well with the picture in Russia; but a few words were added by way of congratulation to the Czar on this ray of sunshine amidst the heavy clouds of national misfortune, the statement being made that "the advent of the Czarevitch has probably averted a revolution." This rather bold reference to the dread word "revolution" must have horrified the censor's soul. But it also put him in a quandary. It would be sacrilege to defile the features of the Czarina, and yet the inscription attached to the portrait clearly could not be allowed to see the light. The difficulty was solved by entirely blacking it out, leaving the portrait nameless, but untouched.

Of the "blacking out" of illustrations an example is given in these pages. The Russian Government shoots deserters from the army, but is unwilling that the fact should be known. At any rate,

VARI 305

MODES FOR MEN

CASUIST.—The question you raise is a puzzling one. If the overcoat handed to you at the cloak room is better than your own I should advise you to wait till the other party makes a move in the matter. Since, possessing a better overcoat, he is presumably your social superior, the initiative should come from him. If on the contrary the overcoat given you is a worse one than your own, it will be quite proper for you to make enquiries. Etiquette is merely the application of common sense to social matters.

COSMOPOLITE.—The shirt problem you name is always with us. Happily the growth of civilisation has to some extent solved it. There are now many Turkish Baths in London where a shirt may be washed and starched whilst you wait. I regret that I cannot say anything in favour of the india-rubber reversible shirts you name.

CONSTANT READER.—You say that you are certain that an acquaintance always deals himself the ace of hearts at Bridge, and ask advice in the matter. Discretion is advisable. Do not denounce him—scenes are vulgar—but keep him under observation. You cannot do this better than by always arranging to be his partner when you indulge in a friendly rubber. You will find that so much in this matter depends on the point of view.

MILLIONAIRE.—By all means wear boot protectors, they are most fashionable. The "chic" boot protector is made of silver with the owner's monogram engraved on it. The boot protector is not only economical but ornamental, if the wearer has the presence of mind when sitting always to put his feet on a neighbouring chair. The gold boot protectors to my mind seem ostentatious.

DESPERATE.—You are married, you have become engaged to another lady, and now you find that your affections are really placed elsewhere, and come for advice. Have you noticed the advertisement of the Klean Kut Razors in our columns?

"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS."

NURSE TO BATH YOU BOYS AND PUT YOU TO BED. NOW BE GOOD AND

MUMMIE, I WISH I WAS A NIGHT-DRESS!"

THERE?"

LITERARY GOSSIP.—A new motoring
vel by the author of *An Eye for an*
is promised, entitled *A Toot for a*
t

"PUNCH'S" FACETIOUS REMARKS UPON THE BALTIC FLEET MET THE EYE OF THE RUSSIAN READER IN THE FORM HERE SHOWN.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC, TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1904. 9

RUSSIAN DESERTERS.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

A correspondent writes:—"I send you a sketch of the shooting of two Russian deserters in Odessa.

"There two men were caught close to the crush by a patrol of Cossacks; they were disguised as peasants, but were discovered though not knowing their way. Brought to Odessa, where their regiment is under orders for the front, they were dealt by order of the commandant of the garrison, as an example to the garrison generally. Desertions from regiments which are either under orders for the Far East, or expecting same, have been very frequent. From one regiment alone (I believe the 126th) eighty have occurred within the last fortnight.

"The Siberians were placed before an open grave, and both died at the first volley."

A DERELICT AND ITS STORY.

To the Editor of the Daily Graphic.

Sir,—I send a sketch of the derelict *Mary A. Troop*, which we passed 130 miles east of Bermuda, on our way home from Jamaica, as the publication of the facts in your columns may lead to some light being thrown upon this "tragedy of the sea." From her appearance it was manifest that the derelict had not been commanded any length of time. Her distress flag (commercial letter O, reds and yellow diagonal) was only slightly frayed out at the leathern corner, showing that since her catastrophe she had not met with any severe weather. There was little sign of "weeping rust," and the paint on her sides was fresh and black. Had she been an ancient derelict barnacles would have been in prominent evidence. The foremast was naked, only one strip of canvas remaining, and even the "bolt-ropes" had gone. The deck-house was indented only by the "covering boards" between the fore and main masts. The captain of the Park vessel stopped the ship close alongside, fired detonators and blew the steam whistle for at least five minutes, without result, and so proceeded. The vessel was water-logged, and had two or three holes in her starboard quarter, evidently done by her own wreckage. From these holes, as from her hatch, the water poured at every roll, showing that she must have been timber-laden. That some of the crew survived is proved by the facts that the port pardaan was hauled to the fo'sle head and that the O flag was roughly hauled to the clamp of the mizzenmast.—Yours faithfully,

JAMAICAN.

R.M.S. Port Royal, at Sea.

Inquiries made by a Daily Graphic representative at Lloyd's elicited the information that the Mary A. Troop was a wooden barque of 1,152 tons, flying the British flag, built at Portland, New Brunswick, in 1882, and owned by Troop and Son, of St. John, New Brunswick. She sailed from Venezuela for, in the Gulf of Mexico, for Rio Janeiro, with a cargo of wood. More than two months later, on March 11th, a telegram was received at Lloyd's from St. Michael's Azores, saying that the Mary A. Troop had been abandoned at sea, all on board having been saved and landed at St. Michael's by the British steamer Cairnsla.

The Mint.—The Deputy-Master of the Mint announces that, as the annual stocktaking of coin and bullion is now in progress, visitors are not admitted, and orders to view the department will not be available before Tuesday, April 5th (Easter Tuesday).

THE PASSIVE RESISTERS.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL A DEFENDANT.

At the Enfield Bench yesterday the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, was one of twenty-three persons summoned for non-payment of the education rate. He said they had a conscientious objection to paying for the maintenance of a form of religious instruction in which they did not believe.

Distress warrants were ordered to be issued. The chairman suggested that as the interests of good feeling the defendants, having made their protest, should pay the rate.

Mr. Campbell replied that he could not accept such a suggestion.

Mr. R. P. Luke, of Tonbridge, near Launceston, Cornwall, was yesterday afternoon conveyed to Exeter Gaol, to serve a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment for non-payment of the education rate. Mr. Luke had made over all his furniture to his wife in order that there should be nothing to distrain on. A large crowd of sympathizers assembled at the station to see the prisoner started off, and as the train moved away hearty cheers were raised, and "For he's a jolly good fellow" was sung.

PRESENTATION TO SIR H. SEYMOUR KING.

In recognition of his services as Mayor for the first two years of the Royal Borough of Kensington, Sir Seymour King was yesterday presented with his portrait, painted by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. The ceremony took place in the Town Hall, and the Duke of Argyll presided. Lord Alverstone, in presenting the portrait, said that it was no exaggeration to say that if they had looked round the whole of the metropolis they could not have found a man better qualified than Sir Seymour King to set an example to future Mayors and to those who for the first time worked with him. That gathering was a fitting outcome of the two years of office which he had been good enough to fill. The presentation was in no way a recompense, but a slight acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which they owed to him. Accompanying the picture was a replica of the portrait, painted by the same artist. This was presented to Lady King. Sir Seymour King, in reply, thanked them for the pictures, and asked the Mayor—Major L. H. Isaac—to accept the portrait on behalf of the Council, with a view to its being hung in the Town Hall. The the Mayor readily consented to do. The Duke of Argyll, in replying to a vote of thanks, said that they had all been desirous that the unanimity should be represented by a thorough English gentleman, and they had had their desire.

THE BOATRACE PRACTICE.

One Oar Rowing Representative.

Yesterday morning's work in the two crews contained almost entirely of starts. In the afternoon both were out on the top of the flood, shortly after 4 p.m., the water being very rough and the wind troublesome against the tide. Oxford went down below Hattingham, trying starts on the way back. Then, between Putney Bridge and Beveley Brook they had three short starts from mustrd shifts, and then paddled up to the middle of the Eyot with several swims, and returned also at easy paddle to the London Rowing Club quarters. They were not rowing particularly well, and evidently had much difficulty in clearing the water owing to the wave. In some of these short bursts, however, they got the boat very smartly away.

Cambridge went up river from a shift at Putney Bridge, while Oxford were down at Hurlingham. Between the bridge and the Thames boat-house they tried another start from a shift off Ayling's. After this they rowed on, and paddled with a Leander crew composed of F. Le B. Smith, H. A. Steward, C. E. Phillips, R. K. Walker, H. W. Adams, B. C. Cox, F. J. Escombe, E. S. Etherington-Smith (stroke), from Craven Point. One long paddle of famous times, and a capital exhibition of the Cambridge good rowing. The two eights turned at the Eyot, and came down to Putney together.

Cambridge used their old boat and the new Ayling double-skin race, with the girders covered in with long strips of wood. The crew were not particularly favored by the crew. In a started they will use the old boat in the race.

Oxford are due out to-day at 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., and Cambridge at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. The Oxonians have generally gone up in weight since Saturday.

LIBERAL UNIONISTS AND THE FISCAL QUESTION.

At the annual meeting of the Liberal Union Club, which will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Wednesday next, Lord James of Hereford presiding, the following resolutions will be proposed:—

"(1) That in the opinion of this meeting the existence and activity of the Liberal Union Club should be maintained, and that the officers and executive committee of the club be instructed to assist as hereinfore all Liberal Unionist candidates and Liberal Unionist associations that are prepared to support a Unionist Government without regard to their personal opinions upon the question of fiscal reform."

"(2) That in the opinion of this meeting the Liberal Union Club should maintain a position of neutrality as a club on the fiscal question till after the next General Election."

"(3) That where the fiscal question rather than Home Rule appears to be the principal issue at any contested election the Liberal Union Club should take no part as a club in such election."

MARYLEBONE ELECTRIC LIGHTING DIFFICULTY.

THE COUNCIL'S BILL.

Yesterday, in the House of Commons, the Marylebone Electric Lighting Bill was before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Sir Alexander H. Brown presiding. Petitions against the Bill had been deposited by the London County Council, the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company, and the Gas Light and Coke Company.

The Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, K.C., on opening the case for the Borough Council, declared at great length the circumstances which led up to the introduction of the Bill. He said that the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company obtained powers to supply electricity in Marylebone, but the supply given was not satisfactory, and in the autumn of 1897 the Vestry, which was then the local authority, applied for a provisional order, which the Board of Trade granted, but which Parliament refused to confirm. Eventually the company agreed to sell a portion of their undertaking, and withdrew their opposition to the Council obtaining a provisional order. Parliament confirmed the order, but inserted a clause making it compulsory for the Council to purchase the company's undertaking. An arbitration took place in 1902, and in 1903 an award of £1,212,000 was made. That sum was larger than was anticipated, but he (counsel) was also bound to say that it was less than half the amount the company claimed, and there could be no doubt that the company's business was a valuable and increasing one. After the award the company gave the Council very little time, and in six days issued a writ to enforce payment. The Chancery Division gave judgment against the Council, but extended the time to December last. The Council were then legally advised that they could not borrow the money until they completed the purchase, and, as a fact, they could not complete the purchase because they had not the money to pay, therefore they were obliged to introduce this Bill, the object being to enable them to borrow £1,300,000 to pay the award, together with the capital expenses incurred since the valuation and cost of arbitration, and, in addition, they asked power to borrow £460,000 for the purchase of land.

Evidence was then called

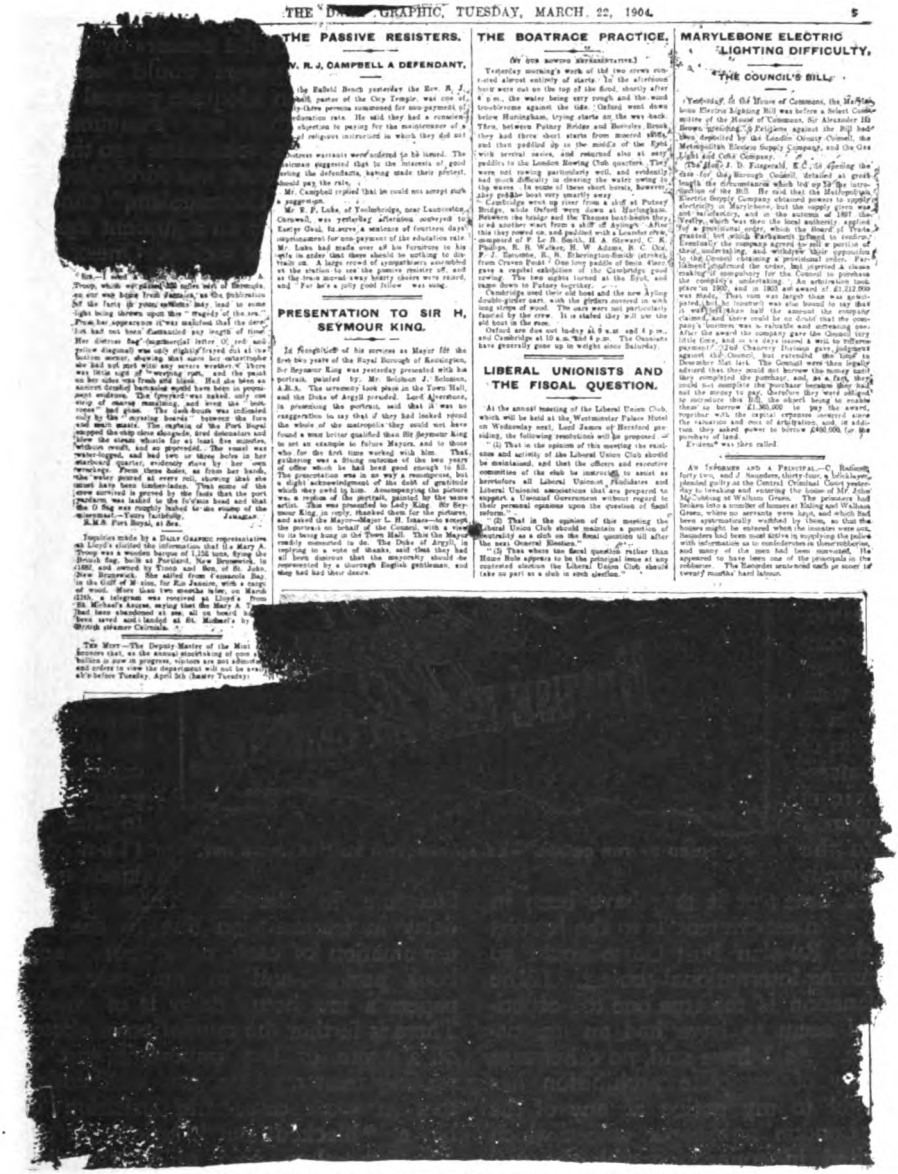
An Inventor and a Principal.—C. Ransom, forty-two, and J. Saunders, thirty-four, a bricklayer, pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court yesterday to breaking and entering the house of Mr. John Day in Wallace Green. The prisoners had Mr. Dobbing at Wallace Green. The prisoners had broken into a number of houses at Ealing and Wallace Green, where no servants were kept, and which had been systematically watched by them, so that the houses might be entered when the inmates were out. Saunders had been most active in supplying the police with information as to confederates in those robberies, and many of the men had been convicted. He appeared to have been one of the principals in the robberies. The Recorder sentenced each prisoner to twenty months' hard labour.

DESERTERS FROM RUSSIAN REGIMENTS: THE EXECUTION OF TWO RECAPTURED SOLDIERS BEFORE THE GARRISON AT ODESSA.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE WAY IN WHICH A PICTURE IS TREATED—ITS FATE IS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

that is the natural conclusion to be drawn from the censor's obliteration of a drawing in the *Daily Graphic* last March depicting the execution of two recaptured soldiers before the Odessa garrison. The few words of letterpress descriptive of the picture, which appeared in the corner of the page, suffered, of course, the same fate. Among an illiterate people such a picture, if it once got into general circulation, would be far more "pernicious" from the official point of view than any number of articles which are intelligible only to the educated few; and it may be supposed that the censors are instructed to be particularly stringent in their examination of the work of newspaper artists. Very few copies of our illustrated papers, however, are sent to Russia, I believe, and examples of "blacked out" illustrations are consequently even more difficult to procure than those of "blacked out" letterpress.

Another example appeared in the weekly *Graphic* as long ago as February 7th, 1891, and is a picture which, one would have thought, might have been found in-



THE PICTURE AND ITS DESCRIPTION AFTER LEAVING THE CENSOR.

offensive in the eyes of the most suspicious of censors. To discover the "sedition" lurking in this representation of the manly sport in which the then Czarevitch was participating during his visit to India might well become, indeed, the object of a puzzle competition. The best solutions that, after much consideration, I can suggest are as follows:—

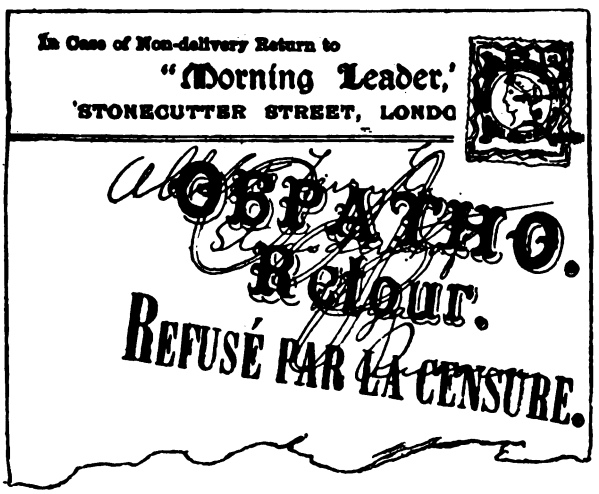
The picture was "seditious" because the son of the Czar of All the Russias was not placed in the centre of the group of sportsmen.

It was "seditious" because it indicated, with the accompanying letterpress (also "blacked out"), that he was not skilful or ready enough with the gun to shoot the panther.

It was "seditious" because it suggested that he owed his personal safety to the greater skill and readiness of other members of the party.

The *Morning Leader* has had an experience of the Russian Press censor which, so far as my inquiries have gone, would seem to be

unique. On May 7th, 1900, it contained an "exclusive" account of a riot at Warsaw, the circumstances of which were somewhat similar to those of the more recent disturbance at Odessa, as described in the "blacked out" message from the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*. The *Morning Leader's* description of the Warsaw outbreak, running to about a third of a column, was not "blacked out"; but several copies of the paper were returned to the office marked "Refused by the Censor," as is shown in the accompanying reproduction. The reason for this departure from the censor's usual practice, for which definite provision would seem to be made in the shape of a printing stamp, can be only conjectured. Perhaps it was adopted because several copies of a paper containing obnoxious matter happened to fall into the official's hands at the same time; or it may have been in the nature of an experiment as to the lengths to which the Russian Post Office could go without exciting international protest. If the latter explanation is the true one the experiment would seem to have had an unsatisfactory issue. As I have said, no other case of this policy of complete prohibition has been brought to my notice at any of the numerous London newspaper offices which I have visited in connection with the preparation of this article. On the other hand, the "blacking out" process, as exemplified in these pages, has since that date been applied to foreign periodicals with unabated vigour.



"REFUSED BY THE CENSOR"—AN ALTERNATIVE TO "BLACKING OUT."

The Russian censorship over foreign newspapers has its counterpart, of course, in a censorship over foreign books, and if these are found to contain anything obnoxious to official opinion they are wholly excluded. The leisure left to the censors by the examination of newspapers would seem to be insufficient for an adequate perusal of books, with results that are sometimes quite ludicrous. Thus, some time ago the circulation of a French work was forbidden because it was entitled "Communism," although in point of fact it was an argument against the communistic form of society. One of Agassiz's books on natural history and Elisée Reclus's "Geography" were both placed for a time on this Russian *Index Expurgatorius*. The same edict of exclusion has at times been passed upon particular newspapers, but these were, I believe, avowed organs of Nihilism or Anarchy.

It need hardly be said that the practical working of the Press censorship is a great hindrance to the circulation of all kinds of foreign literature in Russia. There is first the delay in transmission due to the rigorous examination of each newspaper wrapper or book packet—and in the case of newspapers a few hours' delay is of importance. There is further the mutilation or obliteration of a more or less important part of the reading matter. One can well understand that in some cases the irritation caused by a "blacked out" article or picture—a fathomless void which the eye cannot penetrate—will quite outweigh the pleasure taken in all the other contents of a periodical. At the offices of *Punch* I learned that the "blacking out" of several cartoons in recent years had almost destroyed what little circulation the paper enjoyed in the dominions of the Czar. Unsatisfied curiosity as regards a *Punch* cartoon must indeed be a painful feeling.

Fatigue.

By Margaret Drummond.

HAPPY is the man that attaches no meaning to the word "fatigue." But, alas! in these days of strenuous living, when we are all striving to keep abreast of each other, almost everyone knows only too well the heavy limbs, the inertia, the want of spring, which go to make up that tired feeling that robs life of its zest for so many of us. With some people the state becomes chronic: they go to bed tired and they wake up more tired. Other unfortunates go to bed fresh but awake languid, as if, like the princesses of the fairy tale, they had danced their shoes through in the night. More universally familiar is the fatigue which results from muscular exercise, and which is most acute when we are out of practice. The first tennis or hunting of the season is apt to beget stiffness and to render every movement painful.

It is with such muscular sensations that we ordinarily associate the word "fatigue," and if we examine them carefully we shall see that they present two sides—an inward and an outward, or, as it is technically expressed, a subjective and an objective. Subjectively, we have the sensation of weariness—an ache more or less acute in our limbs, or even throughout our whole body; objectively, we find that our members are reluctant to move, or even, in extreme cases, are incapable of performing the work demanded of them. An interesting illustration of the alterations in the power of the muscles brought about by fatigue is given by examining one's handwriting after the muscles of the arm have been exhausted by dumb-bell exercise; even an expert would scarcely recognise it, so much do the muscles fail to give the delicate co-ordination required.

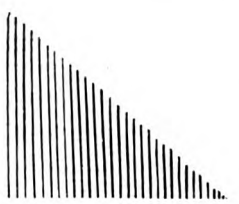


Fig. 1. — A typical fatigue tracing from an isolated frog's muscle.

Now, when we come to look at fatigue from a scientific point of view, it is clear that it is with its objective side that we must deal. Even when our sensations are most acute it is difficult to describe them in words; they are fugitive and will not stay our question, and, most important of all, they offer no standard of comparison by which we may measure our own with those of our neighbours. With the objective side—the loss of power in a muscle—it is otherwise, for power expresses itself in *work*, and work can be measured. That the pathway to knowledge lay in this direction was seen very clearly about the middle of "the wonderful century," when Helmholtz was beginning his marvellous scientific career and was leading the van in the introduction of exact methods into physiology.

The means by which a muscle does work is by drawing itself together or contracting; it becomes shorter and at the same time thicker, as we may easily feel by placing our hand on our upper arm and bending our elbow as much as possible. This power of the muscle, in which consists its life, is not altogether dependent on the life of the body to which it belongs. A muscle separated from the body will continue for some time to contract in response to a sharp pinch or other stimulus, such as an electric shock. If one end of such an isolated muscle be fixed, and a pencil be attached at right angles to the other end, then a piece of paper may be so placed that when the muscle contracts the pencil will draw on the paper a line equal in length to the amount of contraction. It was in some such way as this that the first experiments on muscular fatigue were made; and it was found that the lines drawn by the pencil became shorter and shorter with each shock that was administered, in such a way that a straight line resulted when the tops of the strokes were joined (Fig. 1). All the shocks are of exactly the same strength, and therefore the lessening of the contraction must be due to muscular fatigue.

The question now arises—is this fatigue due to some loss sustained by the muscle in the course of its work, or is it due to some harmful substance produced in its tissue? To solve this problem a muscle was fatigued to the point of exhaustion, so that it no longer gave any response to the shock; it was then thoroughly washed by passing through the blood-vessels water in which a little common salt had been dissolved, and after this treatment it was found when stimulated to respond by contraction as before. This experiment

shows that muscular fatigue is due to some injurious or toxic matter produced in the working tissue; it shows also that one of the duties of the current of blood which passes right round the body four times every minute is to carry away such toxic products and so give fresh life to the muscles. That the products of fatigue do pass into the blood has been shown directly by the following curious experiment. A little blood was taken from a dog which was tired, and was injected into the veins of a fresh, vigorous animal; the result was that the latter at once began to show signs of fatigue.

The fatigue which concerns us most nearly, however, is the fatigue undergone by a muscle in its natural state—in a living body and ceaselessly laved by the current of the blood. It is obviously much less easy to deal with the muscle in this condition; yet the long patience of science has succeeded in devising an instrument which has already given us interesting and valuable results, and which promises in its further developments to lead to many more. This instrument we owe to Professor Angelo Mosso, the distinguished physiologist of Turin. To it he has given the name of *ergograph*, or work-recorder, and in the twenty years or so since this invention was first made public ergography has grown to sufficient importance to have an article devoted to it in any up-to-date medical or physiological dictionary. The work has been done mainly by Continental and American scientists, many of whom won their scientific spurs in Professor Mosso's laboratory.

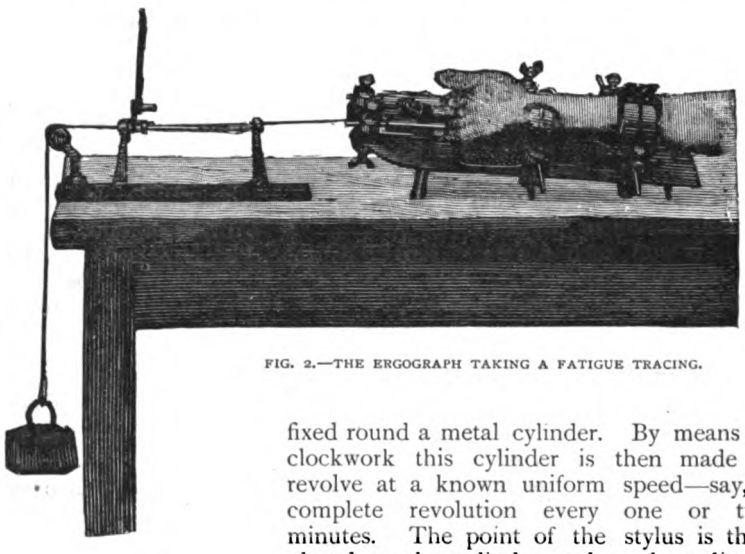


FIG. 2.—THE ERGOGRAPH TAKING A FATIGUE TRACING.

The object of the ergograph is to isolate a group of muscles and obtain a record of the work they are able to perform. The illustration (Fig. 2) will show how this is done. The arm is encircled by two bracelets, which can be tightened by screws so as to keep it motionless. The first and third fingers are inserted into two brass tubes so that they also are unable to move, and round the middle finger, which is left free, is passed a cord bearing a weight. This cord, it will be seen, passes over a pulley, so that as the finger bends forward and backward the weight rises and falls. The dark line perpendicular to the cord is the stylus which inscribes the record. The record is kept by a method of great simplicity and beauty, a method which is common to many scientific self-registering machines, and which renders possible the exactitude at which science now aims. A sheet of paper is blackened in the smoke of burning camphor or otherwise, and is then fixed round a metal cylinder. By means of clockwork this cylinder is then made to revolve at a known uniform speed—say, a complete revolution every one or two minutes. The point of the stylus is then placed on the cylinder, and as the cylinder moves the point traces a white line on the black paper. Now, when the finger bends to and fro and moves the cord the stylus is pulled backward and forward, and the point makes a series of lines upon the paper, the length of each line being determined by the amount of flexion of the finger.

It is in this way that "fatigue tracings," an example of which appears in Fig. 3, are obtained. The feelings of the tyro experimenting with the ergograph may be thus described. At first the finger moves with the greatest ease; we feel that fatigue is hours away. But very soon a difficulty in bending the finger to its full extent is experienced; perhaps our attention awakes to the fact that the recording cylinder is perpetuating a record of weakness, and we make a violent effort to lengthen the tell-tale strokes. Successful for a moment, this flitting increase of energy but serves to hasten the final

collapse. In spite of every exertion of will the strokes become shorter and shorter, until at last we see only a faint wriggle, or even a straight line, as the finger ceases entirely to divert the stylus from its course. The feeling of impotence becomes positively painful, and sensations of acute discomfort are experienced in the forearm. These sensations may continue for some hours, or even for a whole day, after the arm is released. Before results of scientific value can be obtained this preliminary stage must be passed and the muscle must be trained to this particular kind of work. Thereafter the first result of general interest appears, and that is that each individual has his own typical fatigue tracing; his record as it appears on the cylinder will remain the same day after day for years, other conditions, of course, being understood to be equal. Mr. Galton has taught us that the imprint of a man's thumb forms an autograph which cannot be forged. A fatigue tracing is, perhaps, not so exclusive as this, but it is at least as characteristic of the individual as the colour of his eyes or the shape of his ears.

FIG. 3.—A tracing from a muscle which is becoming gradually fatigued.

The tracings shown in Figs. 3 and 4 are typical, showing two contrasting ways in which fatigue, when thus tested, manifests itself. In the first the lines decrease in length quickly at the beginning, though subsequently a considerable power of resistance to fatigue is seen. In the second the lines remain almost the same length till quite near the end of the tracing, when they grow shorter with surprising swiftness. We all know people whom fatigue causes to "flop" in the sudden way represented in this tracing.

When the fatigue "autograph" was once established it was natural to proceed to inquire what effects different disturbing causes would have upon it. Thus tea, alcohol, food, exercise, all have their distinct effect upon the tracing; but the inquiry which has so far given the most interesting results is the investigation into the action upon the tracing of intellectual fatigue. Professor Mosso obtained tracings from several of his colleagues after an occasion of strain—such as the delivery of an inaugural lecture of importance, or the examination of a number of candidates orally. The result of one of these experiments is given in Fig. 5, and shows most plainly the extent to which the muscle has been robbed of its force by the preceding intellectual or emotional excitement.

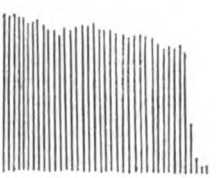


FIG. 4.—A contrast with the above — a tracing from a muscle which collapses suddenly.

This result is one of the greatest importance for practical life, for it shows with convincing force that mental labour or excitement is actually a drain on muscular energy, and hence that it is hopeless to think to find in athletic exercises a rest for a weary brain.

It is now the merest commonplace to say that a science advances in so far as it can induce the phenomena with which it deals to submit to measurement. It is to our turning cylinder with its exact record that we owe the possibility of introducing measurement into this study of fatigue. By measuring the lines on the tracing and adding the results together it is easy to find the total height to which the weight has been raised. Now, *work*, in the scientific sense of the word, is always measured by the raising of weights. If you lift a weight of one pound one foot from the ground, you are said to have performed a unit of work; if you lift one pound two feet, or if you lift two pounds one foot, then you have performed two units of work. If the weight used in the ergograph is one pound, and the total length of the strokes in the tracing is five feet, then the working muscle has performed five units of work.

When the finger is writing a tracing, once fatigue sets in, the sense of effort grows with every stroke, though for this increasing exertion we have less and less to show in the form of external work. Our muscle has been placed at a mechanical disadvantage, and thus our energy is running to waste. The muscle is very far from being exhausted in the extreme sense of the word. Indeed, complete exhaustion, such as may be produced by electric stimulation when a muscle is removed from the body, scarcely ever occurs when the muscle is in its natural state. It may occur in a hunted animal which has been driven to supernatural exertions by the strong stimulus of fear. At the end of the chase the stag may sometimes be seen to drag along its unre-

sponsive limbs, which have been poisoned by the products of their own activity. If a lighter weight be substituted for the one in use, then the finger bends to its task again with the same good will as at first, and the sense of effort perceptibly decreases.

At this point the investigation was taken up by Dr. Z. Treves, a disciple of Professor Mosso's, and with marvellous patience and ingenuity he devoted himself to a long series of monotonous experiments, with the object of finding out how much work our muscles can perform when they are placed in favourable conditions. Dull work it must be standing for hours bending and straightening your elbow without even the poor satisfaction of seeing the tale of white strokes increase on the slow-turning cylinder. Nevertheless, this is what Dr. Treves and his assistants did, and their devotion has been rewarded by some very remarkable results. A modified ergograph was constructed, in which the work was done by the muscles of the upper arm. The operator began with the heaviest weight that he could comfortably raise; this was changed by an assistant to a lighter one as soon as the strokes on the cylinder fell below a certain height. The object being to obtain as much work from the muscle as possible, it was clearly better to have a weight of eleven pounds raised twelve inches than to have a weight of twelve pounds raised ten inches; seeing that in the first case eleven units of work are performed, in the second only ten. The exchange of weights was based upon a calculation dependent upon this principle, and results were obtained of which the diagram given in Fig. 6 is typical.

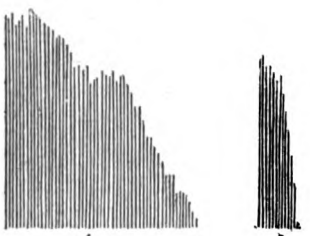


FIG. 5.—1. Written on the morning of the day the examinations were held. 2. Written immediately after the examinations. The marked decrease in both the number and height of the strokes shows how much the power of the muscles has been diminished by the intellectual strain. Electric stimulation was used in both cases, so that brain fatigue could not affect the tracing.

The experiment was begun with a weight of fifteen kilogrammes, for which lighter weights were substituted as indicated in the tracing. The noticeable point is that after the weight has been reduced to nine kilogrammes no further reduction takes place in the length of the strokes, although the experiment was continued for hours. Only part of the tracing is given; the constant phase beginning at the figure 9 may apparently continue indefinitely. At this stage the muscle is living from hand to mouth, using up at each contraction materials supplied to it by the blood in its course through its fibres. Its work may be likened to that of the heart, which is simply a tireless muscle. Most good walkers are acquainted with an analogous fact—namely, that it is possible after a fatiguing tramp to settle to a pace which becomes mechanical and involves a minimum of effort; it can be kept up for long periods of time, but rest is fatal to it, for stiffness of the overworked muscles at once sets in.

This stiffness, of course, appeared in Dr. Treves's arm in acute form after one of his long experiments. He found, however, that it could be avoided by taking exercise with a lighter weight, or even by simply shaking the arm about after the experiment was stopped. But in this case difficulty of another kind was experienced in regulating the movements of the arm. Finicky actions, such as fastening the studs of a cuff, were impossible; and this although the muscle was still perfectly able to continue its work of lifting the weight. Dr. Treves attributes this result to fatigue of certain of the nervous centres which regulate muscular reactions. The delicacy of co-ordination is for the time being gone.

As I said above, the muscle in the phase of constant work is simply using material as it is supplied to it; it is living up to its income, in fact, without putting by anything for a rainy day. Now, curiously enough, if we begin the experiment with a weight lighter than the heaviest the muscle can raise, we find that it is its income it makes use of and not its reserves; for we find that at any time the heaviest weight (if it has not been previously lifted in the experiment) can be affixed, and the proper amount of work obtainable by its means will be registered. This shows that the heavy weight acts as a special stimulus, enabling the muscle to draw upon stores which as an ordinary thing it leaves untouched. Apart from its scientific interest, the practical value of this arrangement is evident, for it means that the muscles have a reserve in readiness for any emergency, which will not be used until such emergency arises.

It is thus seen that, when the powers of the muscle placed in a condition favourable

to work are examined, the results are very remarkable. From such a muscle practically an unlimited amount of work can be obtained. I have in this paper purposely refrained from touching on the expenditure of nervous energy demanded by the exertion of muscular force, because within reasonable limits it would be impossible to do justice to more than one aspect of this investigation; but it is obvious that, if the laws of recuperation of the nervous system differ from those of the muscle, there may be room here for a leakage of energy productive of permanent injury to the organism. Dr. Treves believes that such a leakage does take place, and in more than one of his recent papers does he emphasize this warning. "Our intelligence and our will," he says, "urge us on to perform a maximum of work in a minimum of time. The practical inexhaustibility of our muscles lends its aid, and a state of things is established which leads to undoubted overpressure of the parts of the nervous system which regulate our energies." This drain is all the more to be feared because it takes place without our knowledge, and without any immediate external symptoms to act as danger signals.

Now, in these days of huge factories we must remember that much of the world's work is done by just such rhythmic movements as those studied by Dr. Treves. Is it not of importance that the laws of wear and tear which regulate the movements of our human machines should be sought as carefully and respected as religiously as those which govern the motions of our monster master-servants of steel and iron? We are taking thought for the physical condition of our people; we are appointing boards of inquiry and publishing blue-books; the ominous words "physical degeneracy" are heard on every side. Our children are overworked at school, we say; and we call out for gymnastics to help their physical development and to give relief to their overtaxed brains. As a matter of fact, the present state of our knowledge makes it probable that the remedy is simply furthering the disease. Nervous strain, owing to conditions which we have not yet succeeded in separating from civilization, is on the increase in children, in women, and in men. There is pressing need for a science of fatigue—a science which is in a lusty infancy at present—and there is still more pressing need for the art which will grow out of it: the gentle art of rest.

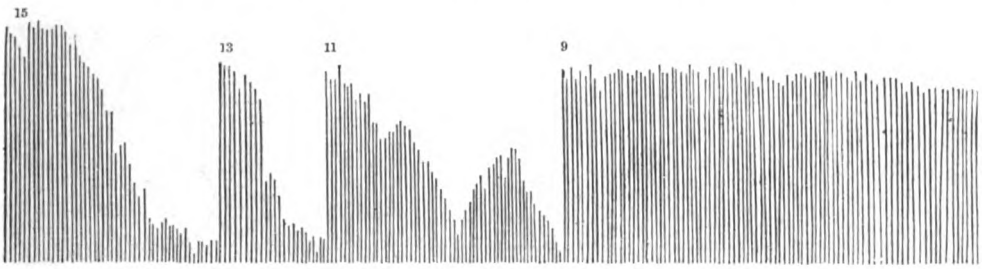


FIG. 6.—Part of work tracing taken by Dr. Treves. The weights used are fifteen, thirteen, eleven, and nine kilogrammes, and the changes are made at the points indicated by the numbers in the tracings. It will be seen that the lines leap up almost to their original heights whenever a lighter weight is substituted for a heavier one.

A ZOOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE.

A Story for Children.

CHAPTER X.

GIRLIE USES THE SECOND WISH.

"BUT where is the supper?" asked Girlie, looking around at the tables, upon which were plates and dishes, serviettes and glasses, etc., but not a vestige of food of any kind.

"Why, *you're* going to provide that, you know," said the bird, cheerfully, seating himself at the table and fastening his serviette around his neck.

"*I* am?" exclaimed Girlie, in dismay. "I'm *sure* I'm not; why, I haven't anything with me to offer you. I'm very sorry, but I really haven't; not anything at all."

The puffin looked at her in amazement for a moment and then he laughed feebly. "Ha, ha!—capital joke—of course you haven't—he, he! You couldn't be expected to carry supper about in your pocket for a whole Zoological Gardens full of hungry animals, could you? But you have ordered and paid for it, haven't you?" he added, in an insinuating voice.

"Well, I'm very sorry to say," said Girlie, "that I haven't." You see, her adventures since her interview with the sloth had quite driven the matter of the supper, which she had been asked to order, out of her head.

"But," gasped the puffin, flourishing his knife and fork about in an excited way, "the lion told us you were going to provide supper for us. I remember his exact words. He said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you will quite understand that with the difficulty there is in ordering food in this neighbourhood, much as I should like to do so, I am unable to offer you supper; but you will be pleased to hear that the little human creature who has so greatly delighted us with her beautiful and improving recitation, "The Pelican and the Pie," has, so my secretary informs me, kindly undertaken to order for us a sumptuous repast, which will be served immediately in the maze.' Of course, there was an immediate rush for the maze, and I don't suppose that there is a single bird or animal in the Gardens that is not at this moment on its way here to the supper which you have promised."

As if to prove the truth of his words, two bears, an armadillo, and a great auk arrived simultaneously and hurried up to the tables.

They stared very hard at Girlie, and the two bears whispered together, evidently about her, for one of them nodded his head several times in her direction.

The great auk smiled at her very pleasantly, and the armadillo remarked in a kind voice that it was "a very fine evening."

"These creatures evidently *think* that I am going to provide them with supper," thought poor Girlie, "and I don't know in the least what kind of food they would like, even if I could give it to them. I'm sure," she mused, "I haven't the slightest idea, for instance, what is the proper thing to offer an armadillo, and as for a great auk I am certain I should not know what to give him. The bears, of course, could have buns." You see, she knew this because she had often fed the big brown bear in the bear-pit.

Just then some more animals came out of the maze and rushed to secure seats, and then two or three birds, and the iguana, who carried his tail over his arm, and who remarked in a loud voice to the puffin, with whom he seemed to be friendly, as soon as he came into the courtyard :—

"She owes the toucan ninepence, he told me so," and stared at Girlie as though she were some monstrosity.

Other creatures now began to arrive in great numbers: the elephant family; the adjutant, who made a ridiculous grimace as he tried to adjust his eye-glass; and the ant-eater. "That's 'Thamuel,'" thought Girlie; "and I suppose that is 'Thuthan' with him." For there was a ladylike-looking ant-eater, with a white, bushy tail, hanging to his arm and looking up at him very affectionately. Then the porcupine came fussing in, making a great noise with his quills; and the camel; and then quite a crowd of "odds and ends" of animals, as Girlie described them.

Presently the lion and the lioness themselves arrived, accompanied by the tigers, the leopards, and the panthers. Shortly afterwards the giraffe strolled out of the maze, accompanied by the koodoo, and as he took his seat complained that he was sure to have a stiff neck or a sore throat taking supper out of doors. "And a stiff neck with me," he remarked, dolefully, "is no laughing matter."

After a few more creatures had taken their seats and the tables were beginning to get uncomfortably crowded, the secretary-bird and the toucan came bustling in arm in arm.

"There she is!" cried the secretary-bird, spying out Girlie at once and hurrying up to her. "Where's the mullingong?" he demanded.

"I'm very sorry——" began Girlie.

"*Don't* say you haven't been able to find him," interrupted the secretary-bird.

"Oh, no; I *did* find him," said Girlie, "but I've unfortunately lost him again," and she told the secretary-bird all about it.

"Dear me, very careless," he muttered, "very careless indeed."

"Such a stupid thing to lose a mullingong!" said the toucan. "If it had been a collar-stud now, or an ear-ring, or anything of *that* sort, we might have believed you—but a mullingong! Look at me; *I* don't go about losing mullingongs—I've never lost a mullingong in my life," and he held his head on one side and made a most ridiculous attempt at looking virtuous.

"Well, *I* don't make a practice of it," said Girlie, rather irritably, for she was beginning to get very tired of this continual fault-finding. "You talk as though I had lost a dozen instead of only one, and he was a stupid little thing at that."

"That's *quite* enough," said the secretary-bird. "I see you don't realize how serious a thing it is to lose a mullingong; but, however, that must stand over for the present. What about the supper?"

"Well, you see," explained Girlie, beginning to feel quite alarmed as she glanced around at the hungry-looking crowd of animals seated at the tables, "you didn't tell me what to order nor where to order it, so I don't quite see how you could expect me to——"

The secretary-bird glared wildly at the toucan and then cried, "She hasn't ordered it!" in a horrified voice. "Do you know what this means?" he demanded, speaking in a very hoarse, hurried whisper.

"What *is* the matter?" asked the lion, coming up at this moment. "What does all this delay mean? We are all waiting for supper."

"I scarcely like to tell you," began the secretary-bird; "but she—she hasn't even ordered any."

"What!" shouted the lion, with a growl.

"What!" snarled the hyena, who had followed behind.

"What!" cried the tiger, showing his teeth. "Not ordered the supper after all?"

Most of the animals rose from the table and glared at Girlie. "What!" they all cried, "no supper!"

Terribly alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, Girlie exclaimed in a voice that was a little shaky, in spite of herself:—

"Well, I'm sure I *wish* I could supply you with a suitable supper," she began, "but——"

Before the words were scarcely out of her

"'WHAT!' THEY ALL CRIED, 'NO SUPPER!'"

mouth the tables were suddenly covered with all sorts of delicious dishes, and, singular to say, in front of each animal was a plate containing just the kind of food he was most partial to.

In an instant Girlie realized what had happened.

She had used the second of the wishes which the pixies had promised her.

CHAPTER XI.

THE KANGAROO OBLIGES.

"THAT was a very clever way of getting supper, I must say. How did you manage it?" asked the secretary-bird, when everybody had settled down to the tables and Girlie had found a vacant place between him and the toucan.

There was a plate of strawberries and cream, and two or three wafers, in front of her, so Girlie began to eat them, arguing to herself that since she had provided the feast she might as well enjoy some of it herself.

"How did you manage it?" repeated the secretary-bird.

"Why, the pixies, you know," said Girlie, "promised that I should have three wishes granted, and this was the second of them. I must say," she added, regretfully, "I must say I would rather not have wasted it in this way, though I——"

"Wasted, indeed!" exclaimed the secretary-bird, pecking at his dish. "You evidently do not recognise what a serious matter it would have been for you if the supper had not arrived just when it did."

"Yes, it was a narrow squeak, wasn't it?" laughed the hyena, who sat opposite him, leaning across and grinning as well as he could, considering that his mouth was full of pigeon-pie.

"How wide is a narrow squeak?" asked the toucan, giving Girlie a nudge. "I'm always inventing conundrums like that; there are such a lot of things want answering in the world. For instance, here's another. 'Where does the fire go to when it goes out?' and 'How sharp is a pointed remark?' I could go on like that for hours and hours," he declared, "and you'd *never* be able to guess the answers."

"By-the-bye," said the secretary-bird, hurriedly drawing the programme out of his pocket, "I should think it's about time for your song now, isn't it?"

"Oh, I can't sing," protested the toucan; "I've got a cold. Ask the kangaroo, there's a good fellow."

"Or *she* might do something," suggested the secretary-bird, pointing at Girlie.

"Oh, no; we shall have quite enough of *her* with the bagpipes and the musical glasses," said the toucan, some-

"'THAT WAS A VERY CLEVER WAY OF GETTING SUPPER,' SAID THE SECRETARY-BIRD."

what rudely. "Ask the kangaroo to give us a song."

The secretary-bird rapped the table, and presently the kangaroo stood up, and everybody shouted out:—

"Hush!" and "Silence!" And then, when all was quiet, the kangaroo began:—

I met an errand-boy one day,
  His hair was fiery red,
And when I asked him how he did,
  "What's that to you?" he said.

Now I am good, and kind, and mild,
  And very, very meek;
And so I smiled and patted him,
  And yet he cried, "What cheek!"

"Nay, don't behave like that!" I cried.
  "'Twere better surely far
To treat your elders with respect."
  He only answered, "Yah!"

"Come, come, my little man!" I cried.
  "If I'm polite to you,
You, too, should be polite to me."
  He turned and shouted, "Boo!"

"THE KANGAROO BEGAN."

Now "Boo!" and "Yah!" are words I hate
To hear a youngster use;
And so I shook that boy until
He trembled in his shoes.

I picked him up, I threw him down,
I pushed him here and there,
I boxed his ears, I pinched his arms,
I dragged him by the hair.

Then, though, as I remarked before,
I'm very, very meek,
I kicked that wretched youth into
The middle of next week.

To Girlie's surprise everybody took out their pocket-handkerchiefs and began to weep.

"What are they doing that for?" she asked of the toucan.

"I don't know," he said, sniffing loudly and wiping his eyes. "It's supposed to be a pathetic song, and we are doing it out of compliment to the kangaroo.

"I see," said Girlie. "Well, I think it *was* rather severe of the kangaroo to treat the boy like that, though he certainly *did* behave very rudely, didn't he?"

"Boys," remarked the toucan, severely, "are *always* rude, so that isn't the reason why the story was pathetic."

"Why was it, please?" asked Girlie.

"It was principally because his hair was fiery red," declared the toucan. "If it had been any other colour it wouldn't have happened, you see."

"Why ever not?" asked Girlie, who couldn't see what the colour of the boy's hair had to do with the matter.

"Why, you see, it wouldn't have rhymed, you know. For instance, if it had been black it would have gone like this:—

I met an errand-boy one day,
His hair was long and black;
And when I asked him how he did
He bowed politely back.

Or if it had been brown, you know, it would have occurred somehow like this:—

I met an errand-boy one day,
His hair was chestnut-brown,
And when I asked him how he did
He turned and knocked me down;

which would have given quite a different ending to the story. It's wonderful what a lot depends upon the colour of your hair."

Before Girlie could answer a commotion at the other end of the table caused them all to look around, and they could see that the giraffe had got up from the table and was anxiously looking over the hedge around the courtyard.

Presently he drew his head back and announced, in a terrified voice:—

"*Here comes one of the keepers!*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST WISH.

"THE keeper! the keeper!" shouted the animals, and immediately the utmost confusion prevailed. The creatures jumped up from the tables, upsetting plates, dishes, pies, tarts, fruit, cake, and all the other good things with which they had been loaded.

Then they all rushed to the farther end of the courtyard and watched the entrance to the maze with the greatest of anxiety.

Presently a man in the uniform worn by the keepers at the Zoo made his appearance, carrying a lantern, and yawning, and rubbing his eyes as though he were scarcely awake.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, starting back in alarm when he saw the crowd of animals. "*What* be these?"

The lion gave a low growl and the man drew farther back.

"Sure an' I must be dreaming," muttered the man, rubbing his eyes. "They can't *all* have got loose."

"Why not?" demanded the lion.

"Because—because," stammered the man, looking perfectly bewildered at hearing the lion speak, "because it's onnatural; and for yez to be speakin', too; sure I can't understand it at all, at all."

"Well, one thing is certain," said the lion, "we're not going back to our cages till we're ready. Are we?" he asked, appealing to the others.

A chorus of angry yells and growls answered him.

"Ach—no—sor! By no means. Certainly not!" cried the man, trembling in every limb. "I wouldn't be afther askin' yer honours to be doin' such a thing. It's only a bit of a creathur called a mullingong that I'm afther. He got out of me basket just now, and I shall get into throuble sure if I don't take him back."

"The mullingong!" cried the toucan, thrusting himself forward and pointing at Girlie. "Why, she took him out of your basket while you were asleep, and lost him."

"Yes, I did," admitted Girlie.

"Very well, then," said the bird, turning to the keeper. "You'd better take her and lock her up in his place."

"Yes, yes! Lock her up! Lock her up!" shouted all the animals.

"In a cage," said the toucan, spitefully; "then we can go and poke at her with umbrellas and walking-sticks, and make rude remarks about her personal appearance, like

"LOCK HER UP!"

the human creatures do about *us* every day of our lives."

"But——" protested the keeper.

"Lock her up!" growled the lion, in a ferocious voice.

The keeper gave one terrified glance and then caught Girlie's hand and dragged her after him.

"Come on, quick! quick!" he shouted, running as quickly as he could; so fast, indeed, that Girlie had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him.

Through the lanes they dashed, first along one and then another, till presently Girlie became so tired and breathless that she felt she really could *not* go any farther, so she threw herself down on a bank of grass.

"Ach! sure," said the keeper, listening intently, "I think they're afther us again—I

"I THINK THEY'RE AFTHER US AGAIN."

can hear them comin', sure. To think that I should live to be frightened to death in this way." He had scarcely finished speaking when first one and then another of the animals appeared round the corner, till the little lane was completely filled with them. They all looked very angry, and Girlie began to get very frightened indeed.

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, "I wish—I really do—that I had never come to this horrid garden-party. Everything seems to go wrong, somehow."

"THEN IT'S ALL BEEN A DREAM."

The words were scarcely uttered when a most singular thing happened.

The ferocious faces around her seemed gradually to relax into smiles, and one by one the animals seemed to vanish slowly away.

The lion and the lioness, the toucan and the secretary-bird, "Thuthan" and "Thamuel," the adjutant and the porcupine, faded into space.

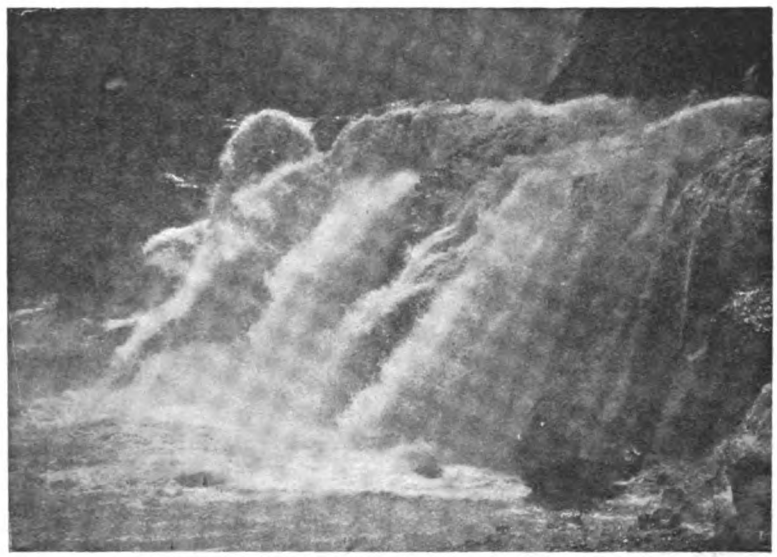
The trees rose into the air and floated away, and everything about her seemed to change, till presently she found that she was in her own little bedroom at home, while the early morning sun was shining in at the window.

"O-oh!" she murmured, half regretfully. "Then it's all been a dream. Or," she thought, "perhaps it *really* has happened, and the three wishes have been fulfilled.

"Let's see. What was the last? Oh, yes; I wished that I never had gone to the garden-party at all. So I suppose, if it was granted, that I never *did go* there. Dear me, it's all very puzzling," she said, with half a sigh, as she got up and began to dress.

Girlie often went to the Zoo after this, and really did make the acquaintance of the mullingong, and she never saw the lions and tigers and other dangerous animals without thinking of her adventures; and she always felt thankful to see the bars between her and them, remembering that but for the pixies' three wishes there is no knowing what might have become of her at the strange garden-party at which she had been a guest.

THE END.



1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOWER REICHENBACH WATERFALL.

Forms in Falling Water.

By John Swaffham.

Illustrated with Photographs taken at the Lower Reichenbach by G. R. Ballance.

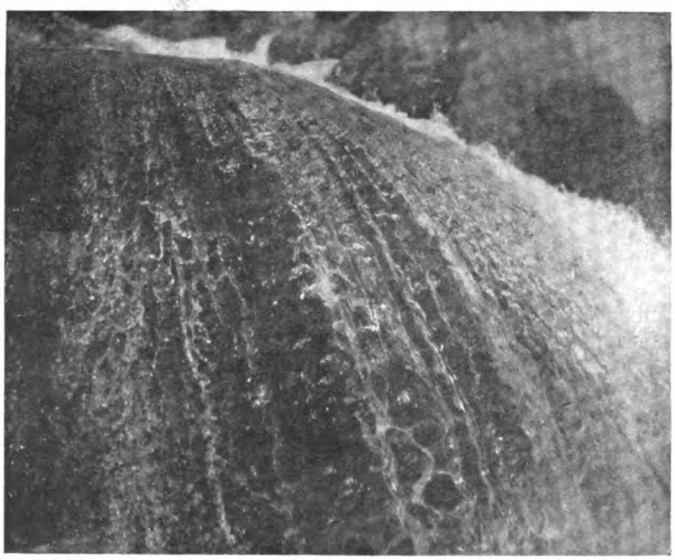
THE River Reichenbach issues from the Rosenlaui Glacier behind the Wetterhorn, and, running down the valley which bears its name, forms opposite to the village of Meiringen a magnificent first or "Upper Fall" by plunging over a cliff two hundred feet deep. After this initial leap the stream passes through a steep, rocky gorge, the walls of which are in places fifty feet high. The course of the Reichenbach through this gorge is extremely troubled, for it is really nothing else than a series of falls and rapids, one dozen or more in number. At the foot of this chain the water gathers in an immense pool worn out of the solid rock by untold ages of friction, whence it emerges in a final leap known as the "Lower Fall." This cascade is from forty to fifty feet high, but the breadth of the ledge over which the river plunges, the raggedness of its bed and sides, no less than the volume of water, makes it one of the finest spectacles of the kind in all the Alps. History even relates that it was by a supposed accident at this spot that Sherlock Holmes for long passed beyond the ken of friend and foe alike, and a glance at the first illustration will give an idea of the unpleasant sensations which must have accompanied his fall into the abyss.

The photographs of the Lower Reichenbach reproduced in these pages were taken with focal-plane exposures of one one-thousandth and one two-thousandth parts of one second. They are of high scientific interest as the nearest representation which can be compassed by human agency of the actual forms assumed at a given moment of time by water falling through space. At the date on which they were taken the volume of water was by no means so large as usual, a chance which enabled the camera to perpetuate (illustration No. 2) at least one register that is almost unique.

Picture-makers have long been accustomed to represent flowing water by a series of parallel straight lines. When the simulated water was supposed to be falling, the lines were parabolic (curved), to represent the well-known arched form assumed by a mass of water when precipitated over a high place at speed. Unfortunately, the forms of water in motion are about as complex as such representations would lead us to assume that they are simple. They are so complex that it is very difficult to describe the hydraulic laws, which they invariably obey, in simple language.

Let us suppose that we stand by the side of one of the shallow rectangular wooden troughs in which water is frequently "led" to a mill-wheel. The sides and bottom of the trough are perfectly level, but the same can seldom be said of the surface.

A very slight examination shows us that the surface seems to wear an appearance as if of many lines pointing down the current. These lines are, moreover, distinctly "wavy"—they convey an impression to our eyes such as that received from a scrutiny of a large flag undulating in a gentle breeze. Let us now slip into the trough a board, broad enough to completely bar the passage from side to side, but, in depth, less than the height of the water. A swell at once appears a little behind the exact spot beneath which we know that the hidden obstruction lies, and this swell perpetuates its form upstream from the dam, each swell in the series being a trifle smaller than that lying nearer to the dam. The upstream or back curve of each swell further exhibits a series of latitudinal striæ or ridges. The swells remain stationary in relation to the sides of their channel, and are called eddy-waves or ripples.



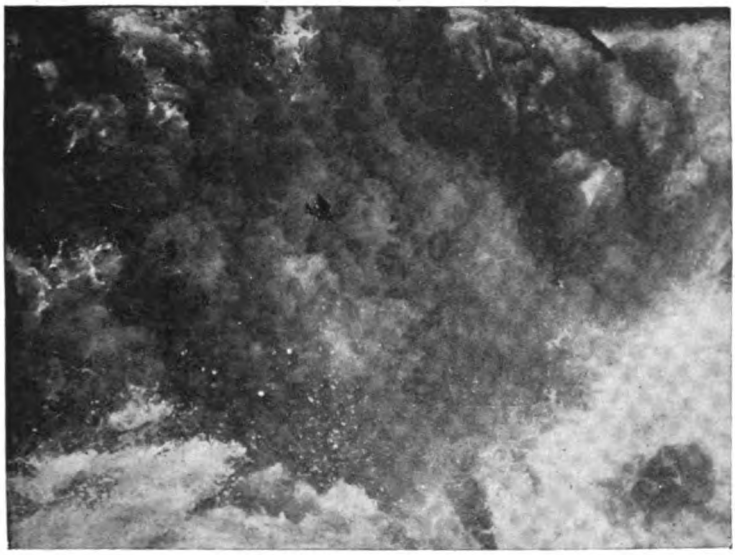
2.—THE FIRST RUSH—WATER GLIDING OVER SMOOTH BOULDERS IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THE FALL PROPER.

It might be supposed that, if a stream were dammed in such a way that the stream presently encountered the obstruction only by passing through a lake or pool formed behind it, the shock causing the ripples of which we have spoken would be, so to speak, diluted; that the running water would gradually merge its energy in the stillness of the pool. The shock and its effects are not, however, diminished one whit, but are transferred bodily and complete to the point at which the running stream first meets the "head" of still water.

If we now obstruct the flow of the water in the same trough by a stake or other object that only impedes one part of its course, the complete latitudinal swell is changed for one that assumes the form of a parabola, the diverging edges of which will open more or less rapidly, according to the velocity of the stream. As soon as these divergent ripples strike the banks they turn inwards, until their curves meet and once more repeat the outward figure. Two such obstructions placed in a latitudinal line cause a double series of parabolic oval figures. The result in either case is to cover the surface of the stream with a series of lozenge-shaped ripple lines which are the typical phenomenon observable in all running water, and may be seen in the second photograph reproduced in this article. In fact, every irregularity on the banks or bed of running water produces a series of contorted lines—a lozenge-shaped pattern which, like the waves of the sea, does not register a motion of the water, but is an indication of the direction in which the motion of the water is proceeding. The series cross and recross, each separate figure is more elongated than its precursor, and each point of contact between two figures, or a figure and an obstruction, excuses the birth of a new series.

We have said that artists have been content to simulate the appearance of falling water by drawing a series of parallel curved lines, as though these lines represented the courses followed by so many parts of the falling mass. But if there is any such serial regularity in the component parts of a waterfall it occurs horizontally and not perpendicularly (No. 2). A body of water, for example, pitches over the summit of a fall in a more or less continuous sheet. Half-way down the descent it appears as a mass of troubled undulations (Nos. 5 and 6). At the foot it is a broken agglomeration of detached masses and drops (No. 3).

A stream of running water, viewed in a favourable light, seems to have a series of longitudinal undulations wavering along the surface. Looking at a jet of falling water, we always note apparent pulsations in the mass, and these pulsations are actual fact, for

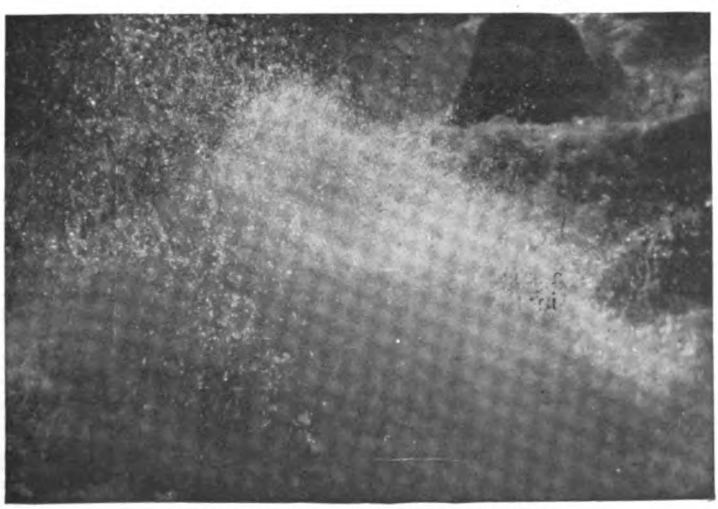


3.—AT THE BASE OF THE MAIN FALL.

we only need to glance at the "edge" of a fall, or the point at which water is issuing from a hose, in order to see that the flow is not continuous but periodic—that it proceeds by a series of spurts (No. 7). The first photograph showing a general view of the Lower Reichenbach fall also demonstrates this clearly. There are no straight edges to the masses of water, but the outline of each mass is undulated. A less complicated example of the phenomenon may be studied by watching the wavy line assumed by a column of smoke issuing from the open mouth of a smoker when he simply lets the vapour escape—*i.e.*, he "holds his breath"—in a room without draughts, for smoke follows a like law in this regard.

Water and the air are alike in this, that every motion of each is by way of series upon series of undulations (waves). But water is less elastic than air, and it is also visible. It registers, upon its surface, all the varying pressures to which it is subjected as it flows along. But while every ripple tells that the mass of which it is a part has been affected by some variation in pressure—by an obstruction at the side or on the bed of the course, by enlargements or contractions of channel, variation in the degree of fall—the vibrations consequent on all these causes communicate themselves to those causes, thus producing yet more "vibrations," not forgetting that the contact of each ripple with its neighbours determines the birth of yet another series of ripples. Finally, because the progression of water is periodic and not continuous, jet varies from jet, and the variation produces new serial tremors to swell the almost incredible accumulation of their accumulations. Such a thing as two parallel lines of motion down the length of a fall is beyond imagination. The second illustration accompanying this article gives a truly wonderful demonstration of the truth of this. Note particularly several almost perfect "parabolic lozenges" towards the right of a central line and near the foot of the picture.

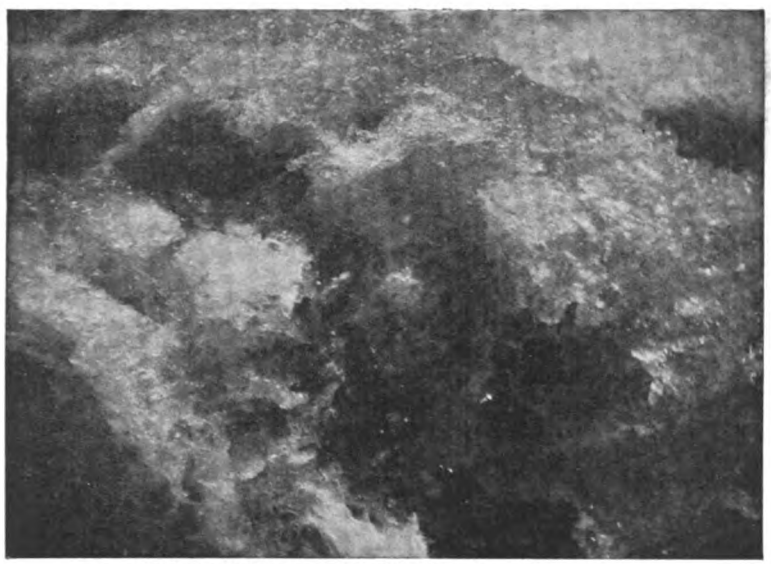
The entire mass of a flowing stream does not move at the same speed. Partly because friction at the sides and along the bottom is more appreciable, partly because what is called capillary tension within the mass



4.—FLYING SPRAY AT THE BRINK OF THE FALL.

causes the jet to tend to assume a cylindrical form, the water enters upon a "fall" in a series of V-shaped tongues, with their angles in advance.

But while the central portion of each mass tends to move faster than its outer edges, these edges tend, for certain reasons, to assume a form best describable as a series of knotted cords. This kind of undulation is no other than our old friends the ripples which form above a stationary dam in the course of a stream; and as the back of each swell in the placid stream carried a series of latitudinal striæ, so now these striæ cross over and cover the tongue of each jet with a system of the familiar lozenges.

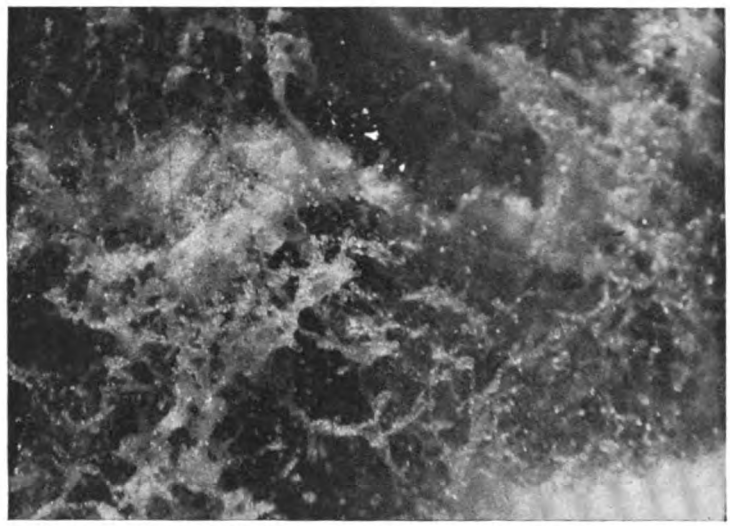


5.—SECTION OF WATER AS IT PLUNGES OVER THE BRINK OF THE FALL.

But when the tongue of water jetted over the lip of the fall, the lateral molecules were deflected towards the centres owing to a complicated arrangement of what is called their horizontal centripetal (centre-seeking) velocity, while the central molecules in the tongue were urged outwards by a similar centrifugal (centre-flying) force.

The point of equilibrium for any object suspended by a single cord from a fixed point is to be found in the position at which the object will hang motionless—at which it will "come to rest" of itself after exhausting any impulse that may have caused it to oscillate as it hung. If you move the suspended object an inch to the right of that point, and release it, it will swing across the point of equilibrium until it reaches a point one inch beyond it. Then it swings back, and so continues swinging for an indefinite time until friction between the air through which the object moves, and at the point of suspension, finally brings it to rest at its point of natural equilibrium. The jet of water over a fall possesses a similar point of equilibrium, and it arrives at this point at the precise instant of assuming the cylindrical form to which, by its very nature, the jet is perpetually endeavouring to return. But to reach this point of equilibrium the jet went through a series of oscillations, longitudinal and lateral, within its mass. It cannot therefore rest at its point of equilibrium, but oscillates beyond it.

Thus the V-shaped tongue, which contracts until at its tip its section is approximately circular, immediately expands again into a stream the breadth of which is at right angles to the breadth of the stream above its point of issue on the fall. But this in its turn contracts (in its attempt to assume the cylindrical form), only to expand again laterally once more. This process is repeated so that there results a chain of discs or lozenges, the sections of which may be represented by a dumb-bell lying flat on the ground and placed alternately at right angles to and parallel to the edge of the trough. Disc thus producing disc in endless succession, the jet assumes the form of a knotted rope, the plain section of which would appear like a cross with round instead of square ends. Add to this that the series of discs are being elongated momentarily as the speed of the mass accelerates; that successive discs form without regard to their precursors—*i.e.*, one swells out before the other has contracted; that new discs leap into their serial existence whenever the thickened edges of two others clash; finally, that the "rope" is whirling corkscrew-wise; and some vague idea of the all but indescribable complexity of serial undulations in each of the myriad "ropes" forming the "mass" of a fall may be conceived. There is no place in the fall for a straight line, nor



6.—SECTION FROM THE HEART OF THE FALL—THIS PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCES THE APPEARANCE OF THE WATER AS IT IMPRESSED ITSELF ON THE PLATE DURING AN EXPOSURE OF ONE TWO-THOUSANDTH PART OF A SECOND.

even for a true parabolic line. There is endless disorder of order (No. 5), and the whole series of series are throbbing with horizontal as well as vertical oscillations. Finally, every point upon the edge or bed of the fall is also pulsing with a chaos of mingled vibrations, which further disturb the waters at every point of contact. In the tamest fall in the world not one single drop of water reaches the bottom by the direct road.

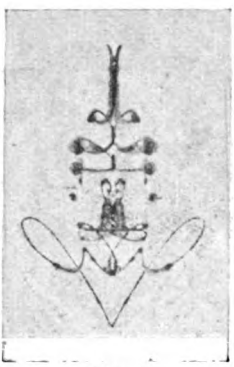
Let us attempt to list a few of the forces at work, each determining series on series of vibrations, every one of which is interfering with its neighbours' regular operations. The water arrived at the lip of the fall with a certain speed, and this speed is accelerated with every inch of progress. Each "tongue-jet" is already oscillating as it "lips" the fall. Instantly the laws of its own weight, inertia, cohesion; centrifugal, centripetal, and helicoidal tendencies, also the same tendencies in all its neighbours, seize upon each separate molecule in the flow. All these vibrations communicate their throes to the channel in which the water moves, and the channel again communicates their gift to those molecules of the givers which touch it. Friction—between molecule and molecule within the mass of water; between each molecule of water and the banks and rocks and bed of the stream; between the water and the air through which it is rushing—steps in. At the foot of the fall there is the rebound both of water and of displaced atmosphere. Wherever the water touches its containing channel it suffers from a despairing desire to adhere to it. It crawls around corners, trickles along edges, or spurts off at any erratic angle instead of falling "straight." And yet, despite this chaos, so omnipotent are the eternal rules under which the water moves, that in the heart of the most tumultuous swirl the camera never fails to register some adherence, some obedience to the typical "parabolic lozenge" formation which is the first "form of falling water."

7.—A PICTURE OF THE FALL, SEEN FROM BELOW, SHOWS THAT THE WATER DOES NOT PASS THE BRINK IN A REGULAR LINE, BUT DOES SO IN IRREGULAR AND PULSATING SPURTS.

"WORD-BLOTS."

MARIGOLD.

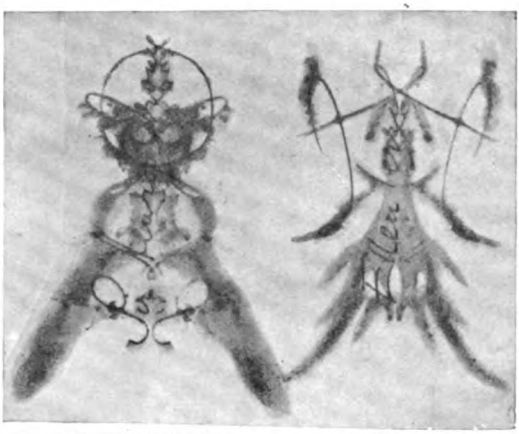
LATERAL.



EPISTLE.

APOPLEXY.

THOMAS HARDY.

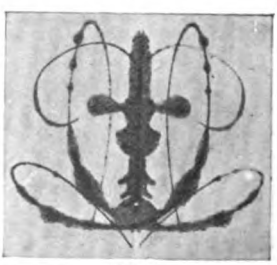


SIR HENRY IRVING. ELLEN TERRY.

CYRIL MAUDE.

PIXIE.

BUTTERFLY.



CORAL.

VENUS.

Most people are probably aware of the strange and quaint designs to be obtained by writing a word upon a piece of paper and then folding the sheet along the middle of the letters while the ink is still wet. But few, we think, will be prepared to find that suitable words so treated will give such curious results as those shown on this page. Especially striking are those produced by the names of well-known persons, shown in the second row, of which Mr. Thomas Hardy's may be held to take the prize. Doubtless many of our readers, with such results before them, will be glad to renew their acquaintance with an old pastime and to try to rival the specimens here given.

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

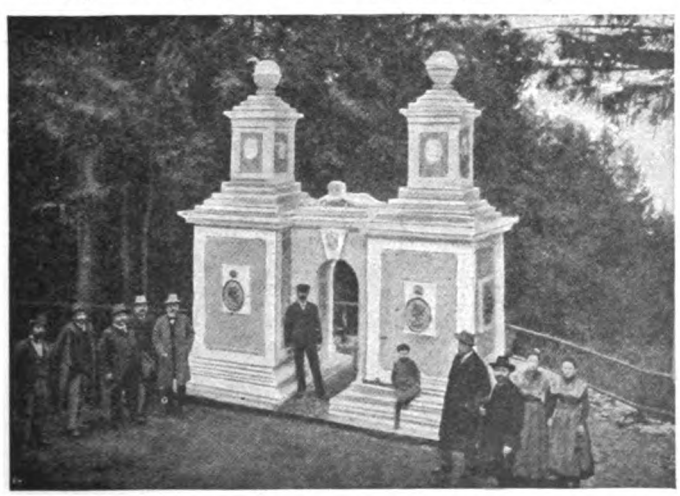
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A TRAMP SCULPTOR.

"This stone vase stands in a garden at Stowmarket, Suffolk. It is quite unique. One day a tramp called at the yard of the local stonemason and asked for work. The stonemason gave him a block of stone, and he rapidly produced the vase shown in the photograph. After being paid for his work he disappeared. The middle section has on the tree trunk a monkey, a tortoise, a frog, lizards, etc."—Nigeria.

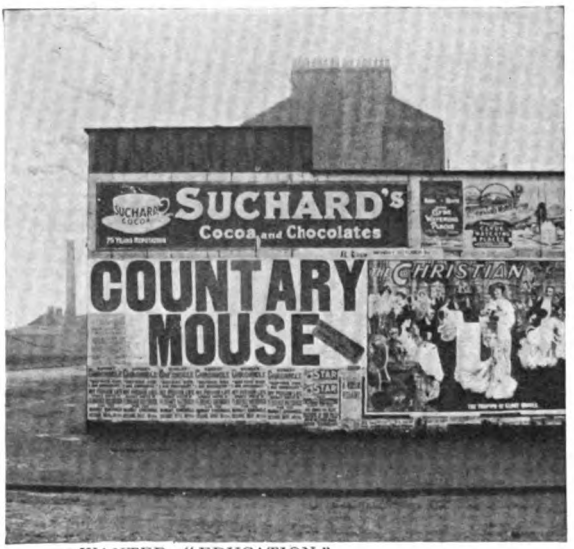
AN ICE PALACE.

"At the first glance this monument seems to be built of marble. This is not the case, however, for it is entirely and solely made of ice. It is built every year at the top of the 'Königsstuhl,' a mountain of about one thousand seven hundred feet, not far from Heidelberg. The local innkeeper constructs it out of ice-blocks made by means of metal frames. The building is about seven yards high and of the same width, and on the front reliefs of the Emperor and the Grand Duke of Baden are to be seen. When illuminated at night this strange palace attracts a crowd of spectators."—Mr. Alfred Bergenthal, 34, Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow.



NOBILITY IN FINGER-NAILS.

"The above photo. shows a long-nailed Chinaman. His long finger-nails, which the average white man looks upon only as an object of curiosity, are regarded in the Flowery Kingdom as a sign of nobility. To obtain nails of this length is no easy matter, as the nails are trimmed and trained for this purpose from the very cradle, and the possessor must have a servant to attend to his every want. The ends of the delicate nails are protected by silver or gold shields set with precious stones, to match the earrings and jewelled fan. The Chinese beau is as proud of his long finger-nails as the Chinese belle is of her small feet. Photo. by C. C. Pierce and Co."—Miss Viola White, Aurora, Nebraska.



WANTED—"EDUCATION."

"If any evidence were lacking of the urgent necessity for amending the existing system of education, I think the enclosed photo. would supply it. Perhaps some of your readers could suggest a system of evening continuation classes suitable for bill-posters and other 'literary' people."—Mr. P. R. Jackson, 1, Dunolly Gardens, Ibrox, Glasgow.

HOUSE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.

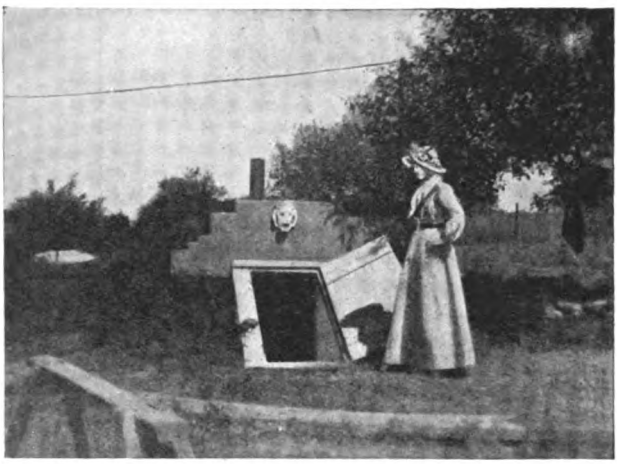
"The two pictures reproduced are of a ten-roomed house which originally stood in Chula Vista, San Diego County, California. The owner desired it moved to San Diego City; but the labour of hauling by land was too great, and it was therefore decided to send it by way of the San Diego Bay, on whose shores both towns are built. The first stage, shown in the above photo., was by land—two miles—to a wharf, where it was transferred to an immense coal-barge. Trip number two, shown herewith, was up the San Diego Bay for a distance of six miles; and then, after unloading, the house was taken to its final resting-place, another mile by land, or a total distance of nine miles. The whole time consumed in the moving was two days of ten hours each. Not one piece of plaster was displaced from start to finish. The photos. were taken by Mr. H. R. Fitch, San Diego."—Mr. G. O. Jenner, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

A "KNIFE-BULLET."

"On the 8th September, 1904, the Royal Engineers (Europeans), stationed at Sierra Leone, West Coast of Africa, held a practice shoot on the new rifle range, Grassfields, about a mile out of Freetown, recently constructed by them. On firing my third shot I noticed only a small puff and no recoil. Having ejected the cartridge-case, I noticed the bullet jammed in the barrel about three inches down from the breech, and put it down to a defective cartridge. Having no means, on the range, of clearing the barrel I finished off my remaining rounds with a comrade's rifle. On arriving at the barracks I proceeded to the Sierra Leone Fortress Company Royal Engineers' (Natives) office and obtained a cleaning-rod, and, on the bullet being forced out, to our great astonishment a blade of a knife was found fixed to it. The round was taken from an ordinary packet of ten, dated 1898, and bound up in the usual way, and the packet in its turn was one of ten taken indiscriminately from the company's stores. I send you the actual bullet, with blade attached, which was rather bigger than the bore, and shows the resistance offered to its ejectment."—Quarter-master-Sergeant W. J. Gibson, Royal Engineers, Sierra Leone.

A TORNADO TRAP.

Readers of the story entitled "The Tornado Trap" in the present number will be interested in this photograph of an actual "trap" or cellar, though it differs somewhat in details from the one there described. The sender says: "The photo. I send you is that of a cyclone cellar, or storm cellar as they are usually called out here. A flight of steps leads down to a large stone cellar, almost the whole of which is underground, and on the approach of a big storm or cyclone, which can usually be seen several minutes beforehand, everyone rushes to the cellar and securely fastens the two doors at the entrance, as during the storms, which are prevalent in that part of the country, houses are blown down, roofs taken entirely off and carried several hundred yards, and the air is full of large stones, wood, and branches of trees."—Miss E. M. Stear, Niara Hotel, 615, Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal.

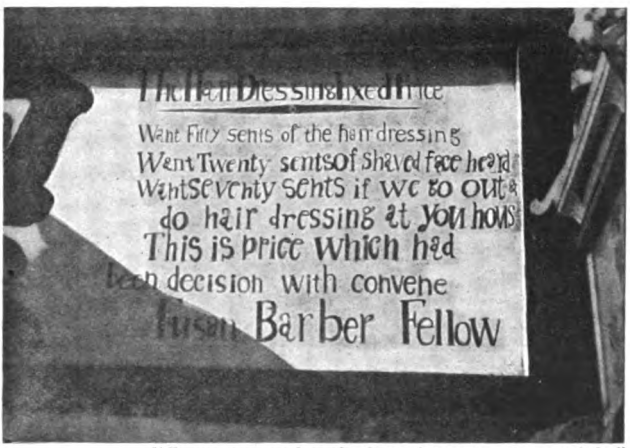


"THE INEVITABLE CAMEL."

"After a smash in Luxor, Egypt, 1900! The inevitable camel is called into requisition to bear away the remains of one of the very few vehicles that the town can boast of." — Mr. Eustace Quilter, Bawdsey Manor, Woodbridge.

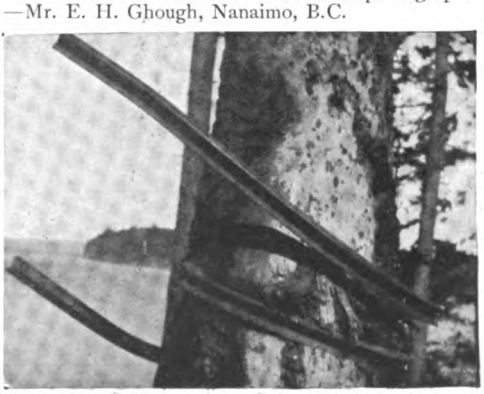
ENGLISH AS SHE IS "JAPPED."

"My photograph represents a signboard over a Japanese barber's shop in Fusan, Korea, and is a typical example of English as she is 'Japped.' The explanation of the last two lines of the announcement is that, as with other nations, the different arts and crafts form themselves into guilds." —Mr. D. O. Witt, Champion Hill, S.E.



THE EFFECT OF AN EXPLOSION.

"At the powder works here, Nanaimo, B.C., an explosion of 'gelignite' occurred which killed twelve men. This large iron rail was lying on the ground about twelve feet from the tree and about twenty-five feet from the explosive, the force of which lifted the rail from the ground and wrapped it around the tree trunk as shown in the photograph." —Mr. E. H. Ghough, Nanaimo, B.C.



HOW DID IT GET THERE?

"My photo. represents a portion of a log, which upon being sawn up at Leeds a short time ago was found to contain a stone nearly the size of a brick. When the saw refused to make any further progress through the log the latter was split, and found embedded in the heart was the stone as shown in the photograph, which I took immediately afterwards. I might mention that the tree was alder and of about fifty-eight to sixty inches girth at the part where the stone was. No extraordinary mark is visible from the outside."—Mr. Arthur A. Storey, 99, Markham Avenue, Leeds.

THE ELEPHANTINESBACH.

"I send you a photo. of the Elephantinesbach (Elephant's Brook), Zürich. It is not a jungle scene, but merely the front part of an elephant made of cement, with a portion of the stream

running through the head."—Mr. Norman L. Cappel, 27, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

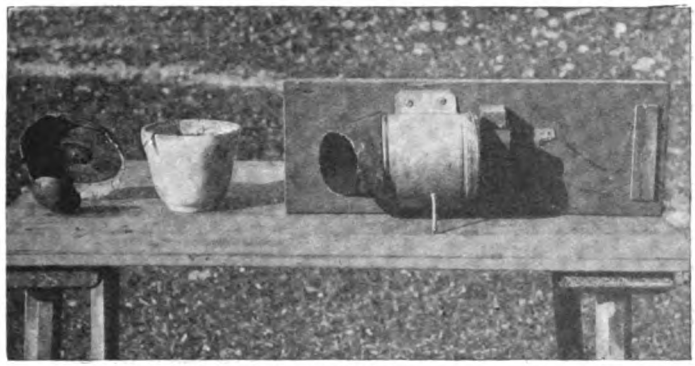
MUSICAL FISHING.

"This is a photograph which I obtained whilst looking round one of the large docks at Liverpool; it shows a unique method of fishing. The angler has attached his line to the top of a stiff rod about a yard high and stuck firmly into the ground, while at the top is fixed a small bell, which rings when the fish takes a bite, thus

attracting the fisherman's notice."—Mr. C. W. Cheetham, Kirkstall Avenue, Kirkstall, near Leeds.

SPIKES AS AMMUNITION.

"A reminder of the days when cannon were fired with such ammunition as spikes and nails is furnished by the accompanying photograph, which is a portion of the thigh-bone of a soldier. It was dug up on Manhattan Island with the huge spike attached as shown in the picture. Evidently the spike was fully as long as the original bone, and it had passed nearly halfway through the bone before its progress was stopped. These spikes were used in cannon during the last century, and some of them were over a foot in length."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



AN ORIGINAL TELEPHONE.

"Daniel Drawbaugh, the inventor, living at Eberly's Mill, about twenty miles from Harrisburg, Pa., still has among his models an original telephone which he constructed years ago. Drawbaugh was one of the claimants of the invention of the telephone, and appeared in the cases at court against Graham Bell. The decision, however, was declared in favour of Bell. The original is very crudely constructed, the transmitter being made of a tin can and portion of a pipe, the membrane being taken from an animal, not to mention other accessories, the whole being attached to a board. The receiver consists of a cup, into which is placed a portion of a metallic sphere attached to a membrane (which fits over the cup) by a metallic rod."—Mr. R. E. Hackman, Philadelphia.

HOW GIRAFFES FEED.

"This photograph is not of some strange animal with two heads and eight legs, but a snap-shot (taken at the Zoological Gardens, London) of two young giraffes in the act of picking up food from the ground."—Mr. B. G. Sydney Frere, 10, Wakefield Road, Tottenham, N.

A BUCK'S ANKLET.

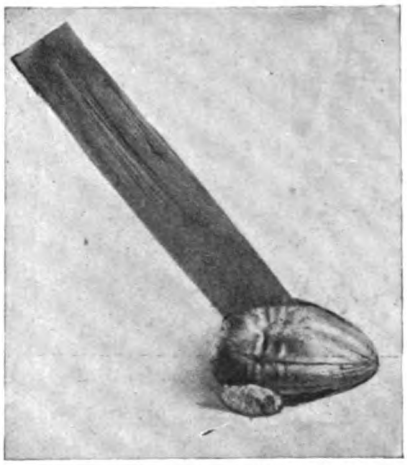
"The accompanying photograph is of the leg of a bush buck (*Tragelaphus sylvaticus*), which when young had the misfortune to put its foot through the vertebra of some larger animal, with the result that, as the buck grew, the vertebra became a fixture. The buck was shot by Mr. G. Parkin in the Uitenhage district, and, judging from its age, the vertebra must have been carried about in this peculiar position for at least two years."—Mr. Frank A. O. Pym, Public Museum, King William's Town, Cape Colony.

CLOGS.

"I send you the photograph of a number of clogs, cut and stacked for drying. When dry they are sent to England to be shaped and made up, mostly in Manchester. What their ultimate destination may be is rather problematical, but it is safe to say that the majority find their way to Brittany, where the '*sabots*,' as they are called by our French neighbours, are still in great favour among the peasantry. The photograph was taken at Clonmel, Co. Tipperary."—Mrs. Hugh G. Gough, Westfield, Arundel.

"CANDLEGRAPHS."

"A candlegraph is made by getting a person to sit in a chair with his face between a board with a piece of white paper pinned on to it and a lamp or candle; a shadow of the profile of the sitter is thus thrown on to the paper. Another person now draws a line round the shadow, the likeness is then cut out, and the outside portion of the paper pasted on black linenette. By this method, if care is taken, a very fair likeness can be obtained."—Mr. A. B. Coussmaker, 1, Concrete Villas, Lehidy Road, Camborne.



THE POWER OF A HURRICANE.

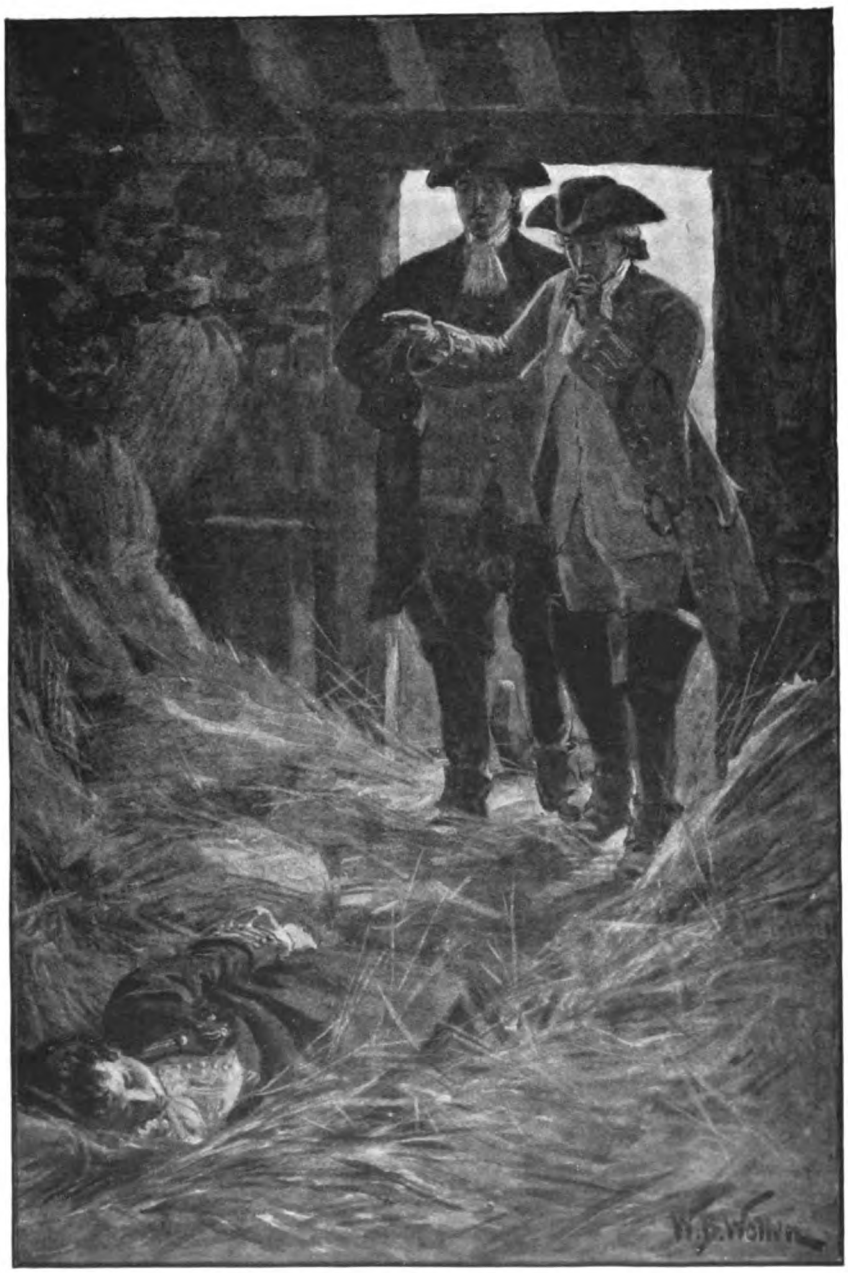
"I send you a photograph of a shingle which was blown from the roof of Grange Hill House, Jamaica, and driven into this dry cocoanut, sixteen chains away, in Great House Plantation, during the hurricane which occurred on August 10th and 11th, 1903. The shingle is firmly wedged into the cocoanut and will not come out."—Mr. F. W. Wilmer, Lothian House, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

OUR readers are requested to look at a new publication, the first number of which is now on sale, entitled:—

THE

GRAND MAGAZINE

and which is issued under the same auspices as "The Strand Magazine."



"'SHE'S ASLEEP,' SAID THE MARQUIS."

(*See page* 247.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. MARCH, 1905. No. 171.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

FOREWORD.—This is the tribute of Zaida Kay, the friend and sometime the companion of the Marquis de Lafayette, who, at the age of nineteen years, forsook his country and his family to embark his fortune and his life in the cause of freedom and the liberty of a great people. But twenty-one years of age himself when he accompanied the American agents to Paris in the year 1776, Zaida Kay was present at Barren Hill and subsequently at the defeat of the British troops in Yorktown. Thence he returned to France, believing that he could be of some service to General Lafayette, who had befriended him in a signal manner in America, and was then believed by the American people to be in some grave peril by reason of his principles and their practice in Paris. The story of this adventurous journey is not the least satisfactory page in the life of a man of singularly attractive character and indomitable courage. Zaida Kay was first and foremost the friend of Lafayette; but he was also a sterling soldier, who never forgot a kindness nor willingly did any man an injury. His attempt to rescue the Marquis from the prison of Olmütz ended in failure, but not in ignominy. And it is well to know that fortune, often capricious, dealt justly with a man who did no evil that lived after him, nor carried to his grave upon the banks of the Potomac the aftermath of that harvest his good deeds had reaped.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH ZAIDA KAY IS FOUND AT BORDEAUX.

IT is very well known to all the world that M. de Lafayette, when he would have gone over to the help of the American Colonies, was much beset by the opposition both of the Government and of his family. As it fell to me to be of some service to him at that time, and particularly when he quitted Paris in the year 1777, I can do no better than speak first of the event of his departure from France and of the dangers he evaded upon that occasion.

Now, the ship *La Victoire*, which was to carry us to America, had been lying awhile in the Spanish port at Pasages, while the Marquis himself, the better to deceive his enemies, set out upon a visit to England; and upon his return to Paris gave it out that he had abandoned his Quixotic notions and thought no more of them. Such a trick deceived few, his father-in-law, the Duc de Ayen, not being among the number; and it speedily became necessary either to put the project to the venture or to abandon it for all time. So it happened that he quitted Paris in the early days of April, and, determined upon gaining the ship, was ready, if need be, to sacrifice his fortune to that purpose.

I did not accompany the young Marquis from the capital; but, it having been arranged that I should return to America upon his ship, the third week of the month found me at Bordeaux; and I repaired at once to his hotel, and there discovered him in a state of great apprehension and some despondency. The ship, which he had bought with his own money, still lay at Pasages; but his father-in-law had sent the officers after him to Bayonne, and he knew that every road from the city was guarded. None the less, I discovered that his resolution was unshaken, and that the same ideas of humanity and freedom animated him here upon the threshold of his venture as had earned him the pity of the sycophants in the *salons* of Paris.

"I am going to America, let them do what they will," he would say, and then, his young, earnest face lighted up by a thought which gave it beauty, he would continue: "Each must do as his own conscience teaches. The happiness of your country is intimately related to the happiness of all humanity; she will become the worthy and safe asylum of virtue, of integrity, of tolerance, of equality,

Copyright, 1905, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

and of a peaceful liberty. If the least of us can further her aims, should he be discouraged by his friends, even though they call him mad?" he added, with a laugh.

I had heart enough for his sentiment; but with the officers upon the high road waiting to clap him into a French prison, and his ship lying ready for us in a Spanish port, and but half a day's grace to call our own, I was all for practice and none for philosophy, and so I told him as civilly as a friend might do.

"Whatever they would do, Marquis," I said, "let it be our business to do it first. You have carriages and horses at your command. Is there any law which forbids us to make as good use of them in Bordeaux as we did in Paris? Take my advice and put it to the hazard. We shall get nothing but old wine in this town, and a man may have too much of that. Be up and off while the officers are still indoors looking for you."

He liked my impetuosity, which was a good enough foil to his own prudence; it was plain, nevertheless, that he was but half persuaded.

"I would most willingly obey you, friend Zaida," said he, with a laugh, "but do you forget that M. de Mauroy drove with me to Bayonne no more than three days ago? Surely it is hazarding too much to believe that the people will not recognise me."

"Do you go in that fine dress with the King's gold lace upon your shoulders they will certainly recognise you," I admitted; "none the less, there are other ways and other clothes," I added, a little sharply, for his born dread of authority in fine feathers was little to the liking of an American. This he did not take amiss.

"Here is good friend Zaida Kay ready to make a courier of me," said he to M. de Mauroy.

"The very thing!" cried I, jumping up at the words. "Go as a courier you shall, while M. de Mauroy rides in the coach. A hundred guesses would not have done better for us, Marquis."

Well, we all stared at one another as men who have stumbled upon a great idea by accident. Perhaps we should have argued it this way and that, putting all the pros and all the cons; but the words were hardly spoken when the landlord came running in to tell us that the dragoons were at St. Jean de Luz, a little village upon the road beyond Bayonne, and that we had not an hour to lose. M. de Lafayette needed no other argument.

"THE LANDLORD CAME RUNNING IN."

"I put myself in your hands," said he. "Let us go at once."

CHAPTER II.

THE INN AT ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

We drove out of Bordeaux without loss of time. M. de Mauroy sat upon the Marquis's left hand. I faced them and kept an eye upon the grooms who followed after with our horses. M. de Lafayette's preoccupation did not surprise me. If I wondered at all (and it was no hour for wonder) my astonishment expressed itself in a silent tribute to this exceptional man, who abandoned his family and his country that he might, by his

example, defend those new principles of liberty and freedom whose consideration then animated so large a portion of the civilized world. This could provoke both amazement and pity. I remembered his child-wife — but eighteen years of age, and two years the mother of his little girl, Henriette. I recollected his fortune of six thousand livres a year; the place and power awaiting him in Paris; the dolours which must attend his venture across the seas; the trifling achievement which could in any case be looked for. "You know not what you do," I thought. And yet was it for me, an American, to speak my thoughts aloud? Nay; I wished him "God speed" with all my heart, and asked nothing better than to be of service to him in the days to come.

Our journey to Bayonne proved tedious, but without event, except it were the hint of soldiers upon the road and of increased vigilance upon their part. We left that town upon the morning of the third day after, and were already three miles upon our road when we brought the carriage to a halt and began to prepare ourselves for the ordeal before us. An old man by the wayside, ready enough to tell us all he knew and more for a crown, gave us news of the dragoons and of the questions they had put to him. "There were six upon horses," said he, "and one that was a mighty fine gentleman. Your Excellencies will find them at St. Jean de Luz. Do they pass by again, I will make it known that you are seeking them." We thanked him for his tidings and bade him say, if any asked him, that M. de Lafayette and a party of gentlemen had driven out upon the road to Marseilles. At which he scratched his head and, laughing flatly at the Marquis, he cried, "I'll save your neck if I die for it, my brave boy." And be it added that this merry old rascal was within an ace of bringing us all to grief at St. Jean de Luz.

The Marquis was much perplexed when he heard that the dragoons had ridden on before us, but I hastened to point out to him that it was well for us they had done so.

"They will not look for you in a village inn," said I; "and if they halt anywhere, expect to find them at the frontier. All the town believes that we are riding to Marseilles. We do well to follow upon their heels and not to have them after us, Marquis. I am all for going ahead upon the horses and leaving M. de Mauroy here to play your part in the carriage. He has papers to defend himself, and may well hold them up long enough for us to make the ship. And if it be not to-day it will be never," said I, for I truly believed that any further delay would deliver him into the hands of his enemies.

"Would you clap friend Mauroy in the Bastile?" he asked, with a laugh.

"Aye, readily," said I, "if I could put you on the ship thereby."

"And I am to deck myself out in these clothes?"—he put it to me.

"Here and now, by the roadside," said I; "'twill be a tale for M. de Mauroy to tell in prison."

They both laughed at this, and we alighted from the carriage at a bend in the road where a little wood somewhat shielded us from observation; and there M. de Lafayette put on the clothes of a gentleman's servant, the same which he had carried out of Bordeaux with him. For myself, the habit of an American traveller was good enough for me; and the warning coming from the grooms that there were strangers upon the road behind us, we mounted our horses in some haste and put them to the gallop. Ahead of us now lay the hamlet of St. Jean de Luz, set high upon the cliff side. As we mounted from the lower road the ocean wind caught us fairly and with such strength that we must duck our heads and clip the saddle with our legs to keep a seat at all.

"It will be a rough passage," said the Marquis as we went.

"If it is a passage at all, I shall count the day lucky," said I.

"There must be no mishap," said he; "I am set upon this, Mr. Kay, and no consideration of the consequences will turn me back. At the hazard, I rely upon your support in any circumstances we may have to face."

"You may count upon that all the time," said I, "though for that matter I am not sure that it is not a very foolish business, Marquis. You were better at Auvergne, as all the world has told you."

He answered, a little bitterly:—

"The world is very old, Mr. Kay, and I am young. But it is the youth of the world which is going to save the people."

I left him with it. He was a man of precept, and would have spoken it even upon the scaffold, I believe. I reckoned that his faith in other channels would have made a priest of him, and his affection for my people bound me to him in bonds of steel. But this was no place to tell him so; for here we were clattering up to the stables of the inn at St. Jean de Luz, and there stood a sullen ostler ready for our horses and promising us good

meat and drink within. To judge by the looks of the place a man could lie as safe here from his enemies in Paris as though he were the master of an island in the South Seas; but I was ever on the side of prudence, and I held M. de Lafayette by the arm while I questioned the man and asked his news.

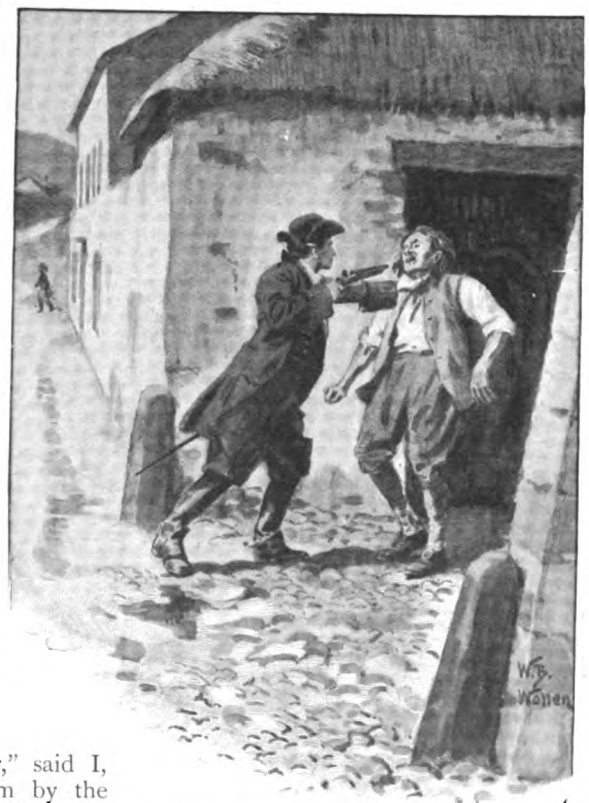
"We are to find apartments for his Excellency the Marquis de Lafayette, who is now upon the road from Bordeaux," said I; "he is a man not much given to company. If you have a full house, make it known to us and save our time and your labour. You will lose nothing by your honesty."

He was a tousled-headed rogue, and he looked at me askance with an odd pair of sea-green eyes, while he said:—

"Aye, honesty is a good enough bed-fellow when your purse is full of crowns."

"His Excellency has crowns enough," said I, "for those that know how to serve him."

"Then I'm your man," said he, "and may my father die of the spotted fever if your lord does not lie alone in the house."



"I CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT AND SHOOK HIM UNTIL HIS TEETH CHATTERED IN HIS HEAD."

"You sorry liar," said I, and I caught him by the throat and shook him until his teeth chattered in his head. For what should happen even as we talked but that one of the dragoons we had been fearing all along came out of the inn door, a hundred paces away, and, crossing the road with scarce a glance in our direction, went straight into a house upon the other side of the way; and there, I suppose, fell tooth and claw upon the meat some good wench had roasted for his delight.

"Ho, ho!" said I, "here is honesty with a pistol at his head—and by all your spotted ancestors," said I, "you shall know what's inside it if you lift a finger against us."

The rogue went white enough as I forced him back against the stable door; and I doubt not that my manner deceived even M. de Lafayette. But I made a sign to him over my shoulder; while to the shivering wretch in my grip I said:—

"These men are asking after his Excellency."

"What's that to me? Am I to die for it?"

"They will question you by-and-by."

"Let them keep their hands from my throat and I'll answer them civilly."

"Saying that my lord rides to Toulouse."

"Where's honesty now?"

"Honesty is promising you a handful of crowns. Listen, booby. You have met his Excellency's courier, and he has told you that the place is Pasages."

"I'll say nothing about the pistol."

"Wiser not; and, hark ye, if you lie to us, Heaven help you."

I showed him a purseful of crowns and bade him go into the stable with the horses which the dragoons had tethered there. Our own we led to a stall upon the farther side of the yard. The loft above it seemed built on purpose to hide us; and had we been observed riding up to the inn, I made sure that the officers would already have questioned us. There were no windows upon our side of the house; and if the rascally ostler made any attempt to play us false I had determined to shoot him down there and then. You may ask why we did not ride straight on to the frontier. I answer that we should then have

been compelled to pass the inn door publicly —it lay some little way from the stable yard, and the risks of discovery had been greater. That the ostler believed us to be M. de Lafayette's couriers I was convinced; and in telling him the truth and offering him money I both ensured his silence concerning our presence at the inn and made a story for the dragoons which could not fail to mislead them.

"For," said I, "he will give the courier's account that it is the road to Pasages, and they, believing the courier to be a liar, will set out upon the road to Toulouse, and a merry journey I wish them."

And with this in my mind I followed the Marquis up the ladder and boldly entered the hay-loft at the top of it.

"It will do very well," said he.

And then he stopped short and the pair of us stood looking at each other with that silly air which overtakes a man when he discovers his own foolishness and it is too late to draw back.

CHAPTER III.

PAULINE BEAUVALLET.

"SHE's asleep," said the Marquis.

I peeped over his shoulder, as a man may do at a babe in a cot, and said I, "'Tis true enough!" The young lady lay fast asleep in the straw, and many is the rogue who would have waked her with a kiss.

"This is no servant of the inn," M. de Lafayette ventured in a whisper.

I replied, no louder, that she was evidently a person of quality; "but," said I, "her father's châteaux are in Spain."

"That must have been her pony in the box below," said he next.

I answered him that she had ridden to the place as we had done, and was up here in the hay-loft for the very same reason that had sent us there.

"She's afraid of the soldiers," said I, "and a wise little head to be that."

"If she wakes and discovers us here, she will scream," the Marquis imagined. I differed from him altogether, and said so.

"The same good sense which brought her to the loft will give her the wit to ask a question first," said I.

We were in the thick of an argument about it when my lady woke up for herself, and looking about her for a spell wildly enough, now at the Marquis, now at me, laughed openly in our faces and told us something which we knew already.

"You are M. de Lafayette," said she, and repeated emphatically, "Oh, yes, yes, M. de Lafayette, and the soldiers from Paris are after you."

He bowed in a manner that only a man born and bred to the gallantries of a French noble could imitate; and then he said:—

"You have quick eyes, mademoiselle. I am M. de Lafayette, as you say, and the soldiers from Paris are after me."

"And you rode through Irun a week ago, in a carriage with M. de Mauroy. My father told me your name. 'That is the Marquis,' he said, 'and his ship is at Pasages. He wishes to go to America, but his friends prevent him.'"

"Your father is well informed, it appears. Am I not to have the honour of knowing his name?"

"My father is the Count of Beauvallet," she said, as though she had named one of the greatest in France, and not a poor wretch of an adventurer (as I knew the Count to be) without a crown in his pocket or a single good coat to his back. But I liked the child's devotion for all that, and so did M. de Lafayette.

"I am proud to know the Count's daughter," said he. "It will be another pleasure to be presented to her father." And then he bowed again, as these Frenchmen do whenever the word gives them the half of a chance.

I perceived that his retort perplexed her. For the moment, perhaps, she had forgotten why she was in the hay-loft with us, and the somewhat undignified position we three stood in together. A more engaging, self-possessed, witty little woman all France had not shown me. I gave her sixteen years; and there was light enough in the place for me to tell you that her eyes were the blackest that ever a man called blue at all.

"Oh," said she, thinking upon M. de Lafayette's words, "my father rode toward Bayonne at dawn to-day, and I have come to St. Jean de Luz to meet him. We are going home together, you know; he told me to be at the inn at twelve o'clock. If he does not come you cannot be presented to him, monsieur — unless you go to Irun with me," she added, naively; and I do believe that she had the mind to flirt with the pair of us. The Marquis, however, was never a man to take overmuch notice of womankind; and he replied to her, gravely enough:—

"The Count will surely return, since he knows that you are here, mademoiselle. I suppose that you do not care much for the company of soldiers? Are you not hiding from your father for that reason?"

She was about to respond when I heard a clattering of horsemen on the street without; and, venturing my head at the window of the loft, I perceived the travellers who had followed us from Bayonne. It did not occur to me, at the moment, that the old rascal of the roadside had told them all about us; and I was quite content to see them go ambling by to the inn door, where the dragoons had gathered.

"I thought it would have been Mauroy and our carriage," said I.

"And I thought it was my father," said mademoiselle.

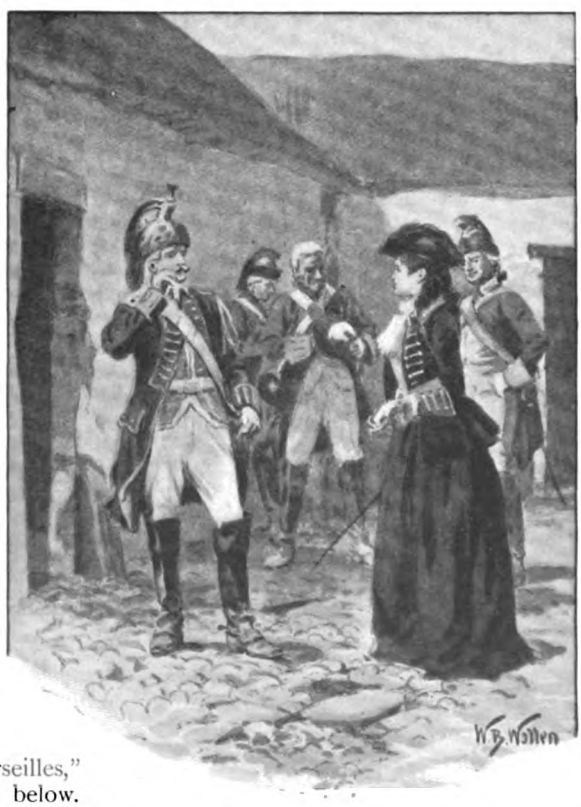
"Is he often late upon the road?" the Marquis asked her.

"Never when I am to meet him at St. Jean de Luz," she exclaimed, and this betrayed the anxiety she began to suffer. "Dr. Laurens went with him," she continued, almost immediately, "and the Sieur Chaudry. He did not come and kiss me as he always has done. I spoke to him from the window and told him I should be at St. Jean. He did not seem to hear me. Do you think, messieurs, that anything has happened to my father?"

We would have laughed it off—who would not? For my part I had just made up a fine tale, and had settled myself beside her in the straw to tell it, when I caught a look upon M. de Lafayette's face I did not like to see there; and, springing up again, I heard the voices of dragoons in the yard at our very feet. Instantly the three of us fell to dead silence; you could have heard a mouse in the straw.

"In a carriage on the road to Marseilles," cried out someone below. And a voice answered, "There's a red rat in a trap for you!"—meaning the Marquis, who had red hair, as all the world knows. I thought from this that the fellows were about to take horse and ride away back to Bayonne without more ado; but presently the first voice cried out again, "We must find the courier if we burn out the town." And at this the young lady pinched my hand in hers until her little finger-nails almost cut my flesh. M. de Lafayette, however, never moved a muscle of his face. There he stood, as near to the prison-gate of his liberty as ever free man stood in this world, the yard below him full of the King's soldiers, their determination to arrest him avowed; and yet I'll swear he was no cooler when last I had seen him at his own dinner-table in Paris.

What was to be done? Should we go out and face the men or trust to clever tongues when they discovered us. To that Mlle. Beauvallet made answer. Without a word of warning, giving no sign of her purpose, she ran down the ladder from the loft, and the next we knew of it was a shout of welcome from someone below and the voice of the man who had spoken of the red rat. So, thus, a child in years but a woman in discretion risked her honour and her good name for the sake of two strangers she had encountered by chance at the critical moment of their lives.



"WE COULD HEAR HER TELLING HIM AS FINE A TALE AS EVER A WILD WRITER SPUN."

Her idea had been to hold the soldiers in talk. I believe that the officer in charge of them, a certain Captain Bernadotte, notorious for his gallantries toward women, and the uncle of that General Bernadotte who became famous in Napoleon's day—I believe that he was well acquainted with Pauline Beauvallet, and only too

ready to find himself in her company. On her part, we could hear her telling him as fine a tale as ever a wild writer spun. She also had seen two men enter the stable and come out again into the yard and ride away, she declared; and Heaven forgive her for that, said I; though by the letter it was true enough. Her father, the Count, she added, must be even then in the village, and would have the news of the Bayonne road. What was more surprising was the way these fine-feathered gentlemen took it in and listened agape to her romance. In justice to them, be it said that they had no cause to suspect her honesty or to imagine that she had ever met M. de Lafayette in all her life.

"We must follow the men to Irun," cried the captain; and then, very meaningly, he leered at mademoiselle and asked her to ride that far with him. "We shall pass the very door of your father's house," he put it to her; "what could be better than that, when there are so many dangers on the road?"

She, however, had years enough to colour up at his words, and she answered him with a pretty dignity I had not looked for in such a child.

"I shall wait for the Count, my father; he would not wish me to go," said she.

"But you cannot remain here alone," pleaded the captain, coming quite close to her and beginning to wind one of her black curls about his fingers; "the Count would never forgive me if I went on without you."

"Then you will have to go unforgiven, monsieur," said she; and the dragoons laughed out at him upon that.

The situation was difficult enough, I must say; and I doubt if M. de Lafayette's fortunes ever stood in such jeopardy. Let any man ask himself if we could think only of ourselves while this brave girl risked name and reputation for our sakes and was put to open shame by the blackguardly dragoon in the stable yard. It needed no word from M. de Lafayette to tell me what he thought of it. Had it cost him his life he would have gone down to Mlle. Beauvallet's side, and I should have spoken no word to keep him back. For the matter of that he stood within an ace of doing it; and he had so nearly discovered himself that another step would have showed him to the officers, when the sound of a carriage approaching upon the Bayonne road diverted both his attention and that of the fellows below, and instantly we forgot mademoiselle and her embarrassment.

"'IT'S LAFAYETTE, FOR A THOUSAND CROWNS,' CRIED HE."

"It must be Mauroy," whispered the Marquis to me.

I had no doubt of it. Playing his part as we commanded him to do, M. de Mauroy followed after us in the carriage, and driving fast by the stables of the inn he perceived the dragoons and bade his coachman go straight on. The boldness of it tricked the captain and caught him in its meshes.

"It's Lafayette, for a thousand crowns," cried he; and then he roared to his men to bring out the horses, and there was such a hurrying to and fro, such a shouting of "Whoa!" "Get up!" and "Stand still there!" that a regiment might have been falling in. I thought, at the first, that the road would be cleared for us without more ado; but as I was pluming myself upon the circumstance the captain leaped into his saddle and bawled

out to a couple of his men to keep watch at the stable gates. Then he went clattering down the road after the carriage, and mademoiselle below, making a sign to us to be still, brought out her pony and went after him.

"Evenly matched," said I to the Marquis when she had gone, "and not such fat birds, either."

"Where's the girl gone, I wonder?"

"Oh, she's clever enough—don't be uneasy on her account. There's something in the wind, be sure of it. And a fine lot of talk there will be when they catch Mauroy," said I, remembering our joke that he was to be clapped in the Bastile. M. de Lafayette, however, looked mighty serious, and I am sure that he began to understand how small was his chance of ever setting foot on the deck of his ship.

"He has good horses," he exclaimed presently, referring to Mauroy and the carriage, "but they will catch him before he has gone a mile. If we are to get out of this place we must lose no time, Mr. Kay. Those fellows at the gate do not look very formidable. Do you think we might venture it?"

"There's not a doubt of it," said I, "since it is evident they have business of their own to attend to."

It really was remarkable, and yet not remarkable at all if you knew the secret of it. The dragoons set to watch the stable yard now loitered in the middle of the road gazing after their comrades who pursued the carriage. Presently they began to advance step by step in the direction of the inn door, as though someone were beckoning them. I perceived plainly that Mlle. Beauvallet was at the bottom of it, and, losing no instant of the precious opportunity, I ran down the ladder and called out to the Marquis to follow me.

"She's worth her weight in gold," said I to him, as we led the horses out. "Don't you see that she's tricking them?"

But he was still thinking of the carriage.

"We shall have to pass the others if we are to make Pasages," said he.

"Then we'll go at a gallop," said I; and so we rode into the street.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRAWL IN THE STREET.

HALF the population of St. Jean de Luz gossiped in the street when we rode from the stable door. The girls had run out with mantillas about their pretty ears; the men smoked indifferently, as though a game were being played for them. All, however, were looking down the road after the soldiers, who had disappeared in a cloud of dust on their way to the Spanish frontier. As for the dragoons who had left their posts, I perceived them in earnest talk with mademoiselle under the very signboard of the inn. Had they looked round by any chance and called the people to their assistance our chance was gone for good and all. I had my heart in my mouth as we rode, and I wondered a hundred times why I had been mad enough to let the Marquis go on.

Now, little Mlle. Beauvallet saw us, for she had been wise enough to hold the men in talk with her back toward the flying dragoons; and it really was wonderful to see how cleverly she acted her part, bending down in earnest converse with them and telling, I do not doubt, some story of the Marquis which they would remember for many a year to come. We had perhaps a hundred yards to go to come up with her, and this journey carried us by some of the villagers, who remarked our presence, not by a shout as you would have imagined, but by nudging each other and pointing and indicating plainly that they knew us, but would not speak. In this way, as much to my surprise as anything which ever happened to me, we found ourselves presently within fifteen paces of the inn door, and would have gone right on in safety but for the rogue of an ostler, who came running out without any warning and shouted tipsily, "Here goes honesty with his pocket full of crowns." Making a dash at my horse he caught the bridle and had me on the sidewalk before a man could speak. At the same moment the dragoons turned their heads, and catching sight of us, one rushed upon M. de Lafayette; the other, shouting to the ostler to hold on, was about to pay me a similar compliment when my little lady upon her pony threw her bridle rein about his neck and had him triced up beside her in an instant, as neatly as any rogue that ever stood in Execution dock.

I swear it was as clever a notion as any clown at a theatre might have thought upon. There they went, pony and girl and dragoon, round and round like a top upon its peg, and not a man in all the village street could lift a hand against us for laughing. As for my own case, well, I did no more than pick the ostler up by the seat of his breeches and pitch him back to the place whence he had come—and that's what I owe to my reputation in Philadelphia, thought I—for many had called me the strongest man in the city. When I had done with him and turned about to see how

the Marquis was getting on, I found the dragoon holding like a cat to his stirrup-leather, while he, not willing to kill the man by a blow, could not, nevertheless, control the horse, which began to gallop in fright and to drag the fellow with mad heels along the road to Irun and the Spanish frontier. And assuredly there would have been some grave tale to tell, but for mademoiselle and her pony. Just as she held the first of the dragoons with a noose of her rein about his neck, so presently did she block the road to the Marquis and to the fellow at his stirrup-leather. The check brought the villagers to their senses and the man to his feet. While until this moment there had been nothing heard but laughter and the screams of women, now strong hands dragged the mad dragoon from his hold and thrust the pony aside. I cried to the Marquis to go on, and, believing that this was the last word opportunity had to say, I followed him at a gallop. We were out of the town and over the crazy bridge which crosses the river Nivelle while the people still argued as to which of the dragoons was the greater fool of the two.

"It will be the ship after all," said I, "and thanks to mademoiselle for the second time."

"I am doubting if we were in the right to leave her," said he.

I understood that he had in his mind some possible harm which might befall her from the village folks; but I pointed out to him that she must be well known in the place, and that from all I had heard in Paris the Count of Beauvallet was not a man to be trifled with.

"They spoke of him as a great fighter, a man whose sword had cut his fortune to bits. She is his only child," I said.

"I believe it to be so," M. de Lafayette rejoined. "He is a wild creature who leads a gipsy's life and pays dearly for it. When I return to France I will not forget his child," and this was very earnestly said.

"THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN SOME GRAVE TALE TO TELL, BUT FOR MADEMOISELLE AND HER PONY."

In my turn, I told myself that the day would be very distant when I should forget the black-eyed little girl (for black they were when you did not catch the full light upon them) who had waited so patiently for her father in the stable yard at St. Jean de Luz. But I had been a wizard if I had foreseen that day of terror and of man's night which must bring me, after years, to her side again.

We were out upon the broad high road to Irun when these words passed, and, although it was well enough to have the sea-salt in our nostrils and the splendid hills before us, it did not seem that our position had been very greatly improved by what we had done in the town. Somewhere between us and the frontier the dragoons were riding. They must have come up with the carriage by this time, and would have discovered M.

de Mauroy inside it. Our object was to pass them by, either boldly at a gallop or by stratagem. Nor, in spite of all the light words about it, could we forget that our comrade might suffer something upon our account; and, failing to find M. de Lafayette in the carriage, the soldiers might have carried Mauroy off as their prisoner. This put us to no little anxiety, and we began to ride warily, asking each other at intervals: "Do you see them? Is that the carriage? Who comes yonder?" and such-like questions natural to the circumstances. We were a good mile from St. Jean de Luz when we got any news, and then it came from the last person I had looked to find there—M. de Mauroy himself, sitting by the roadside and laughing so heartily that minutes passed before he could speak to us.

"Well," said the Marquis, a little sharply, "and where is the carriage, Mauroy?"

"Half-way to Irun," cried he, with his hands upon his sides; "and the curate of Urugne inside of it."

"What!" exclaimed I. "You gave them the slip, then?"

"I met the curate at the bridge," he said, speaking quickly, lest he should laugh away his senses; "he was going my road, and I offered him a lift. When he got in I got out and told the boys to drive like the wind for Irun. And that's the last I know of it," said he.

"Then the red-legs passed you by?" I asked.

"At the gallop," said he, bursting out again; and so silly it was to see him convulsed at his own tale, and the Marquis as grave as an archbishop, that I came near to falling out with the pair of them.

"It's much good we are doing ourselves," said I, "chattering on a roadside when every minute is precious. If we stop here long enough the ship will have weighed. And we are to have company, it appears. Who would this be now, and why is he saluting us?"

A man had ridden up while we talked—an honest-looking fellow with black hair that would just be catching a glimmer of the grey; in dress neither a soldier nor a civilian, but betwixt and between the two; forty years of age, I should say, and as well mounted as any I had seen this side of Paris. His salute, it appears, had been intended for M. le Marquis. I perceived instantly that they were well known to each other.

"Le Brun," cried M. de Lafayette, with pleasure at the recognition.

The man replied wisely by telling us his news without delay.

"The carriage is at the Château Beauvallet," he said. "I heard that you were on the road, and told them a tale. If you press on you may yet do it. The woods will give you cover."

"Are you speaking of Mlle. Pauline's home?" I asked him. But, of course, it could have been no other. Destiny willed it that for the third time in one day the name of Beauvallet should be our salvation.

"I would have said so yesterday," the man replied; "but Heaven knows now."

"Then something has happened, Le Brun?" the Marquis exclaimed.

"Her father, the Count, was killed in a duel with Armand Sevigny this very morning."

A dead silence fell upon us. For a moment our own purpose, its great meaning, and the hazard of our situation were forgotten in the memory of this brave girl and the sorrow which awaited her. I was the first to speak.

"Heaven help her," said I; "and what will she do, think you?"

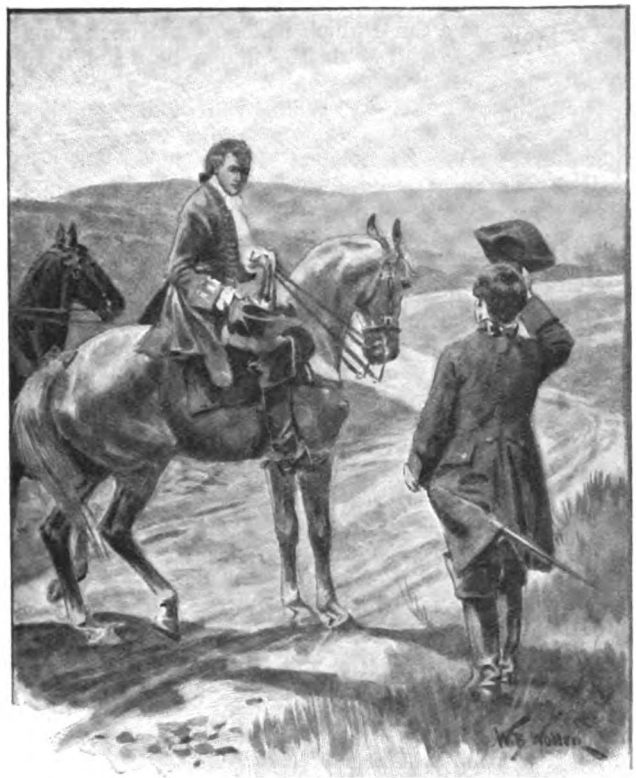
"I shall do my best," Le Brun said, quietly. "There is still employment to be had for those who have a skin to sell. Hasten on while you may, Marquis. They are searching the château, but they won't lose any time, believe me. My horse is at the disposal of this gentleman here. He can leave him at the inn at Pasages, and I will send for him to-morrow."

He dismounted upon the word, and M. de Mauroy took his place. It was no time to dawdle with excuses. Such thanks as we had to express to this silent, swift-thinking man the Marquis uttered.

"It's a long way from Irun to Metz," he said, "and little did I think, Le Brun, that when next we met I should be upon my way to America and you at the Spanish frontier. Well, such is fortune; may it bring you recompense. And Heaven bless you," said he, "for any kindness you may show to the child."

"And Heaven keep you out of King George's way," was the quiet retort of this singular man. They parted upon that, and without another word we put our horses to the canter and faced the crisis.

The dragoons were at the Château Beauvallet! Count Maurice was dead! Little Pauline waited for him at St. Jean de Luz! We, with our eyes upon the great ocean, were at the mercy of any hazard which chose to



"HEAVEN KEEP YOU OUT OF KING GEORGE'S WAY."

betray us to the soldiers. Let them have a sentry posted at the gate of the château, and the good ship *La Victoire* would sail without its master. These things were in our minds as we approached the dead Count's house and perceived its white pinnacles rising above the woods and the stately trees about it. Was it win or lose for us—the Bastile, perhaps, or the waters of our freedom? In five minutes we should know; in five minutes the tale would be told. I shaded my eyes with my hand as the critical moment drew near, and peered down the road. Aye, truly, a man stood at the gate of the château. You could see him plainly enough—but he was no soldier.

"It's the curate," cried M. de Lafayette, presently.

"And, by all that's sacred, they've robbed him of his clothes," said M. de Mauroy.

Well, we went by him at the gallop—a thin, wan man, who implored us as we passed to lend him a cloak for charity's sake. His request I could not answer for laughing, nor dare we lose one of the precious moments. The dragoons were behind us now, and we could hear their wild shouts as they discovered that the quarry had escaped them.

"America, by Heaven!" cried I.

The Marquis did not speak. His eyes were dim as they gazed upon that great ocean which lay between him and the land of freedom in whose cause he had been willing to sacrifice all that men hold dear.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIFTH WEEK.

IT has been my lot to cross the great Atlantic Ocean on five occasions, but I have never known a voyage which gave me more concern than the one which carried the Marquis de Lafayette to General Washington's camp in that memorable year 1777.

We had escaped the dragoons at St. Jean de Luz, as I have shown you; the Spanish officers at the frontier were well disposed toward us, and we made the ship *La Victoire* at a moment when her captain had abandoned all hope of seeing us. Once on board, we found our friends from Paris, the Baron de Kalb, Colonels Delesser and Valfort, and younger officers, among whom I would name the brave Dutchman, de Bedaulx, who saved the ship by his courage when the captain would have played us false. Such a great strapping pirate of a man I have never known; and I do truly believe that a half of a chance would have seen him afloat in a ship of his own with the black flag flying at the mizzen.

An anxious company and a crazy ship and a cause which would have appeared to be at the very ebb of its fortunes—a man does not make over gay upon these. When we sailed away from the Spanish shores and turned our eyes wistfully to the great West, be sure no gay chantey went with us, but the close talk and earnest words of men who are face to face with the chief business of their lives. The Dutchman, Bedaulx, provided what merriment we got. He was all aboard upon the deck by day, and by night a poor sleeper; trailing a great cutlass from his girth and roaring out oaths like a pirate king. When we fell across the ugly business in the fifth week of the voyage, it was Bedaulx who brought the Marquis to America and kept

us out of a West Indian port, as you shall presently hear.

I say that this happened on the Sunday of the fifth week. The Marquis was still too unwell to leave his cabin overmuch; the rest of us walked the deck almost day and night, fearful of English privateers and island pirates of all nations. As Bedaulx wisely said, we were in a way no better off than outlaws nor entitled to any greater consideration. The English would sink us on sight; the privateers of both nations would help themselves to our goods; the pirates would put out a plank willingly enough for the lot of us. Every sail upon the horizon brought our hearts into our mouths. We altered our course more than once because a star shone low down upon the horizon. It was just the toss of a coin, as Bedaulx never forgot to remind me whenever we walked the quarter-deck together.

"Lafayette will never be taken," he would say; "it's promise to him. This ship and all aboard are going to glory first. I've made my plans, friend Zaida, and I count upon you. We'll have a torch to the magazine and a psalm afterwards. You won't quarrel with that, eh, Master Prudence? You have the right stuff in you, or I don't know a man when I see him."

They had learned to call me "friend Zaida" aboard the ship, and many spoke of my prudence. Perhaps I had learned habits of gravity from a good Puritan stock that sailed away from Norfolk in the *Mayflower* before a State in America was more than a strange name to them. However it might have been, laugh or cry, I cared not at all if I could be of service to M. de Lafayette.

For, remember, here was the son of one of the greatest houses in France, lying in a frouzy cabin upon a crazy ship, sick to desperation, heavy at heart and woebegone—his child-wife more than a thousand miles away from him—a bitter war before him, and not knowing whether he would ever see his own country again.

As we came to learn afterwards, while this was his portion, great folks in Paris were crying over his heroism, the *salons* clapping their hands, and even the Court afraid to lift a finger against him. A few called him mad, that's true, but they looked foolish enough before the words had been long spoken. The better part of the nation applauded him already, for of such stuff the nation's heroes had been made. And I shall say it now and once for all, that never have I known a man who gave his heart more wholly to a cause which had no claim upon him, or one who would so willingly have suffered for his faith.

But I was telling you of that Sunday in the fifth week when, after watching weary days for King George's ships and weary nights for all manner of phantom pirates that never came near us, I was called up by Bedaulx at dawn and asked by him what I made of a strange sail upon our starboard bow. The weather had turned easy; a light breeze from east by north just filled our sails. We rolled lazily upon a kindly swell, and being a miserable sea-boat caught plenty of white caps with our monstrous bows. When I had clambered up the companion I found a little group of the ship's company, with one or two of the Frenchmen, all peering over the starboard bow at white sails upon a clear horizon; and they seemed confident that there stood a King's ship, and that we should know more of her presently. The Marquis, however, they had not waked; and I, for one, spoke against them doing so.

"She's as likely to be American as English," said I. "There were privateers from Charleston enough when I shipped for France, and more have been built since that day. If you are going about for every yard of white canvas on the skyline," said I, "why, then, it had been better if the dragoons had clapped us all in the prison at Paris."

Bedaulx, the Dutchman, took the words up and swore by Heaven and below it that we should hold the course though the Great Mogul sailed the ship and a thousand Tartars were with him, from which it would appear that he had little learning from his school—and, indeed, I have found these Dutchmen but poor hands at their books.

"Yon's no Great Mogul on these seas," said I. "As likely as not she's as honest a ship as ever sailed out of New York Bay. Let the captain speak up. It's time we heard a word from him."

Now, the captain of our ship was a crafty man, with a cargo of his own below hatches that he had the mind to carry to the West Indies. M. de Lafayette believed in the fellow, but both Bedaulx and myself had our doubts about him, and there were days when we questioned his intention to carry us to America at all. On this particular morning, when it was a case of holding our course or going about again to steer clear of the strange sail, that mongrel of a man cried out at once for safety. "And," asked he, "would you forget what I have aboard?"—meaning, of

course, the Marquis and the officers. Bedaulx was down upon him like a cannon-ball.

"Aye," says he, "ye have the hold full of bales, that's what ye have aboard, captain. And I'll tell you what, moreover," says he; "ye've this aboard as well as twenty in the same shape when we have the mind to draw them."

The captain turned as pale as a sheet at these words, for the Dutchman whipped out a great sabre and hacked a piece off the bulwarks as big as a man's thumb. The rest of us, fearing some outburst, closed round about our comrade; while the crew gathered all together amidships and seemed to wait for the captain to make some signal to them.

"Sir," said he to Bedaulx, when he had a little recovered from his surprise, "the law would justify me if I put you in irons for this."

We laughed outright at the fellow's impudence—none louder than Bedaulx.

"Oh!" cried he, "I've a great love for the law, and so have my honourable friends. Let the French King try me for hanging the louse of a man who is afraid of his own shadow, and no sheep shall go to the shearing more willingly."

And then, advancing step by step upon the officer, he cried as fierce as a Barbary pirate:—

"Our port's in South Carolina, captain, and what we have aboard is a round dozen of honest men who will see that under Providence we make it. Put your airs in your pocket, my man, and attend to the business of the ship, for, by the coat upon my back, I'll cut you in two if you so much as think a treachery."

Well, there they stood facing each other, upon the one side an honest dog not afraid to bark; upon the other a snarling cur willing enough to snap if he had the half of a chance. What would have come of it—whether an unseemly brawl between the crew and the soldiers or something more serious, which we should have regretted afterwards—I am not able to tell you; for a cry came over the sea to us in the very thick of it, and turning our heads we perceived the strange ship and understood in a twinkling both her purpose and our danger. She was a pirate sloop, flying the black flag as bold as brass, and occupied at that very moment in sending defenceless men to their death out there in the waste of the lonely ocean.

To say that this discovery astonished us would be by no means to convey a true sense of our dismay and perplexity. Our own petty quarrels were forgotten in a flash, and, awestruck and silent, we crowded to the bulwarks to watch that fearsome spectacle.

"WE PERCEIVED THE STRANGE SHIP AND UNDERSTOOD IN A TWINKLING BOTH HER PURPOSE AND OUR DANGER."

If the Atlantic Ocean had written the story many times since brave ships sailed upon her waters, no man on the decks of *La Victoire* had beheld such a scene with his own eyes or could name it as within his experience. There, upon a gentle swell, a great ship rolled lazily in the trough of the sea. A hundred yards away from her stood the pirate, her sails close-hauled and her black flag fluttering bravely. Between the two a long-boat passed twice without resting, but the cry had come from the stricken ship's deck—the cry of a helpless lad whom the wolves were driving into the sea. Not by a plank, as the common story goes, but through a gap in the bulwarks amidships the villains pushed and dragged the poor creature to his death. My glass showed me the bright steel of their cutlasses; they had not bandaged the eyes of their victim, but half lifting him, some beating him with the flat of their blades, some thrusting at him cruelly with their

knives, they sent him headlong over the side. Now, the spell of this foul deed worked a cruel fascination upon us all, and we did not move from our places for many minutes. Captain Bedaulx came first to his senses, and when I turned about at his words such a row of ghastly faces I have never seen nor would see again. Not want of courage, be sure of it, was that which troubled my comrades. They were as brave a company as I have sailed with; but they knew, as I knew, that we were utterly defenceless against the pirates; that our cannon aboard would not stand the firing; that the ship itself was rotten to the core; and that we had as good a chance of defeating the rogues as of meeting the great Lord Howe's ships and sinking them. This put them sorely to doubt. If we stood by, our turn would come next. If we launched a boat, she would carry her crew to the same death those poor fellows yonder were dying. We were the servants of a great cause; our duty, it might have been said, lay over yonder upon the great Western Continent; we owed it to M. de Lafayette to act with prudence and circumspection. For my part, I said plainly that if the Marquis wished us to venture to the help of those poor creatures I would be the first into the boat. But I did not quarrel with the Dutchman for his haste, and when he shouted, "Gentlemen, there are women on board that ship!" I shut my lips and did not speak another word.

We had two boats aboard *La Victoire*, one a cutter and the other that which seamen call a long-boat. But they had been so securely made fast upon our decks that even the willing hands which now went out to the work could not readily unship them. I would have given my little fortune to have been aboard an American — aye, or an English—vessel at that moment; for what with horrid cries from the drowning men, the uncertainty of our own position, and the rage and anger at our hearts, it seemed to me that hours and not minutes passed before we had the cutter launched and could number a crew to man her.

To the credit of the company be it said that not a man stood back. The willing fellows almost fought with one another to be first aboard; and when all was ready their impatience to be cast off did a man's eyes good to see. Let this go to their credit, although they struck no blow against the pirate. They were not a hundred paces away from us when the captain roared out that the unknown ship was sinking. They were still holding their course when a voice behind me cried, "Those are English frigates!" Turning about, I found the Marquis at my side.

"What is it, Mr. Kay?" he asked. "What has happened?"

"That flag should tell you, Marquis," I said. "Yonder's one of the creek pirates, and that ship is their prey."

"But those others, Mr. Kay?"

"I had not seen them," I said, all excitement enough. "They are English ships, I do believe."

Swift changes come to us readily enough when we are abroad in search of fortune. But that change in the ocean picture, as I viewed it from the deck of *La Victoire*, has had no companion within my experience. In a twinkling the positions were reversed. The great ship, hit badly by the pirate's gunners, settled without warning and sank by the bow, a horrid cry going up from her decks, and honest men and villains alike engulfed as she disappeared. The pirate sloop let go her sheets at the same instant, and, without a thought of the hands she left behind, raced at her best speed toward the south. That which had been a deserted horizon showed us the spreading sails and black hulls of two of King George's frigates. Our own boat held on to the help of the drowning people, ignorant that a new danger had come upon us. M. de Lafayette busied himself with the captain, and refused to have the signal made which would have recalled the cutter to us.

"No, no," he said; "it is but common humanity."

"It will be more than common humanity when the frigates come up with us," said I.

"We must do our duty," he rejoined; and his face flushed and I knew how greatly the anxieties of that hour and all that he suffered were telling upon him. But I did not reply to him, and when he had watched the cutter a little while he turned to me and asked:—

"Why are you not in the boat with the others, Mr. Kay?"

"Oh," said I, "perhaps I was afraid."

And then he shook his head, and laying both his hands upon my shoulders he exclaimed, with more warmth than I ever remember him to have used:—

"You stayed to be with me. It was that, Zaida Kay?"

In my turn I had nothing to tell him at all, except to speak of my love toward him, which, Heaven knows, has always been a precious thing to me.

(To be continued.)

Manuel Garcia and His Friends.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A CENTENARIAN.

By His Former Pupil, Malcolm Sterling Mackinlay, M.A.

A CENTURY! It seems incredible to those who have had the privilege of knowing Signor Manuel Garcia, the founder of the famous Garcia School of Singing, that this can be his age, and yet, full of vitality as he is, it is true. On March 17th the maestro will enter on his hundred and first year. It is hard, perhaps, to realize all that this implies, and yet some of the facts which follow from it appear to a musician almost beyond belief. What a unique link we have with the past, on learning that Signor Garcia's singing master, Giovanni Anzani, was born some hundred and fifty odd years ago, when Bach was still alive and Handel but a short time dead! Beethoven and Schubert were still young men when Signor Garcia himself came into the world—Chopin and Mendelssohn not even born. When Signor Garcia was already a full-blown operatic baritone, Gounod, Wagner, and Verdi were schoolboys. There are a few dates in connection with the maestro's life which bring his astounding age before the general reader perhaps more vividly than the mention of such names as those just given.

SIGNOR MANUEL GARCIA.

From a Photo. by Barrauds, Ltd., given to the writer and signed by the maestro, December, 1904, three months before his hundredth birthday.

Born in Madrid in the year 1805, when George III. was on the throne of England, the young Manuel left his native Spain during the advance of Wellington on Badajoz in the Peninsular War! He was ten years old when the Battle of Waterloo was fought! Eighty years ago he was singing the leading baritone *rôles* in Italian opera, one of his greatest successes being in the part of Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." The maestro retired from public singing, taking instead to teaching, a matter of seventy-five years back. In 1850 he resigned his position at the Paris Conservatoire and came over to England to start teaching here. Such an event as the Siege of Paris is of course with him quite modern history. It is natural, but none the less astounding, that the maestro should have on more than one occasion had pupils come to him for lessons whose parents and grandparents had also studied under him.

When first I went with my mother—who had herself been a pupil some thirty years

previously—to sing to Signor Manuel Garcia, the maestro was ninety years of age. The maestro said he would give me lessons, but as I was still up at Oxford it would be better to wait a year before the training was commenced. There was something uncanny in a man aged ninety telling one to come back in a year and start work under his guidance. Yet, seeing and talking with the maestro, one could not doubt that he would be there, ready and waiting to start, at the appointed time. Nor was the supposition wrong, for work commenced when the necessary months had elapsed. The maestro was nearly ninety-two when the lessons commenced, and my studies under him continued regularly till he was in his ninety-seventh year. That Signor Garcia should have been able to continue giving lessons at all at such an age is sufficiently astonishing. That during these four years the maestro should only have had to put off lessons through indisposition upon some three or four occasions gives a still keener insight into his life at that age. Nor has the maestro been at all a home-bird until the last two or three years, for it is no long time back that, accompanied by Mrs. Garcia and his two daughters, he went for a holiday up the Nile, and, what is more, enjoyed it most thoroughly.

What wonderful experiences those lessons used to be—lessons which would last anything from thirty minutes to two hours! When the maestro was interested in explaining certain effects in singing, or in recounting stories of great artists and operas, in connection with the work in hand, time would cease to exist. The luncheon bell would ring three or four times without any effect upon the maestro, so wrapped up was he in his subject, and at the end of the lesson he would, with all the old courtliness of his youth, insist on seeing one out. If one opened the door and stood aside to allow the maestro to pass through it was quite useless, for he would with a gesture insist on his guest preceding him; a small incident, but one which gives a singular insight into the life and character of Signor Manuel. Almost more surprising is it that he should have continued to carry on his own correspondence, and many a long letter was received from him during these years.

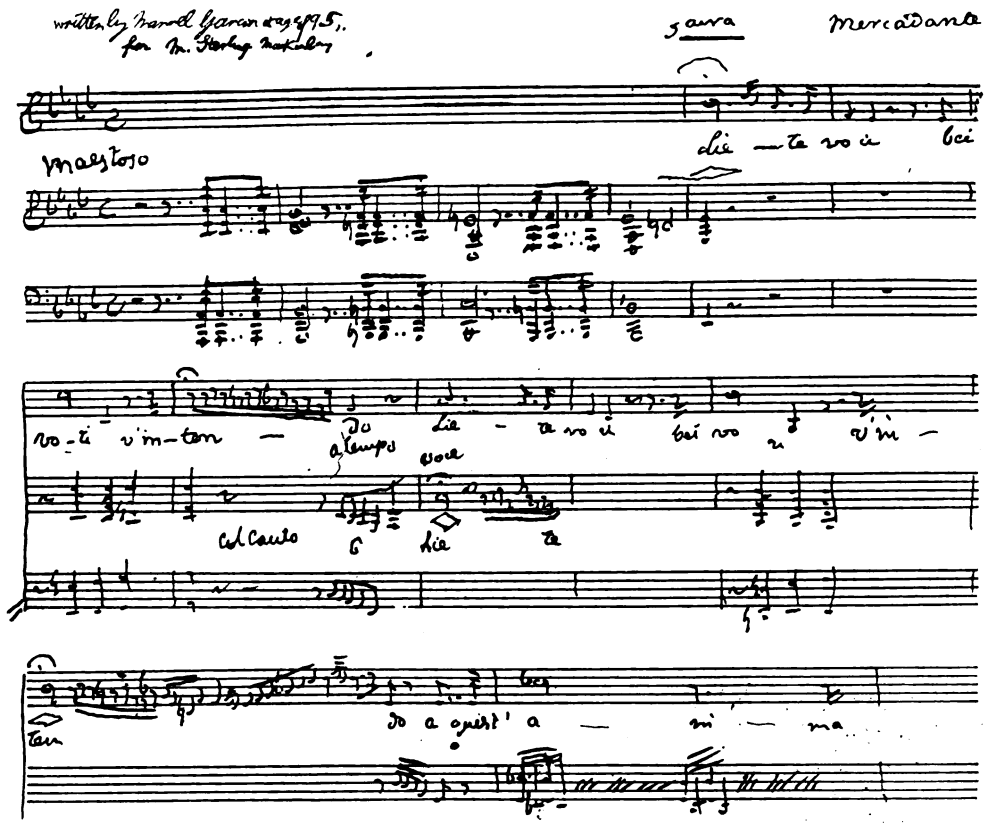
Throughout the lessons the maestro would remain seated at the piano, undertaking all the accompaniments himself, while in the case of the old Italian operas he would generally play from memory. To illustrate the proper way of taking a note or the effect which he wished given in a song Signor Garcia would sing the note or phrase himself. The voice would naturally tremble somewhat with age, though in a surprisingly small degree, but the timbre, enunciation, and dramatic power were still there, while in all there came out the extraordinary fire of the Spanish temperament. On one memorable occasion he sang an entire two octaves from A to A. It sounds incredible, but is an absolute fact. He would, moreover, keep well up to the times in music, and take one through quite modern songs and operas, including even Wagner, though the style of the latter naturally did not appeal to him very much, with his love of the lighter instrumentation of Italian music.

During a lesson the explanations would not always be made in English, but very often in French or even Italian, so that as a pupil one found it necessary to keep one's wits about one. What made, perhaps, a deeper impression than anything were the recollections of years gone by, which the different "arie" would call up. One aria, for instance, which I went through with the maestro, led him to remark, "Ah, I taught that to Stockhausen for his *début*." Stockhausen was, at the time, about sixty years of age. Yet these words were spoken in the most delightfully nonchalant way, as if it were one of the most perfectly natural things which any master might have said.

On another occasion the failure to immediately correct a fault after being *once* told of it provoked the retort: "Jenny Lind would have cut her throat before she would have done such a thing! When Jenny Lind made any mistake I would stop her and point it out. Should the explanation not be grasped at once, I would be asked to repeat it a second time, and, perhaps, to show vocally exactly what was wanted. After which the mistake would never, *never* be repeated from that day onwards."

It was, to say the least, somewhat unusual for a master to compare one with a pupil whom he had taught in the Paris Conservatoire some fifty years previously.

Again, an opera brought to him for study would as often as not bring forth reminiscences of its first production, and, in addition, some of the maestro's personal recollections of the composer. In endeavouring to describe some of the stories told concerning Manuel Garcia and his friends, who lived during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, one cannot help feeling what a loss it has been to music-lovers, and, indeed, to



FACSIMILE OF AN ARIA WRITTEN OUT FOR THE AUTHOR BY SIGNOR GARCIA IN HIS NINETY-SIXTH YEAR, GIVING SIGNOR GARCIA'S ELABORATIONS ON THE ORIGINAL MELODY.

those outside the musical world, that Signor Garcia was never prevailed upon to write some reminiscences in years gone by.

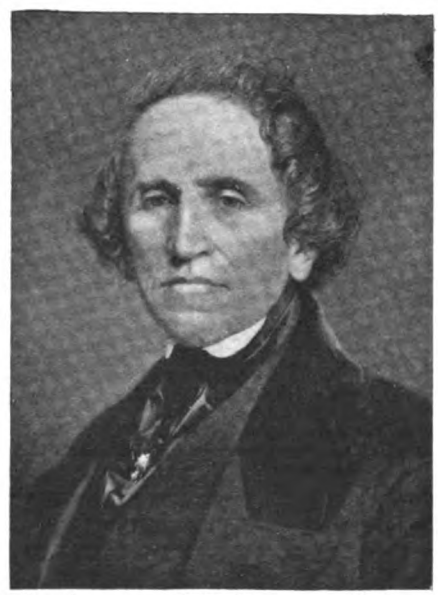
The family being of Spanish origin, the name is properly pronounced Gar-s-ia (or Garthia, to give it the real Spanish pronunciation). Certainly it is neither Gartchia nor Gar-sher, as it is so often called.

Manuel Garcia's father, the elder Manuel Garcia, was born at Seville in 1775, a hundred and thirty years ago. One result of a few years' training under Manuel the Second is that casual queries as to what anybody was doing seventy years previously, or where their father lived a hundred years ago, seem the most ordinary small-talk. Moreover, it gives one quite a different way of looking on the age of one's fellow-men. Sixty-five seems somehow to be just the beginning of a man's prime, while for anyone to talk of retiring at seventy-five appears to be merely ridiculous. As for a man giving up dinner-parties simply because he is eighty years old, why, it seems inconceivable. Involuntarily one compares these things with Signor Garcia going up the Nile at the age of ninety-six, and playing the piano, teaching, and singing at ninety-eight, with the only possible result.

The elder Garcia was an excellent teacher of the voice and composer of many operas. He was one of the greatest tenors that ever existed, with the most wonderfully florid execution, and created among other parts that of Almaviva in "The Barber of Seville" some ninety years back, while his greatest successes in addition to this were in "Othello" and "Don Giovanni." An idea of his attainments may be obtained from the story of his first appearance at Naples. Being engaged to sing at the Opera House, the elder Garcia thought he would like to do something at the first orchestral rehearsal to show them all that he was not one of the ordinary small fry, and so gain their respect as a musician as well as a singer.

The opening tenor aria in the opera which they were to rehearse was a very difficult one in the key of E flat. The orchestra played the introductory bars, and waited

with a casual sort of interest for the new singer's opening phrase. Garcia commenced, but, instead of doing so in the key in which they were playing, he began to sing a semitone higher in E natural. At first the orchestra were horrified at the terrible discords which resulted. Gradually, however, as the aria went on, with the singer still singing exactly a semitone too high, it dawned on them what he was doing—that instead of merely singing sharp, through nervousness or lack of ear, he was intentionally singing a semitone too high throughout. Consequently, when they heard him continue singing his part in E natural, yet without a moment's hesitation or a single false note (for so great a musician was the elder Garcia that he could abstract himself entirely from the surroundings and from the sound of the orchestra), their disgust turned to surprise, then admiration, and, finally, enthusiasm. When the aria was concluded there was an enormous burst of applause and the wildest excitement among them all, for they saw what a really great singer they had found in this newcomer. Of course, Garcia, afterwards, sang all the rest of his part in the proper key, but by this novel entry he had won the lasting respect and admiration of the orchestra.



From a] MEYERBEER. *[Painting.*

It used to be the custom of the old composers to write in a way a mere skeleton of the voice part, particularly with regard to the conventional ending. The singers of their day were all good musicians, and were expected to elaborate the simple melody given them, and upon this foundation to raise a graceful edifice adorned with what ornaments their individual taste dictated, and suited to their own power of execution.

When the elder Garcia was at Naples, one of the old Italian composers came to practise a new opera. At the opening rehearsal Garcia was given his part to read off at sight. When his first aria was reached, Garcia sang it off with perfect phrasing and feeling, but exactly note for note as written. When he had finished the composer said, "Thank you, signor, very nice; but that was not the music I intended." Garcia asked for an explanation, and was told that the composer had intended the bare melody which he had written down as merely a skeleton, which the singer should clothe with whatever his imagination and artistic instinct prompted. He would like to go through it again, and wished Garcia *this* time to treat it exactly as though it were his own composition. Garcia was skilful at improvising, consequently in doing the aria for the second time he made alterations and additions, with runs, trills, roulades, and cadenzas, all performed with brilliant execution. When he came to the end of the aria the old composer shook him warmly by the hand. "Bravo! Magnificent! *That* was my music as I wished it to be given."

From this story it will at once be seen that the elder Garcia was not only a singer but a musician, which is unhappily not always the case. In fact, Rossini once said to Signor Manuel, "If your father had had as much *savoir faire* as *savoir musical*, he would have been the first composer of his time."

The freedom allowed by the old composers to their singers became after a time somewhat abused. Some of the singers were found lacking in the artistic taste, musicianly feeling, and in some cases the proper knowledge necessary in making such alterations as the above story of the elder Garcia illustrates.

In consequence of this Rossini insisted on the singers in his works performing the arie exactly as written. He would himself clothe the melodies with all the execution, roulades, and cadenzas which had been previously left to the performer.

Signor Garcia tells a good story of Rossini in connection with the death of Meyerbeer. A certain young composer, having written a funeral march to the memory of the great man, came to show his music to Rossini, who had always been the greatest friend and

admirer of Meyerbeer. Having played it over, he asked for Rossini's opinion.

"Well, there is one alteration I should have preferred," said Rossini.

"What is that?"

"I would rather have had *Meyerbeer* write a funeral march for *you*."

There is a further one told of Rossini's admiration for Meyerbeer. Theirs was a genuine friendship in which jealousy had no place, and they would take a real pleasure in each other's success. They were on one occasion seated together in a box listening to Meyerbeer's opera, "Robert the Devil." At a certain part of the opera Rossini was quite carried away with enthusiasm for his friend's music. Leaping to his feet with excitement he shook Meyerbeer's hand rapturously. "If you can write anything better than that, I'll — I'll dance on my head."

"Then, my dear Rossini, you had better commence practising at once, for I have just completed the fourth act of 'The Huguenots.'"

From a] ROSSINI. *[Painting.*

Signor Garcia gives a most interesting reminiscence of Rossini in connection with the *début* of Maria Garcia, better known under her married name, Mme. Malibran. At the time in question the elder Garcia was away in Mexico, while Signor Manuel and his sister remained in Paris. Rossini had heard Mme. Malibran sing many times at social functions, often, indeed, having himself accompanied her at the piano. And yet, though perfectly aware what a splendid singer Maria Garcia was, Rossini never made her any offer to sing at the Opera House.

At last Mme. Malibran's opportunity arrived, but from quite another source. A friend of theirs—Galli, a famous basso—was having a benefit at the Opera House. He offered to put on "Semiramide" if Mme. Malibran would like to sing the title-*rôle*. After consulting with Signor Manuel, Mme. Malibran decided to accept the offer. Her *début* was, therefore, duly made, and her success proved instantaneous. Such a scene over a *débutante* had not been known for years. The next morning Rossini sent to ask Signor Garcia round to his rooms. Signor Garcia found Rossini in a tremendous state of excitement, and prepared to offer Malibran upwards of a hundred thousand francs a year for four years if she would bind herself exclusively to sing for him, and only in *French* opera. Rossini was at this time director both of the Italian Opera and of the Grand Opera House, where French alone was performed. This offer of Rossini's was an immense one for those days, but after careful consideration Mme. Malibran decided to refuse the terms, feeling that it would be unwise to give up Italian and confine herself entirely to singing in French for so long a period. Mme. Malibran did, however, appear for Rossini in a few other operas at enormous fees, with, if possible, greater success than before.

Now, it seemed very extraordinary to Signor Manuel and his sister that Rossini should have heard her sing times without number in society without even mentioning such a thing as engaging her, and yet suddenly, after hearing her at the Opera House in music which Mme. Malibran had sung to him often before, he should at once make her a magnificent offer for a term of years. Why was it? They could not understand at all, and accordingly one day asked Rossini for the explanation.

"It is true," answered Rossini, "that I knew Maria was a brilliant singer from listening to her at private houses. But I had never heard her sing in a big opera house and before a large audience. So I felt that I could not make her a definite offer which would at all gauge her true worth. Either I should be offering Maria less than she was worth, and by this be doing her an injustice, or else I should be offering her more than she was worth, and so be doing *myself* an injustice. But now that I have heard Maria before an audience, and have observed what effect they mutually have had each on the other, I can come and offer the very largest sum which her singing is intrinsically worth. That is the explanation of what I have done."

Rossini was a curious man, with the eccentricity of genius strongly developed. He would soar aloft on the wings of his muse and then suddenly drop to earth, a second Icarus, save that, instead of the sad ending of that classical story, his would be a ridiculous one. The story of his meeting with the Emperor Nicholas is an amusing illustration of this. Rossini, while working at his composition, used to sit before the desk in shirt-sleeves, and with his trousers very loose indeed, so as to feel comfortable. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* When the Emperor Nicholas came to Paris he thought he would like to see the wonderful composer, and so decided to visit the maestro. The Emperor accordingly set out unattended, arrived at Rossini's rooms, and knocked at the door. "Qui est là?" "Nicholas." "Entrez!" The Emperor entered, and Rossini quickly rose up to welcome his distinguished visitor. Unhappily, as Rossini jumped up his trousers slipped down, leaving him covered with confusion—and a shirt!

Rossini never had any very great veneration for Royalty, and probably felt very little disturbed at such a *dénouement* occurring in the presence of the Emperor Nicholas. When Rossini came over to London he was, on one occasion, ordered to St. James's Palace to appear at a party given by George IV. The King was most gracious to the Italian composer, and expressed great pleasure at his compositions. At the end of the evening, as the party was about to break up, the King asked Rossini for one more piece, which should be the finish.

"Sire, I think we have had enough music for to-night," replied Rossini, and took his departure.

Rossini admired and followed the old Italian style of music, in which the orchestra formed purely an accompaniment to the singers, whose voices were throughout an opera the principal consideration. Consequently, when Wagner appeared with his great orchestral effects, it is not to be wondered at that Rossini should not have approved of the new composer's work. One day an admirer of Wagner asked Rossini his opinion of Mendelssohn compared with Wagner as a composer. Rossini's answer was commendably brief, epigrammatic, and to the point: "Mendelssohn wrote 'Songs without Words,' while Wagner writes 'words without songs.'"

This reminds one of Mark Twain's remarks upon Wagner in an after-dinner speech made at a certain Wagner Society in America. "Gentlemen, I have been lately taking a great interest in the works of Wagner! (Applause.) I have been out to orchestral concerts to hear his music played! (Applause.) I have stayed at home earnestly to study his compositions in the full scores (loud applause), and the conclusion I have arrived at, gentlemen, is—that Wagner's music is *really* not *half* as bad as it sounds."

But to return to Maria Garcia. After her *début* in Paris, Mme. Malibran went to various parts of Europe and America, carrying all before her wherever she sang. When Mme. Malibran went to Milan to make her *début* in that city, Mme. Pasta was a great favourite at the Opera House. Her most effective part was Norma, and such enormous success did Mme. Pasta make in this *rôle* that the Milanese used always to allude to her as Norma instead of Pasta. The director of the Opera House asked Mme. Malibran on her arrival in what part she would like to make her first appearance. Mme. Malibran at once replied, "As Norma, signor."

"But, madame, consider—do you forget Pasta?"

"I do not care for Pasta. I will stand or fall as Norma."

So Norma was announced. At the first night Pasta came to hear the new-comer, and took up her position in the middle box of the grand tier, amid the loud applause of the populace. Malibran made her first entrance without any sound of encouragement, and her opening aria was received in deliberate stony silence. Her next number was the trio, "Non tremar." After a certain passage, which Malibran had to render at about the middle of the trio, the audience suddenly forgot themselves and yelled out "Bravo!" instantly followed by cries of "Hush! Silence!" The trio came to an end! Not a hand! Instead there were heard sounds of dispute from all parts of the house: "She is great." "She is nothing of the kind." "She is better than Pasta." "No, she isn't," etc., and these continued for the rest of the evening. The second night Pasta did not come to hear her new rival. Malibran came on and sang her first aria. Immense applause! And this continued throughout the evening with ever-increasing enthusiasm.

At the close Malibran was called before the curtain again and again, and when she left the Opera House to drive home, the populace took out the horses and themselves dragged her to the hotel. From that moment

Malibran was the pet of the Milanese public and Pasta was nowhere. Signor Garcia adds that Pasta was a most finished vocalist, but always cold, while the singing of his sister Maria was full of warmth and fire. What a blow it was to the musical world when Mme. Malibran was cut off at the very zenith of her career about the time of her father's death!

Signor Garcia's youngest sister, Pauline Viardot, made her first appearance, not in France, but in England, at the Haymarket Opera House, in "Othello," and with great success. A brilliant career on the operatic stage followed, during which Mme. Viardot created the part of Fidès in Meyerbeer's "Prophète" and the title-*rôle* in Gluck's "Orfeo." After twenty-five years Mme. Viardot decided on retirement, and started as a teacher of singing at Baden-Baden. In the "Reminiscences of Antoinette Sterling," which have already appeared, there was a description of the entertainments which Mme. Viardot would give at Baden-Baden in the little private theatre built in her own grounds. These would be thronged by celebrities from every land—poets, painters, musicians, diplomats—while on one occasion Mme. Viardot was honoured by a visit from the old Emperor and Empress of Germany. It will also be remembered how, on Mme. Viardot's birthday, Herr Brahms came up to the house in the early morning with a number of her pupils, to perform at her window a birthday serenade which the great composer had written in madame's honour.

MME. PAULINE VIARDOT.
From a Photo. by Benque and Co., Paris. Signed and given to the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling.

When Antoinette Sterling arrived in Baden-Baden to take lessons from Mme. Viardot, it was direct from her studies with Signor Manuel Garcia. Having studied Italian music with the maestro, my mother, when first presented to her new teacher, said she would like to take some German Lieder. Mme. Viardot smiled at the audacity of her pupil, and merely replied, "Will you bring your Italian to-morrow, please?"

For some months "Miss" Sterling—as my mother then was — continued to ask whether she might bring her German next time, but was ever met with the same placid smile, the same twinkling eye, and the same unwelcome words, "Bring your *Italian* music for the next lesson." It was not until almost the close of the stay in Baden-Baden that one day Mme. Viardot said, "*Now* you may bring your German music, if you wish!"

After some years Mme. Viardot left Baden-Baden for Paris, where she is still living, at an advanced age, and bids fair to follow in her brother's footsteps, and herself reach her hundredth year.

At an early age Signor Manuel received instruction in singing from his father, the elder Garcia, and, as already stated, from Giovanni Anzani, the voice being a high baritone. At the age of twenty he began to sing on the operatic stage. He was always a marvellously quick "study" in learning any fresh operatic *rôle*. In Italy they would in those days allow the artists nine days to learn a two-act opera. For three acts they would increase this to twelve days, and for four acts sixteen days. Garcia remembers, when Meyerbeer's "Prophète" was written and first brought out, how all the singers grumbled at its great length. Yet for this they were given only eighteen days, and the same number was given for "William Tell." Short though these periods used to be, compared with the amount of work to be

accomplished, they were a great deal too long for Manuel Garcia, who would learn the whole of his part in three or four days. At the end of ten days he would have picked up the parts of all the other singers as well, so that, if necessary, he was perfectly able to prompt them during the final rehearsals. In Mexico he actually used to do so. The elder Garcia used rather to take advantage of his son's extraordinary memory, and if he was feeling indisposed would say, "Manuel, you go on and take my part to-night." So Signor Manuel would go through the performance successfully, singing instead of his own baritone *rôle* the tenor music of the opera, altering the very high parts to suit his range. This was, of course, a great strain on the voice. Coupled with this, he used to work a great deal too much at singing during those first few years, when he was still young and the voice as yet hardly set. The consequence of this was that the voice soon began to show the effects of overwork, the "bloom" became worn off, and in five years from his *début* Signor Manuel retired from public singing to give up all his time to teaching.

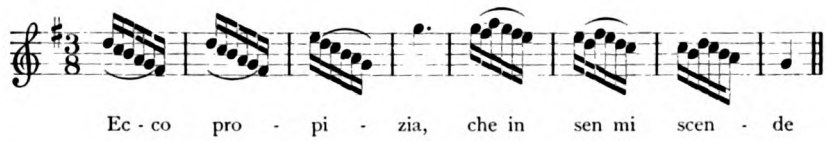
Shortly after his first appearance in opera Signor Manuel accompanied his father and his sister Maria upon a long tour through America, and an incident occurred on that tour which is certainly worthy of note. The party had arrived in Mexico, and when about to open their season at the Opera House began going through the scenery, dresses, and—last, but not least—the music, to see that everything was in order. What was their horror to discover that all the orchestral parts and the score itself of "Don Giovanni" had been left behind! What was to be done? The opera was one of the most important in their repertoire, and was advertised to be given in but a few days. There was no possibility of getting the missing music sent on in the time from the last place, for journeys out there take as many days as they take hours in England. The elder Garcia remained perfectly calm in the midst of the excitement. They could not possibly give up the opera, and they could not give it without the music! Very well, then; he must write out another copy of the score as best he could from memory. So forthwith the elder Garcia set to work and wrote off the whole of the full orchestral score. As each portion was finished it was given out to copyists, who got ready the separate parts for the various instruments. How successfully the elder Garcia carried out his self-imposed task may be judged from the fact that when "Don Giovanni" was duly performed no one present could tell that it was not the original score.

Owing to the constant overwork which this American tour entailed, Signor Manuel, after some months, began to feel afraid that his voice might leave him at any minute when on the stage. His father and mother laughed at this as absurd, and told him that he must make his *début* in Paris, as they had set their hearts on it. So to please his parents Signor Manuel left them in Mexico and went over to Paris to make an appearance there. He duly appeared, and after one performance wrote to his parents that, having now appeared in Paris as they had wished, he was going forthwith to devote his time to teaching and give up a public career. This he accordingly did, and started in 1830 as a teacher of singing at the Conservatoire soon after.

In the year 1850 Manuel Garcia gave up his appointment at the Paris Conservatoire and came to London, where he has made his home ever since. The maestro had been in England barely four years when he gave to the world that extraordinary invention, the laryngoscope. This is the story, which the maestro told one day, of how he came to invent it. He had for years been puzzling over the human voice. "If only I could *see* the glottis!" This was what was ever in his thoughts. One day the idea came upon him like a flash. "Why shouldn't I *try* to see it? But how must it be done? Why, obviously with a mirror!" Signor Garcia, without loss of time, ordered the little mirror and everything else which he wanted, and waited in the greatest excitement till they were delivered. At last they came, were put together, and the trial made. With great good fortune he got the right angle at the very first attempt, and looked on the glottis. For the general reader it may be explained that the glottis is that delicate mechanism situate inside the larynx (or Adam's apple, as it is more commonly called), by the vibrations of which the voice is produced.

So dumfounded was the maestro at what he had seen that he sat down aghast for several minutes. On recovering from his amazement he gazed intently for some time at the glottis, and the changes which it presented to his eye while the various tones were being produced. At last he tore himself away and promptly wrote a description of what he had seen, and this was read by him before the Royal Society.

Among Manuel Garcia's musical friends in London of years gone by were Mario, the famous operatic tenor, and his wife, Grisi, no less celebrated as a singer. Grisi was an indefatigable worker, and would practise her singing regularly every day without fail, whether it was during the opera season or the vacation. Mario, on the other hand, would never by any chance practise on days when he was not actually going to sing in public. When, however, he was going to sing in the evening he would begin practising his favourite exercise from the duet between Almaviva and Figaro in "The Barber of Seville," "All' idea di quel metallo":—



If the voice was satisfactory in this passage he would not trouble to do any further practice. Mario was an Italian count, and gave up the dignity of his position for the sake of a career which he loved. But his education and refinement came out in the artistic renderings with which he endowed his singing.

Mario and Grisi were both of them rather — shall one say? — uneconomical. Though they made in their time an enormous fortune, they managed to get rid of so much that Mario in his later years had to be content with a very different mode of life. As an instance of how they made the money fly, Mario when out for a walk would see in a shop window a beautiful little statuette, or picture, which took his fancy. Nothing could keep him from at once going in and examining the *article de vertu* closer.

"What is the price?"

"A hundred pounds."

"A good deal to charge, is it not? No matter, send it up, please."

Signor Garcia tells a similar reminiscence. Mario had decided upon giving a wonderful luncheon to a large party of his friends. The total cost may be imagined from the fact that he paid eighty pounds for some dessert and other light extra delicacies for the table, which were sent over specially from Paris. When all were assembled Grisi suddenly said, "Oh, it is too hot to have it here. Let us drive out to Richmond and have lunch there. It will be far more pleasant." No sooner said than done, for Mario at once ordered a number of carriages to accommodate the entire party. A telegram was sent on in advance, so that on their arrival at Richmond another magnificent lunch was awaiting them; while Mario, without a thought, left behind at his own house this two-hundred-guinea luncheon to waste its sweetness on the desert air, and probably be thrown away by the servants.

MARIO, THE FAMOUS OPERATIC TENOR.
From a Photo. by C. Bergamasco. Lent by Mario's daughter.

Of all the hundreds of pupils who passed through the hands of Signor Garcia, none achieved greater fame than Jenny Lind. When first Jenny Lind came to the maestro and wished to commence lessons without delay, the

maestro, upon hearing her sing, said, "Your voice needs a long and complete rest before I can possibly take you."

"But, mon Dieu, how can I wait? Will you not take me at once?"

"No; I cannot!"

"I implore you!"

"Non; c'est impossible. Go away and rest. Come back in a month, and then we will see!"

When Jenny Lind came back the maestro was still obdurate. "No, you need further rest; the voice is better already, but it is still too soon to commence our studies. Be patient for another month and then come once more." Jenny Lind, nearly wild with impatience to start work, waited for four endless weeks, and then, at the very moment the stipulated time was over, came immediately to the maestro. *This* time all was well, and Jenny Lind's training commenced under Signor Garcia, with what result everyone knows. Allusion has already been made to the fact that during her lessons the maestro had only to call attention to any mistake, and point out how it could be rectified, for it to be at once corrected and never repeated. Moreover, the maestro makes the interesting remark that he never heard Jenny Lind sing even a hair's breadth out of tune, so perfect was her musical ear. Jenny Lind possessed the power of taking pains to an infinite degree, and this, added to her exquisite voice, which had been perfectly trained, enabled her to overcome every obstacle which crossed her path, and reach that lofty position which was retained until her retirement from an active musical life.

JENNY LIND, SIGNOR GARCIA'S MOST EMINENT PUPIL.
From a Photo. by C. E. Fry and Son. Lent by her husband, Otto Goldschmidt.

Some years after Jenny Lind had retired, and shortly before her death, she sang at a charity concert, at which a certain Mme. M—— had offered her services as pianist. Mme. M—— was asked to accompany Jenny Lind, was shown the music, saw it was very simple, and said she would be only too delighted. But, simple though the music was, Jenny Lind came up to her and explained exactly how a certain easy little passage was to be played in order to have the whole effect as artistic as possible. They were, Mme. M—— afterwards said, little things which with the ordinary ear would go unnoticed, yet to a true artist like Jenny Lind they made just the whole difference.

Many are the stories told of Jenny Lind's triumphs during her career. The people quite lost their heads over the singing of the "Swedish nightingale." In one town Jenny Lind was serenaded at the hotel by some of her admirers. Being touched at such a pretty compliment, Jenny Lind walked out on to the balcony to show her appreciation. Unfortunately for her, a valuable shawl slipped from her shoulders and fell into the street below. This was promptly seized by a dozen eager hands, anxious to obtain souvenirs of the occasion. In a moment it was torn to as many pieces, each of which in its turn formed the centre of an eager group of memento-hunters. The compliment was doubtless most flattering, but certainly it had drawbacks.

Antoinette Sterling used to tell many stories of her studies under Signor Garcia. When Miss Sterling first went for her lessons, the maestro was so carried away with the voice of his new pupil that he could not bring himself to keep her to exercises, as he did in the case of others. Almost at once he began taking her through all the Italian operatic *rôles*. One day his pupil

was struggling to execute a particularly difficult phrase, and at last burst out crying. "You ought not to give me these songs until I have mastered the exercises properly." "You're quite right," answered the maestro, and at once took her back again to the exercises.

The maestro would often write elaborate cadenzas for his pupil to sing in her various operatic and oratorio arie. On one occasion he gave my mother a very difficult cadenza to sing at her next oratorio engagement, a performance of the "Stabat Mater." Antoinette Sterling did not herself care for the cadenza, but nevertheless sang it, as her master desired. When next time his pupil came for her lesson Signor Garcia was quite angry with her. "Why did you not last night sing the cadenza which I gave to you?" Miss Sterling replied that she *had* done so.

"Non! Non! That was *not* mine which you sang! It was some other."

"Why, how can you know anything about it, maestro? You never said anything about coming to hear me."

"No matter, I was there, and I say it was not my cadenza!" However, his pupil showed the maestro her copy of the aria, with the cadenza marked down just as he had given it to her, and the maestro, seeing this was so, at once said that he would write another, as he did not like the one which he had given her.

JENNY LIND.
From a portrait-bust by J. Durham, A.R.A. Photo. by C. E. Fry and Son. Lent by her husband, Otto Goldschmidt.

In compressing the life memories of Manuel Garcia within the limits of a magazine article one is faced by the difficulty of selection from material which is nearly inexhaustible. For has not the maestro enjoyed the friendship of practically all the greatest musicians of the last eighty years? Few, indeed, must be those in the front rank during that period whom Signor Garcia has not at least met.

Again, in speaking of his seventy-five years' career as a teacher of singing, it is almost as hard to know whom to mention and whom to exclude from among his many hundred pupils. In giving, therefore, the following brief list of *some* at least who have studied with the maestro one must almost necessarily commit unintentionally some glaring "sins of omission"—a phrase, by the way, which was explained by a schoolboy in an examination paper recently as "sins we *forget* to commit."

In addition to Jenny Lind, the list of Signor Manuel Garcia's pupils includes such names as Stockhausen (the famous "Lieder" singer and teacher of George Henschel), Henriette Nissen (afterwards Mme. Salomon), Bussine (of the Opéra Comique, professor of singing, and teacher of Duc, the tenor of the Grand Opéra, Paris); Jules Barbot, chosen by Gounod to create the part of Faust, also professor at the Conservatoire; Charles Bataille, chosen by Meyerbeer to create the bass part in "L'Étoile du Nord," and also famous for his singing in the "Seraglio" of Mozart; Antoinette Sterling, Charles Santley, Catherine Hayes, Miss Orridge, Miss Macintyre, Miss Agnes Larcom, and Marie Tempest. Finally, Signor Manuel Garcia taught Mme. Marchesi, who can number among her pupils, in addition to her daughter Blanche, such famous artists as Ilma de Murska, Tremelli, Krauss, d'Angri, Frau Gerster, Emma Nevada, Sybil Sanderson, Francis Saville, Ada Crossley, Suzanne Adams, Emma Eames, Calvé, and Melba.

This list of those who have been trained in the famous Garcia method of singing, either directly from Signor Garcia himself or indirectly from teachers who have themselves been pupils of the maestro, comprises some of the greatest singers and teachers of the last sixty years. How, therefore, can these memories be brought to a more fitting close than with the enumeration of the above names? Surely this bare record is in itself a far greater tribute than any mere words of praise could be to the grand career of Manuel Garcia!

The Trouble-Shooter's Wooing.

By Francis Gardiner.

"HALLOA! Halloa!"

"I hear you."

"I reckon, Central, this line's all right now. By the way, there's a question I want to ask you. Has the time arrived when you are disposed to take pity upon a forlorn individual who is now sitting on a telephone pole up on the Black Foot trail?"

The little operator flushed a rosy red, but there was no one there to see except the cat, and he didn't mind.

"I am coming in now," continued the voice, "to wait for more trouble, but as it's three miles you will have time to think over what I said and have your answer ready."

"Read Rule 37," replied the operator, as she "cleared out" the line.

"HE SHOUTED INTO HIS PORTABLE TELEPHONE."

It was six months since the good-looking young "trouble-shooter"—as a mender of telephone lines is called—had first asked her to marry him. That was on a winter's day when they were alone in the little central office. Had he told her less or had he told her more, the answer she gave him might have been a different one. As it was, she said: "You ask me to marry a man who is a graduate of Harvard College and hasn't made any more of himself than to become a trouble-shooter. Not that fixing telephone lines isn't perfectly honourable and all that, but you might have done so much and you haven't."

The man flushed slightly. "If I choose to be a trouble-shooter, why should my education prevent?" he replied. "Must every man spend his life hunting the almighty dollar or writing useless books, because he has been given a piece of parchment with a lot of Latin on it? I'm living my life in my own way. There are things which are just as honourable as ambition, I reckon."

"I don't want you to change your way of living on my account," she said, coldly.

He was persistent, and within a week repeated his question, his answer being a second refusal, accompanied by the statement, made with a touch of anger: "And more than that, I don't want you ever to mention this subject in my presence again."

"Very well," he answered; "but understand, I don't give you up," and before she could reply he was gone. "I won't mention it in her presence," he said to himself, "but she'll hear me just the same," and the trouble-shooter grinned as he picked up his kit and started on a tramp down the line.

The next day, as he sat on a forty-foot pole five miles up in the hills, with a blizzard howling around him, he shouted into his portable telephone, "Not being in your presence, Miss Jones, permit me to ask you to name the day."

While she resented them at first, she came to enjoy the attentions of the young man

whom she described to herself as her "long-distance suitor," and she took secret satisfaction in the thought that probably no other girl in the State of Colorado was receiving an average of five proposals a day. She even began to keep a diary, in which she made such entries as: "Four to-day. One *viâ* the Bald Rock ranch line, one from the Clear Water toll line, and two by the way of Harding's Gulch."

To the many proposals the little operator had adopted a stereotyped form of reply, when, indeed, she deigned to take notice of them. Her answer was always: "You'd better read Rule 37." She had been promptly informed that her suitor had forgotten Rule 37, and thereupon she mailed him a copy. It read: "Linemen and other *employés* who have occasion to use the lines of the company in the course of their occupation must not interfere with the service to subscribers by indulging in idle and unnecessary conversation."

And the very next day the trouble-shooter, while repairing a break where the lines skirted the base of Big Bear Mountain, remarked, "I am about to ask a question, Miss Jones, and it does not violate Rule 37, because it is neither idle nor unnecessary."

On the hot summer afternoon when the proposal came from the Black Foot trail, few people seemed to have occasion to use telephones, and the operator, leaving the switch-board, stood looking out of the window, singularly enough her glances being directed towards the road down which the trouble-shooter would come after his three-mile walk. The little building which served as central office stood just above the river-bed, now a dry and parched *coulée*. The green-clad slopes of the mountains rose sharply from the valley, ragged rows of houses clustering at their bases. The yellow strip of sand and gravel which marked the former course of the stream could be seen for several miles until it disappeared in the hills. Only in case of cloud-burst or heavy freshets did the water flow down the valley, for ten miles above a towering dam of cut stone, arched and buttressed to resist the pressure of the imprisoned water, held in check the precious store, that it might be distributed through the irrigating ditches to make the desert blossom like the rose.

The click of a falling shutter on the switch-board brought the operator back to her chair. Before she could ask the customary question a voice, tense and strained with excitement, fell on her ear, saying, "There's been a cloud-burst above Big Bear, and the water's coming down like Niagara. Notify everybody and do it quick. Do you understand?"

"I understand," the operator replied.

She knew what to do, for wherever in the valleys the familiar blue bell marked the location of a telephone office the lesson was one always learned by operators. When a cloud-burst sent great masses of water tearing over the dams and sweeping down the old-time river-courses, many lives might hang by the wire thread of the telephone lines. The little operator herself had once seen a wall of water go plunging and swirling by, changing the dry and sun-baked *coulée* or gulch in a twinkling to a raging torrent. Farther down the valley were places where the ranch-houses stood perilously near the course of the flood. At other points the old-time river-bed was sometimes used as a carriage road. Children often played in the sand in this fascinating little valley.

White to the lips, with a voice which trembled despite her efforts to keep it steady, the operator rang up house after house. She wasted no words and she used none of the phrases made familiar in stories. Nobody was advised to run for life.

"There's been a cloud-burst and the water's coming."

That was enough. She worked rapidly, and soon had reached every house but one. In desperation she rang call after call. Minutes seemed like hours and still there was no response. Perhaps they were all safe in the hills. Perhaps—the operator shuddered and again pressed the ringing key. As she waited, she was conscious of a humming sound, like that made by the wind in the wires, a sound which grew louder, changing to a murmur and then a dull roar. Would they never answer?

And then a woman's voice said: "Sorry to keep you waiting. I——"

"Run, run!" cried the operator. "The water——"

"Johnny, mammy wants you," cried the voice at the other end of the wire, and the operator knew that her work was done. It was then that she thought for the first time of her own safety.

While the wires were carrying their warning messages down the valley, a young man was walking rapidly along the Black Foot trail. On his back was slung a portable telephone. The spurs used in pole-climbing clanked at his side. Attached to his belt were coils of wire, insulators, a hatchet, and various smaller tools, together with a coil of

small rope. He rounded a spur of the hills and came in sight of the town, nestling in the valley below. Then a sound borne faintly on the summer breeze attracted his attention, and he turned towards the opening in the hills in the direction of the dam. He could follow with his eye for several miles the yellow streak of the *coulée*. The sand glistened in the sun as it stretched to the point where the converging hills hid it from view. As he looked, however, there burst into his range of vision a tumbling, boiling mass of white-flecked water, sweeping steadily down the valley. And as the sound came to him unimpeded by intervening hills, the low murmur changed to a roar. A glance showed him that this was no ordinary cloud-burst. That wall of madly rushing water was high enough to reach the buildings in the settlement below, and, perhaps, sweep the frail structures from their foundations.

The young man started running down the rough mountain road, his eyes fixed upon the telephone building, which, of all those in the town, was nearest the *coulée*. As he ran he saw that the people in the village had taken the alarm and were running towards the hills.

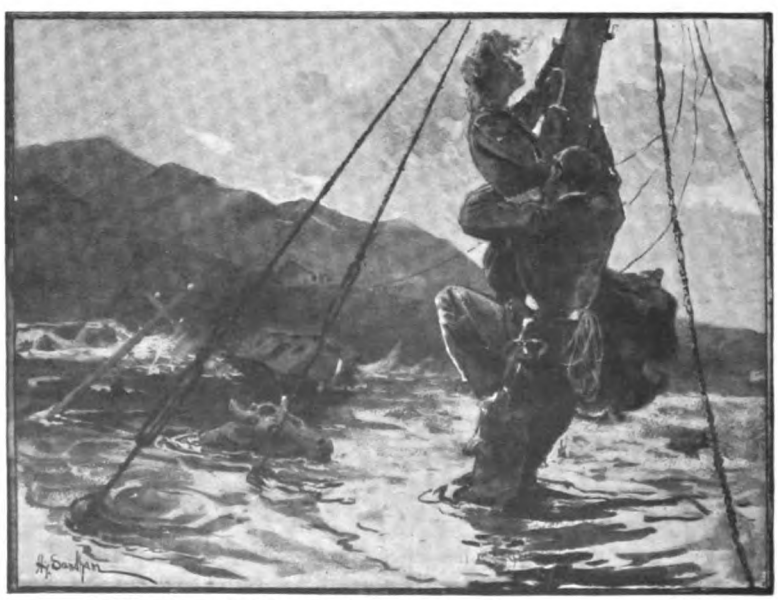
Soon those who had started from the side of the *coulée* which he was approaching began to pass him, but he gave them no heed, his eyes being fixed upon the little yellow house above the bank. The doorway had been in sight from the moment he started on his plunge down the hillside, and no one had left the building. He reached the foot-bridge above the *coulée*, and as he crossed it the roar of the coming waters boomed with a sound like thunder. A hundred yards up the declivity on the farther side he plunged and pushed open the door of the building just as the little operator turned from the switch-board with the mother's cry, "Johnny, mammy wants you," ringing in her ears. "Quick!" he shouted. "We must get out of this."

Without waiting for a reply, he grasped the girl's arm and pushed her through the door. But it was too late to reach the hills. The avalanche of water was in full view and nearly upon them. It would sweep over the strip of gently rising ground between them and the hills. It would tear the neighbouring buildings into fragments. He cast one hopeless glance around, saw a desperate chance, and took it.

Close at hand was the pole line, and into the nearest pole to which ran the wires from the building he had driven rows of spikes to form a ladder. That was when he was a "tenderfoot" and new at the business of pole-climbing, and because this particular pole was one he was often called upon to scale.

"The pole!" he shouted, the sound of his voice being nearly drowned in the din of the approaching flood. "It is our only chance."

She understood, and with his help began to ascend. It seemed to him that their progress was painfully slow, and he was conscious that he was measuring the distance by counting the spikes. Five feet, ten feet, fifteen feet; then he threw his arm around the girl, pinning her against the wood and himself gripping with hands and feet. The stout pole bent and shook, the water swirled and eddied just below their feet, and they were drenched by the flying spume. He caught a glimpse



"THE STOUT POLE BENT AND SHOOK, THE WATER SWIRLED AND EDDIED."

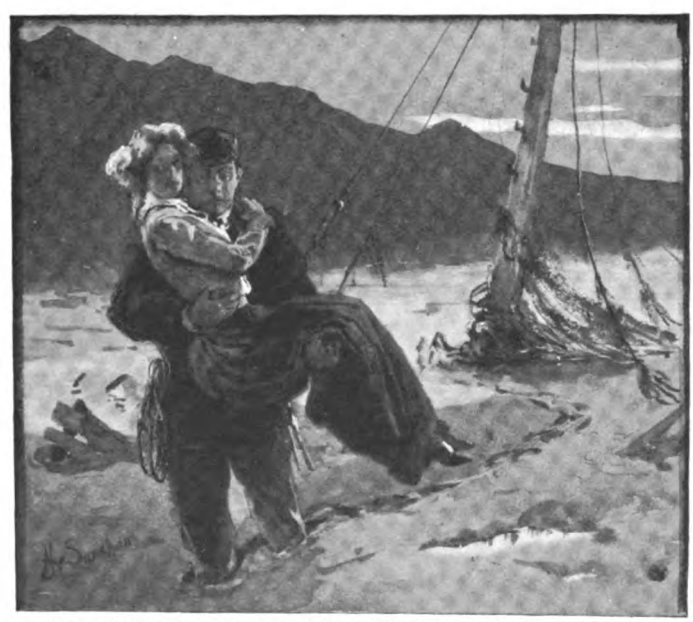
of the little house as it turned half over, swung round, and disappeared under the rushing water, to send to the surface pieces of board and scantling. When the first rush of the water had passed he helped his companion to climb still higher until they reached the cross-arms. He took the long stout strap, the "safety" which linemen use in their work, and passed it round her waist and the pole. After that there was nothing to do but wait. The pole was on the edge of the rapidly running water, and he knew that it was firmly embedded in the rock and securely guyed. Had it felt the full force of the flood it would have snapped like a pipe-stem. As it was, with each of the slow passing minutes his faith in its strength increased.

In the light of the dying day he looked about him. A few of the houses which stood nearest had disappeared. The water ran fiercely through the shattered lower portions of others. On the hills above he could see the townspeople, and he wondered if they, in their turn, had detected the two figures clinging to the pole.

The girl at his side was very pale, and now that the excitement of those few wild moments was over he could feel that she trembled. It came to him that he must do something to lessen her terror. He began to talk. Afterwards he had very little idea what he said in those first few moments. He dimly remembered that he made sorry jokes about the opportunity their position gave them "to see the show," and the girl laughed hysterically. Then the sun dropped behind the western hills, night settled quickly over the valley, and the yellow water turned to black. He remembered that during the long, dark hours which followed he talked a good deal about himself. It stood out in his recollection that he had tried to think of a more interesting topic of conversation, but somehow had failed, and all the time his words were accompanied by the sound of the water as it moaned and gurgled around their frail support, so that he was not sure that she had understood his words. Towards morning he saw that the flood was abating. Then came the first streak of dawn, and with the increasing light he saw below them the water-soaked earth.

News of the damage done by the cloud-burst came from far and near. It had broken the record of the flood of ten years before in the height of the water and the great distance to which it made itself felt. There were stories of houses swept away, of horses and cattle drowned, of the narrow escapes of many persons, but no human lives were lost. The little operator's warning cry, "The water's coming," had in a number of instances been the means of robbing the flood of its victims, and the fact that her switchboard was connected with the general telephone system in the State had been the means of giving the warning far beyond the immediate neighbourhood.

A week later the little telephone operator, sitting before the new switchboard to which the wires had been connected, answered the call of the trouble-shooter, who was making the last of his repairs. She had not seen him since in the early morning he had carried her down the pole and across the flood-swept area to the dry ground beyond. Despite her protestations that she was able to return to



"HE CARRIED HER DOWN THE POLE AND ACROSS THE FLOOD-SWEPT AREA TO THE DRY GROUND."

work, she had been forbidden to do so until a week had passed. Now she waited, wondering if the trouble-shooter would say, with the old familiar touch of laughter in his voice, "Not being in your presence, Miss Jones, permit me to ask you to name the day."

But he did not say it then or in the days which followed, and woman's quick perception told her that, having saved her life, the trouble-shooter would not appear to take advantage of the fact. Then one night she wrote in her diary: "I shouldn't dare to say it if he was in the room, but I reckon I can by telephone."

So it happened that when the trouble-shooter called "Central" from the Big Bear Mountain line, just as he was about to say good-bye, the little operator remarked:—

"If you want to ask a question you needn't mind Rule 37."

What else was said was overheard only by the switchboard, which does not reveal its secrets. In the evening as they walked above the *coulée*, again dry and sun-baked, he said, "And so you are willing to marry a trouble-shooter after all?"

"If you had told me in the first place that you became a trouble-shooter because the doctor said you must live out of doors or die——"

"I might have told you," he said, with a laugh, "but you might not have believed it. After five years in the open I have hard work sometimes to make myself believe that I was once the despair of the doctors, and then," he added, "somehow I wanted you to take me in my capacity as trouble-shooter."

"MAN-LIKE, YOU TALKED FIVE HOURS ABOUT YOURSELF."

"Well, you see, I didn't," said the little operator, "because you told me all about yourself."

"I told you?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said; "when we sat all night on that telephone pole, man-like, you talked five hours about yourself."

"I hope the story was interesting," said the trouble-shooter.

"I wouldn't have had it different," replied the little operator.

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

I.—A SAUNTER IN SOHO.

THERE are two quarters of London in which, wander when and as often as I may, I never fail to find an interest that fascinates me. One is the alien quarter of the East, and the other is the alien quarter of the West. But whereas the romance of the Ghetto has its roots deep down in the ancient history of the world, the romance of Soho springs from the soil of modern civilization. In the East the "strangers in the land" are all of one race, speak a common jargon, and are bound together as a community by a common faith. In the alien land of the West all races and all faiths are represented, and there is a confusion of tongues that gives us Babel once again in the very centre of the throbbing heart of the British Empire.

It has been said that "there is no district in London so comparatively unknown as that portion of West London which is comprised within the area of Soho." At the first blush this statement will be doubted by many Londoners; but it is perfectly true. To know Soho Square, with its famous business houses, to walk by way of Dean Street or Wardour Street to Shaftesbury Avenue or Leicester Square, is to learn no more of the real Soho than one would learn of the seething alien land of the East by walking from Aldgate Station to the Pavilion Theatre. You may take either walk any day of the week and learn scarcely anything to suggest that a foreign land lies around you. But turn off the main artery and wander in and about the side streets, and England has vanished. Everywhere your ears are saluted by unfamiliar words, your eyes by unfamiliar sights. A moment previously you were in your own country—your foot was on your native heath. Now you are apparently in a country afar off. *You* are the stranger in a strange land, and, if you asked a simple question of a passer-by in the English language, it is quite possible that he would not understand you.

Soho is a land of startling contrasts. Contrast is its dramatic note. There wealth and poverty look at each other across the way. There honest drudgery and vicious pleasure are next-door neighbours. There hunger gazes from morning to night on a feast of Tantalus. There, in the centre of London's gaiety and luxury, whole families crowd and pack together under conditions which are only equalled in the worst slums of Poverty Land. There are houses where once dwelt rank and fashion, now let out in single rooms to poor foreign governesses, broken-down show folk, political refugees, foreign undesirables, anarchists on whose heads there is a price, and ruined gamblers.

Through the streets of the modern Babel pass all day long the seekers for souls, and here again is contrast. For in the streets of Soho you may see the brave Sisters of the West London Wesleyan Mission speeding on their errand of mercy to the poor English; a Rabbi seeking out his poor among the Jews; the priests of St. Patrick's carrying consolation and succour to the Irish hawkers and labourers who still remain, but are dwindling in number year by year; a French pastor and an Italian priest visiting the sick and needy; and a Salvation lass making her way through a crowd of men loafing in front of a den which is a meeting-place for anarchists by day and a gambling hell at night.

Soho takes its name from a hunting cry, for Soho was in times gone by a Royal hunting ground. It is a hunting ground to-day, but no longer Royal. It is here that the detective police are constantly engaged in running to earth the desperadoes of Europe who have made it their place of refuge and earned for it the character of an international Alsatia.

This is Soho, the land of contrasts. This is the land that we are about to enter and see for ourselves. Let us start by way of Wardour Street, which is its English frontier.

Even on the frontier the note of contrast strikes us. In the centre of Wardour Street stands St. Anne's Church. The churchyard is high above the street, and you climb to it by steps. The elevation is stated to be due to the number of people who were buried there. But to-day the churchyard is laid out as a recreation ground. There is a drinking fountain, and there are garden seats.

It is a dull morning, and the rain of the

night has left London wet and woebegone as my artist *confrère* sets out with me for this trip to Soho. The churchyard is damp and dispiriting, but there are two or three children round the drinking fountain, and on a garden seat sits a solitary tramp.

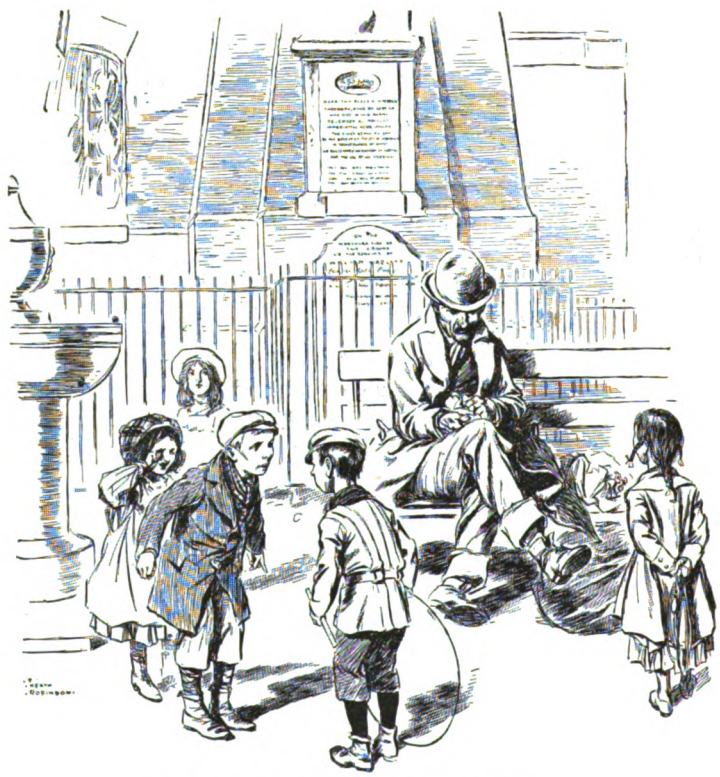
The tramp is busy, and from a discreet distance we watch his proceedings with some curiosity. He has a dozen crumpled pieces of paper, which he is smoothing out and apparently sorting.

At the first step we have taken in Soho we have found the sharp contrast which is typical of the district. The tramp, who as a matter of fact is a rag-picker, has spread out his stores upon the seat. He has been sorting out the pieces of "silver paper," as he calls them, in which packets of tobacco are wrapped. His business is to gather together the discarded wrappers and get what living he can by selling them.

But all is fish that comes to his net, and so on the seat we find a piece of newspaper on which are a dozen lumps of dirty sugar. These, he explains, he has found in dust-heaps and the refuse boxes of the restaurants. He has a market for them.

One pocket of his ragged overcoat bulges with scraps of iron, another is stuffed with newspapers, and he has a wallet. From a capacious inner pocket—he carries all his wardrobe on his back for convenience' sake—the neck of a bottle protrudes. He is reticent about the bottle—frank concerning everything else.

Behind him is a monument to a monarch. This rag-picker of London is at least as happy as the King beneath whose graven record he sits. The tablet informs us that



"BEHIND HIM IS A MONUMENT TO A MONARCH."

Near this place is interred
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
Who died in this Parish,
Dec. XIth, MDCCLVI.,
immediately after leaving
the King's Bench Prison
by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,
in consequence of which
he registered his Kingdom of Corsica
for the use of his Creditors.

King Theodore on his release took a chair to the Portuguese Ambassador's. The

Ambassador was not in, and the monarch had not the sixpence the chair-man demanded as his fee. So Theodore was carried to the house of a tailor in Chapel Street, Soho, who took pity on him and let him have a room. But the King fell sick the next day and died at the tailor's three days later. An oilman, one Wright, of Compton Street, paid for the King's funeral, and Walpole wrote the epitaph beneath which we have found a London rag-picker sorting his dust-bin sugar and his "silver" tobacco paper.

The rag-picker has a sense of humour. When he tells me that he hasn't seen a shilling for weeks, and I reply that I can tell him where he can find a sovereign, he smiles and jerks his thumb across his shoulder.

"You mean there," he says. "Yes; I've read that bit many a time."

A sharp turn out of Wardour Street and the frontier is passed. A moment ago our eyes rested only on English names, and only English words fell upon our ears. Now the names over the shops are all foreign, the words in the shop windows are foreign, and Babel has begun. French, Italian, German, Yiddish, Swedish, Dutch, Arabic, Egyptian, Turkish, Greek—all are mixed up in the *brouhaha* of chatter that mingles day and night with the clatter of the traffic in the main thoroughfare hard by. You need only look at the little crowd gathered round an open shop door to listen to a gramophone in order to see how varied is its composition.

There you can see the Italian-speaking labourer from Switzerland, the revolutionist from Milan, the macaroni-maker from Naples, the French milliner, looking for all the world like a Parisian *grisette* of old days, the French laundress, the sturdy housewife of the Alps carrying her great bundle on her shoulder after the manner of the mountain villageress, the Levantine carpet-seller with his fez and his slippers, the pale, Oriental-featured Polish Jew from the sweating den, the German waiter out of place, and the big, broad-shouldered Belgian rough into whose occupation we need not inquire too closely.

"THE LITTLE CROWD GATHERED ROUND AN OPEN SHOP DOOR TO LISTEN TO A GRAMOPHONE."

The record of one of the great Italian baritones is on the gramophone that is being shown to a customer in the shop, and the little crowd is silent in seven languages as it listens to the language of song.

You turn from the cosmopolitan crowd with the top note of the Italian baritone ringing in your ears, and in a moment you are in Algeria. Here is an Algerian *café*. One glance at the Eastern arrangement of the interior and its dark-complexioned occupants, some of them in the headgear of the East, and instantly your mental environment changes. You think of date palms and the hedgerows of cactus, of the silent Arabs in their white robes, and the smiling Moors in their gay jackets and comic-opera boots. Instinctively you look at the upper windows of the Algerian *café*, half expecting to see a Belle Fatma, sequin-crowned and discreetly veiled, looking down upon you.

There are plenty of Eastern names over the

shops of Soho—you will find Mahommed Aly selling newspapers and tobacco behind a neatly-arranged counter, and not disdaining the profits of the picture post-card trade. You will find names painted above the doors of lodging-houses, cheap restaurants, and curious caravansaries that will carry you back to the "Arabian Nights" of your childhood, and cause you perhaps to wonder if among the dark-eyed children playing about the streets in a confusion of tongues there may not be a young Aladdin with an uncle engaged in illegal practices, or a small Morgiana who could give valuable information concerning certain little secrets of the wood and coal trade, which is the ostensible business of the Soho Ali Baba.

There is an Oriental name above the Algerian *café*, and it is a genuine Oriental business. The proprietor, who stands behind his counter fezzed and smiling, speaks Arabic to many of his customers. He speaks French fluently, too, and finds it useful, for most of the Turks and Egyptians and Levantines who visit this establishment have a fair acquaintance with the language of the *cafés chantants*, the gaming-houses, and the pleasure resorts of the East. The Oriental who settles in the neighbourhood of Soho does not come there to talk an Oriental language in business. A very large number of them have had considerable experience of Paris before they drift to Soho.

To see the Algerian *café* at its best, evening is the time for a visit. You may enter without hesitation, for the company, though strange, is quiet and by no means suspicious of the stranger. For twopence you can get a really good cup of Turkish coffee. With each cup you receive gratis an excellent cigarette. So far are you from London in this London street that you will not during your stay in the *café* hear one English word. You may be fortunate enough to see a couple of foreign customers playing a game with strange cards that will be quite unknown to you. The English law is observed to the extent that no money is played for, but the Eastern custom is observed to the extent that not a word is spoken during the game. There is no note of the French or Italian *café* about this little corner of the silent East in the heart of the roaring West.

"AN ALGERIAN CAFÉ."

This *café*—an Arab *café* it has been called—is open to the daylight and the lamplight; the passers-by can see into it. There are several *cafés* in Soho which are hidden from the public gaze. They lie either at the ends of passages, or, if they face the street,

they are thickly curtained from the prying gaze of the curious.

One of these *cafés*, in which I have before now spent an instructive hour under the wing of a friendly *habitué*, I entered with my *confrère*, hoping that he would be able to make a sketch of the company unobserved. But he incautiously produced a lead-pencil and the guests disappeared as if by magic. In another of the establishments to which my *confrère* went later on alone, his request for a cup of black coffee, made in the English tongue, was so unfamiliar to the ear of the proprietor, an Italian, that he had to go into an adjoining room and interview the company in order to find someone who could speak English and interpret the order.

And a stone's throw from this Soho *café*, where English was an unknown tongue, the everyday life of London was at its strongest throb.

Wander which way you will through the Hampton Court Maze of streets that make up the inner Soho, you come constantly on strange sights and scenes. Even where a public-house dominates a busy centre it has a foreign note. On the windows in white enamelled letters are drinks that the ordinary Londoner would never dream of asking for, of the existence of which many Londoners are ignorant. You will see boldly advertised as on sale within, Cassis, Byrrh, Fernet Branca, and Quin Quina. In many of the houses absinthe is as prominent as Scotch whisky. Some of the public-houses have passed into foreign proprietorship. Italian, French, and German names glitter in gold letters beneath the lamps of a Continentalized "gin palace."

Enter one of these houses and you will see at once how diversified are the tastes for which the proprietor has to cater. Here is a house with a great central bar. There are five divisions or compartments arranged in front of the bar for the Soho customers. One compartment is occupied with Italians, another is filled with French people, and a third with Germans; a fourth is entirely occupied by cabmen from a neighbouring rank, typical London Jehus. They are seated at the wooden tables smoking their pipes and playing dominoes, utterly oblivious of the "furriners" who are shrieking and gesticulating in at least four different languages in their immediate neighbourhood.

It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that all nations under the sun are specially catered for in Soho, but there are not many who would fail to find their specialties in the restaurants and shop windows of Soho.

To see the cosmopolitan shopping and marketing at its best, Saturday evening, from six to eight o'clock, is the time to choose.

Here is the French butcher's, with all the joints trimmed and cut in the French fashion, a French proprietor sitting at the money desk, and a French assistant serving the customers in French. Here is a French grocer's — spacious, prosperous, old-established, with all the groceries of Paris daintily arranged and set out for the benefit of the regular customers of the district, and probably several other districts as well. There are half-a-dozen French assistants attending to the French ladies and housewives and *bonnes* who are crowding the shop.

Here is a real Italian establishment with a dainty design of electric lights in bunches of glass grapes to remind one of Italian gardens; and here you may buy the macaroni of Tuscany, Bologna, Genoa, or Naples, and wonderful Italian sausage-meats and saveloys utterly unknown on English tables.

Here is a French greengrocer's, where all the salads and early vegetables of the season are tastefully displayed. You gaze into the little window and you see *mâche* and dandelion and *barbe-de-capucin*, sorrel, new peas, new potatoes, baby carrots, Japanese artichokes, and above all the green glories, fresh and dried, which the heart of *la bonne cuisinière* delights in. It is a shop which in a West-end thoroughfare would attract the dainty occupants of brougham, victoria, and barouche. But Soho takes its succulent specialities as a matter of course, and the French housewife makes her purchases and carries them away with her just as she does when she makes her matutinal trip to the central market of her native town in her beloved France.

In the matter of *charcuterie* France stands foremost in Soho. But the Italians and the Germans are admirably catered for, and there are establishments to suit all purses. There is even a little shop in Soho devoted to the sale of snails and frogs. In the window is a two-storied doll's house constructed entirely of snails' shells; live snails cling to the window-panes, and snails parsleyed and buttered for consumption are laid out in dishes and labelled in French, "Snails to take away, tenpence a dozen."

The frogs are sold on a long skewer, and a notice is exhibited in the window of this shop that they may be had within. Close

by is a little French restaurant where you can dine for "Two shillings, wine included." Snails and frogs, when in season, are always on the bill, and the wandering Londoner, curious in such matters, may read the items for himself on the menu exhibited, attractively framed, in the doorway.

Here is a French establishment which caters for a Soho *clientèle*. In the windows are wonderfully-arranged cold viands, prepared and decorated in the French style.

Here is a fowl so tastefully arranged that to the Englishman it suggests an evening party. Here is a tongue so glazed and ornamented that it seems an act of vandalism to cut it. Here are cutlets stuffed and truffled ready for the good housewife to take away and cook. Here are lobsters cut into circular slices and arranged and built up with something solid, white and wonderful, into a trophy that might adorn the wedding-cake of a wealthy fisherman and a mermaid. Everywhere in little white porcelain pots and dishes there are mystery and set sauce and gelatine.

But there is plenty of catering for the foreign housewife who does not wish to invest in a whole "piece." Laid out on the counter are hams and tongues, and little squares of glazed pressed beef, huge sausages of Lyons and Bologna, and galantines with plenty of black truffle and green pistachio to tempt the epicure. And here also are dishes of snails, *tripes à la mode de Caen*, *andouillettes*, *pâté de foie gras*, and the score or so of delicacies dear to the sons and daughters of France.

Look inside the shop when you have feasted your eyes on the contents of the window, and you will see the proprietor and his wife carving away as fast as they can, and a crowd of eager customers waiting to bear the delicacies home for the evening meal, which will be none the less enjoyed because it will be eaten in a little room in a side street of Soho with the chorus of Babel outside for its accompaniment.

There are now in Soho almost as many Italian purveyors of food as French. You can always distinguish them at a glance. The Italian sausages that hang from the ceiling and from every convenient hook are totally different from the French in bulk and make up, and the better-class Italian shops generally go in for a big display of chianti in the characteristic flasks. There are now also in Soho, owing to the Jewish influx, many Kosher purveyors, and here the Hebrew sign warns you at once not to look for the French and Italian specialties. In the Kosher shops the note of colour that distinguishes the French and Italian establishments is wanting. The Jews of Soho are graver and less fanciful

"A FRENCH ESTABLISHMENT."

in their eating than their Continental neighbours.

When you are wandering round the restaurants and the depôts for comestibles in Soho it is interesting to note how large the trade of the kitchen looms in the district. There are scores of establishments for the "placing" of hotel and restaurant *employés*, and near them there are always shops in which all the requisites of *la haute cuisine* are displayed.

You will see whole rows of wooden sabots laid out. You will see the complete costume of the *chef* in the window. You will see large knives for the division of joints and all the shining paraphernalia of the pastry-cook's art.

The journals of the Continent meet your eye at every turn, and in many of the shops the periodicals that give coloured illustrations are liberally displayed. The French and Italian "pictures" are the most remarkable. Some of them, especially those of the Russo-Japanese War, attract crowds all day long. But the picture that appeals most strongly to the dark-complexioned, brigand-hatted men who stop to gaze at it is one representing the mounted soldiers of the Czar riding down the rioters in St. Petersburg.

I stood with my *confrère*, while we were making our trip, among a group of Italians, and watched their faces as they gazed, and I caught a few words they muttered to each other. They were words of deep significance.

"AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE 'PLACING' OF HOTEL AND RESTAURANT 'EMPLOYÉS.'"

Soho is the heart of the revolutionary movement in Europe. In the doubtful "clubs" and the closely-curtained *cafés* of some of its side streets the plots are hatched that keep the international police busy and sometimes send a thrill through the world.

I have said that Soho is the land of contrasts. You turn out of a seething scene of the life and the hurry of to-day and you find yourself in a quiet thoroughfare of old Queen Anne houses, grimy and dilapidated and broken-windowed. At the cellar door of one, level with the pavement, sits a cobbler at work, just as he might have sat and worked in Hogarth's day. A neighbour lingers beside him gossiping. A young French girl waits for a pair of high *bottines* which the old English cobbler has just soled and heeled.

"A PAIR OF HIGH 'BOTTINES.'"

It is a land of contrasts everywhere and in every way. Once it was the home of fashion; now famine hides in its garrets and poverty dwells in the mansions of the mighty dead. With its theatres and variety palaces it is the centre of pleasure; with its hospitals and dispensaries it is the centre of pain. Its old-world associations and romances leap to the eye at every turn; at every turn the grim realities of the stress of modern gaiety and the stress of modern suffering are writ large.

Carlisle House, which Mrs. Cornelys made famous for her masquerade balls, is now St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church. The room which was once the scene of the wildest orgies is now a private chapel attached to the church, in which young women meet for rest and meditation and prayer. The room at No. 27, Soho Square, in which De Quincey slept covered with a horse-rug, his head on a pile of law papers, is now the benefit club-room of a society of Italian cooks and waiters. In Soho, where Edmund Kean starved, the Kembles lived, and Macready lodged, the foreign variety artists of the music-halls now congregate. On the site of the Duke of Monmouth's palace stands St. Anne's Rectory, and Savile House, in front of which George III. was proclaimed King, is now the Empire Theatre.

Soho's contrasts in the life of to-day are as great as its contrasts with the past. It was my privilege, in the course of my wanderings, to sit in a quiet convent parlour with some of the good Sisters who make it their work to bring peace and hope into the lives of the weary and faint-hearted, and past that refuge of peace for friendless womanhood swept a gaily bustling crowd of pleasure-seekers. Across the road gleamed the myriad lights of a great palace of variety. Only a few bricks and a drawn blind separate a world of pleasure from a world of peace.

Soho is the centre of all that is selfish and frivolous in London life, and it is the centre of all that is philanthropic and earnest. There are more religious and philanthropic institutions here, perhaps, than in any other district, and here again is the note of contrast. The Sisters of the Wesleyan Mission work side by side with the gentle Sisters of the Church and the English, French, and Italian-speaking nuns. The clergy of St. Anne's have written a book about Soho and given credit in it for all the good work accomplished in Soho by the clergy and philanthropists of other creeds.

Soho is conspicuous in its virtues as in its vices. It is famous for its working-girls' clubs and its working-boys' homes. It is infamous for the clubs that take the name of the working man and use it as a cloak for all that is the enemy of work.

It is the most interesting and the least-known district in London. You may wander in it for weeks and know little more of it than you did before you first started to explore it. There are people who have lived in Soho all their lives and still know only that portion of it in which they dwell.

I HAVE heard it said that you never ought to look a gift horse in the mouth. If the meaning of that is that you ought to take everything that's given to you, and ask no questions, and look pleasant, and be grateful, and make out that it's just what you have been looking for, then all I can say is that that's not my opinion. I cannot say much about horses; but about a ticket for a steamer to Margate I can say something, because one was given me by my friend, William Huggins, not so long ago, and if he had kept it to himself I should have been obliged.

"Sam," he said to me, one morning, "I've got something to give you."

As he is not what you might call of a giving sort, I just gave my cigarette a twiddle, and I replied, "Have you?"

"No humbug," he went on; and he looked me so straight in the face that I suspected him more than ever. "Would you like a day at Margate?"

"Were you thinking of giving me one?" I asked. "Because, if so," I said, "I suppose you don't happen to have it in your pocket?"

"That's where you're wrong"—he took out his pocket-book, and out of it he took a card and held it in front of him—"because I do."

"What's that?" I asked.

"What I told you," he answered. "A day at Margate."

"I suppose you mean it's a ticket for a beanfeast, or something like that?"

"That's where you're wrong again, because it's not. If that ticket was yours you might go to Margate—and back—any day you chose—free, gratis, and for nothing—on a steamer."

"I never have been on one of those steamers"—which, at that time, I had not; and I may say, straight off, that I am not particularly set on going again. "If that's what you're going to give me, hand it over."

"One moment." He drew the ticket back. "That ticket's worth six shillings; you can have it for a bob."

"I thought you said you'd give it me."

"Letting you have it at a shilling is giving it you, considering that, as I say, it would cost you six."

"Let's look at it."

He handed over the ticket as if he was afraid I should swallow it, and kept his eyes fixed on it as if he had made up his mind

that when it did disappear he would see where it went to.

BIRD STEAMERS, LTD.
From LONDON
to
MARGATE.
Return.
First Class.
OUTWARD JOURNEY. | RETURN JOURNEY.*
*This portion is available for the return journey from Margate to London at any time during the Season.

It was like that—just an ordinary ticket. Across one of the corners was written in ink, "Complimentary." I spotted that at once.

"It didn't cost you anything," I said, "so whatever you do get for it is all clear profit."

"What it cost me is neither here nor there. The point is that it would cost you six shillings, and I'm letting you have it for one—giving it away, I am."

"Are you? Then perhaps you'll give it away for sixpence?"

"Sixpence!"

You should have seen his face and heard him talk. We had some conversation—William Huggins would have kept it up till tea-time if I had let him—but the end of it was that I got the ticket for sixpence—"a fair gift," he called it—though I give you my word that that sixpence left my pocket pretty empty.

When I had got the ticket, the more I looked at it the more I grew to like it. Before William Huggins showed it me I had no more idea of going to Margate than I had of going to the moon, but from that time on it took fair hold of me. In less than no time, as it were, I had made up my mind that I would go. But that is my character all over; when I do resolve on a thing I do it in less than half the time some fellows take. On the Tuesday week after I had really got the ticket I decided, finally, that go I would, and on the Saturday three weeks following I went.

Having once decided to do the thing, of course I did it in style, which again is me. What I say is this: either do not do a thing at all or else do it properly, in a way that's a credit to you and everyone you come in contact with. To begin with, I spent a good bit of coin in rigging myself out. I always do hold that a gentleman ought to attire himself in accordance with the occasion. It is not my wish to enter into private details, but I may mention that I bought a pair of new brown shoes at five-and-eleven, a straw hat at one-and-nine, a tie which was just the thing, one of those new-fashioned collars which are all the rage—they had not got my size, so they let me have it cheap because it was a trifle smaller than I usually take, and before I had done with it I wished I had never had it at all—and a pair of yellow dogskin gloves which you could see from one end of Cheapside to the other—not to go any farther. The governor gave me a Saturday off.

When I got down to London Bridge there was a crowd. There was more crushing than I care for. A young lady was in front of where I was, and if it had not been for me there would have been more crushing than she cared for; so that by the time we got on board we were quite on terms, as you might say, which made the way in which she behaved afterwards the more surprising.

We were fairly off, and I was just beginning to feel that I should have to thank William Huggins for a real good thing, when who should come sailing up but my young lady. I had been having a look round, and had noticed that among a lot of all sorts some very nice young ladies were on board, but the worst of it was that they all of them seemed what you might call attached.

Until she was quite close I never noticed that with her there was a sailor-kind of person—he might have been an officer, for all I know or care. All I know is that if all officers are like him the less I see and hear of them the better it will be for both of us. Before I could so much as pass a remark to her he said to me—though I don't suppose he was more than a year or two older than I was, and not so very much bigger; from the way he spoke and looked at me he might have been everything and everyone, and me nothing at all:—

"This young lady has lost her purse. Do you know anything about it?"

It struck me all of a heap. I stared.

"Lost her purse? What should I know about her purse?"

To my amazement she put in her word—in a tone of voice and with an air which made me bristle:—

"You were close behind me, and you kept pushing, and my purse was there when you came, and it was gone when I got on the boat, and you had your arm round me all the time."

That did set my back up, her talking like that.

"Had my arm round you! I had my arm round you to keep the people from pushing, as you very well know."

"You were pushing me yourself."

"They were pushing behind, and I was

"IT STRUCK ME ALL OF A HEAP."

trying my best to keep them from pushing you in front, and this is all the thanks I get. Where was your purse?"

"It was hanging to my belt with my chatelaine, and my chatelaine's gone too."

An elderly party standing by struck in.

"That was a risky place to carry a purse in a crowd, you know—hanging to your belt."

Another elderly party who seemed to be a friend of his had his say.

"Young ladies have got more courage than us old men; I wouldn't carry my purse hanging outside my trousers." Someone laughed. "I expect it got loosened in the crush and dropped without your noticing; it don't follow that this young man took it."

Someone asked behind me:—

"Was there anything in your purse, miss?"

"All my money. There was half a sovereign in gold, six shillings in silver, and fourpence in copper, besides my ticket, a packet of hairpins, a looking-glass, and two voice lozenges, because of my having a cold, and no pocket in this dress; and whatever I shall do I don't know."

Talking about what she had lost started her off crying. That finished me. I can't bear to see a woman crying; especially a nice-looking girl. The elderly party who had been the first to interfere said:—

"Don't cry, missy. We'll have a whip round, and I dare say between us we'll make up for what was in your purse. I'll start with sixpence, and this young gentleman will start with half a crown, which, under the circumstances, is the least he can do."

He winked, though what at is more than I can say.

"Under what circumstances?" I demanded. I did not half fancy forking up half a crown because a young woman said she had lost her purse. My supply of cash was strictly limited. However, it cost me half a crown. It cast a gloom all over me. So much so that when we stopped at Tilbury I had as good as half a mind to walk right off the boat and go straight home. It would have been better for me if I had.

What cheered me up a little was seeing a young lady coming along the gangway whom I had met during my last holiday at Sand-by-the-Sea. By the name of Hickman—Adelaide Hickman. She made out that her father was something large in the cheese-monger way—quite wholesale. But a lady friend of hers who knew her, she told me that Mr. Hickman was an assistant in a large shop in the West-end and got fifty shillings a week. I don't blame a young lady for making out to what you might describe as a comparative stranger that her father is something a bit bigger than he really is, but that Adelaide Hickman carried it too far. When she kind of dropped a hint that her mother was a sort of a distant cousin to a baronet, and that lady friend of hers told me that she took in washing, I must confess that that

did strike me as strong. Particularly as she was so snubby when I mentioned, casually, that my mother's great-aunt on her father's side was next-of-kin to a captain in the navy. She asked me what I meant by next-of-kin, and if I was sure I did not mean a stoker. Considering what I had had to put up with from her it seemed uncalled for.

Still, the sight of her, in a manner of speaking, cheered me up. So soon as we were off again I strolled across. I found her looking over the side of the boat across the waters with what you might speak of as a thoughtful gaze, in an attitude which suited her. You could not help noticing that everyone was looking, and I do like a girl to stand out in a crowd. Perhaps she ran a little to seed, being, as she told me herself, five feet eleven and three-quarters in what she spoke of as her stockinged feet, but I will say this for her, that she was handsomely dressed. She had on a blue silk dress, with flowers on it, and a pink sash, and a white boa which reached down to her knees, and a big white lace hat with cherries on it, and patent leather shoes with buckles. Of course, you expect a young lady who is dressed like that to put on a few airs.

"How are you, Miss Hickman?" I said.

She looked me up and down—especially down—she being about six inches taller than I am; then she looked back over the side of the boat.

"I'm afraid you have the advantage of me. I don't remember meeting you before."

"Don't say you've forgotten Sam Briggs, Miss Hickman, after the pleasant time we had together last year at Sand-by-the-Sea."

"Mr. Briggs! Oh, yes, now you mention the name, I do seem to have some slight recollection. I met so many gentlemen while I was there that it's most confusing, especially as I keep running across some of them almost every day. Did you go to Switzerland?"

"Switzerland?" Her question took me aback—being unexpected.

"You told me you were going to Switzerland for the purpose of climbing some of those mountains."

"Did I? Oh—well, I didn't go."

"I thought you wouldn't. I fancied it was only some of your talk. My friend, Miss Wheeler—you remember Miss Wheeler; young lady with reddish hair—she's mentioned to me more than once that she kept catching sight of you Walham Green way."

Miss Wheeler was the young lady who had told me a thing or two about her. But I didn't say so—not then.

"Did you spend the winter in Italy, as you informed me you intended doing, Miss Hickman, along—if I remember rightly—with your uncle's sister-in-law?"

"'HOW ARE YOU, MISS HICKMAN?' I SAID."

It was her turn to start.

"I can't say I did—not exactly."

"Not exactly? You got no nearer to Italy than I did to Switzerland. I see."

"I don't know what you mean by that, Mr. Briggs." Again she looked over the side of the steamer. There was silence. Presently she went off on another track—while I was trying to think of something to say which would put her, as it were, in a corner.

"Are you still in the same line of business?"

"I am."

"Let me see; if my recollection isn't playing me a trick, which is a thing it very seldom does do, you gave me to understand that you were a partner in one of the largest dried fruit firms in Europe."

"Well—that is—a kind of a partner—as it were."

I could see that she was just going to ask what I meant by a kind of a partner, and I was beginning to wish that I had left her alone and hadn't started her showing off that memory of hers, when who should come along but the sailor sort of chap who had asked me if I knew anything about that young woman's purse. He had a pair of ticket-clippers in his hand, and as he came he kept singing out:—

"Tickets, please! All tickets!"

I had no reason to love the man; quite otherwise, since he had cost me half a crown, to speak of nothing else, yet the sight of him just then was a regular relief. I had no more idea that it meant more trouble than a babe unborn. What I wanted was to give the conversation a turn. I pulled out the ticket which I had got from William Huggins and handed it to him as innocent as a lamb. He looked at it and he looked at me—sharp-like.

"What's this?" he said.

"Can't you see what it is? I should have thought it was plain enough—it's my ticket."

He looked at it again, and then again he looked at me. There was something about his style I didn't relish; especially right in front of Miss Hickman there.

"Ain't you made some mistake?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean by a mistake," I answered; because what with his sauce and Miss Hickman's icicles — her manner had all at once grown simply freezing — I was getting soured. "You asked me for my ticket, and there it is—and I don't know what else you want."

He never replied. He beckoned to another chap, who looked as if he was something superior in the sailor line, with a lot of gold braid on his cap and brass buttons on his jacket. He gave him my ticket, then he pointed my way; they exchanged a few words, and then this other chap came up to me.

"Come this way," he said, very short and peremptory.

"Come what way?" I asked. "What's the matter? What do you want with me? I've given up my ticket; isn't that enough?"

"If you take my tip, young fellow, you won't make any fuss, but you'll come when you're told; or—you're not very big—we shall have to carry you. We don't often have your sort on board these boats, but when we do we know how to deal with them."

I tell you I felt queer—queerer than I had done since I got on board, and that's saying a good deal. It seemed that I was in for a really pleasant day. Of course, I could not help suspecting that there was something wrong with that gift horse of a ticket; but what it was I had no more notion than the man in the moon. People were gathering round and saying things, and looking more; and Miss Hickman was sheering off, as if she wished everyone to understand that she had no connection with a person of my character, and never had had. There was nothing for me to do except go with the party with the gold braid on his cap; which I did. He took me to a little room on the deck, which seemed to be used as a kind of an office. The chap with the ticket-clippers came with us—he stuck to me closer than I cared for. Then another chap dropped in, with more gold braid on his cap than the other chap—from the way he seemed to fancy himself I took him to be the captain, though he had got only slippers on his feet. With him came another young fellow, in plain clothes and a dirty collar—perhaps he was a clerk. Anyhow, there we were, four against one, and I dare say the lightest of them two stones heavier than me. The chap who had brought me there started off:—

"Now, my lad"—fancy his calling me a lad, and me twenty-one in another nineteen months; that put my back up to start with—"I'm going to ask you a few questions, and if you'll take some good advice in answering them you'll tell the truth—it'll be better for you in the end."

"Of course I'll tell the truth — why shouldn't I? What do you want with me? That's what I should like to know. There's enough of you, and you're big enough, I do think."

"Now, little boy"—little boy, he called

me, upon my word!—"drop that style, or you'll be sorry. What's your name and address?—and mind that it's the correct one."

I gave it him; I am not ashamed of it. The young fellow in the plain clothes wrote it down. Then the other chap held out that gift horse of a ticket.

"Where did you get this from?"

"I got it from my friend, William Huggins."

"Did you? And what might be the address of your friend, William Huggins?"

It is an odd thing that, though I have known William Huggins, on and off, for a good long time, and met him in all sorts of places, I have never known where he lived—never had the faintest idea. So I told him. He smiled—a nasty smile. He looked at the others, and they all smiled—nasty smiles.

"I WENT HOT AND COLD."

I could have thrown things at them with the greatest of pleasure.

"It is unfortunate that you should not know where Mr. William Huggins lives—most unfortunate for you; but I'm not surprised. And, pray, what did you give your friend, Mr. William Huggins, for this—piece of paper?"

"Sixpence."

"Sixpence?" Again looks at each other; and again smiles. I give you my word my fingers were all tingling. "That's frank, anyhow. You don't seem to have had a high opinion of its value. Did you see the word 'Complimentary' written across one corner?"

"Of course I did."

"Of course you did; and, of course, you know that complimentary tickets are not to be bought and sold; that they're personal; that it's a fraud to deal in them?"

"I didn't know anything of the kind."

"And, of course, you didn't know—since it suits you just now not to know anything—that this ticket was two years old—since it was issued the season before last?"

"Two years old!"

As I repeated the words after him I went hot and cold. Cold because of the mess that I was in; and hot to think of William Huggins passing off a two years' old ticket on

me and calling it a gift horse. If William Huggins had been within reach of me just then, in spite of everything I would have given him a gift horse for himself.

"I don't know if you've a face like a brass door-plate, or if you're only silly; but I should have said off-hand that you were silly—trying to bring off an impudent fraud like this; you must have taken us for a pretty lot—if it weren't that this man tells me that you were accused of robbing a young woman as you came on board the boat. That gives things a different look. So just you turn out your pockets and let's see what you've got on you."

I had to. I had to lay out all I had on me on a little table. Oh, I was boiling! Then he turned to the chap with the ticket-clippers.

"What did you say was in the young lady's purse?"

"She said there was half a sovereign in gold, six shillings in silver, fourpence in copper, and her ticket, some hairpins, looking-glass, and voice lozenges."

"Then if Mr. Briggs did have it he's managed to pass it and its contents over to a friend, because here is only five and ninepence all told, besides a valuable collection of rubbish which is possibly his own—so we'll give him the benefit of the doubt. The first place we stop at is Southend; fare half a crown. Give Mr. Briggs a ticket for Southend; here's the money for it."

He handed over half a crown of my money, and the clerk chap handed me a ticket. No one seemed to have noticed that my gift horse of a ticket was for Margate, and that, perhaps, that was where I wanted to go. But after what had happened I did not care where I went; Southend would do for me. Only when I looked at the ticket they had given me I saw it was a single.

"Here, this won't do," I said. "I want a return."

"Not by this boat you don't," said the chap with the gold braid. "If you want to get back from Southend—and for Southend's sake it's to be hoped that you won't stop there long—you'll have to get back some other way. You may thank your lucky stars that, so far, you've had a cheap escape. But if you so much as try to set foot on this boat again, when we've once got you off it, you'll be handed over to the police as sure as you're alive, so now you understand. We're not far from Southend. You can take yourself out of this. Let me warn you that there'll be plenty of eyes watching you, and if you're not careful there's still plenty of time for you to land yourself in the arms of a policeman directly we get there. Out with you!"

He opened the door and gave me a shove, and out I went. What my feelings really were not a creature beside myself can ever know. It seemed to me that all the eyes on board that boat were fixed on me, as if they were saying, "Here's a pickpocket and a cheat, and, although up to now he's saved himself from a policeman by the skin of his teeth, he may get himself locked up yet when we reach Southend, and serve him right!" And all because of that gift horse of a ticket.

So you may picture my sensations when, presently, who should I see coming in my direction but that young woman who had lost her purse! For a moment, I give you my word, I did not know what to do. I had never felt like that in all my life before—it was most embarrassing. She was not what I call bad-looking—though without much style. One of those quiet-looking girls, plainly dressed, with what always seems to me to be a kind of air of reserve—as if they were their own society, and liked it. Her eyes were right my way as she came along—I fancy she had seen me before I saw her—with something in them which made me feel as if I was not myself at all. I cannot describe it, but I had a sort of notion that she was pitying me. No young gentleman likes to feel that a strange young lady is pitying him for nothing at all—it is not likely. The more he knows his way about, and the better opinion he has of himself, the more it goes against the grain. I should have asked her what she meant by it, had I been up to my usual standard; but, if you'll believe it, just then I seemed to be sinking into my shoes. As for looking at her—as an ordinary rule I am not a bad hand at looking anyone in the face, but just then I doubt if I could have given her glance for glance not if you had offered me a five-pound note, and that although she was staring at me as if she never had seen such a sight in her life. Past me she sailed, so close that she almost brushed against me as she went, and all the while she never took her eyes from off my face. I did not need to look at her to know it—I felt them. Even after she had gone she kept screwing her head round to look at me.

"That was a nasty one."

When she had gone clean out of sight that was the remark I heard; and if I could believe my senses, it was made to me by a young fellow in a red tie and a brown felt hat. I looked at him, I tell you, sharp.

"Were you speaking to me?" I asked.

It seemed he was. What is more, he spoke again.

"I was remarking to you," he said, "that that was a nasty one. She was staring at you all over, as if she was trying to make out whereabouts you'd stowed that purse of hers."

It is not often that I change colour, as if I were a girl, but I did then. Fancy his having the audacity to say to me a thing like that—him, whom I had never seen in my life before, and who was not more than a half-grown lad. I did my best to crush him.

"What might you be meaning?" I said.

He winked — actually winked; and he grinned. I could have hit him for the way he grinned. There was not any crushing him.

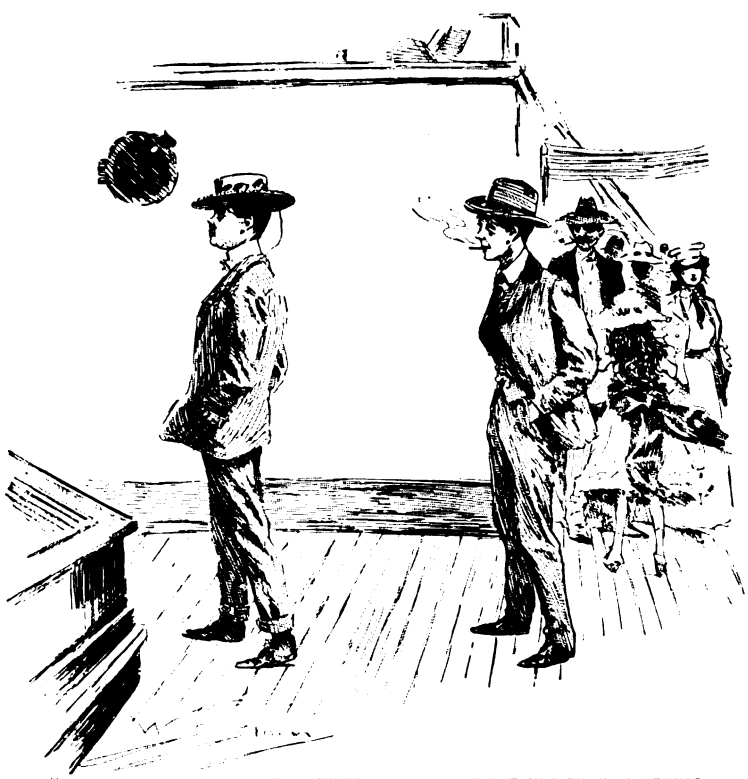
"You're a fly one! Putting your arm right round the girl's waist, so as to get a better hold of her purse. And trying to pass off an old ticket as if it was a new one, and then facing it out—I never! I've seen a few, but you do beat all."

I did not answer him. I would not demean myself. I walked right straight away, taking no more notice of him than if he was a sawdust doll. But I would have given a trifle to have been all alone with him by our two selves. I would have taught him manners, if it had taken me all day to do it.

I was still tingling with a wish that I had given him just one when we reached Southend. I was one of the first off the boat; I could not have stopped on it any longer if it had been ever so. Who should take my ticket but the chap with the ticket-clippers, who had made himself disagreeable to me more than once already, and he did not lose a last chance of doing it again.

"Don't let's see any more of you," he said, at the top of his voice, as I was passing him. "It won't be good for your health if you do."

I could have said something back to him, and done something too, but, of course, I had more sense, though you can bet your life that it was not with the pleasantest feelings that I stepped upon that pier. All thoughts of pleasure were over for me that day. I did not want to enjoy Southend. I did not want to see anything of it, and I never should. Not me. Though I have heard that it is as amusing a place as anyone could wish. All I wanted was to get straight back to town — the sooner the better. The next train would suit me—all the more if it was an express. I had a sort of haunted feeling that my luck was off, and that if I was not careful worse things would happen than had happened already—because of that gift horse of William Huggins's. Goodness knows, I was not in any need of that.



"I WALKED STRAIGHT AWAY, TAKING NO MORE NOTICE OF HIM THAN IF HE WAS A SAWDUST DOLL."

Thinking of taking the shortest cut to the railway station, not looking either to the right or left, I put my hand into my trouser-pocket to make sure that the money for my fare was there all right, when—a start went

all over me. In that pocket, if my fingers were not playing me tricks, there was nothing, nor in the other pocket either. Where had I put my money? When that impudent party with the gold braid on his cap had taken the half-crown for my ticket I had three and threepence left—three separate shillings and three pennies. I remembered it distinctly. Could I have left it on the cabin table? I half turned to go back and see. Then I stopped. I was as sure as I was sure of anything that I had taken up all the things which were on that cabin table and put them back in my pockets: my money in my trousers, my watch in my waistcoat, my pocket-book—why—my gracious! my watch was missing too, and my pocket-book! Where was that boat? Already moving off, that was what she was doing, and I was a good three hundred yards away; for length that Southend Pier does want some beating! If I shouted what would be the use? Supposing she stopped—and it was a thousand pounds to a farthing that she would not—it would be no good. I knew I had put all those things back into my pockets; if they were not there now they had been stolen. A nice lot there seemed to have been upon that boat! I thought of the young fellow with the brown hat and the red tie; how close he had stood up against me. It looked as if, while he was accusing me of picking that young lady's pockets, he was picking mine. The assurance of him—to speak of nothing else. And he had talked about my being a fly one. What a day I was having! It seemed as if it was going to be a case of Shanks's pony home. I began to wonder how far it might be from Southend to Walham Green, and how long it might take to step it—me not being much of a walker at any time. Evidently there was going to be no riding for me. Not one thing had that young fellow in the brown hat and red tie left on me—not even a pocket-handkerchief; and I had only bought it new the night before. He was an artist—he was A1. When he did a thing he did it well. Every one of my pockets was empty, except—something which was in the outside breast-pocket of my jacket. Something hard. I pulled it out.

"Why, what on earth is this?"

If I could believe my eyes—which I hardly could—it was a lady's purse; one of those bags made of steel rings. As I was staring at it a voice said, as if it were addressing me:—

"Why, you wicked man, you took it after all!"

I looked up, and there was that young lady in the cloth jacket who had lost her purse.

"Took it?" I asked. "Took what?"

I felt all stupid-like; though she thought I was something else.

"How dare you be so impudent, when you had my purse all the time?"

Then I understood what she meant. It was only natural that she should think it; though that did not make it any pleasanter for me.

"Is this your purse?"

"Of course it is! You know it is! Give it me at once!

There was not any giving; she snatched it from my hand. She opened it, and found it empty.

"Of course you've taken everything out of it! You dishonest wretch!"

"Taken everything out of it, have I? In that case perhaps you'll let me know where I've put it, because, as it happens, I have not a brass farthing on me, or a brass farthing's worth. This does beat anything. I've been robbed and plundered of everything I possessed, and the thief who did it pops into my pocket an empty purse worth perhaps twopence, and I'm accused of having stolen it!"

My words touched her. She eyed me as if she could not make up her mind what to think, which was certainly no wonder.

"Are you sure—honestly—that you did not take my purse?"

"I'll swear I never saw it in my life till I took it out of my pocket half a minute ago; and I'll also swear that I didn't know it was there, and that I didn't put it in."

"And do you really mean that you have been robbed too?"

"Of every blessed thing!"

I turned my pockets inside out to show her. She was still doubtful; I am not blaming her, I am simply stating the facts. There was she, staring at me; and there was I, with all my pockets turned inside out, staring at goodness alone knows what; and there were the people, passing up and down, looking at us curious like, as if it would not take much to induce them to join in the fun. I felt that wild that for a packet of pins I would have jumped over the side into the water! Then she said:—

"If they really have robbed you of everything, what are you going to do?"

That was a thing to ask!

"That's what I want to know," I answered.

"Do you live in Southend?"

"Live in Southend! I never saw it till

five minutes ago, and if I never see it again I shall die happy.'

"Then where do you live?"

"I live in Walham Green, that's where I live—Acacia Villas, Walham Green."

"But how are you going to get to Walham Green if you have no money and no ticket?"

"Walk it."

"How ever long will it take you? You'll never be able to do it."

"Perhaps not; I can only die on the way. This is what comes of your gift horses."

She seemed to hesitate.

"You subscribed half a crown when I found that I had lost my purse."

"Don't I know it?"

"I will give you back that half-crown. The fare to London, as I happen to know, is only two and twopence; it will be enough to take you home."

"I TURNED MY POCKETS INSIDE OUT TO SHOW HER."

She held out a coin—no money ever had on me the effect the sight of that did.

"You will not give it me, but I will accept it as a loan—and thank you. If you will let me know where to send it, the money shall be returned to you to-night."

"My name is Lucy Miller, and my address is 16, Manchuria Road, Newington Butts."

With that we parted. I could not stop to say any more—I was not sufficiently myself; all I wanted was to get away. And I got away. As luck would have it—it was the first stroke of luck I had had—I just caught a train as it was starting; so I left Southend almost as soon as I got there. It might have attractions for some, but it had none for me—not then. They seemed surprised to see me home so much sooner than they had expected; but I gave them to understand that I was in no mood for answering questions. I got a postal order for half a crown; and I wrote this letter, and put it in:—

DEAR MISS MILLER,—According to promise I have pleasure in enclosing herewith the half-crown with which you were so good as to oblige me as a loan this morning on Southend Pier, with many thanks for same. If you can make it convenient to meet me any evening next week after seven, at your own time and place, I shall be glad to be allowed to explain to you that I am not the sort of person you took me for. Again thanking you for past favours, and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you soon again,
—Yours obediently,
SAM BRIGGS.

Sure enough there came an answer on Monday, very nicely written:—

DEAR MR. BRIGGS,—Thank you very much for the P.O. I shall be at the Houses of Parliament end of Westminster Bridge on Tuesday evening at 7.15, if you care to meet me.—Truly yours,
LUCY MILLER.

Short, but to the point. I likewise shall be at the Houses of Parliament end of Westminster Bridge on Tuesday evening at 7.15, and perhaps a little before. And I shall have the pleasure of explaining to her how it all came about through that gift horse of Mr. William Huggins. I trust, with luck, shortly to have a little explanation with Mr. William Huggins also.

Some Marvels of Delicate Mechanism.

By Archibald Williams.

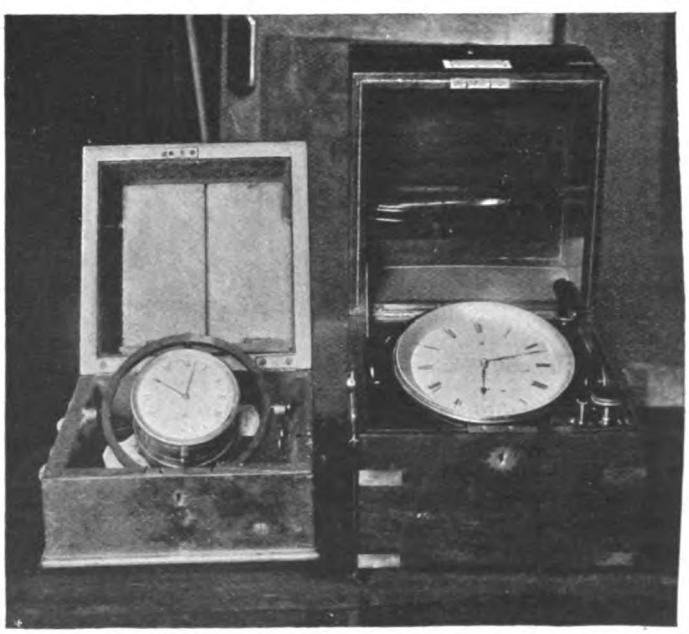
IT is hardly necessary, in the twentieth century, to argue the fact that civilization owes the major part of its comforts, conveniences, and luxuries to the men who make, or have made, scientific observation their business in life.

We are quite willing to admit that the progress of humanity is dependent on the progress of science in all its branches. A little thought also makes it plain that the advance of science is in turn inseparable from the invention of delicate machines. Tools are as necessary for proving a theory as for building a machine. A scientist's tools consist of instruments in which are seen combined the present maximum of mechanical perfection and the ingenuity resulting from the knowledge of already established laws. In some cases they merely represent the highest development of instruments which are used by the world at large; in others they are confined to the laboratory. This article will introduce the reader to a number of these marvellously accurate mechanisms.

We may begin with the Ship's Chronometer, the sea-captain's friend. The position of a vessel on the high seas is ascertained by solar observations, which establish its longitude and latitude. For the longitudinal reading he is at the mercy of his chronometers, of which, as an extra precaution, every warship carries three and every mercantile vessel two. The error of a single minute would mean, at the Equator, a distance error of over a mile; and should this error accumulate from day to day serious results might follow.

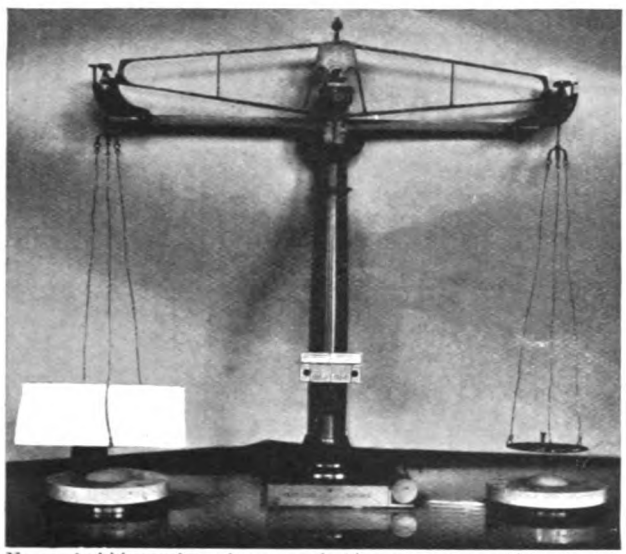
In 1714 the Government offered prizes of ten thousand, fifteen thousand, and twenty thousand pounds for the discovery of a method of determining longitude within sixty, forty, and thirty miles respectively. After many attempts John Harrison, a Yorkshireman, who rose from the shoemaker's last to fame as a mechanician, made a chronometer which, during a trip to Jamaica in 1761 and back the following year, showed an accumulated error of only one minute fifty-four seconds, and determined correct longitude to within eighteen miles. After much trouble Harrison obtained the maximum reward in full.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Thomas Earnshaw invented the "compensation balance," now generally used, in an improved form, on all chronometers and high-class watches. Anyone who possesses a "compensated watch" will see, on stopping the tiny fly-wheel, that it has two spokes, each carrying an almost complete semicircle of rim attached to it by one end. A closer examination shows that the rim is compounded of an outer strip of brass welded to an inner lining of steel. The brass element expands more with heat and contracts more with cold than the steel. So that, when the spokes become elongated by a rise of temperature, the pieces bend inwards at their free ends; if the temperature falls, the spokes are shortened and the rim-pieces bend outwards.



No. 1.—A pair of ship's chronometers, marvels of accurate time-keeping. The specimen on the left, made a century ago by Thomas Earnshaw, was the first chronometer to be fitted with a compensation balance. That on the right is a new instrument.

This ingenious contrivance ensures that the "moment of inertia" of the balance-wheel shall be kept constant within very fine limits. A modern chronometer has about a third part of each rim-piece sub-compensated towards its free end to counteract slight errors in the primary compensation. An Earnshaw chronometer is shown beside a modern instrument in illustration No. 1.

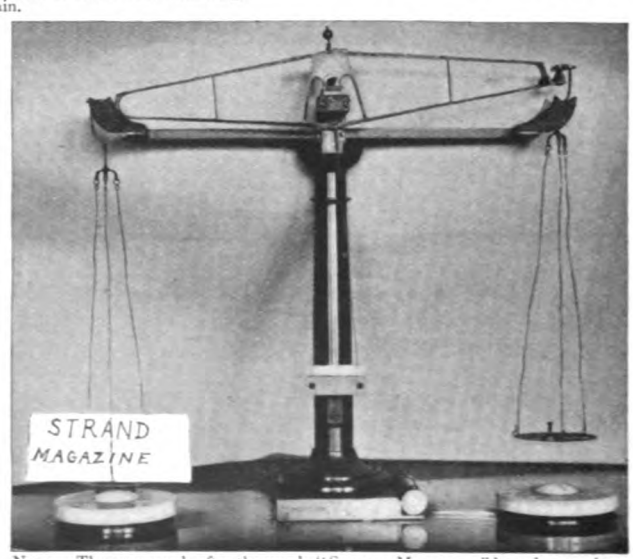


No. 2.—A visiting-card exactly counterpoised in a pair of scales which will weigh to 1-1,000th of a grain.

Probably no chronometer ever made will keep "dead" time for a month together. The maker's object is to turn out an instrument which shall vary as little as possible, but vary *consistently*. A chronometer that gains a second a day for a week, and then loses a second a day for another week, is inferior to one that gains two seconds a day for a fortnight. After a chronometer has been tested in temperatures ranging from 35deg. to 105deg., and found satisfactory, it is sold with a certificate showing its "limit of error," for which the user makes allowance. Coming to actual figures, here is the record of a chronometer tested for seven successive days against solar time: first day, exact: second, gained three and a half tenths of a second; third, fourth, fifth, sixth days, exact; seventh, gained six-tenths of a second. This is equivalent to gaining only thirteen seconds on twelve million and ninety-eight thousand! Another chronometer, during a nineteen-day test, gained daily amounts varying between zero and half a second—a very consistent performance. On the sea ships' chronometers, after going to Australia *viâ* the Cape and back *viâ* the Red Sea, often point to within fifteen seconds of the time that their calculated rate of gain or loss should bring them to!

So delicate is the balance-wheel that a single speck of rust on it will render the chronometer unreliable.

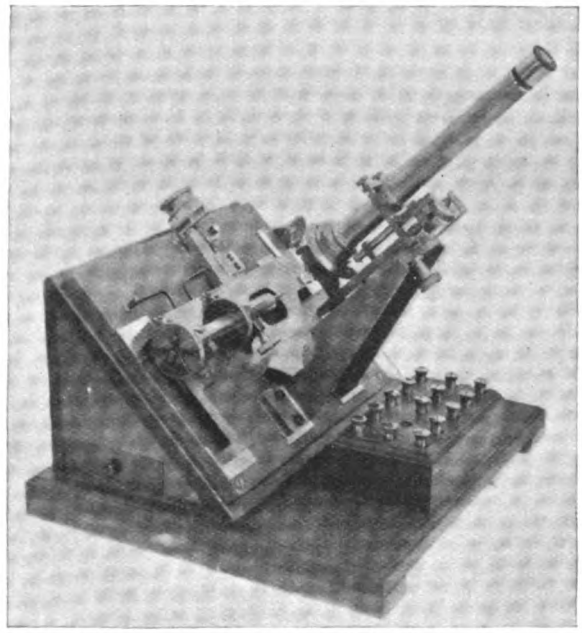
Numbers 2 and 3 show an interesting experiment made with a pair of very sensitive scales in the workshops of Messrs. Degrave and Short, Farringdon Road. In one pan was placed an ordinary visiting-card; in the other, weights that were an exact counterpoise. The card was then removed and the words "STRAND MAGAZINE" were written on it in ink. Slight as the added weight was, it promptly tipped the beam. By means of tiny "rider" weights of very fine aluminium wire slid along the beam, it was found that each letter accounted for $\frac{1}{250}$ grain! Substituting a fine pencil and smaller writing, the two words scaled *together* only $\frac{1}{250}$ grain. This type of balance is much used in chemical research work, where minute



No. 3.—The same card, after the words "STRAND MAGAZINE" have been written on it, tips the beam. Each letter weighs on the average 1-200th of a grain.

fractions of a grain are of the greatest importance. In the same factory we saw a large pair of scales which, with 56lb. in each pan, would tip if half a grain were added to either. So beautifully is it balanced on hard steel knife edges that it responds to $\frac{1}{1,568,000}$ of the total load.

The next item is a Screw-Testing Machine (No. 4) for finding the mechanical truth of small standard screws. The screw under observation is held in a small self-centring split chuck, and traversed in any desired direction by micrometer screws. The microscope attachment, carrying three cross wires, detects variations from uniformity in depth of cut, pitch, or angle of the thread down to $\frac{1}{2,500}$in. This instrument was designed and built by the Scientific Instrument Company, Cambridge, England.



No. 4.—A Screw-Measuring Instrument, which will detect an error of 1-2,500 inch in the pitch or depth of a screw held under the microscope.

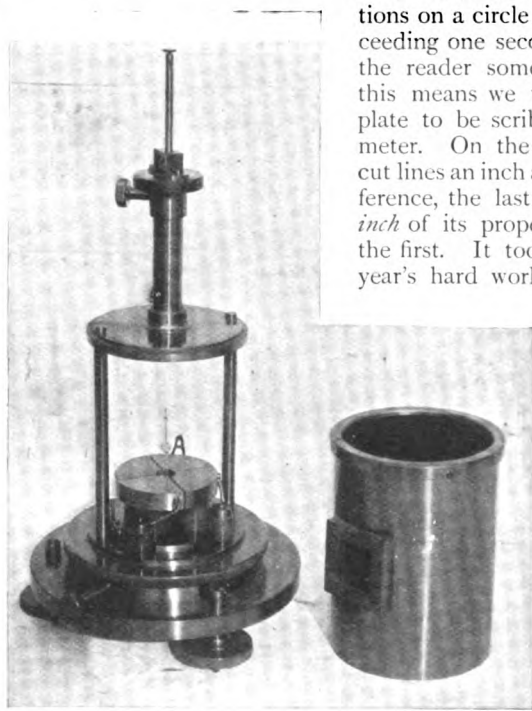
In No. 5 we have a Pratt-Whitney Measuring Machine, which is able to determine the length or diameter of a substance to within $\frac{1}{2,000,000}$in. The illustration shows the operator, Mr. Hugh Purdy, ascertaining the thickness of a cigarette paper, which smokers will be glad to learn is just $\frac{1}{1,000}$in. The writer and Mr. Purdy, on comparing notes by means of the machine, found that their hair in both cases had a diameter of $\frac{123}{1,000,000}$in. So sensitive is the measurer that the small "feeling piece" drops if the hand be laid for a moment on the jaws when they are in contact. This machine is used for testing engineers' standard gauges of length and diameter. Mr. Purdy showed a set of three bar-gauges: one, half an inch in diameter, the second $\frac{2222}{1,000,000}$in., the third $\frac{222}{1,000,000}$in.; and a true half-inch ring-gauge. The first would not pass into the ring at all; the second would enter only when oiled, and even then must be kept moving lest it should "seize"; while the third plug appeared quite loose. In modern practice parts of standard engines have often to be turned out by the thousand with a variation from absolute accuracy not exceeding $\frac{1}{10,000}$in. Many years ago Sir Joseph Whitworth constructed a measuring machine that would detect a difference of $\frac{1}{10,000,000}$in., but it is used only in

No. 5.—A Pratt-Whitney Measuring Machine. It is here shown determining the thickness of a cigarette paper, which is 1-1,000 inch. Any dimension up to a foot can be tested to 1-200,000 inch.

laboratory experiments. The efficiency of such machinery depends on obtaining a practically perfect screw for advancing the jaws—a truly difficult business.

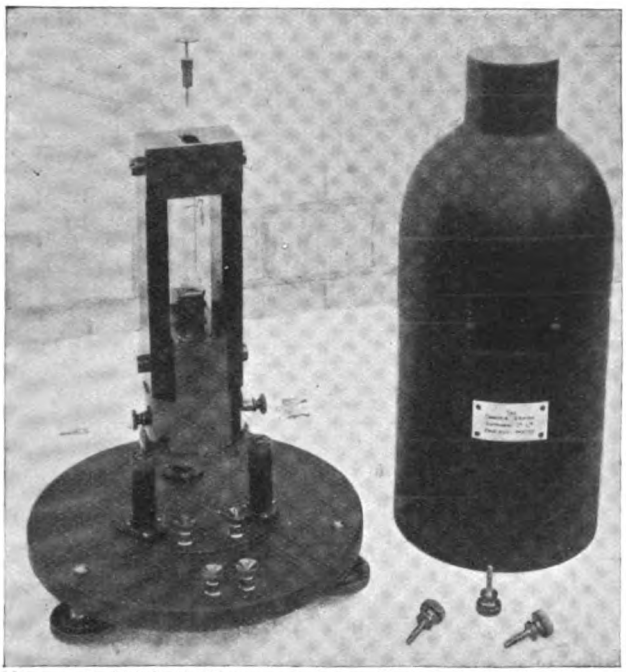
Another very delicate screw-actuated machine is the Dividing Engine, used for ruling parallel straight lines or cutting the graduations on a circle. Professor Henry A. Rowland, an American, has constructed a dividing engine which has ruled 43,000 *parallel lines to the inch* on a plate of speculum metal. Lord Blythswood is responsible for a somewhat similar machine with which he can cut 14,400 lines in the same space. This is equivalent to ruling *fourteen lines on the edge of a cigarette paper.* The plates so treated are called "diffraction gratings," their purpose being to decide the wave lengths of the different elementary colours of the spectrum. The movements of Lord Blythswood's engine are so delicate that the room in which it works must be automatically kept at a constant temperature; and even then the engine is further sheltered in a large case, having double walls interpacked with cotton-wool. In constructing the machine it was found quite impossible, with the most scientific tools, to cut a toothed wheel sufficiently accurate to drive the mechanism; but the errors discovered by microscopes were made good by the invention of a small electro-plating brush, which added the thinnest imaginable coat of metal to any tooth found deficient. While a single grating, measuring a few inches, is being prepared by the dividing engine, the machine is left undisturbed in its closed case until the requisite number of lines has been cut, which necessitates a period of several days. If the lines were represented by 9in. furrows, they would need a field 2⅛ *miles wide* to accommodate them. The speculum metal used is a hard alloy, yet the diamond-point graver must travel over a plate 4½in. by 6in. a distance of *six miles* before its task is done. Some idea of the hardness of diamond will be gathered from this, especially when it is remembered that the point cannot be touched at all during the ruling of the plate.

Messrs. Warner and Swasey, of Cleveland, U.S.A., have recently built a machine for graduating certain astronomical instruments. It will automatically scribe the graduations on a circle with an error not exceeding one second of arc. To give the reader some conception of what this means we will suppose that the plate to be scribed is six miles in diameter. On the machine being set to cut lines an inch apart round its circumference, the last would be *within an inch* of its proper position as regards the first. It took the makers over a year's hard work to reduce the error from one and a half seconds to one second of arc.



No. 6.—A Dolezalek Electrometer, which will detect a variation in an electric current of 1-16,000,000,000,000 ampère. The case has been removed to show the tiny mirror, A, from which a ray of light is reflected on to a graduated scale.

No. 6 represents a wonderful instrument, the Dolezalek Electrometer, which detects the tiniest variation in an electric current. Very valuable radio-activity research work is being carried out with its aid. A minute mirror is suspended from a quartz fibre $\frac{1}{3000}$in. thick, and from this again is hung a needle of "silver paper," which oscillates inside a flat, circular box divided into four quadrants. The quadrants are mounted upon amber to secure very high insulation, and connected up with the subject of research. The writer was assured by a gentleman using the instrument in a physical laboratory that a ray of light reflected by the mirror on to a scale would record a variation of one *sixteen-billionth* of an ampère. As this probably means little to the average writer, let us assume the electric current of one ampère to be represented by a daily flow of 125,000,000,000 gallons. If the amount varied *one drop* the difference would be detected!

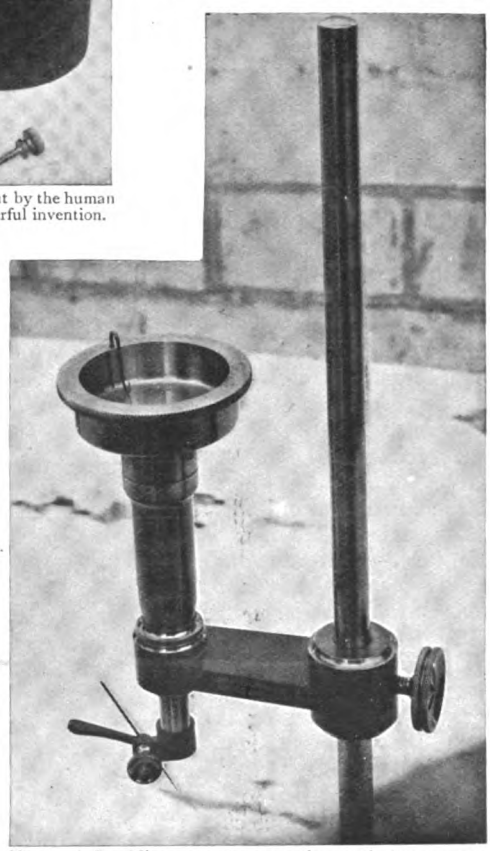


No. 7.—A Duddell Radio-Micrometer and Case. The heat given out by the human hand at a distance of thirty feet is readily measured by this wonderful invention.

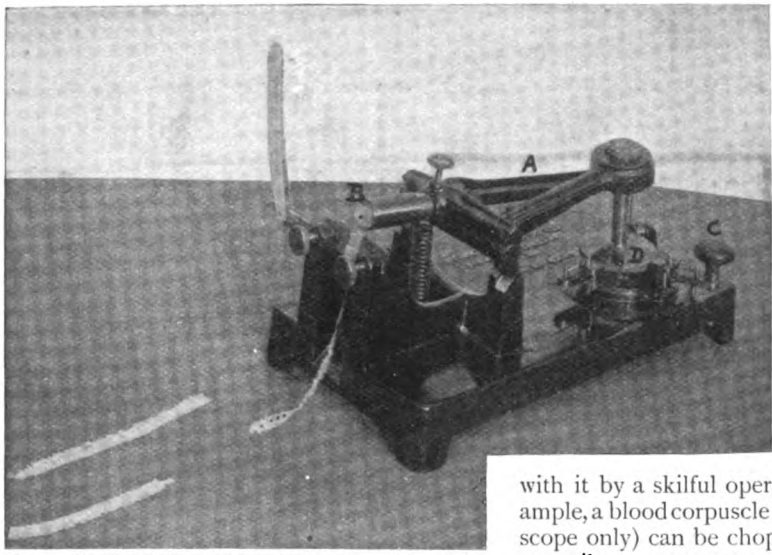
Quartz fibres play so important a part in the manufacture of this and other electric instruments that a few lines may be devoted to them. Spider-web being "kinky" and comparatively coarse, Professor C. V. Boys, F.R.S., devised a substitute. He heated a bar of quartz till plastic, and suddenly extended it lengthways by means of an arrow fired from a cross-bow. The arrow carried a string attached to the quartz; and as the velocity of its flight could be varied, so the fibres could be drawn of different thicknesses. In this manner filaments not exceeding $\frac{1}{3000}$in. in diameter are procurable. It is astonishing to see with what ease trained workmen handle these fibres, which, to the ordinary eye, are invisible.

The Duddell Radio-Micrometer (No. 7), invented by Mr. W. Duddell, is a modification of a device of Professor Boys, which last is able to measure the heat given off by the fixed stars, or by a man's hand at a distance of ten yards, or by the different parts of the moon's surface. Simply described, it consists of a very fine galvanometer, under which is placed a "heating-resistance" made of three or four turns of platinum-silver wire, $\frac{1}{2000}$in. in diameter, round a piece of mica. If the galvanometer be connected to the live wires of a microphone transmitter arranged in the ordinary way, whistling at a distance of from 15ft. to 20ft. from the microphone will cause a heavy deflection of a mirror attached to the quartz filaments of the galvanometer. A ray of light projected from a small glow-lamp is reflected by the mirror on to a scale marked in millimètres (1 millimètre equals $\frac{1}{25}$in.), so that the exact electrical value of the movement can be gauged.

The Cup Micrometer (No. 8) is an apparatus for accurately measuring small vertical movements to $\frac{1}{2000}$ of an inch. A cup, fixed to the upper end of a vertical screw, is partially filled with oil. An ordinary sewing needle is then attached to the object to be measured, and hung vertically, point downwards, directly over the oil-cup. Let us suppose that a floor is suspected of being infirm.



No. 8.—A Cup Micrometer for measuring vertical movements of "faults" in strata, etc. The cup at the top is filled with oil and raised until a needle point connected to the subject of measurement makes contact. By the aid of this device a movement equal to *an inch a century* can be detected.

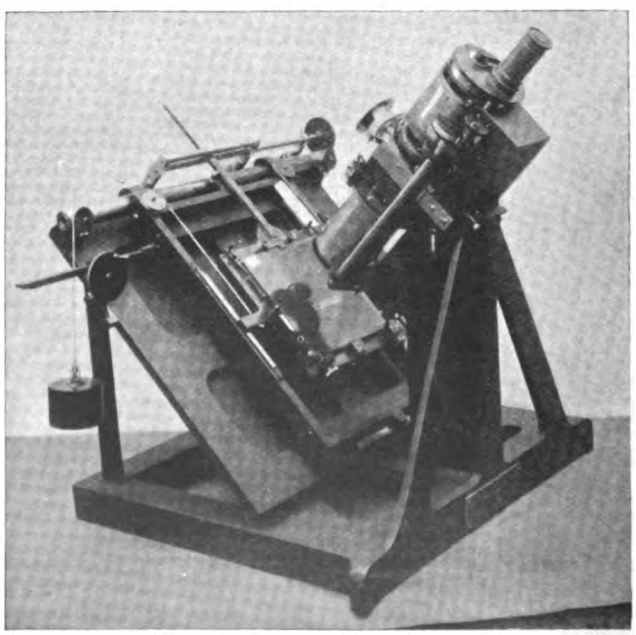


No. 9.—The Cambridge Rocking Microtome, used in cutting sections for microscopical purposes. It will cut an invisible blood-corpuscle into three parts!

The micrometer is placed in the cellar, and the cup raised until the needle suspended from the floor joists touches the surface of the oil, an event which is shown by the distortion of the needle's reflection. The reading having been taken, the cup is lowered, and the process repeated after what is considered a proper interval of time. A comparison of figures easily decides the amount of settlement. It is sometimes more convenient to detach the oil-cup and place it on the object to be measured, and to fix the needle to the lower end of the micrometer screw. This instrument can be used to ascertain the growth of a plant from hour to hour; to detect the settlement of a "fault" moving at the rate of *an inch a century;* or to check the slightest leakage from a reservoir, amounting perhaps to but a bathful in a night.

We now come to the Cambridge Rocking Microtome (No. 9), an instrument which cuts very fine slices off a lump of paraffin wax. It is much employed in biological and research work by the microscopist, who mounts a tiny piece of animal or vegetable tissue in hard wax attached to the outer end of a rocking arm. The other end is worked up and down by a handle, and at each movement the fulcrum on which the arm rests is advanced an almost inappreciable distance by a screw attachment. As it descends the wax encounters an inverted razor, which shears off a slice. The sections come away in the form of a ribbon, as the edges stick together.

Slices as thin as $\frac{1}{12000}$in. may be cut with it by a skilful operator. To take an example, a blood corpuscle (visible under a microscope only) can be chopped into three parts as easily as a grocer would trisect a Dutch cheese! Or, again, if a piece of wax one inch square were cut to the finest limit, its pieces spread over a floor would cover a space 10ft. by 8ft. 4in. The inventor, Mr. Horace Darwin, gave the writer a very interesting proof of the instrument's delicacy. While cutting sections he rested his hand in the centre of the solid iron bed, which is raised on a short leg at each corner. Though the bed would carry a horse without breaking, the slight pressure bent it sufficiently to bring



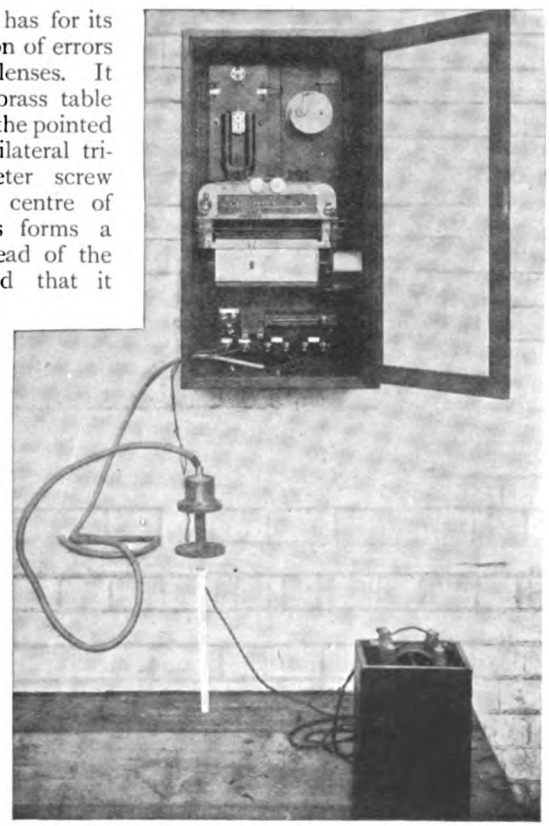
No. 10.—A Stellar Micrometer, for ascertaining the distances between stars on a star-negative. It will decide their positions on the plate to 1-25,000 inch.

the razor nearer to the wax, and a thicker slice than usual resulted. The next stroke, made after the hand had been removed, resulted in a "miss-fire"!

The Stellar Micrometer (No. 10) was designed by Mr. Darwin and Mr. A. R. Hinks for the measurement of celestial photographs. These are divided into squares $\frac{1}{10}$in. on the side; and by means of a microscope and micrometer screws the exact position of the star on the negative can be fixed to $\frac{1}{250000}$in.

The Spherometer has for its function the detection of errors in the curvature of lenses. It consists of a small brass table with three steel legs, the pointed feet forming an equilateral triangle. A micrometer screw works through the centre of the table and thus forms a fourth leg. The head of the screw is so divided that it advances $\frac{1}{250}$in. for a turn of one division; so that the distance of the screw tip above or below the plane passing through the pointed feet of the three other legs can be read off at once. Special spherometers have been constructed to register errors as slight as $\frac{1}{100000}$in.

Among other delicate instruments to which space permits brief reference only is an apparatus devised by Professor J. H. Poynting, F.R.S., to show that a ray of light falling on an absorbent surface obliquely tended to push that surface forward in its own plane. Professor Poynting detected radiation forces of $\frac{1}{20000000}$ of a dyne.* Professor C. V. Boys, during an experiment carried out at Oxford for measuring the weight of the earth, used a device which was sensitive to an air-current moving at the rate of about *an inch a fortnight!*



No. 11.—The Callendar Recorder, which automatically records on a chart the varying temperature of a substance: the metal in a furnace, the water at the bottom of a lake, or the human body. It gives very valuable help to the tool-maker and to the doctor.

The Callendar Recorder (No. 11) is a wonderful contrivance for testing the heat of furnaces during the tempering of tools. It has been discovered that to temper tools most effectively the heating point to which they should be raised must lie within narrow limits. By means of a platinum resistance thermometer, inserted into the furnace, its temperature is seen at a glance on referring to a chart on the drum over which an inked pointer constantly travels. Thanks to the recorder, many thousands of pounds are saved annually in work where it is employed. The doctor also can use it with advantage. When a patient has developed a fever, the process of "taking a temperature" is disturbing and difficult. But if a recorder be kept in constant contact with his body a continuous reading is given; and the attendant is warned of a dangerous rise. The instrument is named after its inventor, Professor H. L. Callendar, F.R.S., who is responsible for much ingenious apparatus of other kinds.

No fewer than nine of the instruments here described were made by the Cambridge (England) Scientific Instrument Company, a firm which has lately been awarded two grand prizes, two gold medals, and one silver medal for their exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition. To the directors of the company the writer tenders his thanks for their kindness in supplying information and several illustrations. He also gratefully acknowledges the help of Mr. A. Johannsen, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, Messrs. Degrave and Short, Mr. Hugh Purdy, Mr. C. R. Gibson, and Professors C. V. Boys, F.R.S., and J. H. Poynting, F.R.S.

*A dyne is a scientific unit of force. A pound weight is pulled downwards by gravitation with a power equal to about 450,000 dynes.

STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. Hornung.

VII.—THE VILLAIN-WORSHIPPER.

THERE was no more fervent admirer of Stingaree and all bushrangers than George Oswald Abernethy Melvin Despite this mellifluous nomenclature young Melvin helped his mother to sell dance-music, ballads, melodeons, and a very occasional pianoforte, in one of the several self-styled capitals of Riverina; and despite both facts the mother was a lady of most gentle blood. The son could either teach or tune the piano with a certain crude and idle skill. He endured a monopoly of what little business the locality provided in this line, and sat superior on the music-stool at all the dances. He had once sung tenor in Bishop Methuen's choir, but, offended by a word of wise and kindly advice, was seen no more in surplice or in church. It will be perceived that Oswald Melvin had all the aggressive independence of Young Australia without the virility which leavens the truer type.

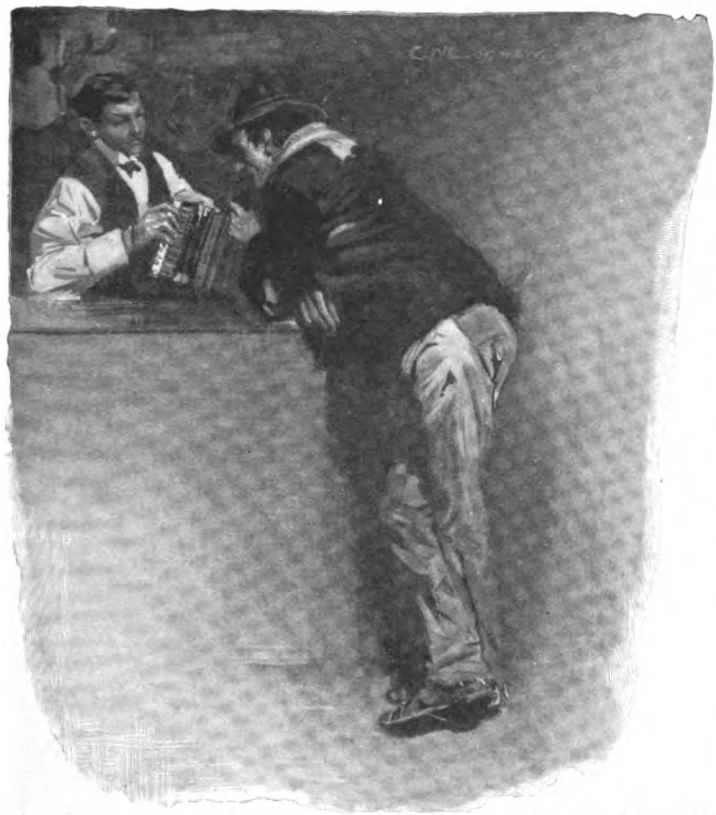
Yet he was neither a base nor an unkind lad. His bane was a morbid temperament, which he could no more help than his sallow face and weedy person; even his vanity was directly traceable to the early influence of an eccentric and feckless father with experimental ideas on the upbringing of a child. It was a pity that brilliantly unsuccessful man had not lived to see the result of his sedulous empiricism. His wife was left to bear the brunt—a brave exile whose romantic history was never likely to escape her continent lips. None even knew whether she saw any or one of those aggravated faults of an only child which were so apparent to all her world.

And yet the worst of Oswald Melvin was known only to his own morbid and sensitive heart. An unimpressive presence in real life, on his mind's stage he was ever in the limelight with a good line on his lips. Not that he was invariably the hero of these pieces. He could see himself as large with the noose round his neck as in coronet or halo; and though this inward and spiritual temper may be far from rare, there had been no one to kick out of him its outward and visible expression. Oswald had never learnt to gulp down the little lie which ensures a flattering attention; his clever father had even encouraged it in him as the nucleus of imagination. Imagination he certainly had, but it fed on strong meat for an unhealthy mind; it fattened on the sordid history of the earlier bushrangers; its favourite fare was the character and exploits of Stingaree. The sallow and neurotic face would brighten with morbid enthusiasm at the bare mention of the desperado's name. The somewhat dull, dark eyes would lighten with borrowed fires; the young fool wore an eye-glass in one of them when he dared.

"Stingaree," he would say, "is the greatest man in all Australia." He had inherited from his father a delight in uttering startling opinions; but this one he held with unusual sincerity. It had come to all ears, and was the subject of that episcopal compliment which Oswald took as an affront. The impudent little choristers supported his loss by calling "Stingaree!" after him in the street: he was wise to keep his eye-glass for the house.

There, however, with a few even younger men who admired his standpoint and revelled in his store of criminous annals, or with his patient, inscrutable mother, Oswald Melvin was another being. His language became bright and picturesque, his animation surprising. A casual customer would sometimes see this side of him, and carry away the impression of a rare young dare-devil. And it was one such who gave Oswald the first great moment of his bush life.

"Not been down from the back-blocks for three years?" he had asked, as he showed a tremulous and dilapidated bushman how to play the instrument that he had bought with the few shillings remaining out of his cheque. "Been on the spree and going back to drive a whim until you've enough to go on another? How I wish you'd tell that to our high and mighty Lord Bishop of all the Back-blocks! I should like to see his face and hear him on the subject; but I suppose he's new since you were down here last? Never come across him, eh? But, of course, you heard how good old Stingaree scored off him the other day, after he thought he'd scored off Stingaree?"



"HE SHOWED A TREMULOUS AND DILAPIDATED BUSHMAN HOW TO PLAY THE INSTRUMENT THAT HE HAD BOUGHT."

The whim-driver had heard something about it. Young Melvin plunged into the congenial narrative and emerged minutes later in a dusky glow.

"That's the man for my money," he perorated; "he's the greatest chap in these colonies, and deserves to be Viceroy when they get Federation. Thunderbolt Morgan, Ben Hall, and Ned Kelly were not a circumstance between them to Stingaree; and the silly old Bishop's a silly old fool to him! I don't care twopence about right and wrong. That's not the point. The one's a Force and the other isn't."

"A deuced sight too much force, to my mind," observed the whim-driver, with some warmth.

"You don't take my meaning,' the superior youth pursued. "It's a question of personality."

"A bit more personal than you think," was the dark rejoinder.

"How do you mean?"

Melvin's tone had altered in an instant.

"I know too much about him."

"At first hand?" the youth asked, with bated breath.

"Double first!" returned the other, with a muddled glimmer of better things.

"You never knew him, did you?" whispered Oswald.

"Knew him? I've been taken prisoner by him," said the whim-driver, with the pause of a man who hesitates to humiliate himself, but is lost for the sake of that same sensation which Oswald Melvin loved to create.

Mrs. Melvin was in the back room, wistfully engrossed in an English magazine sent that evening from Bishop's Lodge. The bad blood in the son had not affected Dr. Methuen's keen but tactful interest in the mother. She looked up in tolerant consternation as her Oswald pushed an unsavoury bushman before him into the room; but even through her gentle horror the mother's love shone with that steady humour which put it beyond the pale of vulgar pathos.

"Here's a man who's been stuck up by Stingaree!" he cried, boyish enough in his delight. "Do keep an eye on the show, mother, and let him tell me all about it, as he's good enough to say he will. Is there any whisky?"

"Not for me!" put in the whim-driver, with a frank shudder. "I should like a drink of tea out of a cup, if I'm to have anything."

Mrs. Melvin left them with a good-humoured word besides her promise. She had given no sign of injury or disapproval; she was not one of the wincing sort; and the tremulous tramp was in her own chair before her back was turned.

"Now, fire away!" cried the impatient Oswald.

"It's a long story," said the whim-driver; and his dirty brows were knit in thought.

"Let's have it," coaxed the young man. And the other's thoughtful creases vanished suddenly in the end.

"Very well," said he, "since I'm going to owe it to you! It was only the other day, in a dust-storm away back near the Darling, as bad a one as ever I was out in. I was bushed and done for, gave it up and said my prayers. Then I practically died in my tracks, and came to life in a sunny clearing later in the day. The storm was over; two coves had found me and carried me to their camp; and as soon as I saw them I spotted one for Howie and the other for Stingaree!"

The narrative went no farther for a time. The thrilling youth fired question and leading question like a cross-examining counsel in a fever to conclude his case, a very machine-gun among cross-examiners. The tea arrived, but the whim-driver had to help himself. His host neglected everything but the first chance he had ever had of hearing of Stingaree or any other bushranger at first-hand.

"And how long were you there?"

"About a week."

"What happened then?"

The whim-driver paused in doubt renewed.

"You will never guess."

"Tell me."

"They waited for the next dust-storm, and then cast me adrift in that."

"AS HE WENT HE BEGAN FINGERING THE NEW MELODEON."

Oswald stared; he would never have guessed, indeed. The unhealthy light faded from his sallow face. Even his morbid enthusiasm was a little damped.

"You must have done something to deserve it," he cried, at last.

"I did," was the reply, with hanging head. "I—I tried to take him!"

"Take your benefactor—take him prisoner?"

"Yes—the man who saved my life!"

Melvin sat staring: it was a stare of honestly incredulous disgust. Then he sprang to his feet, a brighter youth than ever, his depression melted like a cloud. His villainous hero was an heroic villain after all! His heart of hearts—which was not black—could still render whole homage to Stingaree! He no longer frowned on his informer as on a thing accurst. He had wiped out his original treachery to Stingaree by replacing the uninjured idol in its niche in the warped mind of the adoring egotist. But the man seemed better aware of the earlier impression he had made. And in a very few minutes Mrs. Melvin was back in her place, though not before flicking it with her handkerchief, undetected by her son.

It was certainly a battered and hang-dog figure that stole away into the bush. Yet the creature straightened as he strode into starlight undefiled by earthly illumination; his palsy left him; presently as he went he began fingering the new melodeon in the way of a man who need not have sought elementary instruction from Oswald Melvin. And now a shining disc filled one unwashen eye.

Stingaree lay a part of that night

beside the milk-white mare that he had left tethered in a box-clump quite near the town; at sunrise he knelt and shaved on the margin of a Government tank, before breaking the mirror by plunging in. And before the next stars paled he was snugly back in older haunts, none knowing of his descent upon those of men.

There or thereabouts, hidden like the needle in the hay, and yet ubiquitous in the stack, the bushranger remained for months. Then there was an encounter, not the first of this period, but the first in which shots were exchanged. One of these pierced the lungs of his melodeon—an instrument as notorious by this time as the musical-box before it—a still greater treasure to Stingaree. That was near the full of a certain summer moon; it was barely waning to the eye when the battered buyer of melodeons came for a new one to the shop in the pretty bush town.

The shop was closed for the night, but Stingaree knocked at a lighted window under the veranda, which Mrs. Melvin presently threw up. Her eyes flashed when she recognised one against whom she now harboured a bitterness on quite a different plane of feeling from her former repulsion. Even to his first glance she looked an older and a harder woman.

"I am sorry to see you," she said, with a soft vehemence plainly foreign to herself. "I almost hate the sight of you! You have been the ruin of my son!"

"His ruin?"

Stingaree forgot the speech of the unlettered stockman; but his cry was too short to do worse than warn him.

"Come round," continued Mrs. Melvin, austerely. "I will see you. You shall hear what you have done."

In another minute he was in the parlour, where he had sat aforetime. He never dreamt of sitting now. But the lady took her accustomed chair as a queen her throne.

"*Is* he ruined?" asked Stingaree.

"Not irrevocably—not yet; but he may be any moment. He must be before long."

"But—but what ails him, madam?"

"Villain-worship!" cried the lady, with a tragic face stripped of all its humour, and bare without it as a winter's tree.

"I remember! Yes—I understand. He was mad about—Stingaree."

"It is madness now," said the bitter mother. "It was only a stupid, hare-brained fancy then, but now it is something worse. I have not admitted it to a soul," she continued, with illogical indignation, "but you—it is all through you!"

"All through me?"

"You told him a tale. You made that villain a greater hero in his eyes than ever. You made him real."

"He is real enough, Heaven knows!"

"But you made him so to my son." The keen eyes softened for one divine instant before they filled. "And I—I am talking my own boy over with—with——"

Stingaree stood in twofold embarrassment. Did she know after all who he was? And what had he said he was, the time before?

"The lowest of the low," he answered, with a twitch of his unshaven lips.

"No! That you are not, or were not, whatever you may say. You," she hesitated sweetly—"you had been unsteady when you were here before." He twitched again, imperceptibly. "Thank Heaven, you are now more like what you must have been. I can bear to tell you of my boy. Oh, sir, can you bear with me?"

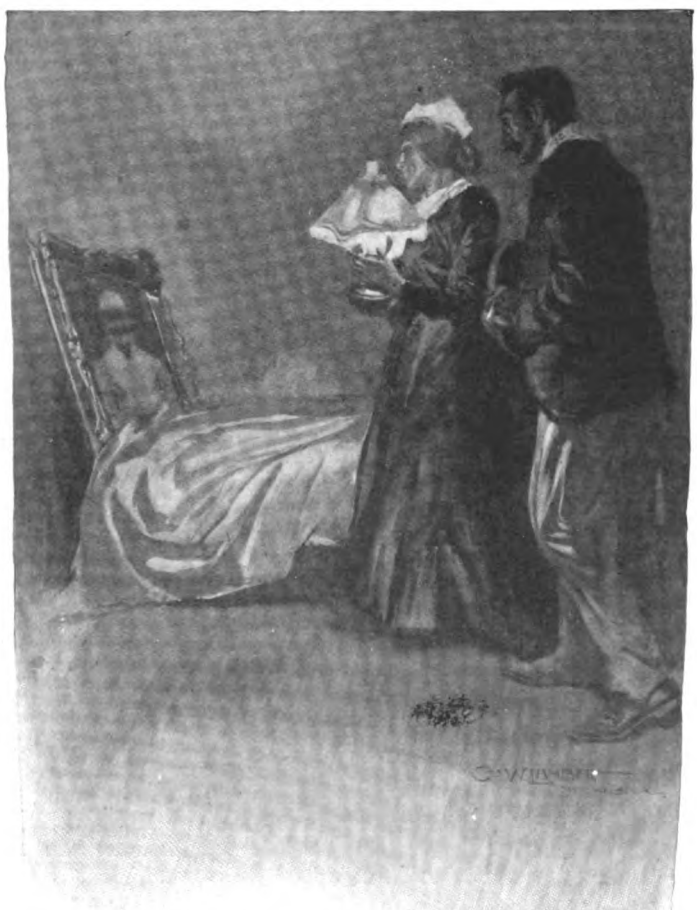
Stingaree twitched no more. Rich as the situation was, keenly as he had savoured its unsuspected irony, the humour was all over for him. Here was a woman, still young, sweet and kind, and gentle as a childish memory, with her fine eyes full of tears! That was bad enough. To make it worse, she went on to tell him of her son, him an outlaw, him a bushranger with a price upon his skin, as she might have outlined the case to a consulting physician. The boy had been born in the trouble of her early exile; he could not help his temperament. He had countless virtues; she extolled him in beaming parentheses. But he had too much imagination and too little balance. He was morbidly wrapt up in the whole subject of romantic crime, and no less than possessed with the personality of this one romantic criminal.

"I should be ashamed to tell you the childish lengths to which he has gone," she went on, "if he were quite himself on the point. But indeed he is not. He is Stingaree in his heart, Stingaree in his dreams; it is as debasing a form as mental and temperamental weakness could well take; yet I know, who watch over him half the night. He has an eye-glass; he keeps revolvers; he has even bought a white mare! He can look extremely like the portraits one has seen of the wretched man. But come with me one moment."

She took the lamp and led the way into the little room where Oswald Melvin slept. He had slept in it from that boyhood

in which the brave woman had opened this sort of shop entirely for his sake. Music was his only talent; he was obviously not to be a genius in the musical world; but it was the only one in which she could foresee the selfish, self-willed child figuring with credit, and her foresight was only equalled by her resource. The business was ripe and ready for him when he grew up. And this was what he was making of it.

But Stingaree saw only the little bed that had once been far too large, the Bible still by its side, read or unread, the parents' portraits overhead. The mother was looking in an opposite direction; he followed her eyes, and there at the foot, where the infatuated fool could see it last thing at night and first in the morning, was an enlarged photograph of the bushranger himself.



"THERE WAS AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUSHRANGER HIMSELF."

It had been taken in audacious circumstances a year or two before. A travelling photographer had been one of yet another coach-load turned out and stood in a line by the masterful masterless man.

"Now you may take my photograph. The police refuse to know me when we do meet. Give them a chance."

And he had posed on the spot with eyeglass up and pistols pointed, as he saw himself now, not less than a quarter life-size, in a great gaudy frame. But while he stared Mrs. Melvin had been rummaging in a drawer, and when he turned she was staring in her turn with glassy eyes. In her hands was an empty mahogany case with velvet moulds which ought to have been filled by a brace of missing revolvers.

"He kept it locked—he kept them in it!" she gasped. "He may have done it this very night!"

"Done what?"

"Stuck up the Deniliquin mail. That is his maddest dream. I have heard him boast of it to his friends—the brainless boys who alone look up to him — I have even heard him rave of it in his dreams!"

Stingaree was heavy for a moment with a mental calculation. His head was a time-table of Cobb's coaches on the Riverina road-system; he nodded it as he located the imperilled vehicle.

"Then he sha'n't," said he. "But there's not a moment to lose!"

"Do you mean that you will follow and stop him?"

"If he really means it."

"He may not. He will ride at night. He is often out as late."

"Going and coming about the same time?"

"Yes--now I think of it."

"Then his courage must have failed him hitherto, and it probably will again."

"But if not?"

"I will cure him. But I must go at once. I have a horse not far away. I will gallop and meet the coach; if it is still safe, as you may be sure it will be, I shall scour the country for your son. I can tell him a fresh thing or two about Stingaree!"

"Heaven bless you!"

"Leave him to me."

"Oh, may Heaven bless you always!"

His hands were in a lady's hands once more. Stingaree withdrew them gently. And he looked his last into the brave, wet eyes raised gratefully to his.

The villain-worshipper was indeed duly posted in a certain belt of trees through which the coach-route ran, about half-way between the town and the first stage south. It was not his first nocturnal visit to the spot; often, as his prototype divined, had the mimic would-be desperado sat trembling on his hoary screw, revolvers ready, while the red eyes of the coach dilated down the road; and as often had the cumbrous ship pitched past unscathed. The weak-kneed and weak-minded youth was too vain to feel much ashamed. He was biding his time, he could pick his night; one was too dark, another not dark enough; he had always some excuse for himself when he regained his room, still unstained by crime; and so the unhealthy excitement was deliciously maintained. To-night, as always when he sallied forth, the deed should be done; he only wished there were a shade less moon, and wondered whether he might not have done better to wait. But the die was cast, as usual. And indeed it was quite a new complication that deterred this poor creature for the last time; he was feverishly expecting the coach when a patter of hoofs smote his ear from the opposite quarter.

This was enough to stay an older and a bolder hand. Oswald tucked in his guns with unrealized relief. It was his last instinct to wait and see whether the horseman was worth attacking for his own sake; he had room for few ideas at the same time; and his only new one was the sense of a new danger, which he prepared to meet by pocketing his pistols as a child bolts stolen fruit. There was no thinking before the act; but it was perhaps as characteristic of the naturally honest man as of the coward.

Stingaree swept through the trees at a gallop, the milk-white mare flashing in the moonlit patches. At the sight of her Oswald was convulsed with a premonition as to who was coming; his heart palpitated as even his heart had never done before; and yet he would have sat irresolute, inert, and let the man pass as he always let the coach, had the decision been left to him. The real milk-white mare affected the imitation in its turn as the coach-horses never had; and Oswald swayed and swam upon a whinnying steed. . . .

"I thought you were Stingaree!"

The anti-climax was as profound as the weakling's relief. Yet there was a strong dash of indignation in his tone.

"What if I am?"

"THE MIMIC WOULD-BE DESPERADO SAT TREMBLING ON HIS HOARY SCREW."

"But you're not. You're not half smart enough. You can't tell me anything about Stingaree!"

He put his eye-glass up with an air.

Stingaree put up his.

"You young fool!" said he.

The thoroughbred mare, the eye-glass, a peeping pistol were all superfluous evidence. There was the far more unmistakable authority of voice and eye and bearing. Yet the voice at least was somehow familiar to the ear of Oswald, who stuttered as much when he was able.

"I must have heard it before, or have I dreamt it? I've thought a good deal about you, you know!"

To do him justice, he was no longer very nervous, though still physically shaken. On the other hand, he began already to feel the elation of his dreams.

"I do know. You've thought your soul into a pulp on the subject, and you must give it up," said Stingaree, sternly.

Oswald sat aghast.

"But how on earth did you know?"

"I've come straight from your mother. You're breaking her heart."

"But how can *you* have come straight from *her?*"

"I've come down for another melodeon. I've got to have one, too."

"Another——"

And Oswald Melvin knew his drunken whim-driver for what he had really been.

"The yarn I told you about myself was true enough," continued Stingaree. "Only the names were altered, as they say; it happened to the other fellow, not to me. I made it happen. He is hardly likely to have lived to tell the tale."

"Did he really try to betray you after what you'd done for him?"

"More or less. He looked on me as fair game."

"But you had saved his life?"

Stingaree shrugged.

"We rode across him."

"And you think he perished of dust and thirst?"

Stingaree nodded. "In torment!"

"Then he got what he jolly well earned! Anything less would have been too good for him!" cried Oswald, and with a boyish, uncompromising heat which spoke to some human nature in him still.

But Stingaree frowned up the moonlit track the coach must traverse. Time was short. The morbid enthusiast was not to be disgusted; indeed, he was all enthusiasm now, and a less unattractive lad than the bushranger had hoped to find him. He looked the white screw and Oswald up and down as they sat in their saddles in the moonshine: it seemed like sunlight on that beaming fool.

"And you think of commencing bushranger, do you?"

"Rather!"

"It's a hard life while it lasts, and a nasty death to top up with."

"They don't hang you for it."

"They might hang me for the man I put back in the vile dust from whence he sprung. They'd hang you in six months. You've too many nerves. You'd pull the trigger every time."

"A short life and a merry one!" cried the reckless Oswald. "I shouldn't care."

"But your mother would," retorted Stingaree, sharply. "Don't think about yourself so much; think about her for a change."

The young man turned dusky in the moonlight; he was wounded where the Bishop had wounded him, and Stingaree was quick to see it—as quick to turn the knife round in the wound.

"What a bushranger!" he jeered. "Put your plucky little mother in a side-saddle and she'd make two of you—ten of you—twenty of a puny, namby-pamby, conceited young idiot like you! Upon my word, Melvin, if I had a mother like you I should be ashamed of myself. I never had, I may tell you, or I shouldn't have come down to a dog's life like this."

The bushranger paused to watch the effect of his insults. It was not quite what he wanted. The youth would not hang his head. And, if he did not answer back, he looked back doggedly enough; for he could be dogged, in a passive way; it was his one hard quality, the knot in a character of deal. Stingaree glanced up the road once more, but only for an instant.

"It is a dog's life," he went on, "whether you believe it or not. But it takes a bulldog to live it, and don't you forget it. It's no life for a young poodle like you! You can't stick up a better man than yourself, not more than once or twice. It requires something more than a six-shooter, and a good deal more than was put into you, my son! But you shall see for yourself; look over your shoulder."

Oswald did so, and started in a fashion that set the bushranger nodding his scorn. It was only a pair of lamps still close together in the distance up the road.

"The coach!" exclaimed the excited youth.

"Exactly," said Stingaree, "and I'm going to stick it up."

Excitement grew to frenzy in a flash.

"I'll help you!"

"You'll do no such thing. But you shall see how it's done, and then ask yourself candidly if it's nice work and if you're the man to do it. Ride a hundred yards farther in, tether your horse quickly in the thickest scrub you can find, then run back and climb into the fork of this gum-tree. You'll have time; if you're sharp I'll give you a leg up. But I sha'n't be surprised if I don't see you again!"

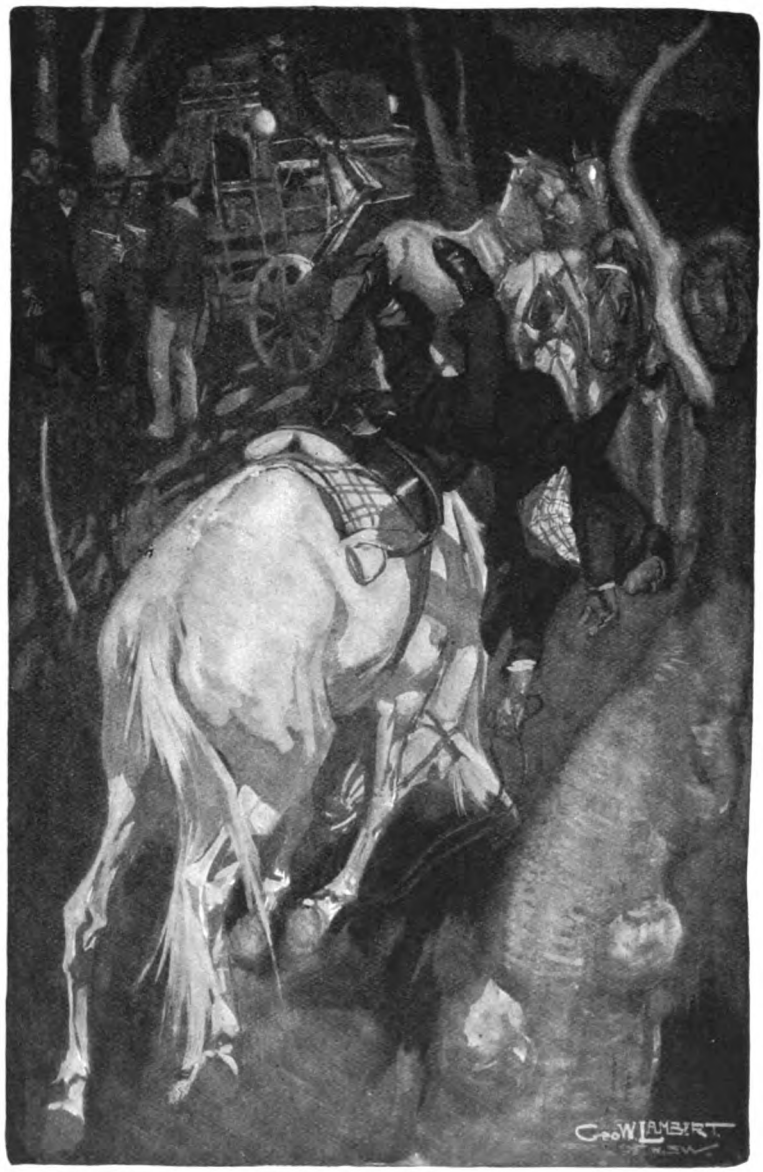
There is no saying what Oswald might have done, but for these last words. Certain it is that they set him galloping with an oath, and brought him back panting in another minute. The coach-lamps were not much wider apart. Stingaree awaited him, also on foot, and quicker than the telling Oswald was ensconced on high where he could see through the meagre drooping leaves with very little danger of being seen.

"And if you come down before I'm done and gone—if it's not to glory—I'll run some lead through you! You'll be the first!"

Oswald perched reflecting on this final threat; and the scene soon enacted before his eyes was viewed as usual through the aura of his own egoism. He longed all the time to be taking part in it; he could see himself so distinctly at the work—save for about a minute in the middle, when for once in his life he held his breath and trembled for other skins.

There had been no unusual feature. The life-size coach-lamps had shown their mountain-range of outside passengers against moon-lit sky or trees. A cigar paled and reddened between the teeth of one, plain wreaths of smoke floated from his lips, with but an instant's break, when Stingaree rode out and stopped the coach. The three leaders reared; the two wheelers were pulled almost to their haunches. The driver was docile in deed, though profane in word; and Stingaree himself discovered a horrifying vocabulary out of keeping with his reputation. In incredibly few minutes driver and passengers were formed in a line and robbed in rotation, all but two ladies who were kept inside unmolested. A flagrant Irishman declared it was the proudest day of his life, and Oswald's heart went out to him, though it rather displeased him to find his own sentiments shared by the vulgar. The man with the cigar kept it glowing all the time. The

"OSWALD WAS ENSCONCED ON HIGH."



"OSWALD WATCHED THE MARE TOSS HER RIDER LIKE A BULL."

mail-bags were not demanded on this occasion. Stingaree was too far afield to dally over them. He was still collecting purse and watch, when Oswald's young blood froze in the stiffening limbs he dared not move.

One of the ladies had got down from the coach on the off side, and behold! it was a man wrapped in a rug, which dropped from him as he crept round behind the horses; at their head stood the lily mare, as if doing her own nefarious part by her own kind. In a twinkling the mad adventurer was on her back, and all this time Oswald longed to jump down, or at least to shout a warning to his hero, but, as usual, his desires were unproductive of word or deed. And then Stingaree saw his man.

He did not fire; he did not shift sight or barrel for a moment from the docile file before him. "Barmaid! Barmaid, my pet!" he cried, and heard rather than saw what happened.

But Oswald watched the mare stop, prick her ears under the hammering of unspurred heels, spin round, bucking as she spun, and toss her rider like a bull. There in the moonlight he lay like lead, with leaden face upturned to the shuddering youngster in the tree.

"One of you a doctor?" asked Stingaree, checking a forward movement of the file.

"I am."

The cigar was paling between a finger and thumb.

"Then come you here and have a look at him. The rest of you move at your peril!"

Stingaree led the way, stepping backward, but not as far as the injured man, who sat up ruefully as the bushranger sprang into the saddle.

"Another yard, and I'd have grabbed your ankles!" said the man on the ground.

"You're a good man, but I know more about this game than you," the outlaw answered, riding to his distance and reining up. "If I didn't you might have had me, but you must think of something better for Stingaree!"

He galloped his mare into the bush and Oswald clung in lonely terror to his tree. A snatch of conversation called him to attention. The plundered party were clambering philosophically to their seats, while the driver blasphemed delightedly over the integrity of his mails.

"That wasn't Stingaree," said one.

"You bet it was!"

"How much? He never would work so far south."

"And he's nuts on mails."

"But if it wasn't Stingaree, who was it?"

"It was him all right. Look at the mare."

"She isn't the only white 'orse ever foaled," remarked the driver, sorting his fistful of reins.

"But who else could it have been?"

The driver uttered an inspired imprecation.

"I can tell you. I chanst to live in this here township we're comin' to. On second thoughts, I'll keep it to myself till we get there."

And he cracked his whip.

Oswald himself rode back to the township before the moon went down. He was very heavy with his own reflections. How magnificent! It had all surpassed his most extravagant imaginings—in audacity, in expedition, in simple mastery of the mutable many by the dominant one. He forgave Stingaree his gibes and insults; he could have forgiven a horse-whipping from that king of men. Stingaree had been his imaginary god before; he was a realized ideal from this night forth, and the reality outdid the dream.

But the fly of self must always poison this young man's ointment, and to-night there was some excuse from his degenerate point of view. He must give it up. Stingaree was right; it was only one man in thousands who could do unerringly what he had done that night. Oswald Melvin was not that man. He saw it for himself at last. But it was a bitter hour for him. Life in the music-shop would fall very flat after this; he would be dishonoured before his only friends, the unworthy hobbledehoys who were to have joined his gang; he could not tell them what had happened, not at least until he had invented some less inglorious part for himself, and that was a difficulty in view of newspaper reports of the sticking-up. He could scarcely tell them a true word of what had passed between himself and Stingaree. If only he might yet grow more like the master! If only he might still hope to follow in his startling steps!

So aspiring, vainly as now he knew, Oswald Melvin rode slowly back into the excited town, and past the lighted police-barracks, in the innocence of that portion of his heart. But one had flown, running ahead of him, and two in uniform, followed by that one, dashed out on Oswald and the old white screw.

"Surrender!" sang out one.

"In the Queen's name!" added the other.

"Call yourself Stingaree?" panted the runner.

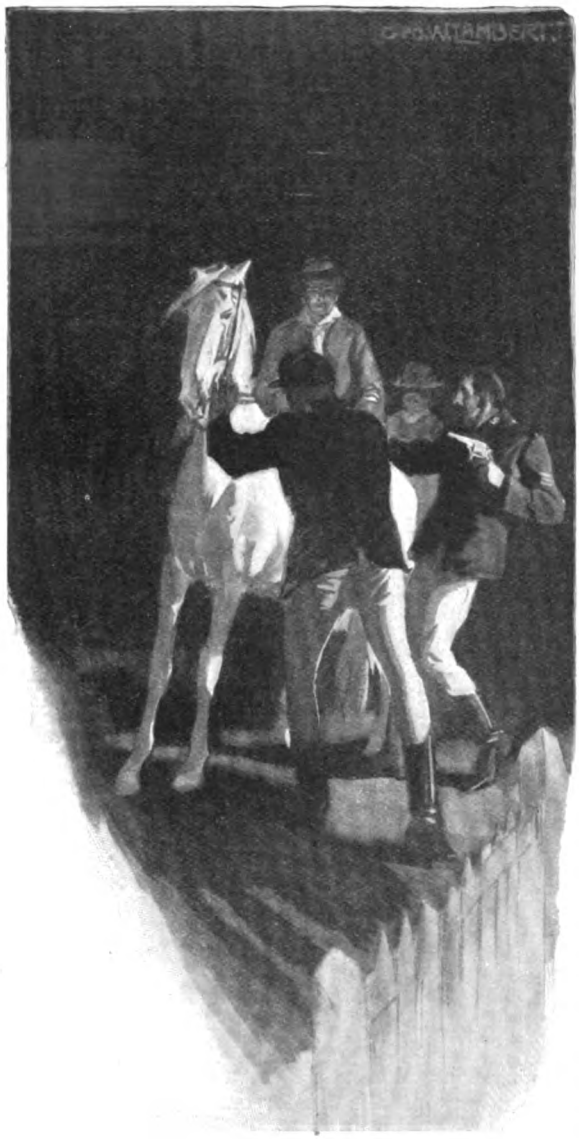
Our egoist was quick enough to grasp their meaning, but quicker still to see and to seize the chance of a crazy lifetime. Always acute where his own vanity was touched, his promptitude was for once on a par with his perceptions.

"Had your eye on me long?" he inquired, delightfully, as he dismounted.

"Long enough," said one policeman. The other was busy plucking loaded revolvers from the desperado's pockets. A crowd had formed.

"If you're looking for the loot," he went on, raising his voice for the benefit of all, "you may look. *I* sha'n't tell you, and it'll take you all your time!"

But a surprise was in store for prisoner and police alike. Every stolen watch and all the missing money were discovered no later than next morning in the bush quite close to the scene of the outrage. There had been no



"'SURRENDER!' SANG OUT ONE."

attempt to hide them; they lay in a heap, dumped from the saddle, with no more depreciation than a broken watch-glass. True to his new character, Oswald learned this development without flinching; his ready comment was in next day's papers.

"There was nothing worth having," he had maintained, and did not see the wisdom of the boast until a lawyer called and pointed out that it contained the nucleus of a strong defence.

"I'll defend myself, thank you," said the inflated fool.

"Then you'll make a mess of it, and deserve all you get. And it would be a pity to spoil such a good defence."

"What is the defence?"

"You did it for a joke, of course!"

Oswald smiled inscrutably, and dismissed his visitor with a lordly promise to consider the proposition and that lawyer's claims upon the case. Never was such triumph tasted in guilty immunity as was this innocent man's under cloud of guilt so apparent as to impose on every mind. He had but carried out a notorious intention; for his few friends were the first to betray their captain, albeit his bold bearing and magnanimous smiles won an admiration which they had never before vouchsafed him in their hearts. He was, indeed, a different man. He had lived to see Stingaree in action, and now he modelled himself from the life. The only doubt was as to whether at the last of that business he had actually avowed himself Stingaree or not. There might have been trouble about the horse, but fortunately for the enthusiastic prisoner the man who had been thrown was allowed to proceed on a pressing journey to the Barcoo. There was a plethora of evidence without his; besides, the hide-and-bone mare was called Barmaid, after the original, and it was known that Oswald had tried to teach the old creature tricks; above all, the prisoner had never pretended to deny his guilt. Still, this matter of the horses gave him a certain sense of insecurity in his cosy cell.

He had awakened to find himself not only deliciously notorious, but actually more of a man than in his heart of hearts he had dared to hope. The tenacity and consistency of his pose were alike remarkable. Even in the overweening cause of egoism he had never shown so much character in his life. Yet he shuddered to realize that, given the usual time for reflection before his great moment,

that moment might have proved as mean as many another when the spirit had been wine and the flesh water. There was, in fine, but one feature of the affair which even Oswald Melvin, drunk with notoriety and secretly sanguine of a nominal punishment, could not contemplate with absolute satisfaction. But that feature followed the others into the papers which kept him intoxicated. And a bundle of these papers found their adventurous way to the latest fastness of Stingaree in the mallee.

The real villain dropped his eye-glass, clapped it in again, and did his best to crack it with his stare. Student of character as he was, he could not have conceived such a development in such a character. He read on, more enlightened than amused. "To think he had the pluck!" he murmured, as he dropped that *Australasian* and took up the next week's. He was filled with admiration, but soon a frown and then an oath came to put an end to it. "The little fool," he cried, "he'll kill that woman! He can't have kept it up." He sorted the papers for the latest of all—a sinful publican saved them for him—and therein read that Oswald Melvin had been committed for trial, and that his only concern was for the condition of his mother, which was still unchanged, and had seemed latterly to distress the prisoner very much.

"I'll distress him!" roared Stingaree to the mallee. "I'll distress him, if we change places for it!"

"HE RODE BOLDLY TO THE DOOR."

Riding all night, and as much as he dared by day, it was some hundred hours before he paid his third and last visit to the Melvins' music-shop. He rode boldly to the door, but he rode a piebald mare not to be confused in the most suspicious mind with the no more conspicuous Barmaid. It is true the brown parts smelt of Condy's fluid, and were at once strange and seemingly a little tender to the touch. But Stingaree allowed no meddling with his mount; and only a very sinful publican, very many leagues back, was in the secret.

There were no lighted windows behind the shop to-night. The whole place was in darkness, and Stingaree knocked in vain. A neighbour appeared upon the next veranda.

"Who is it you want?" he asked.

"Mrs. Melvin."

"It's no use knocking for her."

"Is she dead?"

"Not that I know of; but she can't be long for this world."

"Where is she now?"

"Bishop's Lodge; they say Miss Methuen's with her day and night."

For it was in the days of the Bishop's daughter, who had a strong mind but no sense of humour, and a heart only fickle in its own affairs. Miss Methuen made an admirable, if a somewhat too assiduous and dictatorial, nurse. She had, however, a fund of real sympathy with the afflicted, and Mrs. Melvin's only serious complaint (which

she intended to die without uttering) was that she was never left alone with her grief by day or night. It was Miss Methuen who, sitting with rather ostentatious patience in the dark, at the open window, until her patient should fall or pretend to be asleep, saw a man ride a piebald horse in at the gate and then, half-way up the drive, suspiciously dismount and lead his horse into a tempting shrubbery.

Stingaree did not often change his mind at the last moment, but he knew the man on whose generosity he was about to throw himself, which was to know further that that generosity would be curbed by judgment, and to reflect that he was least likely to be deprived of a horse whose whereabouts was known only to himself. There was but one lighted room when he eventually stole upon the house; it had a veranda to itself; and in the bright frame of the French windows, which stood open, sat the Bishop with his Bible on his knees.

"Yes, I know you," said he, putting his marker in the place as Stingaree entered, boots in one hand and something else in the other. "I thought we should meet again. Do you mind putting that thing back in your pocket?"

"Will you promise not to call a soul?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"You weren't expecting me, were you?" cried Stingaree, suspiciously.

"I've been expecting you for months," returned the Bishop. "You knew my address, but I hadn't yours. We were bound to meet again."

Stingaree smiled as he took his revolver by the barrel and carried it across the room to Dr. Methuen.

"STINGAREE ENTERED, BOOTS IN ONE HAND AND SOMETHING ELSE IN THE OTHER."

"What's that for? I don't want it; put it in your own pocket. At least I can trust you not to take my life in cold blood."

The Bishop seemed nettled and annoyed. Stingaree loved him.

"I don't come to take anything, much less life," he said. "I come to save it, if it is not too late."

"To save life—here?"

"In your house."

"But whom do you know of my household?"

"Mrs. Melvin. I have had the honour of meeting her twice, though each time she was unaware of the dishonour of meeting me. The last time I promised to try to save her unhappy son from himself. I found him waiting to waylay the coach, told him who I was, and had ten minutes to try to cure him in. He wouldn't listen to reason; insult ran like water off his back. I did my best to show him what a life it was he longed to lead, and how much more there was in it than a loaded revolver. He wouldn't take my word for it, however, so I put him out of harm's way, up in a tree; and when the coach came along I gave him as brutal an exhibition of the art of bushranging as I could

without spilling blood. I promise you it was for no other reason. What did I want with watches? What were a few pounds to me? I dropped the lot that the lad might know."

The Bishop started to his gaitered legs.

"And he's actually innocent all the time?"

"Of the deed, as the babe unborn."

"Then why in the wide world——"

Dr. Methuen stood beggared of further speech. His mind was too plain and sane for immediate understanding of such a type as Oswald Melvin. But the bushranger hit off that young man's character in half-a-dozen trenchant phrases.

"He must be let out, and it may save his mother's life; but if he were mine I would rather he had done the other deed!" exclaimed the Bishop. "But what about you?" he added, suddenly, his eyes resting on his sardonic visitor, who had disguised himself far less than his horse. "It will mean giving yourself up."

"No. You know me. You can spread what I've told you."

The Bishop shifted uneasily on his hearth-rug.

"I may not see my way to that," said he. "Besides, you must have run a lot of risks to do this good action; how do you know you haven't been recognised already? I would have known you anywhere."

"But you have undertaken not to raise an alarm, my lord."

"I shall not break my promise."

There was a grim regret in the Bishop's voice. Stingaree thought he understood it.

"Thank you," he said.

"Don't thank me, pray!" Dr. Methuen could be quite testy on occasion. "I have other duties than to you, you know, and I only answer for my actions during the actual period of our interview. There are many things I should like to say to you, my brother," a gentler voice went on, "but this is hardly the time for me to say them. But there is one question I should like to ask you for the peace of both our souls, and for the maintenance of my own belief in human nature." He threw up an episcopal hand dramatically. "If you earnestly and honestly wished to save this poor lady's life, and there were no other way, would you then be man enough to give yourself up—to give your liberty for her life?"

Stingaree took time to think. His eyes were brightly fixed upon the Bishop's. Yet they saw a little bedroom just as plain, an English lady standing by the empty bed, and at its foot his own portrait, armed to the teeth.

"For hers?" said he. "Yes, like a shot!"

"I'm thankful to hear it," replied the Bishop, with most fervent relief. "I only wish you could have the opportunity. But now you never will. My brother, if you look round, you will see why!"

Stingaree looked round without a word. In the Bishop's eyes at the last instant he had learned what to expect. A firing-party of four stocking soled constables were drawn across the open French windows, their levelled rifles poking through.

The bushranger looked over his shoulder with a bitter smile. "You've done me, after all!" said he, and stretched out empty hands.

"It was done before I saw you," the Bishop made answer. "I had already sent for the police."

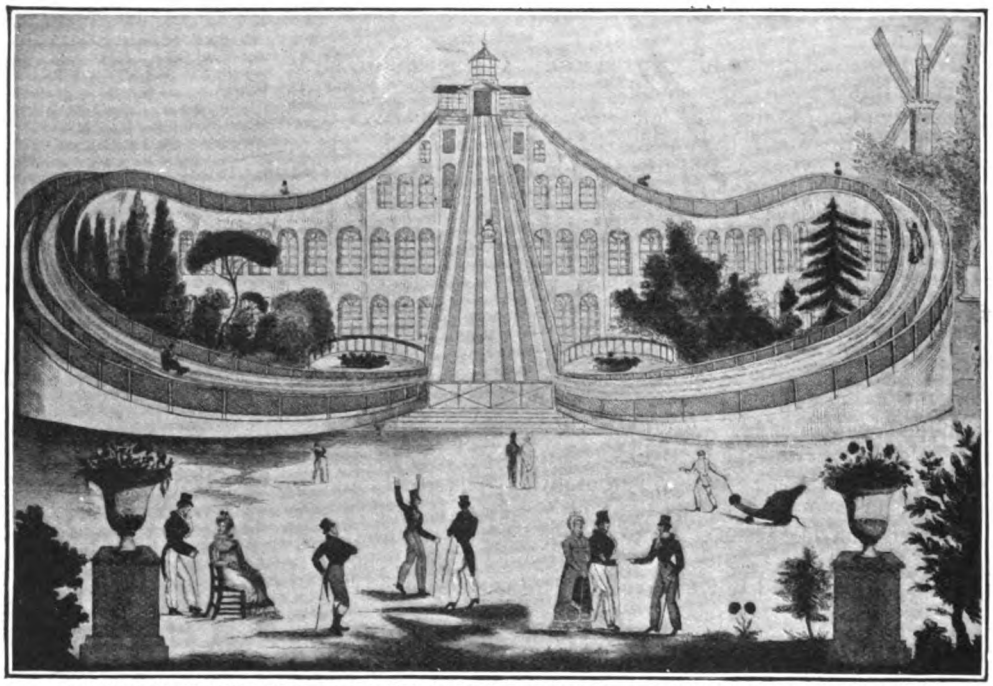
One had entered excitedly by an inner door.

"And he didn't do you at all!" cried the voice of high hysteria. "It was I who saw you—it was I who guessed who it was! Oh, father, why have you been talking so long to such a dreadful man? I made sure he would shoot you, and you'd still be shot if they had to shoot him! Move—move—move!"

Stingaree looked at the strong-minded girl, shrill with her triumph, quite carried away by her excitement, all undaunted by the prospect of bloodshed before her eyes. And it was he who moved, with but a shrug of the shoulders, and gave himself up without another sign.

(To be concluded.)

"*Nothing New Under the Sun.*"



A DOUBLE SWITCHBACK OF NEARLY A CENTURY AGO, FAR GRANDER THAN THOSE OF THE PRESENT DAY, EACH TRACK BEING OVER A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG.

IF one of our historians, treating of the manners and customs of former days, were to mention automobiles and bicycles, "loops" and switchback railways, machine-guns and submarine boats, lifts, the pneumatic post, and other modern inventions, we should probably put him down as an arrant impostor. And yet in doing so we would be only proving our own ignorance. Let us look into some of these pretended anachronisms. Our surprise will be great, and once more the truth of the proverb that serves as a title to this article will be made strikingly evident.

We are perfectly right in feeling proud of the extraordinarily fertile invention displayed by our contemporaries during the last half-century. Are we sure, however, that the novelties which flatter our *amour propre* so much are quite as "new" as we think them to be? Are there not among them some which, though new in appearance, are merely old things which have been lost and found again, then rejuvenated and put before us afresh by clever stage-managers? Let us take, for instance, a single topical example, the switchback. The reader need hardly be reminded what a switchback railway is, or that, on rails successively ascending and descending, small cars run which attain a very high rate of speed.

The switchbacks of to-day are precisely similar in principle to those which were in vogue eighty years ago. If there is any difference it is that the switchbacks of our grandfathers were much more luxurious than ours. Some of them were more than a quarter of a mile long and at least a hundred feet high. The two symmetrical tracks of rails started from an elevated position, and each formed a sort of wide-spreading S, so that travellers when passing the curve experienced the sensation as if they were suspended in space. So great was the momentum that twenty seconds sufficed to cover one thousand two hundred feet, a rate of over forty miles an hour!

To the switchbacks of former days all sorts of names were given. At present, out of England, they are usually termed "Russian mountains." Then they were called sometimes "French mountains,"

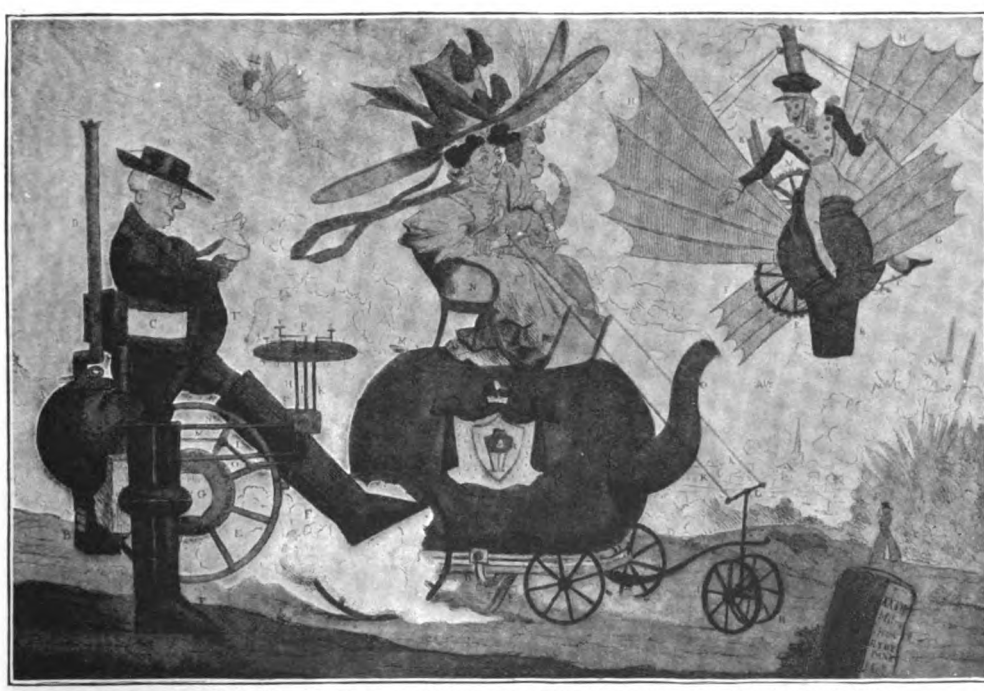
sometimes "Egyptian mountains"; others were named the "leap over Niagara."

All these "mountains," whether Russian, French, or Egyptian, it need hardly be said, gave rise to numerous accidents, and, after being a long time in vogue, were finally suppressed by the police. It was this venerable form of amusement which, some fifteen years or so ago, was greeted as another "latest novelty."

It was much the same with "looping the loop." This feat, one of the latest and most up-to-date acrobatic performances, delighted our grandfathers. During the first half of the nineteenth century descriptions of it are found in almost every newspaper, accompanied by illustrations; after that it seems to have been completely forgotten. Then, sixty years later, it comes back to us from America possessing all the attraction of the "latest invention."

In 1833, when it made its first appearance, the "loop," for some reason or other, had but very slight success. The inventor, a French engineer of the name of Clavières, set it up in the Paris Hippodrome, and the first journey was performed by two monkeys. The monkeys were succeeded by amateur performers. Anyone who liked to pay a penny could go round the "loop" comfortably seated in a small car similar to those used on roundabouts. A dozen years or so pass, and once more we find the "loop" installed at Havre. The newspapers of the day relate the opening ceremony with many details. At first the car, instead of passengers, contained two sacks filled with sand weighing about seventy pounds each. In the florid language of a journalist of the time, everything was regulated so exactly that the car "expired directly under the windows of a certain noted lady; a bouquet of flowers falling at the feet of this beauty would have appeared clumsy in comparison."

Afterwards, eggs, flowers, and glasses full of water were put into the car; not an egg was broken; not a flower slipped from its place; not a drop of water overflowed. But, quite oblivious of the fact that scores of people had formerly gone round the "loop" in perfect safety, nobody now dared to take the risk of the journey. The first to do so was a workman who had been a spectator, and he volunteered to go round. He arrived, naturally, safely at his destination. When asked what his impressions had been, he said that from the moment he actually entered the "loop" his mind became a blank. As he left it and ascended the final slope he began to clap his hands. Everybody warmly congratulated the bold fellow, and a collection



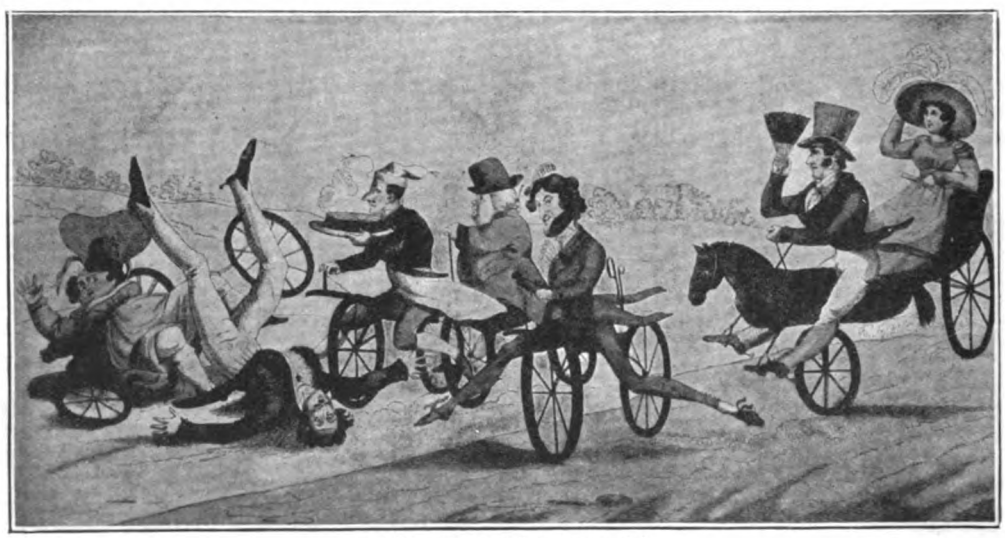
MOTOR-CARS EXISTED IN 1830—THE ABOVE IS ONE OF THE CARICATURES IN WHICH THEY WERE RIDICULED.

made for him amongst the audience brought in five pounds, which was handed over to him. Thereupon a second spectator was not long in coming forward. He obtained an equal success, but the collection in his favour only brought two pounds. After this people began to tire of the "loop," and it went out of fashion until 1865, when it once more made an appearance in Paris. On this occasion the car left the rails, the man in it being killed on the spot. The result was that the police prohibited the continuance of this form of entertainment.

But, you say, if switchbacks and "loops" are old, motor-cars and bicycles at least are new.

Once more you are wrong. One of the earliest steam carriages—*the* earliest of all, the French claim—that of Cugnot, was constructed in 1770, and is now to be seen in a Paris museum. Towards 1830, to come a little nearer to our own time, many of the principal English roads were traversed by motor-cars fitted up as coaches. The caricature on the preceding page shows the ridicule with which the carriages were received. In 1831 a motor-car, constructed by an engineer of the name of Hancock, plied regularly between London and Stratford. Another, made by Dance, ran, from February to June of that year, between Cheltenham and Gloucester. It covered in full about three thousand five hundred miles, and carried a total of three thousand passengers, running at an average speed of twelve miles an hour. The history of these precursors of modern automobilism records many accidents. Thus, Dance's motor-car came to grief by running into a heap of stones purposely placed in the way by some malevolent person.

For four or five years motor-cars seem to have captured public favour. They were to be seen running on a dozen of the principal main roads. The "Enterprise" and the "Autopsy" ran between London and Brighton. The "Era" was at Dublin. In 1835 the "Erin," an enormous sort of steam omnibus, in which twenty passengers could travel comfortably, was constructed. For his private use Mr. Hancock built a very dainty and light steam phaeton—none other, in fact, than the modern private motor—which, in the words of its inventor, "circulates in London among the horses and vehicles without incommoding or hurting anybody." It is true that Hancock's phaeton could hardly exceed a maximum speed of ten or eleven miles an hour. The automobile of 1835 was a *prudent* automobile. Strangely enough, from that date onward there seems to be no further mention of it until its resurrection about twenty years ago.



THE "DANDY-HORSE" CYCLE OF 1818.

As for the bicycle, this made its first appearance something like one hundred and twenty-five years ago; it was the invention of the celebrated aeronaut, Blanchard. Baron von Draise, forester to the Duke of Baden, patented in 1818 another machine, termed in England the "dandy-horse," and in France "draisienne." To say the truth, the dandy horse was a very simple apparatus,

as may be seen by a glance at the foregoing illustration from a contemporary print. Seated on a stuffed saddle, the feet just touching the ground, the rider pushed alternately with the right and left foot. When his wooden mount had acquired a certain speed, it was possible to run a few yards without further effort. The Baron, unwilling to make an exhibition of himself in public, sent his servant to work the "velocipede," as it ought to be termed, in one of the public gardens in Paris. The result was a complete fiasco, and the draisienne and its rider were greeted with shouts of derisive laughter by all who saw them.

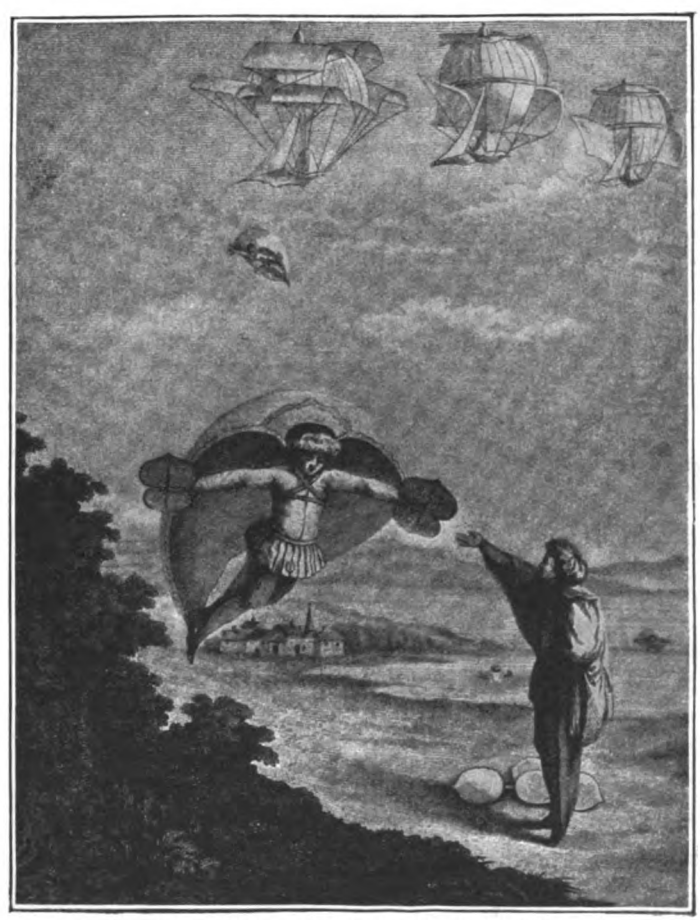
The draisienne was once more to reappear in its primitive form in 1896, when an "inventor" reconstructed it in a very cheap form. Here and there children are still to be seen on these two-wheeled "horses."

Machine-guns, revolvers, and cannon that are loaded at the breech—guns, in fact, of every system—have numerous ancestors. Here, again, the old invention and the modern discovery are indistinguishable one from the other. The specimens of curious antique arms, able in many ways to bear the comparison with our modern weapons, are innumerable, and are to be found in many museums. Hammerless guns existed as early as 1818.

Weapons with several barrels, as well as those with the revolving barrel, are said to have existed so early as the seventeenth century, which would do away with the claim made by the Americans that it is they who invented the revolver. In the reign of Louis XIV. the Duke of St. Aignan had a pistol which fired three shots consecutively and a musket which fired seven. Le Couvreux, the French King's armourer, made in 1654 what he termed a shooting-machine, none other than the ancestor of the mitrailleuse.

We find precursors three centuries ago even of the peaceful cannon used by agriculturists in their attempts to break up hail-storms. In his memoirs Benvenuto Cellini records that he succeeded in diverting a terrible storm which was advancing on Rome, by firing volleys at the clouds with several batteries of artillery from the Fort of Saint Ange. In Italy, Burgundy, and many other places in Europe vine-growers at present act precisely as they were advised to do by Cellini in the sixteenth century.

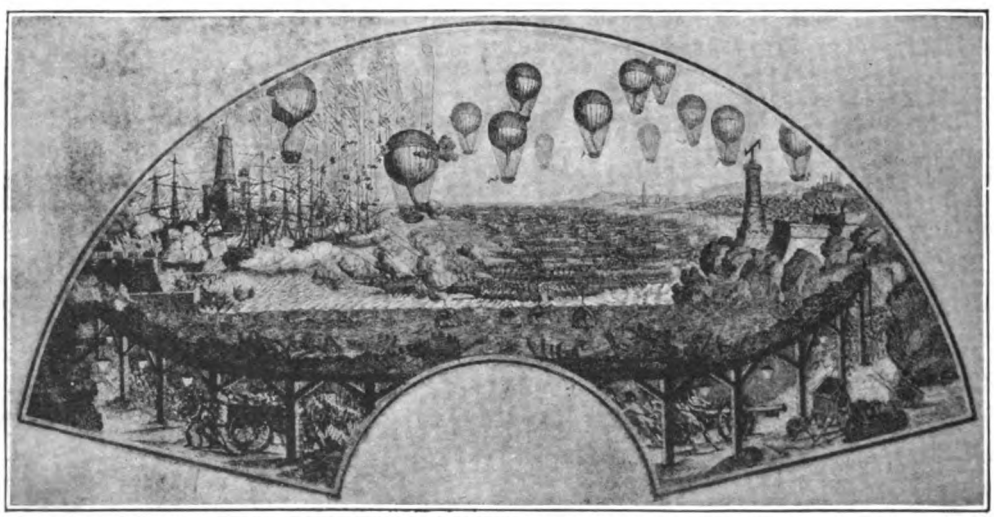
To-day the attention of science is directed to nothing more keenly than to the problem of aerial navigation. Is the day approaching, or is it not, when we will be able to fly like the birds? Nobody is ignorant of the fact that the great Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century thought out a sort of mechanical birds, which are the prototypes of some of the most modern descriptions of flying-machines. "Da Vinci," says one of



FLYING-MACHINES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

his biographers, "filled small bags, made of very light material and having the form of birds, with an air lighter than the atmosphere. He then threw them out of a window or from a roof, and acquired during his lifetime the reputation of being the inventor of 'mechanical birds that would fly.'" The previous illustration, which dates from the eighteenth century, shows a man in the act of flying in such a manner as would assuredly excite envy at the present day.

Even the aerial war of which so much has been spoken recently—that is to say, the navigation of the atmosphere by an aerial fleet—is an idea already quite venerable; it dates back at least a century. When



NAPOLEON'S ENGINEERS PROPOSED TO ATTACK ENGLAND WITH A FLEET OF BALLOONS AND KITES, AS WELL AS BY MEANS OF A CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Napoleon was scheming the invasion of Great Britain, his engineers, in the very forefront of their plans, placed a fleet of balloons. The very singular engraving of the epoch here introduced shows us the Channel, and, overhead, a great number of balloons heralded by a swarm of kites. A number of years have passed away since then, and still balloons and kites are very much to the fore. The aerial fleet, however, is not the only thing that is curious in this engraving. At the bottom of the picture may be perceived a submarine road, none other, in fact, than the tunnel under the sea, joining the French and English coasts. Soldiers and artillery are to be seen traversing this road; all that is wanting are the rails and the locomotives. A century later there is again talk of carrying out the colossal project of a submarine tunnel between England and France. The discussion is even now going on, and it is not impossible that before long the work commenced about twenty years ago will be resumed. To complete this part of the subject, our readers may be reminded that there is an authentic instance on record of a submarine boat exhibited on the Thames in 1625, on board of which was King James I. Fulton, the inventor of steam navigation, had elaborated complete plans of a submarine at the beginning of last century. As for torpedoes, an attempt was made during the American Revolutionary War to blow up an English man-of-war with one of these destructive modern inventions.

In the reign of Louis XIV. it is certain that lifts were already invented. We read in a work of the time that staircases are likely for the future to be suppressed and superseded by a machine called a lift, "by which you can mount from the ground floor to the first, second, or even to the seventh floor, if there is one." In his journal Dangeau has a note to the effect that there was one of these lifts at Chantilly. The Duchess, daughter of Louis XIV., was not satisfied until she had one at Versailles; but one fine day the lift stopped midway up, with the result that the lady was kept fuming in the air for three mortal hours between the ground floor and the garret. This incident was the cause of lifts being practically abandoned. They are said to have been the invention of M. Villayer, one of the forty Academicians. From all accounts they seem to have been almost identical with our present lifts, even down to the name.

To-day pneumatic tubes are in use in many places to send correspondence and small postal packets very expeditiously, and in speaking of them we are rather proud of modern ingenuity. Here again, however, we have been long forestalled. In 1844 an Englishman, Mr. H. James, proposed that the French Post Office should carry out a project of this kind which had already been tested with success. Letters and packets placed in a long tube had been propelled to the other end almost instantaneously by the simple action of a piston. The person who invented this tube declared that, even if it were a thousand feet in length, letters would traverse it equally quickly. But Mr. James himself had been forestalled by at least a quarter of a century by a Scotch inventor, who had prepared a cut-and-dried scheme for pneumatic dispatch.

If we now turn to small inventions, those trifles which form the commodities of daily existence, we find exactly the same state of things prevailing. Pens containing reservoirs for ink date from the seventeenth century. In a volume entitled "Journal of a Traveller in Paris, 1657," there is a description of a "silver pen in which ink can be placed without its drying up, and by means of which it is possible to cover a quire of paper with writing." In 1820 this invention was again re-invented by a certain M. Hoyau, and it is unnecessary to tell our readers how flourishing it is to-day. Penknives "which will cut pens at one stroke," combination padlocks and letter padlocks, invisible inks, walking-sticks and umbrellas combined, or which form seats, guns, watches, telescopes, and whistles were in current use in the seventeenth century, and some even date back to the fifteenth century.

The Romans, it is said, were acquainted with gunpowder and printing, and they thought very highly of *pâté de foie gras*, which is usually attributed to the celebrated master of gastronomic ceremonial, M. de Contades.

As a last resource you may be inclined to pin your faith in modern superiority to something that you feel convinced nobody had ever heard of before the present generation—to wit, the cake-walk! Go to the British Museum and find your way to the room containing that admirable collection of ancient Greek statuettes which have revealed new worlds to so many visitors. What is this you see? None other than a lady who lived 2,400 years ago in an attitude that seems strangely familiar. With head thrown well back and arms outstretched, the little figure is so evidently performing the strange antics dear to American negroes that you rub your eyes in amazement, unwilling to trust the evidence of your senses.

A STATUETTE OF A CAKE-WALK DANCER, OVER 2,000 YEARS OLD.

And so we might continue our catalogue indefinitely and write volumes concerning the antiquity of "new" discoveries. Far be it from us, however, to contest the originality or boldness of inventors to-day. Their merit cannot be disputed. At the same time their predecessors have in many particulars forestalled them, and it would be equally absurd to try to deny *their* merit or what we owe to them.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

CHAPTER XII. — PITTSBURG — NIAGARA — HOME AGAIN.

ONE of my long-cherished dreams was about to be realized. I was at last to see the Niagara Falls. I had just arrived at Pittsburg, where I met a friend who was to accompany me to Buffalo and take me to see the Falls, which he himself regarded with a kind of passion. Together with his brother, Mr. T——, he owned one of the largest steel manufactories and several petroleum mines, and frequently he would start off like a madman, quite unexpectedly, and take a rest at a place close to the Niagara Falls. The deafening sound of the cataracts seemed like music after the hard, hammering, strident noise of the forges, and the limpidity of the silvery cascades rested his eyes and refreshed his lungs, saturated as they were with petroleum and smoke.

My friend's buggy, drawn by two magnificent horses, took us along in a bewildering whirlwind of splashing mud and blinding snow. It had been raining for a week, and Pittsburg in 1881 was not what it is at present, although it was a city which impressed one on account of its commercial genius. The black mud ran along the streets, and everywhere in the sky rose huge patches of thick, black, opaque smoke, but there was a certain grandeur about it all, for work was king there. Trains ran through the streets, laden with barrels of petroleum or piled as high as possible with charcoal and coal. That fine river, the Ohio, carried steamers, barges, loads of timber fastened together and forming enormous rafts, which floated down the river, only to be stopped on the way by the owner for whom they were destined. The timber is marked and no one else thinks of taking it. I am told that the wood is no longer conveyed in this way, which is a pity.

Finally we drew up at my friend's home. He introduced his brother to me, a charming man, but very cold and "correct," and so quiet that I was astonished.

"My poor brother is deaf," said my companion, after I had been exerting myself for five minutes to talk to him in my gentlest voice. I looked at this poor millionaire, who was living in the most extraordinary noise and who could not even hear the faintest echo of the outrageous uproar. I wondered whether he was to be envied or pitied.

There was silence everywhere, and I wondered why. My friend's brother scarcely ever spoke, and when he did his voice was so low that I had great difficulty in understanding him.

Lunch had been prepared for us in the winter conservatory—a nook of magnificent verdure and flowers. We had just taken our seats at the table when the songs of a thousand birds burst forth like a fanfare. Underneath some large leaves whole families of canaries were imprisoned behind invisible nets. There were birds everywhere—up in the air, under my chair, on the table behind me. I tried to quiet this shrill uproar by shaking my napkin and speaking in a loud voice, but the little feathered tribe only sang the louder.

At five o'clock it was quite dusk, and I wanted to go back to my hotel. My friend asked if I would allow him to take me back by the hills. The road was rather longer, but I should be able to have a bird's-eye view of Pittsburg, and he assured me that it was quite worth while. We started off in the buggy with two fresh horses, and a few minutes later I had the wildest dream. It seemed to me that he was Pluto, the god of the infernal regions, and I was Proserpine. We were travelling through our empire at a quick trot, drawn by our winged horses. All round us we could see fire and flames. The blood-red sky was blurred with long black trails that looked like widows' veils. From the ground uprose long arms of iron, stretched heavenwards as if in imprecation. These arms threw forth smoke, flames, or sparks, which fell again in a shower of stars. The buggy carried us on up the hills, and the cold froze our limbs, while the fires excited our brains. It was then that my friend told me of his love for the Niagara Falls. He spoke of them more like a lover than an admirer, and told me he liked best to visit them alone. He spoke of the rapids with such intense passion that I felt rather uneasy, and began to wonder whether he was quite in his right mind. I grew alarmed, for he was driving along the very verge of the

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

A WEIRD DRIVE AT PITTSBURG.

precipice at the side of the hill-road. I glanced at him sideways. His face was calm, but his underlip twitched slightly, and I had noticed this particularly with his deaf brother also. By this time I was quite nervous. The cold and the fires, this demoniacal drive, the sound of the anvils ringing out mournful chimes which seemed to come from under the earth; then the deep forge-whistle, sounding like a desperate cry rending the silence of the night; the chimney-stacks spitting forth their smoke with a perpetual death-rattle, and the wind, which had just risen, twisting the streaks of smoke into spirals, which it sent up towards the sky or beat down all at once upon our heads—altogether this wild dance of the natural and the human elements affected my whole nervous system so that it was quite time for me to get back to the hotel. I sprang out of the carriage quickly on arriving, and arranged to see my friend at Buffalo. But, alas! I was never to see him again. He took cold that very day, and could not meet me there, and the following year I heard that he had been dashed against the rocks when trying to navigate a boat in the rapids. He died of his passion—for his passion.

At the hotel all the artistes were awaiting me, as I had forgotten we were to have a rehearsal of "La Princesse Georges" at half-past four. I noticed a face that was unknown to me among the members of the company, and on making inquiries about this person found that he was an illustrator who had brought an introduction from Jarrett. He asked to be allowed to make a few sketches of me, and after giving orders that he should be taken to a seat I did not trouble any more about him. We had to hurry through the rehearsal in order to be at the theatre in time for the performance of "Frou-Frou," which we were giving that night. The rehearsal was accordingly rushed and gabbled through, so that it was soon over, and the stranger took his departure, refusing to let me look at his sketches on the plea that he wanted to touch them up before I saw them. My joy was great the following day when Jarrett arrived at my hotel perfectly furious, holding in his hand the principal newspaper of Pittsburg, in which our illustrator, who turned out to be a journalist, had written an article giving at full length an account of the dress rehearsal of "Frou-Frou"! "In the play of 'Frou-Frou,'" wrote this delightful lunatic, "there is only one scene of any importance, and that is the one between the two sisters. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt did not impress me greatly, and, as to the artistes of the Comédie Française, I considered they were mediocre. The costumes were not very fine, and in the ball scene the men did not wear dress-suits."

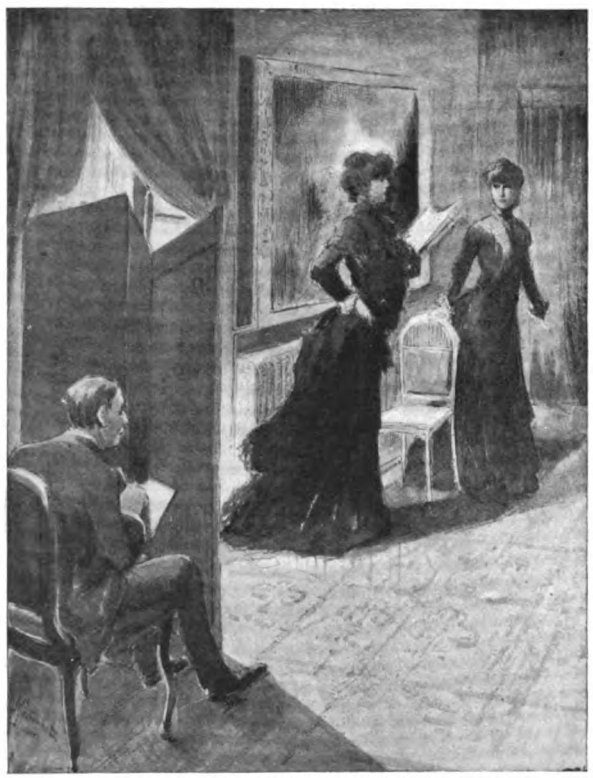
Jarrett was wild with rage, and I was wild with joy. He knew my horror of reporters, and he had introduced this one in an underhand way, hoping thereby to get a good advertisement. The journalist imagined that we were having a dress rehearsal of "Frou-Frou," while we were merely rehearsing Alexandre Dumas' "Princesse Georges" for the sake of refreshing our memory. He had mistaken the scene between the Princesse Georges and the Comtesse de Terremonde for the scene in the third act between the two sisters in "Frou-Frou." We were all of us wearing our travelling costumes, and he was surprised at not seeing the men in dress-coats and the women in evening dress. What fun this was for our company and for all the town!—and, I may add, what a subject it furnished for the jokes of all the rival newspapers!

I had to play two days at Pittsburg, and then go on to Bradford, Erie, Toronto, and arrive at Buffalo on Sunday. It was my

intention to give all the members of my company a day's entertainment at the Falls, but Abbey, too, wanted to invite them. In order to settle the matter we agreed to share the *fête* between us. The artistes accepted our invitations with the most charming good grace and we took the train for Buffalo. The carriages met our train and took us to the Hotel d'Angleterre.

What shall I say of the Falls?

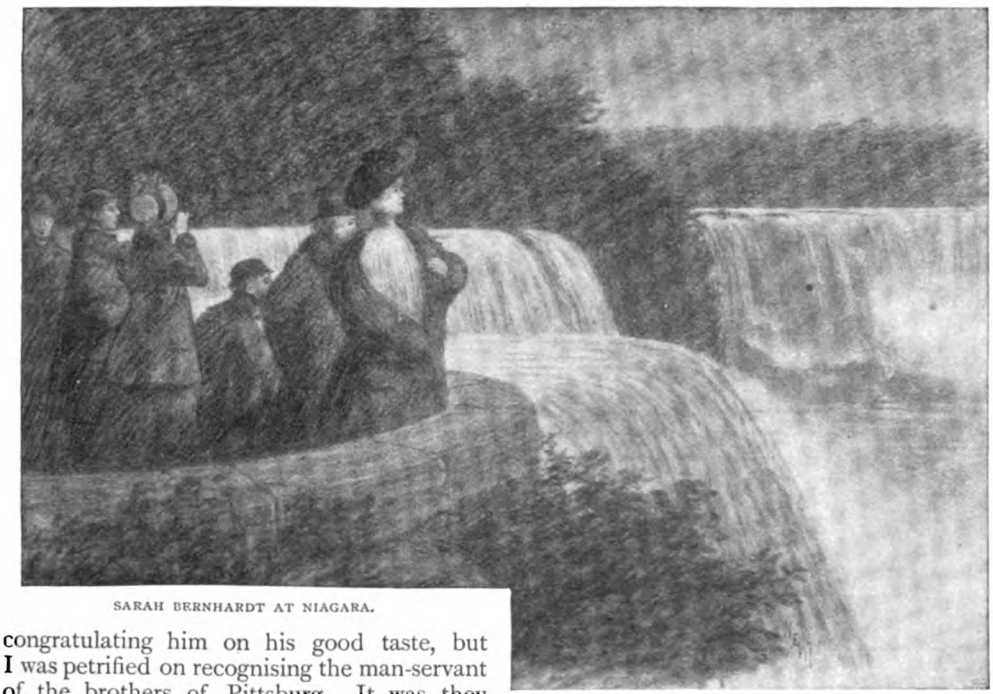
I remained more than an hour on the balcony hollowed out of the rock. My eyes filled with tears as I stood there, so deeply was I moved by the splendour of the sight. A radiant sun made the air around us iridescent. There were rainbows everywhere, lighting up the atmosphere with their soft colours. The pendants of hard ice hanging along the rocks on each side looked like enormous jewels. We went down in narrow cages, which glided gently into a tube arranged in the cleft of the enormous rock. We arrived in this way under the American Falls. They were there almost over our heads, sprinkling us with their many-coloured drops. In front of us, protecting us from the Falls, was a heap of icicles, forming quite a little mountain. Over this we climbed, each to the best of his ability. Finally we arrived at the highest point of the ice. There the appearance of the cataract was almost threatening. We were covered by the impalpable mist which rises in the midst of the tumultuous noise. I gazed upon the scene, bewildered and fascinated by the rapid movement of the water, which looked like a wide, unfolding sheet of silver, dashed constantly into a rebounding, splashing heap, with a noise unlike any sound I had ever heard. I very easily turn dizzy, and I am certain that if I had been alone I should have remained there for ever with my eye fixed on the hurrying sheet of water, my mind lulled by the fascinating sound, and my limbs numbed by the treacherous cold which encircled us. I had to be dragged away.



THE PRETENDED ARTIST, WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A REPORTER.

We had to descend again, and this was not so easy as it had been to climb up. I took the walking-stick belonging to one of my friends and then sat down on the ice. By putting the stick under my legs I was able to slide down to the bottom. All the others imitated me, and it was a comical sight to see forty people descending the ice-hill in this way. There were several somersaults and collisions and plenty of laughter. A quarter of an hour later we were all at the hotel, where luncheon had been ordered. We were all cold and hungry. It was warm inside the hotel and the meal smelt good.

When luncheon was over the landlord of the hotel asked me to go into a small drawing-room, where a surprise awaited me. On entering I saw, on a table protected under a long glass box, the Niagara Falls in miniature, with the rocks looking like pebbles. A large glass represented the sheet of water, and glass threads represented the Falls. Here and there was some foliage of a hard, crude green. Standing up on a little hillock of ice was a figure intended for myself. It was enough to make one howl with horror, the whole thing was so hideous. I managed to raise a broad smile for the benefit of the hotel-keeper, by way of

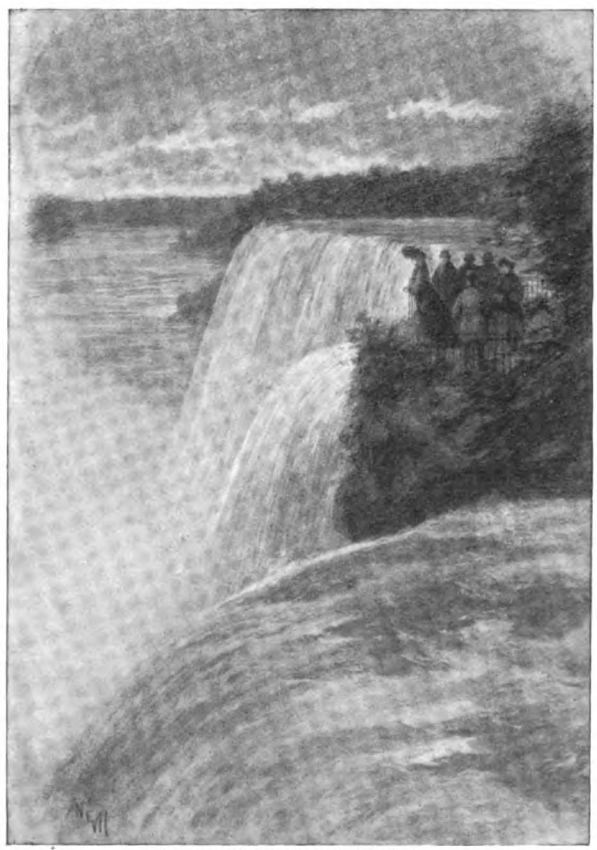


SARAH BERNHARDT AT NIAGARA.

congratulating him on his good taste, but I was petrified on recognising the man-servant of the brothers of Pittsburg. It was they who had sent this monstrous caricature of the most beautiful thing in the world. I read the letter which their domestic handed me, and my disdain melted; they had gone to so much trouble, and they were so delighted with the idea of giving me any pleasure. I dismissed the valet, after giving him a letter for his masters, and I asked the hotel-keeper to send the work of art to Paris, carefully packed. I hoped that it might arrive in fragments. But the thought of it haunted me, and I wondered how my friend's passion for the Falls could be reconciled with the idea of such a gift! Whilst admitting that his imaginative mind might have hoped to be able to carry out his idea, how was it that he was not indignant at the sight of this grotesque imitation? How had he ventured to send it to me? How was it that my friend loved the Falls?—what had he understood of their marvellous grandeur? Since his death I have questioned my own memory of him a hundred times, but all in vain. He died for them, rolling in their waters, killed by their caresses; yet I cannot think that he could ever have seen how beautiful they really were.

Fortunately I was called away, as the carriage was ready, and everyone waiting for me. The horses started off with us, trotting in that weary way peculiar to tourists' horses. When we arrived on the Canadian shore we had to get out of the carriage and array ourselves in black or yellow mackintoshes. We looked like so many heavy, dumpy sailors who were wearing these garments for the first time. There were two large cells to shelter us, one for the women and the other for the men. Everyone undressed, more or less, in the midst of wild confusion, and making a little package of our clothes we gave it into the keeping of the woman in charge. With the mackintosh hood drawn tightly under the chin, hiding the hair entirely, an enormous blouse, much too wide, covering the whole body, fur boots with roughened soles to avoid broken legs and heads, and immense mackintosh breeches in zouave style, the prettiest and slenderest woman was at once transformed into a huge, cumbersome, awkward bear. An iron-tipped cudgel to carry in the hand completed this becoming costume. I looked more ridiculous than the others, for I would not cover my hair, and in the most pretentious way I had fastened some roses into my mackintosh blouse. The women went into raptures on seeing me. "How pretty she looks like that!" they exclaimed. "She always finds a way to be *chic*, whatever happens!" The men kissed my bear's-paw in the most gallant way, bowing low, and saying in low tones: "Always the queen, the fairy, the goddess, the divinity!" And I went along, purring

with content, and quite satisfied with myself, until, as I passed the counter where the girl who issues the tickets was sitting, I caught sight of myself in the glass. I looked enormous and ridiculous, with my roses pinned to my mackintosh, and the curly locks of hair forming a kind of peak to my clumsy hood. I appeared to be stouter than any of the others, because the silver belt I was wearing round my waist drew up the hard folds of the mackintosh round my hips. My thin face was nearly covered by my hair, which was flattened down by my hood. My eyes could not be seen, and only my mouth, which is rather large, served to show that this barrel was a human being. Furious with myself for my pretentious coquetry, and ashamed of my own weakness for having been so content with the pitiful, insincere flattery of people who were making fun of me, I decided to remain as I was as a punishment for my stupid vanity. There were a number of strangers among us who nudged each other, pointing to me and laughing slily at my absurd get-up, and this was only what I deserved.



THE FALLS FROM PROSPECT POINT.

We went down the flight of steps cut in the block of ice in order to get underneath the Canadian Falls. The sight there was most strange and extraordinary. Above me I saw an immense cupola of ice hanging in space, attached only on one side to the rock. From this cupola thousands of icicles of the most varied shapes were hanging. There were dragons, arrows, crosses, laughing faces, sorrowful faces, hands with six fingers, deformed feet, incomplete human bodies, and women's long locks of hair. In fact, with the help of the imagination and by fixing the gaze with half-shut eyes, the illusion is complete, and in less time than it takes to describe all this one can evoke all the pictures of Nature and of our dreams, all the wild conceptions of a diseased mind or the realities of a reflective brain.

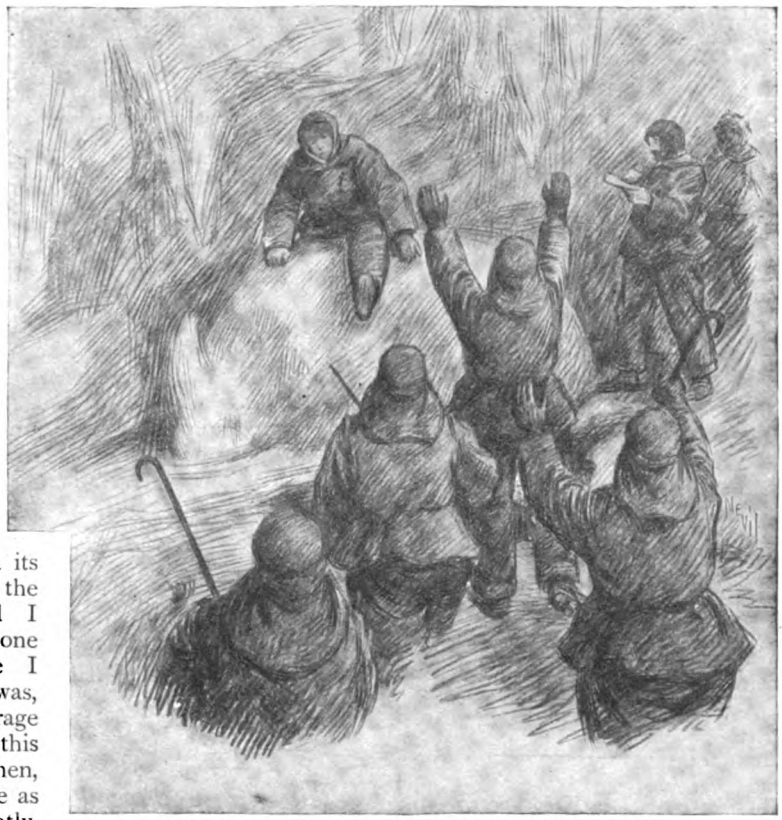
In front of us were small steeples of ice, some of them, proud and erect, standing out against the sky; others, ravaged by the wind which gnaws the ice, looking like minarets ready for the muezzin. On the right a cascade was rushing down as noisily as on the other side, but the sun had commenced its descent towards the west and everything was tinged with a rosy hue. The water splashed over us, and we were suddenly covered with small silvery waves which, when shaken slightly, stiffened against our mackintoshes. It was a shoal of very small fish which had had the misfortune to be driven into the current, and which had come to die in the dazzling brilliancy of the setting sun. On the other side there was a small block which looked like a rhinoceros entering the water.

"I should love to mount on that," I exclaimed.

"Yes; but it is impossible," replied one of my friends.

"Oh, as to that, nothing is impossible," I said. "There is only the risk. The crevice to be covered is not a yard across."

"No; but it is deep," remarked an actor who was with us.



UNDER THE FALLS—SARAH BERNHARDT ON THE "RHINOCEROS."

"Well," I said, "my dog is just dead. I will bet a dog that I go, and I will choose the dog."

Abbey was fetched immediately, but he only arrived in time to see me on the block. I came very near falling into the crevice, and when I was on the back of the rhinoceros I could not stand up. It was as smooth and transparent as artificial ice. I sat down on its back, holding on to the little hump, and I declared that if no one came to fetch me I should stay where I was, as I had not the courage to move a step on this slippery back; and then, too, it seemed to me as though it moved slightly. I began to lose my self-possession. I felt dizzy—but I had won my dog. My excitement was over and I was seized with fright. Everyone gazed at me in a bewildered way, and that increased my terror. My sister went into hysterics and my dear Guérard groaned in a heartrending way, "Oh, heavens! My dear Sarah! Oh, heavens!" The artist was making sketches, and fortunately the company had gone farther up, in order to get to the Falls in time. Abbey besought me to return, and poor Angelo, the actor who had stayed behind with us, added his supplications. But I told them I felt giddy, and I could not and would not cross again. Angelo then sprang across the crevice and, remaining there, called for a plank and a hatchet.

"Bravo! bravo!" I exclaimed, from the back of my rhinoceros.

The plank was brought; it was an old black piece of wood, and I glanced at it suspiciously. The hatchet cut into the tail of my rhinoceros, and the plank was fixed firmly by Angelo on my side and held by Abbey and my butler, Claude, on the other side. I let myself slide over the crupper of my rhinoceros, and I arrived at the three flat stepping-places which, with the hatchet, the actor had hollowed out for me. I then started, not without terror, along the rotten plank of wood, which was so narrow that I was obliged to put one foot in front of the other—the heel over the toe. I returned in a very feverish state to the hotel, and the artist brought me the droll sketches he had taken.

After a light luncheon I was to start again by the train, which had been waiting for us twenty minutes. All the others had taken their places some time before. I was leaving without having seen the rapids in which my poor Pittsburg friend met his death.

Our long journey was nearly at an end. After bidding farewell to the capitals which I had visited a few months previously I set sail for Europe. On arriving on board *L'Amérique*, the boat which had brought me out, I received a cablegram from Havre asking me to give a performance for the benefit of the lifeboat-men. I was delighted at the idea, and sent word at once that I agreed, and that I should be charmed to do it. The thought

of returning to my own country, and, as soon as the boat arrived, of being able to dry tears, to bring smiles to the lips of children, and to grasp the strong, rough hands of so many brave, heroic men—all this caused me the deepest emotion.

Detesting sea-travelling though I usually do, I set out this time with a light heart and smiling face, disdainful of the horrible discomfort caused by the voyage.

We had not left New York forty-eight hours when the boat stopped. I sprang out of my berth and was soon on deck, fearing some accident to our boat—*Phantom*, as we had nicknamed it. In front of us a French boat had been waving signal flags. The captain, who had given the replies to these signals, sent for me and explained the working and the orthography of the signals. I must confess to my shame that I could not remember anything he told me. A small boat was lowered from the other ship, and two sailors embarked, together with a young man very poorly dressed and with a pale face. Our captain had the steps lowered, the small boat approached, and the young man, escorted by two sailors, came on deck. One of them handed a letter to the officer who was waiting at the top of the steps. He read it, and, looking at the young man, he said, quietly, "Follow me!" The small boat and the sailors returned to the ship, the boat was hoisted, the engine shrieked, and after the usual salute the two ships continued their way.

The unfortunate young man was brought before the captain. I went away, after asking the captain to tell me presently what was the meaning of it all, unless it should prove to be a secret. Some time after the captain came himself and told me. The young man was a poor artist, an engraver, who had managed to slip on board a steamer bound for New York. He had not a coin in his possession for his passage; he had not even been able to pay for an emigrant's ticket. He had hoped to get through without being noticed, hiding under bales of various kinds. He had, however, been taken ill, and it was this illness which had betrayed him. Shivering with cold and fever he had talked aloud in his sleep, uttering the most incoherent words. He was taken into the infirmary, and when there he had confessed everything. The captain undertook to make him accept what I sent him for his journey to America. The story soon spread and other passengers made a collection, so that the young engraver found himself very soon in possession of a fortune of forty-eight pounds.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S RETURN TO FRANCE — "L'AMÉRIQUE" ENTERING HAVRE.

Three days later he brought me a little wooden box, manufactured, carved, and engraved by himself. This little box is now nearly full of petals of flowers, for every year on the 7th of May I receive a small bouquet of flowers with these words, always the same year after year: "Gratitude and devotion."

THE END.

The Musical-Box.

By Edith Gray Hill.

HOW like Jim to have kept away on those special occasions when she really wanted him—and said so—and to come now when — when a meeting could only be very unpleasant to both !

Had she not written a long, explanatory, and not unkind letter with the object of avoiding a scene ? And where was the use of being impulsive now, when it was too late ?

Stella's lips closed on each other very firmly and lost for the moment something of the childlike quality of their curves as she put this question to her own mind. It was not so much a question, though, as a proposition. At twenty we do not doubt the wisdom or the strength of our decisions, nor the capacity to understand, sum up, and label our nearest and dearest. Life at that age is simple.

She took a telegram from the mantel-shelf and studied it for perhaps the fourth time. "Coming to-day; arrive 4.40.—Jim." But to seek to translate the curt cipher of a "wire" is unsatisfactory at best. She had no key to the frame of mind that prompted the message, and she replaced the thin paper beneath the pedestal of the little bronze Mercury with a sigh.

Of course, she would always be very fond of Jim, and had said so, innocently enough, in her letter to him. (Humour was not Stella's strong point !) But to marry him was out of the question.

The man who, in response to a girl's suggestion—request even—that he should run down from town to attend a dance—*the* dance at the Manor—in her company; when, moreover, she has gone the length of describing to him the frock she means to wear; the man, admittedly her lover, who could firmly if regretfully refuse to avail himself of this privilege on the score of work was not the husband for her !

Oh, Jim was clever. Nobody doubted that. And he could make his "shop" interesting when he chose. She could sympathize, too, with his impatience when Uncle Ben—his guardian and her only near relative—hesitated to invest in a motor because "a good horse" was "good enough" for him. But when it came to those papers in the *Electrician*, all technical terms and figures and dots, it was all very well for that snuffy old Professor Watson, whose opinion Jim seemed to value so highly, to talk about them as "solid" and "closely-reasoned" and "promising" productions; they might, for anything she knew, be all that, but they were excessively dull and left her cold ! She could not comprehend a passion for accurate science.

"SHE HAD NO KEY TO THE FRAME OF MIND THAT PROMPTED THE MESSAGE."

When, two years since, James Dundas had asked her to be his wife, things looked quite different. She had had no experience; he was the only man she knew, and they had been close friends for ten years. She thought she loved him. Also, he had appeared singularly attractive on that occasion.

How well she remembered the day, early in May, when, down for one of his brief holidays, he told her his love! They were walking home by way of the cliffs, their hands full of wild hyacinth, when he spoke, abruptly, with that queer new hoarseness in his usually level voice, and with something curiously tremulous breaking up the strong lines of his face.

"JIM HAD PLEADED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS OWN CLAIMS."

It was one of those rare days when spring, without warning, casts her tigress mood and turns to woo us with an irresistible caress. She stirs young blood to indiscretion, to broken, intimate speech, to unforeseen revealment of the heart's most delicate desire.

The season's influence moved them both: Jim, to forego his habitual reserve and to speak with a shy courage, an ardour which sat well upon his young manhood and matched his clean simplicity of heart; Stella, to a soft responsiveness she seldom showed her old playmate, on whose absolute allegiance she had unconsciously depended ever since the time of their first meeting—he a lanky boy in his teens, and she a bewildered atom newly torn from mother and home in the old pink villa among the Tuscan hills, and set down in the quiet grey house in a wind-bitten corner of a strange land. He had not wavered in his devotion, and this fact had never struck her as remarkable or as anything but perfectly natural. As, indeed, it was, since Stella was one of those rare and fortunate persons to whom love and service inevitably belong. But on that May afternoon Jim had pleaded, for the first time, his own claims, and she—half startled, touched, wholly pleased with that new radiance shining in her comrade's eyes, turning their grey to blue and transfiguring his wholesome face to positive comeliness—had been impelled to admit them, and finally to promise to marry him as soon as his position should be sufficiently secure.

The memory of his face that day caused her a sharp twinge of discomfort now.

After all, he had never been really interesting again. He was a dear, good fellow, of course, but so dreadfully matter-of-fact. He knew how to do things. When you came to that, he was absolutely to be relied on. But he never *said* anything striking, or picturesque, or sympathetic. You had to take all that sort of thing for granted. And a woman wants to be told sometimes that she is charming, and desirable, and more to be worshipped than any other of her adorable sex. Poor old Jim, he didn't understand women the least little bit in the world. (And here Stella stumbled upon truth.) And as for love—ah, well, she herself had but lately learned what love might mean—how passionate and vivid a thing it was! A lover, like a poet, must express himself at any cost. Right or wrong,

safe or dangerous, Love must claim his own. Artistic temperaments had of necessity always ignored the drab virtues of prudence and self-control. Hearts were made for one another in heaven. Was a promise, little more than a mistake, the outcome of extreme youth and ignorance, to prove the barrier to union here? Those lines Mr. Ashbourne—the quick colour flushed her cheeks—quoted the night of the dance. She found them afterwards and got them by heart:—

> Let us, oh! my dove,
> Let us be unashamed of soul
> As earth lies bare to heaven above.
> How is it under our control
> To love or not to love?

It was after that last perfect waltz, while they sat together in the great hall. If Jim had been there, perhaps—— But he had stayed away for three months, though he knew Mr. Ashbourne remained a guest at the Manor. Did he, could he, care so very much after all?

"Dundas may possibly make a very good sort of husband, but, by Heaven, he doesn't shine in the character of lover," Mr. Ashbourne had said upon one occasion. The speech had stung her vanity. But she was, even then, too much under the influence of the man who made it to criticise its taste. Much prettier speeches hung about her thoughts at present, together with echoes of dance-music and the faint, remembered scent of roses, his gift to her—wonderful flowers of great price sent from Regent Street.

She was herself a rose incarnate in that distracting frock. Her radiant youth needed no supplement of bloom, he told her when she thanked him shyly, and wondered how the perfect petals chanced to match her gown so well. His dark, magnetic, masterful personality held and haunted her.

Francis Ashbourne carried his forty and odd years and the subtly-suggested history of a chequered life with a semblance of grace and distinction attainable only to the finished man of the world; to the innocent eyes of a maid, infinitely more attractive than the mere qualities of youth and good looks. He talked picturesquely of men and cities, modestly of hair-breadth chances of sport in remote wilds, rode straight to hounds, as even Uncle Ben, who most unreasonably disliked him, was forced to admit, and danced—divinely! Then he could appreciate her voice, its possibilities at least; with his artist-soul and his knowledge of music he could not fail to sympathize with her desire for really first-rate training. Uncle Ben always seemed restless if anyone praised her voice or suggested she had a talent which should be seriously cultivated. How ridiculous, how narrow, that, just because her poor father had been a failure, his gift to her of a singing voice should be wasted! (Stella had never known her Italian father, nor the fact that her mother had died literally of a broken heart.) Jim liked to hear her sing, but was hopelessly unmusical and didn't count. . . . A coal fell in the grate. The clock struck its soft, sonorous chime. Good gracious! Jim was due. Overdue—but, of course, the train would be late.

She stirred the fire to a leaping flame, moved swiftly to the window, and peered out. The short January day was done, and darkness pressed insistently against the panes. She shivered as though an uncanny influence touched her, snatched the curtains across the casements, turned on a light, and stood expectant by the fireplace. A slim, bright figure, alert of pose, one hand rested lightly on the high mantel-shelf, the other held her skirt away from the slippered foot extended to the comfort of the fire. The capricious light played with the brilliants of a ring she wore, a thought too massive, perhaps, for the small white hand.

The scrape of a step on the gravel! She started; her heart hammered a little, though she told herself instantly how foolish this was. The step, deliberate and decided, came nearer, came close. The outer door, never fastened summer or winter, opened and shut. The sound of rubbing, prolonged, on the mat. This annoyed and nerved her. Who but Jim, under the circumstances, would stay to rub his boots so carefully?

"You must have had a cold journey," she said, quite easily, as she moved to greet him with outstretched hand. "You'll be glad of some tea."

"Thanks," he said, in a colourless voice, as she turned away to ring the bell.

Perhaps it is quite as well that with such decent banalities our bitterest reproach or most vivid wooing must needs alike be prefaced. Who shall say that it does not take a certain courage to respond politely to a suggestion of tea when all our world is reeling?

At last they faced each other across the little table, set, as usual, within the wide hearth-place. During the interval he had neither spoken nor looked at her, and she had been thankful to avoid his eyes. But he lifted them now from a close study

of the faded pattern of the carpet, and their direct gaze met and held hers. His face startled and repelled her. Its outline looked harsh; the strongly-modelled brows gathered above grim, unfamiliar eyes; a grey shadow lay on the thin cheeks and round the lips, unconcealed by a short, fair moustache. Weeks of hard, unflagging study, insufficient sleep, fresh air, or exercise had driven the colour from his face, and worn him down to a condition of extreme thinness. But it was pain, long unacknowledged, sternly repressed, but gnawing relentlessly none the less at his naked heart, and now no longer to be denied, which stared ugly and almost cruel into the girl's uninstructed eyes. For his part, he was shocked to find those eyes quite as innocent and lovely to-day as when, a little child, she chose to climb to his knees and forget her sorrows there. He saw the same unconscious appeal, the old wistful softness behind their dark fire, and the fact revolted while it wrung him. Heavens! Could the same woman write that letter and look at him with those eyes?

"You got my wire?" He spoke in a hard, controlled voice, yet appeared to shape his words with effort. "I have to ask one or two questions. I want to know where I am. Shall we—get to business?"

This was brutal. Stella's eyes flashed.

"By all means, since you put it that way. You are always so businesslike."

"Yes, a man has to be—unless he's a loafer. . . . You say you must break off our engagement. Is it because you want to marry Ashbourne?"

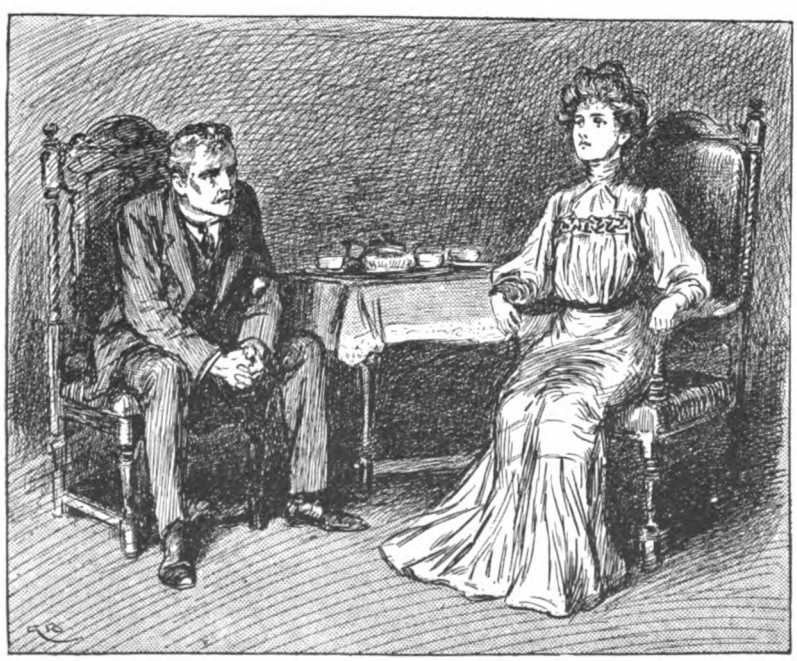
"Jim, I never thought you could be coarse."

"Very likely. But I want an answer to my question. I have a right to know."

She paled with anger at the savage insistence of his manner; also, she felt something very like fear. She was no coward, and had at all times the courage of her selfishness. But this was not the boy she had known and played with in childhood, nor the gentle, serious friend who, in spite of occasional lapses into what she called obstinacy, was usually to be cajoled into yielding and forgiveness even when her own behaviour had been most unjust. Here was a strong man in the grip of that most primitive emotion, jealousy. And he looked like fighting the situation inch by inch, without remorse.

She flung back her head with an imperious gesture and met his hard eyes in a flame of defiance.

"Mr. Ashbourne loves me," she said, her voice breaking a little, in spite of her pride, on the declaration, "and, rightly or wrongly, has told me so. Of course, I have given him no promise. He knew I was not free."



"YOU GOT MY WIRE?"

Jim laughed bitterly, rose, and paced the length of the room and back again.

"Knew you were not free, but was not too honest to take advantage of my absence. Oh, you don't take me for such a fool as not to know the fellow has been making love to you these four months!"

"Yet you never came, and never once let me know you suspected or cared."

He swung short round on his heel.

"I trusted *you* at least."

"Trusted! I'm sick of that word. A woman wants more than trust."

"So it seems—or less. Besides, I told you why it was impossible to come. I had my work to do."

"Oh, of course it was work. It always is. No one would suspect you of anything less praiseworthy. There are other considerations in the world, I suppose?"

"Plenty. Unluckily, work has to come first."

"You think so, I know. Well, that's one of the many points on which we disagree. I don't choose to come second, anyway. But it's nothing new. You always have been indifferent about what you are pleased, in your superior way, to consider little things."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Jim, under his breath, in angry amazement at the astounding injustice of these remarks.

He had resumed his seat in the old, high-backed chair. The hand that grasped its oak arm showed the knuckles white and hard as if carved in stone; the other, thrust in his pocket, clenched itself there. His attitude, as he leaned forward to stare rigidly into the fire, was one of tense, nervous control.

"What do you mean?" he interrupted her, without shifting his gaze, and for the first time sheer misery forced itself into his voice. But Stella never heard it, and went on angrily:—

"I'm thinking of Christmas more particularly. When you wrote to say you were not coming, you remember—or perhaps you don't—I wrote by return begging you to come, if only for the Dalehams' dance."

"I remember," he said, quietly, to the fire.

She shot a glance of irritation at his averted profile.

"It's really very good of you to remember. Well, it comes to this: if you cared about me at all, if you knew what love meant, you would never have refused my request. Everybody thought your absence very strange, under the circumstances."

Slowly he turned his eyes upon her.

"Who's everybody?" he asked, doggedly. She made no reply and he went on: "Do you suppose I found it easy to stay away?"

"You found it possible, at all events. That is what concerns me!"

"I thought you would understand," he said, simply, and hurt her for the first time. "Can't you see, dear, how—well, that my work is all for you? Of course, a man's profession counts for something in his life, I won't deny that; but I stayed away—for your sake. I didn't dare leave off, you know. A man has to grind to get bread and butter these days, and I want to give you something more."

She interrupted impetuously:—

"You don't give me what I need, Jim. It's so like you to talk of bread and butter and all that sort of thing. Some women would appreciate it, I dare say, but I can't. It's so unnecessary. For that matter, we are neither of us paupers."

"H'm! I have about four hundred a year of my own, and what you have is no concern of mine. Anyhow, it doesn't count. A decent chap doesn't live on his wife's money." He no longer pleaded with her, but spoke with the finality of one who is forced into stating a fact so obvious as to remain outside the pale of discussion.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," cried Stella, "spare me an exhibition of Scotch independence."

"There are worse things."

"Don't be modest. You mean there is nothing half so good. Agreed. It's far too good for me. Too cut and dried. And I don't understand a love that is always prudent; something you can always put in the background and place second—as I said before—to work or any other mere duty. It may be the right thing. It may be much wiser and safer than another kind. But it's not interesting, and it doesn't satisfy me. That is why I want you to understand our engagement must be broken off."

"And you will marry Ashbourne!" His passion this time matched, surpassed, her own.

"He understands me. He never finds fault with me. He is content to do what I wish. You and I could never be happy. You must see that. After all, our engagement was only a boy and girl affair. We were both too young and had seen too little of the world to know our own minds."

"I knew mine. And how much more of the world have you seen in the interval? Not a square inch. But you've met a man who knows how to talk and to—fiddle, and who thinks a girl fair sport anyhow, hang him! Oh, I mayn't understand women, but I know that breed of man, and you don't."

"How just, how gentlemanly to sneer at talents you don't possess, and to hint that a man is a scoundrel, or at best an adventurer, because he happens to know how to talk and to play the violin! You know nothing of Mr. Ashbourne. You could never understand his nature any more than you could

understand mine. It is time we parted. I see you in a new light to-day. For a long while I have known our engagement was a miserable mistake, but I never thought till now you could be other than a gentleman."

"I'm a man first! Do you expect me to think well of a fellow who sneaks up and stabs me from behind?"

"I wouldn't be melodramatic. It isn't your *rôle*. Who has stabbed you from behind? I haven't the faintest idea of your meaning."

The light words, the cool, contemptuous tone, sobered him suddenly. He saw plainly enough the advantage his violence and exaggeration had given her. She was right; he had spoken like a brute and a fool.

"I'll try to explain," he said, very quietly. "Ashbourne knew we were engaged. He knew I was working for a position. He had nothing to do but amuse himself. It was natural he should admire you and find pleasure in your society, and you can't think I grudged you pleasure just because I couldn't share it. But, under the circumstances, no decent man would have made love to you. You're very young, Stella; you don't know, you can't quite realize—but surely you can see it wasn't the square thing for a man to do."

The quieter voice, the familiar kindness in the appeal, reached and soothed her, but, like most explanations, it was not altogether fortunate. She bent her head and twisted her ring round and round her finger, as she answered petulantly, but half sadly, too:—

"It's you who don't understand, Jim. You talk as though I were a child and he had coerced me. He isn't more to blame—if there is any blame—than I am. How can we help it? Can't you see that love comes in spite of ourselves? . . . We have the same tastes, too; he cares for music and he understands me. I didn't think you would have made it so hard. But you are so matter-of-fact and so cold you hardly know what temptations more impulsive people have. You are very good, of course I know that, too good for me——"

He sprang to his feet as though someone had struck him. He stood, his back to the fire, his hand clenched behind him, looking down on the ruffled silk of the dark head.

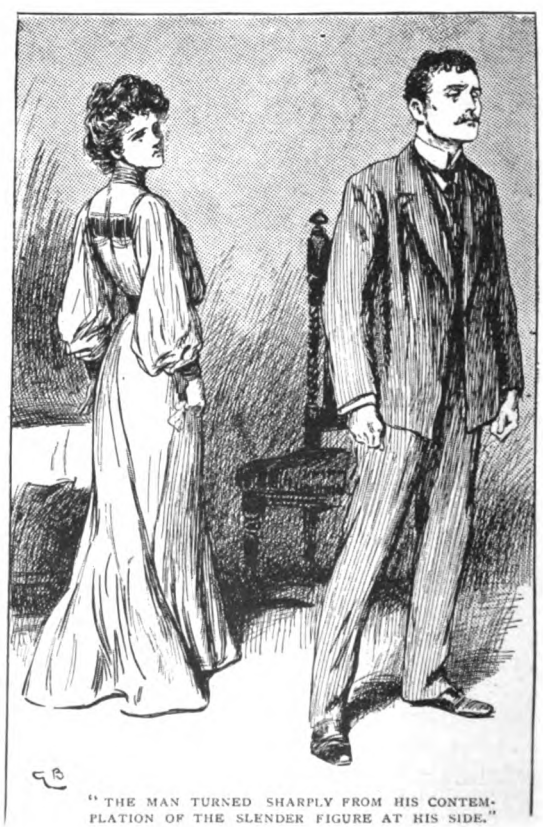
"Stop!" he said, suddenly and hoarsely. "Stop, for Heaven's sake! I—I can't bear it." Something strangled his voice; he fought it down, and after a minute's pause, speaking as one speaks a foreign tongue, enunciating carefully and with palpable effort, he said: "Then you do love him, Stella?"

But Stella covered her face with both hands and replied, unsteadily and indistinctly, from behind the barrier:—

"He will make me happy."

There was silence. The man turned sharply from his contemplation of the slender figure at his side, with drooping head and hidden face. His eyes, grey and hollow, moved round the room, noting each familiar object and effect with absurd and involuntary precision. The portraits of dead Frobishers—his guardian's and Stella's kinsfolk—looked calmly out from their oval frames set against the panelled walls. One of these, a lady in careful curls, a pearl necklace, and inadequate corsage, had bequeathed to Stella her sweet, shadowed eyes. He turned once more to the girl. She had recovered her composure and was staring with great, troubled eyes into the fire.

"I've got the appointment," he said,



"THE MAN TURNED SHARPLY FROM HIS CONTEMPLATION OF THE SLENDER FIGURE AT HIS SIDE."

drearily; "only heard this morning. I've been waiting for that. Thought somehow things would straighten out when—but it doesn't matter. I've been a thundering blockhead. . . . Nothing matters—now." He laughed. The sound, not a pleasant one, jarred Stella out of her self-absorption. She looked at him anxiously.

"Jim," she faltered, "aren't you well?"

Anger, the disfigurement of passion, the harsh lines of pain, all positive expression was wiped from his face, leaving it a mask of pale fatigue. He rocked a little as he stood, as from sheer exhaustion.

"Perfectly," he said, stupidly, and drew his hand over his eyes once again; "but the fact is, I'm most awfully tired; can't think why. I must be going now. I've made a pretty mess of things, but I sha'n't bore you any more. And you'll be happy anyhow, Stella."

The woman in Stella stirred and woke. With a swift impulse she went close to him and laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Jim! dear old Jim! I'm so sorry. I wish——"

He looked down dully at the little hand, but made no attempt to touch it.

"Oh, that's all right," he went on, in his toneless, tired voice; "you love him, and that's enough. . . . I always wanted you to be happy, but I've been rather a brute, I suppose. As you say, I don't understand. Well, I must be getting back. I'll write and make all square with Uncle Ben, you know."

Her hand fell from his arm; he began to walk towards the door. It was over, then! He was going quietly, with no final reproaches, and she was free. Somehow, she felt strangely dissatisfied.

"Jim," she began again. He paused, with his hand on the door-handle. She noted sharply and with a curious sense of loss, in that instant, his straight, clean build and the way his hair, in spite of its close crop, clustered into the nape of the neck. He looked back at her with hopeless eyes and waited. "Won't you forgive me?" Her voice was singularly musical, its accent of appeal winning as ever, and the dark eyes raised to his were filled with a grieved, wistful softness. But he heard and saw without emotion. He had no impulse towards her. A vast indifference chained him.

"Yes, of course," he replied, mechanically, and passed into the hall. She was compelled to follow, unwilling, in defiance of smarting vanity, almost, it seemed to her, of decency. This abrupt reversal of familiar attitudes shocked her. Quite unconsciously her mind had framed a rough sketch, as it were, of the final scene of their parting. Jim could hardly fail to show himself heart-broken in an unselfish, manly way, characteristic of his best moments; she, sweetly forgiving, was to make pathetic reference to the unbreakable nature of her friendship, which he would inevitably accept in a spirit of chastened adoration. It was like Jim to entirely ignore his cue, to be oblivious of effective possibilities, but with all his limitations she had never imagined him insensible or callous. Apart from hurt pride, distinct from vexation at his inability to appreciate the situation, another and a totally new sensation began slowly but subtly to invade her consciousness.

Meanwhile he buttoned his coat in a leisurely manner, staring fixedly in front of him while he did so; he found his hat, and surveyed it for an instant with what looked like a faint gleam of interest, or might it possibly have been a dull satisfaction in holding again a useful, familiar object? To Stella these proceedings appeared to stretch over a space of years, yet to her own sharp surprise she breathlessly dreaded their conclusion. At last he turned to her, possessed still with that unspeakable tiredness, an apathy too physical for even grief to break up.

So they stood motionless under the single, rather dim suspended light, and looked into each other's faces. Behind Stella the staircase climbed into darkness. Painted on the shadowy background her face looked strangely white, and the lips were eager and tremulous against control. The fact that he had not till now known just that look on her face reached Jim in a vague, blunted way, but was for the moment no concern of his. With forced indifference she began:—

"Of course, if you *will* go like this——" when speech died strangled on her lips. The dark stillness above them was violently jarred by a metallic shock of sound which instantly detailed itself into tune—tune flung upon the sense, jerked, jingled, stamped there. She started, and incontinently put out a hand to Jim, but he, with dropped jaw and dilated eyes, merely stared past and over her, as if the uncanny sound had taken for him visible and uncannier shape.

It was the old musical-box, untouched among lumber, forgotten through the years, that played, wound apparently by some ghostly hand, "Walking in the Zoo!" Ridiculous travesty of music, harsh mechanism, maddening to trained or sensitive ears, its

sequence broken intolerably by hitches and omissions due to worn and rusty parts of the roller, the absurd old jig battering itself out with clumsy iteration, yet curiously pathetic in its echo of a festive intention, had power to touch the secret spring of memory, to draw two hearts back along the broad green ways of childhood.

The spell which held Stella bound and motionless forbade in her the least offence at the uncouth performance she had been wont to find unendurable. In deference to her the old toy, frankly admired and loved to the last by Jim, had been relegated to dust and oblivion. Now, as she listened, it seemed merely an accompaniment to the scenes that passed in an ordered series of pictures swiftly across her mental vision. How clear, how sharp cut these were; their perspective how perfect!

Her arrival by the Dover boat in the savage cold of a mid-winter afternoon. Uncle Ben awaiting her, a conspicuous figure on the Admiralty Pier: a lean, elderly gentleman in a light overcoat, his hat crammed down on his eyes, the bitter breeze just lifting the ends of his thick grey hair, his hands clasped firmly behind his back. In his whole attitude, as in the build of his gaitered legs, the inevitable hint of the old "sport" and hunting man. The vast ornate coffee-room of the Harbour Hotel. Little separate tables, each with its horrid specimen of horticulture entombed in green and gilt majolica as central ornament, at sight of which she had wept anew, refusing comfort. The supercilious waiter, who eventually procured tea and hot toast. A short rail journey and then the dining-room at Ivy House. Curtained, lamp-lit, cosy, preparations for a meal on the table, its note of invitation failed to reach her that first night of exile from all familiar things. Bennet, too, was in attendance, grim of aspect, sparing of speech, unused to children, and inclined to suspicion of the little "foreigner." Stella recalled the fact that she had broken from the housekeeper's well-meant ministrations and had flung herself in a tempest of grief and amazement to the ground.

And Jim! The Jim of her earliest acquaintance! A tall, fair boy, leaning indolently against the oak dresser just within the door, absorbed, as it appeared, in contemplation of some small, dark object held in the crook of his arm against his rough tweed jacket. She had not been conscious of his entrance while she lay sobbing on the floor, but something—the influence of a presence?—caused her to look up and push the tangled curls from tear-stained eyes. And there he was! His serious regard met hers for an instant, but he did not speak or move in her direction. He put the Persian kitten he had been nursing gently on the ground, and producing a bit of string from his pocket began to play with his pet. The boy's air of complete detachment from herself, his way with the soft, playful creature, had soothed her as nothing else might. She knew that she was to find safety and protection in a strange and cold land.

"THE JIM OF HER EARLIEST ACQUAINTANCE!"

With simple guile and the assistance of Leila, whose fascinations no child could

long resist, he had won her to eat and drink, and finally lifted her, with the kitten struggling in her too-fervent clasp, into the big chair by the fire. There, worn out with travel and emotion, she had lain quiescent, a shuddering sob still from time to time racking her small body. How long she remained thus, only half-conscious, she never knew, but she was roused abruptly, violently startled into utter dismay, by the musical-box which Jim, surreptitiously, half in schoolboy mischief, half in honest desire to divert and give her pleasure, had set in motion. (It lived in those days on the top of the bookshelves, so that its volume of sound was in no way lessened by distance.) Again and how vividly she beheld him, after a penitent and elaborate demonstration of the true nature of the terrific sounds, take Leila in his arms and execute a barbaric dance to the expiring strains of the absurd polka which he gravely informed her had for title "Walking in the Zoo!"

Again the same tune, fainter, much more distant now, began to slow down. A poignant regret fastened upon her. When the tune ceased Jim would go, and—and the figure of Francis Ashbourne loomed very faintly in a mist—far away, illusory, unreal. Strange to say, there was no comfort in the phantom.

"SHE BLINDLY SOUGHT THE SHELTER OF HIS ARMS."

The man before her, hard, matter-of-fact, cold, no longer even her lover, was still Jim, and she looked in his face as for the last time. Its transformation shook her. All its heavy apathy had passed. Gaunt and somewhat harsh of outline, its youth temporarily ravaged by overwork and recent sleeplessness, it was yet the face of the boy she had known and played with; the face, too, of the man who had loved her with a love so clean and simple, so quiet and unfaltering, as to seem a colourless and common thing.

His eyes still explored the upper darkness; a smile almost of pleasure curved his lips, grown sensitive and generous once more. The primitive jangle of sounds might well have been for him the music of the spheres. With a jerk it came to a dreadful end.

"Good old tune!" Jim ejaculated, with a hoarse wistfulness in his voice. He dropped his eyes to Stella's. Then in a sort of dazed hesitation he held out both hands. "I say, Stella——" he began, but she blindly sought the shelter of his arms with a broken cry:—

"It was all a mistake. Oh, be good to me, Jim!"

"You see it was all your fault, you wicked old Bennet," Stella said, two evenings later, as she sat by the fire in the housekeeper's sanctum.

"And a lucky thing for *you*, Miss Stella," Bennet replied, with emphasis not altogether complimentary, "that your uncle set me to hunt for those papers. Else, as far as I can make out, that old box would never have got shifted and you would never have got Mr. James."

"And Mr. James would never have got *me*, Bennet."

"Ah!" ejaculated Bennet. And the monosyllable conveyed a good deal.

"*My Favourite Caricature.*"

EXAMPLES SELECTED BY THE SUBJECTS.

By Frederick Dolman.

IT is quite understood that nowadays—such is the good humour of public life—public men more or less enjoy the pictorial caricatures of themselves which appear with increasing frequency in the daily and weekly journals. The caricature is a tribute to the importance of their personality, rendered as a rule without any of the bitter temper, the ferocious spirit, which at another epoch disfigured the work of Rowlandson and Gillray. There may be some of our public men who cannot join in the laugh against themselves, and certainly their enjoyment of the joke may be spoiled if there should happen to be a touch of malice in it. But the response to an inquiry made among our political leaders and others on behalf of The Strand Magazine—"Which caricature of yourself has given you most amusement?"—certainly goes to show that there no longer prevails generally between the caricaturists and their "victims" that animosity which once seemed as natural as the light. Conservative politicians, for one thing, show themselves as appreciative as Liberals of the genius of "F. C. G."—with the inevitable result that in the illustrations to this article Mr. F. C. Gould almost entirely holds the field.

Mr. Chaplin, for example, joins with Mr. Asquith in the confession that "F. C. G.'s" caricatures of himself have afforded him more amusement than those of any other artist, but they have been so numerous that he finds it impossible to pick out one as having given him most amusement. At least, this is the fair inference, I think, to be drawn from the replies which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Chaplin made to my question.

"No man," declared Mr. Asquith, "is a judge in these things of what concerns himself. So far as I can form an opinion Mr. Gould's seem to me far the best, and it is difficult to choose between them."

"In reply to your inquiry," wrote Mr. Chaplin, "the caricatures of myself have been so numerous, and especially so of late, that I'm afraid I can't answer your question. But I think I can say this, and in particular of Mr. Gould's, that there are few of them which have not caused me hearty amusement."

In these circumstances I thought it desirable to consult Mr. Gould, and the cartoons of the two statesmen reproduced herewith have been chosen with his kindly assistance. Mr. Asquith's, it will be seen, appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* so recently as October 13th last, and has reference to the Scotch Church question, the "Friendly Counsel" of the headline being addressed by the right hon. and learned member for East

Friendly Counsel.—Mr. Asquith (to Wee Kirk Minister): "That's much too heavy for you to carry, my friend. Hadn't you better drop it?"
Wee Kirk Minister: "Ou ay! It's an awfu' weight, but I canna drop it, man; it's Predestination."
Mr. Asquith: "That's all very well, but remember there's a House of Commons as well as a House of Lords."
("Westminster Gazette," October 13th, 1904. By permission of the Proprietor.)

Mr. ASQUITH. By F. C. GOULD.

Fife to a minister of what has become popularly known as the Wee Kirk. "Remember," says Mr. Asquith to the reverend gentleman, who is breaking down under the weight of the property he is endeavouring to appropriate as the result of the remarkable decision of the Law Lords, "remember, there's a House of Commons as well as a House of Lords"—words which are a forecast of the amending legislation to be introduced into Parliament. The caricature, with its inscription, illustrates Mr. Gould's resourcefulness even when he is a little off the beaten track of politics—for south of the Tweed, at least, the subject with which it deals is not one that has aroused much popular feeling.

Mr. Chaplin, always a favourite with the Parliamentary sketch artist, has during the present fiscal controversy shared with Mr. Chamberlain the attention of the caricaturists. Even Mr. Gould found himself obliged to give me the choice of three cartoons out of the number in which he has depicted Mr. Chaplin during the last three years. The first, which is reproduced on this page from the *Westminster Gazette* of May 15th, 1902, may be said to have inaugurated Mr. Chaplin's resurrection—for the purposes of pictorial satire—in the character of the Father of the Corn Tax. He is a genial squire of "The Good Old Days—of the Little Loaf"—"Mr. Protection" bluffly talking to a poor little girl who is carrying the diminutive roll of bread which, in its symbolical form, has become the most powerful weapon in Free Trade electioneering.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS (OF THE LITTLE LOAF).—Mr. Protection: "Oh, what a lovely little loaf! It reminds one of the good old days."
Little Girl: "Garn! Muvver don't think it's lovely."
(The Protectionists are greatly pleased with the Bread Tax, and Mr. Chaplin spoke in favour of it in the House of Commons on Tuesday.)
("Westminster Gazette," May 15th, 1902. By permission of the Proprietor.)

MR. CHAPLIN. BY F. C. GOULD.

The figure here given by Mr. Gould to the right hon. member for Sleaford, with the "cocky" eye-glass and the smile of conscious triumph, is one which he has since reproduced a score of times in the *Westminster Gazette*. Two of its more recent appearances, to which Mr. Gould had referred me in his own uncertainty of choice, were on October 31st—"The Patriotic Poacher"—and November 8th, 1904—"The Real Leader." In the former, it may be remembered, Mr. Chaplin is walking off with Mr. Balfour as a rabbit tied up in a Union Jack handkerchief, the little animal having just been extricated from a brier patch marked "Russian Entanglement"—the picture being suggested by the Conservative meeting at Southampton, when the Prime Minister delivered a speech upon the North Sea outrage instead of fiscal policy. The latter represents Mr. Chaplin as leading a bear (Mr. Chamberlain), the bear's performing pole being labelled "Protection."

"The caricature which amused me most," said Sir John Gorst, "was one of Gould's in the *Westminster Gazette* about 1899 or 1900, in which I was depicted as a little dog outside a house, from the window of which Lord Salisbury and Balfour were looking out and complaining that they could not get rid of me."

This caricature, entitled "That Dreadful Dog," was published on May 3rd, 1899, about the time when Sir John's outspoken criticism—observe the tin kettle tied to the dog's tail—of Conservative policy, more particularly with respect to education, was beginning to prove very unpleasant to the Conservative leaders. The subject was suggested to Mr.

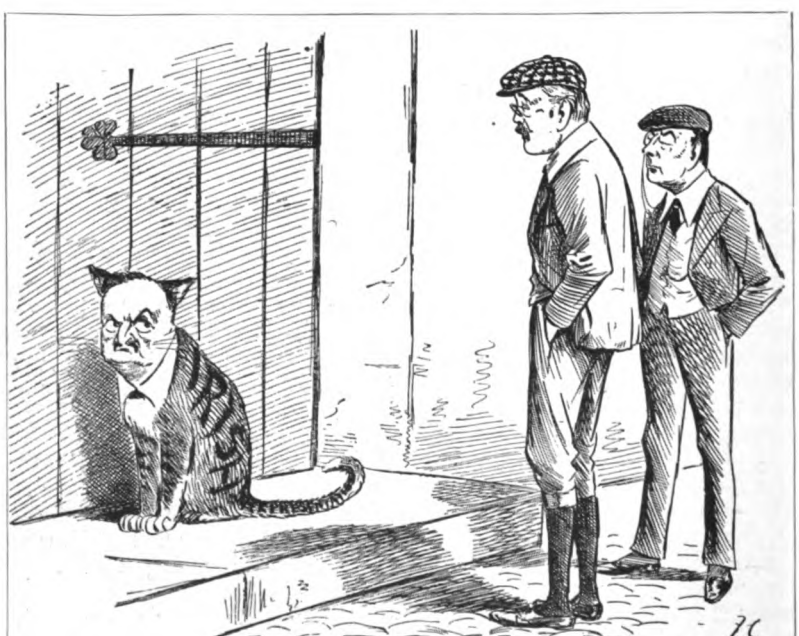
THAT DREADFUL DOG.—Lord Salisbury: "Confound him! he won't go away and he won't let us lose him."
Mr. Balfour: "And if we keep him outside he'll get nasty."
("Westminster Gazette," May 3rd, 1899. By permission of the Proprietor.)

SIR JOHN GORST. BY F. C. GOULD.

Gould by a paragraph in the *Morning Advertiser* denying rumours of impending change at the Education Office, and adding: "So far as Sir John Gorst is concerned, he has no intention whatever of resigning his post." Sir John, it may be noted, continued to hold the portfolio of Vice-President of the Council — which is practically that of Minister for Education in the House of Commons — for three years after the publication of this cartoon.

Sir John Gorst made his choice from a large number of caricatures of himself, the varied course of his political career and his habit of saying and doing unexpected things giving many opportunities to both Liberal and Conservative parties. As long ago as 1882-85 he made frequent appearances in *Punch* as one of the four members of the Fourth Party.

In reply to my question Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish party, referred me to the *Westminster Gazette* for September 4th, 1901, which con-



TAIL AND CLAWS.—Arthur B.: "I say, Joe, here's the cat that's always making such a horrid noise."
Joe: "Let's cut a bit off his tail."
The Cat: "You may cut my tail, but you can't cut my claws."
("The National movement in the country would be just as embarrassing to the Government if the representation was reduced."—Mr. John Redmond at Westport, September 1st, 1901.)
("Westminster Gazette," September 4th, 1901. By permission of the Proprietor.)

MR. JOHN REDMOND. BY F. C. GOULD.

tained a contribution from "F. C. G.," headed "Tail and Claws," based upon a speech made on the previous Sunday at Westport, in which he declared that "the National movement would be just as embarrassing to the Government if the representation of Ireland was reduced." In this picture Mr. Redmond is a cat. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour agree to cut off a bit of the cat's tail, whereupon pussy speaks: "You may cut my tail, but you can't cut my claws." The moral is obvious in reference to the threatened reduction in the number of the Irish members, and Mr. Redmond must naturally have been well pleased to have seen the point so well put. Mr. Redmond is a constant subject, of course, for the Irish cartoonists, and has made not a few appearances of this kind in English journals since the death of Mr. Parnell, but one can quite understand how this particular cartoon retains the first place in his amused recollection for its point as well as its humour.

Mr. Chamberlain found himself unable to return any answer to my question — possibly the immense number and variety of the caricatures devoted to him since he became, with Mr. Gladstone's disappearance, the chief actor on the political stage have overwhelmed his sense of comparison and power of choice. At any rate, it must not be supposed that he is wanting in appreciation of artistic humour, especially when it is exercised with political friendliness. At least one of the cartoons of Sir John Tenniel so greatly pleased him that he purchased the pen-and-ink original sketch and hung it, suitably framed, in the hall at Highbury. This appeared in *Punch* on March 22nd, 1884, shortly after the introduction of the Merchant Shipping Bill by Mr. Chamberlain as President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry.

The cartoon, which is headed "The Cherub," depicts Mr. Chamberlain as an angel hovering over the deck of a ship where a poor, tired sailor lies sleeping. The angry sea threatens the safety of the over-insured and undermanned vessel, but, as the inscription informs us :—

> There's a sweet little Chamberlain sits up aloft
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

This semi-humorous, semi-pathetic picture doubtless helped to arouse the public feeling in favour of the measure for the protection of sailors from unscrupulous shipowners, which enabled Mr. Chamberlain to carry it through Parliament in the face of strong opposition. The cartoon must have been the more pleasing to Mr. Chamberlain inasmuch as at that time *Punch* was not too favourably disposed towards him. A few weeks earlier he had been represented in its pages as blowing the bubble of Reform in Tenniel's cartoon on the

"THE CHERUB!"—"There's a sweet little Chamberlain sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"
("Punch," March 22nd, 1884. By permission of the Proprietors.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

opening of Parliament, while Mr. Linley Sambourne depicted him two or three weeks later as the stormy petrel of politics.

Mr. Ritchie's decision was definite and immediate:—

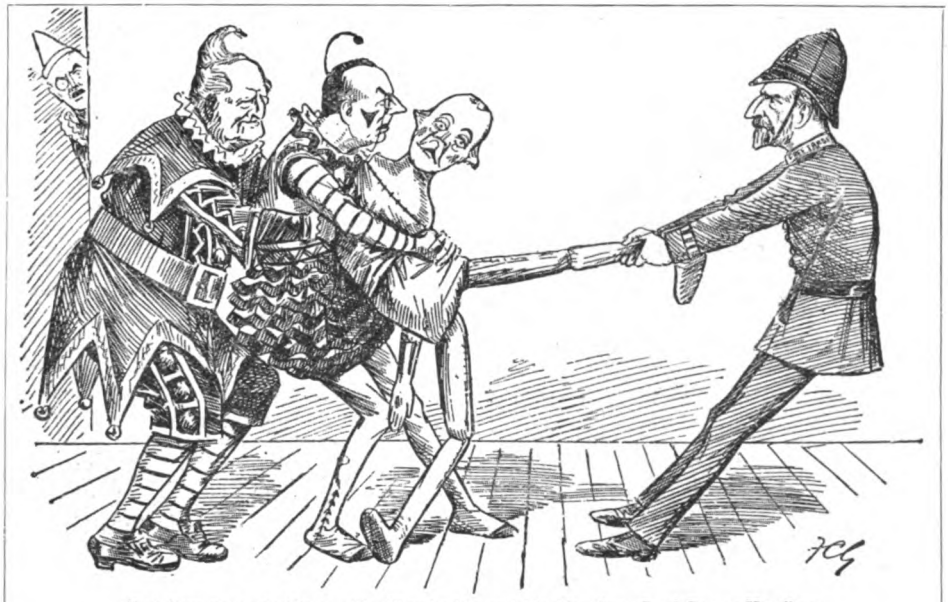
"I think the caricature of myself which I like best is where I appear in company with Sir W. Harcourt, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, and Lord Goschen in 'The Exchequer Guard,' by Gould, in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 12th, 1903."

"The Exchequer Guard" is, of course, one of the classic specimens of "F. C. G.'s" art, and has been very largely used in the fiscal campaign in illustration of the fact that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's four predecessors in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer are all defenders of Free Trade. At the time it appeared Mr. Ritchie was still Chancellor of the Exchequer, but in little more than a month he had left the Government, in the company of Lord George Hamilton, rather than compromise his Free Trade convictions. During the previous Session Mr. Ritchie had vied with Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in the House of Commons, and Lord Goschen in the House of Lords, in making full use of the Parliamentary opportunity of defending Free Trade. It is not surprising that Mr. Gould's happy idea of grouping them together (Mr. Ritchie is on the left-hand corner) should have caused him more genuine amusement than any other of the many caricatures in which he has figured during his public career.

Lord George Hamilton, like Mr. Ritchie, chose a subject belonging to the period of his Dissentient Conservatism. "I have not often been caricatured," writes the ex-Secretary for India, "and generally unsuccessfully. But the enclosed did afford me amusement. Please return it." The "enclosed" was a cartoon called "The Tug for the Doll," wherein "F. C. G." shows Lord George Hamilton in the guise of a policeman pulling Mr. Balfour (the doll) from the clutches of Mr. Chamberlain (the clown) and Mr. Chaplin (the pantaloon), whilst Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as a pierrot peeping round the corner, shouts an encouraging word to his father. A speech delivered by Lord George a few days before to his constituents at Ealing, in which hopes were expressed of the Prime Minister's eventual salvation as

THE EXCHEQUER GUARD.—Chancellors All, waiting for "Mr. Chamberlain and his associates."
("Westminster Gazette," August 12th, 1903. By permission of the Proprietor.)

MR. RITCHIE (on the left). BY F. C. GOULD.



THE TUG FOR THE DOLL.—Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Chaplin *v.* Lord George Hamilton.
Austen: "Pull, father!"
(Lord George Hamilton is apparently still of opinion that he can rescue Mr. Balfour from the Protectionists.—See his speech at Ealing on Monday evening.)
("Westminster Gazette," December 15th, 1904. By permission of the Proprietor.)

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON (the policeman). BY F. C. GOULD.

a Free Trader, was the occasion of the cartoon, whilst its symbolism was evidently inspired by the approach of the pantomime season.

Mr. T. W. Russell, another Dissentient Conservative leader, on the other hand, goes back as far as the summer of 1896, when he was Secretary to the Local Government Board, for the caricature which most amused him, although he mentioned as an alternative a more recent production of "F. C. G.'s" pencil.

The cartoon in question, which was published in the *Westminster Gazette* of July 15th, 1896, is headed "Kittens: Another Sacrifice." It arose out of an incident in the Parliamentary fortunes of the

KITTENS: ANOTHER SACRIFICE. — "I'm very sorry, but we can't possibly keep them. Besides, it's much kinder than letting them be worried by T. W. and Tim."
("Westminster Gazette," July 15th, 1896. By permission of the Proprietor.)

MR. T. W. RUSSELL (the dog). BY F. C. GOULD.

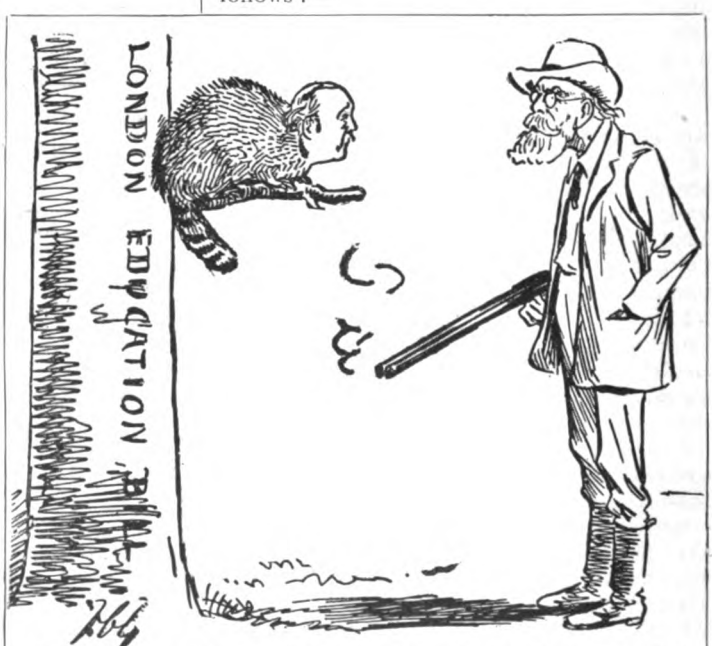
Mr. John Burns described the other day in the House of Commons how a commission agent in Belfast offered him a bribe of fifty pounds. Our artist has here depicted Mr. Burns awaiting his correspondents.

("Westminster Budget," April 7th, 1893. By permission of the Proprietor.)

MR. JOHN BURNS.
BY F. C. GOULD.

Government's Irish Land Bill, in which measure Mr. Russell, as the chief representative of the Ulster farmers, was deeply concerned. One Friday night the Government placed on the Order-Book of the House of Commons certain amendments to the Bill which would have made it more agreeable to the Irish landlords. On the Tuesday following these amendments were hurriedly withdrawn — as the result, Mr. Gould suggests in his cartoon, of the representations made to Mr. Balfour by his Secretary of the Local Government Board. Mr. T. W. Russell is personified in a dog with the word "Ulster" on his collar, sternly watching Mr. Balfour whilst he drowns a litter of kittens, labelled "Amendments," in a pail of water, Mr. Tim Healy, as another dog, looking approvingly over the wall. The picture, in its own amusing way, strongly illustrates Mr. Russell's unfailing friendship for the Irish tenant-farmers, which probably now appears to him as the best feature of his political career.

Mr. John Burns recalls a cartoon of twelve years ago as affording him most amusement among the many of which he has been the subject since the great London Dock strike of 1889 first brought him to the front rank in public affairs. It was one of "F. C. G.'s" early efforts in the *Westminster Budget*, appearing on April 7th, 1893, in the tenth number of that periodical, under the title, "Answers to Correspondents." A Belfast commission agent had had the insolent stupidity to offer the Labour leader, then in the first year of his membership of the House of Commons, a bribe of fifty pounds to obtain for him the appointment of income-tax collector in a letter which wound up as follows :—



A CLIMB DOWN.—The Coon: "Say, doctor, I came down here before you brought your gun."

Dr. Clifford: "Yes; I guess you saw me coming. You'd better come all the way down right away and scoot!"

("Picture-Politics," June-July, 1903. By permission of the Proprietor.)

DR. CLIFFORD. BY F. C. GOULD.

"Dear Mr. Burns, trusting you will give my most urgent claim your most careful consideration and support, and possibly, if you can secure me the position I seek, I shall be happy to hand you a fifty-pound note for your trouble in pressing my claim on the Government."

From his place in Parliament, during a debate on the payment of members, Mr. Burns recounted the reply he had sent to the offer :—

"DEAR SIR,—You are an unscrupulous scoundrel. Your villainy is only accentuated by your contemptible Presbyterian hypocrisy. You can consider yourself fortunate that you are not within reach of my boot."

In the cartoon Mr. Gould has drawn the hon. member for Battersea in readiness for such correspondents, two upturned hobnailed boots appearing as most formidable weapons for the infliction of the chastisement with which, in his righteous indignation, he had threatened the Belfast commission agent. The cartoon, which forms a whole-page frontispiece to this number of the *Westminster Budget*, is of interest not only because of the impression it must have made upon Mr. Burns's memory, but also as an example of "F. C. G.'s" earlier method, when he was feeling his way to the adroit style of caricature to which he has long since attained.

"The caricature which has amused me most," Dr. Clifford tells me, "is one of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould's, in which he represents me as a sportsman shooting at Balfour; but the most popular is that in which he presents me as John Knox preaching." The former appeared in *Picture-Politics* for June-July, 1903, when the London Education Bill was having a stormy time in the House of Commons and the "Passive Resistance" movement, under Dr. Clifford's leadership, was beginning in the country. With the "Passive Resistance" movement still active "F. C. G.'s" picture explains itself.

"Spy's" cartoon of Mr. George Alexander which appeared in *Vanity Fair* for February 22nd, 1894, will probably appear to most readers as a portrait more than a caricature. It ought to be mentioned, however, that in making his choice the popular actor at St. James's Theatre explained that he did not remember the caricature which gave him the most amusement, but he considered the sketch drawn of him by Mr. Leslie Ward for the *Vanity Fair* series to be "the best." About the time he gave his sitting to the *Vanity Fair* cartoonist — Leslie Ward does sometimes draw his "victims" direct from life—Mr. Alexander was much admired in Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Aubrey Tanqueray" was the fancy-name appended—in accordance with custom—by "Spy" to the cartoon.

"AUBREY TANQUERAY."
("Vanity Fair," February 22nd, 1894. By permission of the Proprietors.)

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. By "SPY."

While on the subject of pictures we wish to take the opportunity of stating that the reproduction of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's famous picture entitled "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," which appeared in our January number, should have been accompanied by an acknowledgment to Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., of 13 and 14, Pall Mall East, S.W., who are the owners of the copyright.

MUSCADEL

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. NESBIT.

OF course, there was a grand party when Princess Pandora came of age. The palace was hung with garlands of white roses, all the carpets were taken up, and the floor of every room was covered close with green turf with daisies in it, for in that country the cruel practice of rooting daisies out of lawns with a spud was a crime.

The Queen-mother had died when Pandora was a little baby, so now the Princess had to be hostess, and to receive all the guests, and talk to each one a little, and see that everyone had enough to eat and the right sort of person to talk to.

She did it all very nicely indeed, for she was a properly brought up Princess and had been to a school for the daughters of monarchs only, where, every Wednesday evening, she and her schoolfellows were taught "deportment, manners, and how to behave at Court."

All the guests went away very pleased with her and with themselves, which is how people ought always to feel after a party.

When they had all gone she went and curled up at the feet of her father, who had sunk back on his throne exhausted by his hospitable exertions. The two were quite alone, except for a particularly fine housefly who had settled on the back of the throne, just above the carved Royal arms. Of course, neither the King nor the Princess noticed such a little thing as a fly.

"Well, daddy, dear," said the Princess, "did it go off all right? Did I behave prettily?"

"Ah!" said the King, "you're a born Princess, my pet. Pretty face, pretty manners, good heart, good head. You're your dear mother over again. And that reminds me——"

"Yes?" said the Princess.

"When your mother died," said the King—and he sighed, though it was twenty-one years to a day since he had lost his Queen-love—"I promised her to lock up her apartments, and only to give the keys of them to you when you should be twenty-one. And now you *are;* so here are the keys, my precious. You've always wanted to explore the rooms in the south wing. Well, now you can."

"How lovely!" cried the Princess, jumping up; "won't you come too, daddy?"

"I'd rather not, dear," said the King, so sadly that Pandora at once said:—

"Well, then, *I* won't either. I'll stay with you."

But the King said "No," and she had

better take a housemaid or two with brooms and dusters. "The dust grows thick in twenty-one years," said he.

But the Princess didn't want any of the palace housemaids to help her to explore her mother's rooms. She went alone, holding up her cloth-of-silver train because of the dust.

And the rooms that she unlocked with the six gold keys with pearls in their handles were very dusty indeed. The windows were yellow with dust, so the Princess threw them all open. And then, even through the dust, she could see how beautiful the rooms were—far more beautiful even than her own—and everyone had always said that hers were the most beautiful rooms in the seven kingdoms. She dusted the tops of a few of the tables and cabinets with her lace handkerchief, so that she could just see how everything was inlaid with ivory and jade and ebony and precious stones.

Six of the keys—the pearly ones — opened six beautiful rooms, but the seventh had rubies in its handle, and it was a little, little key, not at all like a door-key; so Pandora looked about for a little keyhole that the key would fit, and at last she found a cabinet of ebony inlaid with gold and red tortoiseshell, and the little seventh key just fitted through the opening of the gold lock-plate and into the keyhole. Pandora turned the key and opened the cabinet. Inside the cabinet were seven little drawers with gold handles set with rubies, like the key.

Pandora pulled the drawers out one after the other. She was alone, except for the house-fly who had followed her and now sat on the top of the cabinet door, watching her with all his hundreds of eyes. But no one notices a fly.

Five of the drawers contained jewels. The first was full of necklaces, the second held rings and brooches, the third had tiaras and chaplets, the fourth girdles, and the fifth bracelets, and they were all of the most beautiful jewels in the world — rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls and diamonds, and opals and many other stones that the Princess did not even know the names of.

In the sixth drawer was a dry brown wreath that fell to pieces as Pandora lifted it. It had been jasmine once, and the Queen had worn it at her wedding.

And in the seventh drawer was just one jewelled ring. It lay on a written page.

The Princess read the writing :—

"This ring is for my son's wife, or for my daughter, if I have no son. It is the magic ring given thousands of years ago to a Queen of this country. It has the power of changing the wearer into whatever shape he chooses. But it has never been used, because the Kings of this country have always been so good and kind, and clever and beloved, that their wives could never think of any change that would not be a change for the worse. There is only one thing in the world that this jewel cannot touch or change. And this is of all things in the world the most important thing."

"THE PRINCESS READ THE WRITING."

Pandora kissed the written words and slipped the ring on to her finger. It was a wonderful stone, like a sapphire that had tried to change into an opal, and stopped halfway.

There was not a happier Princess living than Pandora. Yet she was not afraid of change. Girls are like this sometimes, and she was very young for her age.

She stood looking at the ring and turning it on her finger, and the fly watched her with all its hundreds of eyes.

Now, you will, perhaps, have guessed that this fly was not an ordinary fly, and you are right. But if you think he was an enchanted Prince or anything of that sort you are

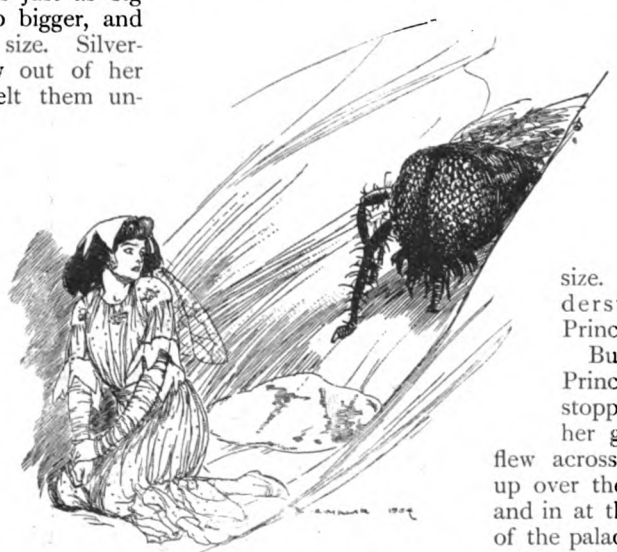
wrong. The fly was simply the cleverest fly of all flies—someone must be the cleverest in any society, you know—and he was just clever enough to like to be where the Princess was, and to look at her beauty with all his hundreds of eyes. He was clever enough to like this and to know that he liked it, but he was not clever enough to know why.

So now, as the Princess stood fingering her ring and trying to make her mind up, he gave an interested buzz, and the Princess jumped.

"Oh," she said, "it's only a horrid fly. But it has wings. It must be lovely to have wings. I wish I were a fairy no bigger than that fly."

And instantly she and her silver-trained gown, and her silver shoes, and the magic ring, and everything about her grew suddenly small, till she was just as big as the fly and no bigger, and that is flower-fairy size. Silver-gauze wings grew out of her shoulders; she felt them unfolding slowly, like a dragon-fly's wings when he first comes out of that dull brown coat of his that hasn't any wing parts.

She gave a tiny shriek of joyous surprise and fluttered out through the open window and down across the marble terraces to the palace flower-garden. The fly buzzed heavily after her.



"PANDORA WAS VERY FRIGHTENED."

Pandora fluttered among roses and lilies on her bright, light, white wings, but presently she was tired, because flying is much harder work than you would think, especially when you have not been brought up to it from a child. So she looked about for a place to rest in, and saw near her the cool, pink cave of a foxglove flower. She alighted on its lip, folded her wings, and walked in on her little fairy feet. It was very pleasant inside the foxglove. The Princess sat down by a drop of dew, which was quite a pool to the tiny lady, and presently she took off her rings and laid them on the smooth floor of the pink cave and began to dabble her hands in the dew-pool. The fly had settled on the outer edge of the flower and watched her with all its hundreds of eyes.

And now the dreadful thing happened. Pandora, her hands and face wet with dew, suddenly saw the daylight darken at the entrance of her foxglove cave. Then a black-winged monster, with hundreds and hundreds of eyes, came quickly towards her on its six legs. Pandora was very frightened, and squeezed herself close to the back of her cave. The fly moved on, and quickly picked up the magic ring, now so tiny that it fitted nicely on to one of its front feet.

Next moment it had backed out of the foxglove, taking the ring with it, and had flown off, and the Princess was left alone.

If she cried a little you can hardly blame her. You wait till you find yourself one million three hundred thousand two hundred and seventy-four times as small as you usually are, with no means whatever of getting back to your proper size. Then you'll understand how the Princess felt.

But she was a brave Princess; so she soon stopped crying, spread her gauzy wings, and flew across the garden and up over the marble terraces and in at the library window of the palace.

The King was reading the account of the birthday-party in the evening paper, and he did not notice the Princess at all till she settled on his ear. Then he put up his hand to brush her away, for he thought she was a fly. She dodged his hand and settled again, and shouted "Papa" into his ear as loud as ever she could. And the shout was no louder than a fly's buzzing. But as it was close to his ear the King heard it very distinctly.

"Bless my soul!" said the King, sitting very bolt upright.

"Don't move, daddy," said the tiny Princess, "even if I tickle your ear with my wings. I found a magic jewel in one of dear

mother's cabinets, and I made it turn me into a fairy, and now a horrid fly has buzzed off with the jewel, and I can't get back to my right size."

"I must be dreaming," said the King.

"I wish you were—I mean I wish I was—but it's true. I'll settle on your hand now, and you'll see."

The King looked at the tiny winged thing—flower-fairy size—that settled on his hand. And he put on his spectacles and looked again. And then he got a magnifying glass and looked through that.

"Yes," he said, "it certainly is you! What a thing to happen, and on your birthday, too! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"It *is* rather hard, daddy," said the poor Princess; "but you are so wise and clever, you'll be able to get me back to my right size again."

"My dear," said the King, "I received a thorough commercial education, but I never learned magic. In fact, I doubt whether it is still taught even at Oxford."

"Daddy, dear," said the Princess, shyly, "I've read a good many books about magic—fairy-tales they're called, you know—and——"

"Yes," said the King, who saw at once what she meant. "Of course, I shall do that first thing."

And next morning all the newspapers contained an advertisement: "Wanted, competent Prince to undo magic and restore Princesses to their right size. None but eldest sons need apply. The usual reward offered. Apply at the palace."

"I think *that's* a mistake, daddy," said the Princess; "in the fairy stories it's always the youngest son who makes everything come right. And people don't know their fairy history nowadays; they mayn't know what the reward is."

So the next day the advertisement was changed to: "Any sons of respectable monarchs may apply. The successful candidate will receive the Princess's hand in marriage."

"It's all very well to put that in," said the Princess to herself, "but if I don't like him I sha'n't marry him. I'll give him all my jewels instead."

But all the Kings' sons in the world had forgotten their magic, if they ever knew any, and not one single Prince applied at the palace.

So the Princess had to do the only possible thing—make the best of it. And she did it bravely.

Now, when the fly, whose name, by the way, was Muscadel, flew off from the foxglove bell, with the magic jewel on his feathery foot, he flew straight to the Princess's boudoir and settled down on his favourite spot, the corner of the frame of her mirror. And there he sat and wondered how he could best use the magic jewel. And he thought so hard that he never noticed a large spider who spun a web right across the corner where he sat, and when he spread his wings to assist his meditations by a little exercise he was caught in the web.

"Aha!" said the spider, smiling greedily.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the fly.

"How nice you look!" said the spider. Then very slowly and carefully she began to move towards him.

"What a terrible thing it is to be a fly!" said he. "I wish I was a spider."

And, of course, instantly he was. He broke the web and scrambled down the mirror, for he was still horribly frightened of the other spider. He got out of the window and down into the garden, and hid himself under a leaf of a burdock, which was there because the gardener was a lazy fellow and neglected his business.

But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Before Muscadel had got his breath after the shock of that dreadful web he saw a slow, wrinkled-skinned creature, with bright yellow eyes, quite close to him. It was a toad, and he knew that toads eat spiders.

"Oh, a spider's life isn't worth living," he cried; "I wish I was a toad."

And, of course, he was, for the magic jewel was still on his front foot.

Now that Muscadel was a toad he felt he should like to find a nice damp place to live in, so he crawled to the edge of the basin of the palace fountain.

And when he had found a nice damp crack in the marble he squeezed in and stayed there for some days. But one day, when he went out for a breath of air and a wood-louse or two, a great beak clattered quite near him and startled him so that he nearly jumped out of his toad's skin.

The person with a beak was a stork, and Muscadel knew what the stork wanted.

"Oh, a toad's life is a dog's life," said Muscadel; "I wish I was a stork."

So he was a stork, and the magic jewel, grown bigger, was round his right leg.

It was fine to be a stork, and he did not envy even the golden eagle that flew down to drink at the fountain. And when the

eagle came within a yard or two of him he felt so large and brave that he said :—

"Keep to your own side, will you? Where are you shoving to?"

The golden eagle, whose temper is very short, looked at him with evil golden eyes, and said :—

"You'll soon see where I am shoving to," and flew at him.

Muscadel saw that he had made a mistake that might cost him his life.

"Oh, what's the good of being a stork?" he said. "I wish I was an eagle."

And as soon as he was one he flew away, leaving the other eagle with its beak open in amazement, too much "struck of a heap," as he told his wife afterwards, to follow the new bird and finish off their quarrel in the air.

"Oh, how grand it is to be an eagle!" said Muscadel, sailing on wide-spread wings; and just as he said it an arrow caught him under the left wing. It hurt horribly.

"What a powerful thing an arrow is!" he said. "Dear me, how it hurts! I wish I was an arrow."

So he was one, but he was an arrow in the quiver of a very stupid bowman, who shot next day at a buzzard and missed it. So the arrow, which was Muscadel, lodged high in an oak tree, and the stupid bowman could not get it down again.

"I don't like being a slave to a mere bow," said Muscadel; "I'll be a bow myself!"

But when he was a bow the archer who owned him hurt his bow-back so in fitting him with a new string that he got very cross, and said :—

"This is worse slavery than the other. I want to be an archer."

So he was an archer. And as it happened he was one of the King's archers. The magic jewel was round his arm like a bracelet, and no one saw it, for he kept it hidden up his arm under the sleeve of his buff coat.

Now that Muscadel was a man, of course he read the newspapers, and in them he saw the King's advertisement, which was still appearing every day.

"Dear me!" said Muscadel; "of course the Princess couldn't get back to her right size when I had taken the magic jewel away. I never thought of that. Flies are thoughtless little things. And, by the way, taking that jewel was stealing. Very wrong indeed. But I didn't know that when I was a fly. So *I'm* not a thief, and no more was the fly, because he didn't know any better."

That evening he had a little talk with the captain of the King's archers, and in the morning the captain called on the King very early and said :—

"Sire, there's a crack-brained chap among my archers who says he can make the Princess her right size again. Of course, it's all tommy-rot, your Majesty, if I may be pardoned the expression, but I thought your Majesty would like to know."

"Oh, let him try," said the King, wearily; "it's something to find someone who even thinks he can do it."

So next day Muscadel, the archer, put on his Sunday clothes and went up to the palace, and a great, red-faced, burly fellow he was.

The King and all the Court were assembled to see the archer make the Princess her own size again, though nobody believed he could do it.

The King was on his throne, and Pandora, still flower-fairy size, was sitting on one of the carved gold flowers that adorned the throne's right arm.

The archer bowed to the King and the Court, and to the Princess, though he could not see her.

Then he looked round the crowded throne-room, and said :—

"Look here, your Majesty, this will never do."

"Eh?" said the King.

"Magic can't be done in this sort of public way. I must be left alone with the Princess. No; I can't have anyone bothering round. Not even you, your Majesty."

The King was rather offended, but the Princess got to his ear and whispered, and then he gave the order for the throne-room to be cleared, and when that was done he set the tiny Princess on the table and went away himself and shut the door honourably behind him.

Then the archer said :—

"Little Princess, you can be made your right size again if you will do just what I tell you. Do you promise?"

The Princess's little voice said "Yes."

"Well, then," said the archer, "I have got the jewel here that the fly stole from you, and I will lend it to you, and you can wish yourself Princess size again, and then you must give me back the jewel."

"Why, the jewel was stolen! You've no right to it. I shall call the guard," said Pandora, angrily.

"They wouldn't hear you, little Princess,

if you did call," said the archer, "but I'll call them for you if you like. Only you promised."

"So I did," said the Princess. "Well, lend me the jewel."

He took it off his arm and laid it upon the table, and as soon as the Princess touched it it grew small, small, small, so that she could put it on her finger. Then she said:—

"I wish I were my right size again!"

And the archer rubbed his eyes, for there on the table stood the dazzling figure of a real, full-sized Princess in a cloth-of-silver gown, and a face more beautiful than the morning.

"Oh, how lovely you are!" he said, and gave her his hand to help her down. She jumped lightly from the table and stood before him, laughing with joy at being her own real right size once more.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she cried; "I must run and show my father this very minute."

"The jewel?" said the archer.

"Oh!" said Pandora. "Well, yes, I did promise, but—well, I'm a Princess of my word. Here it is."

She held it out, but he did not take it.

"You may keep it for ever and ever, Princess dear," he said, "if you will only marry me."

"Oh, I can't," she cried. "I'm never going to marry anyone unless I love him more than all the world."

"I feel as if I'd loved you all my lives," said Muscadel—"all my life, I mean. Couldn't you wish to love me?"

"I don't think I want to," said the Princess, doubtfully.

"Then I must have the jewel. I'll find some way yet of making you love me, and then you shall have it for ever and ever."

"If I loved you," said she, "I suppose I shouldn't mind your having red hair and a red face and red ears and red hands, should I?"

"Not a bit," said the archer, cheerfully.

She stood there, twisting the magic jewel round and round on her Royal finger.

"I suppose it's more important than anything else to love someone?" she said.

"Much," said he.

"Well, then," said she, "but are you the sort of person I ought to love?"

"No," said he, "I'm not half good enough for you. But then nobody is."

"That's nice of you, anyhow," she said. "I'll do it. I wish I loved you."

There was a silence. Then Pandora said, "Nothing's happened. I don't love you. I feel just the same as usual.

"ON THE TABLE STOOD THE DAZZLING FIGURE OF A REAL, FULL-SIZED PRINCESS."

Your hair and hands and face and ears are redder than ever. You'll excuse my candour, won't you?"

"Then there's nothing for it but for me to wish not to love you," said Muscadel, "for I really can't bear loving you to this desperate degree when you don't care a snap of your Royal fingers for me. Lend me the jewel a moment. You shall have it back. If you don't care for me I don't want to care for anything. I'll live and die a red-faced, red-eared, red-haired, red-handed archer, so I will."

The Princess lent him the jewel; and he wished, and waited. Then—

"It's no good," he said, "I adore you as much as ever. More, if possible."

"Ah, I see," said the Princess; "there *is* one thing that the magic ring won't touch. I suppose that's love. How funny!"

"I don't think it's funny at all," said he. "I suppose really it's because you're not the sort of person that could love the sort of person I am."

"Well, then," said she, "I'll wish I was the sort of person who *could*. I won't be made a silly of by a stupid magic jewel. Only let me call my father, because goodness knows what sort of person the person who could love you would be like. *I* can't imagine anyone who could!"

"You may be as cruel as you like now," said Muscadel, "if only somehow or other you'll get to love me afterwards. I will call the King."

So he went to the door and shouted:—

"Hi, your Majesty! Step this way for a moment, will you, please?"

And His Majesty stepped.

"Look here, daddy," said the Princess, "I'm real Princess size again, so give me a kiss!"

When this was done she said very quickly, and before the King could stop her, "I wish I was the kind of person that could love this archer."

And then and there, before the horrified eyes of the other two, the Princess turned into the kind of person who could love the archer.

"Bless my soul and body!" said the King, turning purple.

"Oh, my heart!" said Muscadel, turning white.

For the kind of person the Princess had changed into was a blowzy, frouzy dairy-

"THE PRINCESS HAD CHANGED INTO A BLOWZY, FROUZY DAIRYMAID."

maid, with oily black hair and shining red cheeks, and little black eyes like the currant eyes in gingerbread pigs. Her hands were fat and red, and her feet would not bear looking at for a moment.

"Good old Muscadel!" said the dairymaid that Pandora had turned into; "now we'll be married and live as happy as two mice in a cheese!"

"Never in this world," cried Muscadel, snatching the ring from her hand, which was not manners, but we must remember that he was very much upset. He snatched the ring and he rushed out of the room and out of the palace, and when he got to the archers' quarters he flung himself face down among the rushes on the floor, and lay there till his comrades began to mock him and even to kick him as he lay; and then he got up and fought them with his red fists, one down, t'other come on, till seven of them had owned that they did not want any more.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the King in his palace; "I'd rather have had you flower-fairy size for life than like this. We must get back the jewel and make you into your old self."

"Not a bit of it," said the dairymaid Princess. "I never was so happy in my life. I love that lovely archer, and if I'm a Princess you can order him to marry me, and he'll have to."

"Lackaday!" said the King. "Dairymaids don't seem to love like Princesses do."

"I dare say not," said she, "but we know our own minds. I tell you I'm happy, governor, and I'll stay as I am."

The dairymaid Princess called for cold pork and cheese and beer, and, having had quite enough of all three, she went to bed in the Princess's green and white bedroom.

Now, when all the archers had gone to sleep poor Muscadel stole out and wandered through the palace gardens, and looked at the white fountains rising and falling in the moonlight. He saw the white lilies sleeping standing up, just like real live sentinels. He saw the white peacocks roosting in the yew trees, and the white swans cuddled up among the reeds by the lake. He went hither and thither through the cold white beauty of the night, and he thought and thought, but he could not think any thought that was worth the trouble of thinking.

And at last he sat down on a marble bench and very nearly wished that he were dead. Not quite, of course, because people very seldom do that; and if he had there would have been an end to this story.

The silence and the moonlight soothed him, his poor brain felt clearer and brighter, and at last he had the sense to say, without at all knowing that he was saying anything sensible:—

"I wish I was clever."

And instantly he was.

The change was so great, so sudden, and so violent that it nearly choked him. He drew two or three difficult breaths, and then he said:—

"Oh, I see! How stupid of me! I wish I were the kind of person the real Princess could love."

And he felt his body change. He grew thinner and his face seemed to grow a different shape. He hastened to the lake and leaned over it, and saw by the moonlight the reflection of his own face in the water. It was not particularly handsome, but he was not ashamed of the deep-set eyes, largish nose, and firm lips and chin.

"So that's the sort of man she could love!" he said, and went home to bed like a sensible person.

Early in the morning he went out into the palace garden, and it was not all grey and white as it had been the night before, with moonlight and white lilies, but gold and red, with sunshine and roses, and hollyhocks and carnations.

He went and waited under the Princess's window, for he had grown clever enough to know that the Princess, since she was now a dairymaid, would be up awake betimes. And sure enough the green silk curtains were presently drawn back, and the drowsy, blowzy, frouzy face of the dairymaid looked out.

"Halloa!" she said to Muscadel, among the roses, "what are *you* up to?"

"I am the archer you love," said Muscadel, among the roses.

"Not you," she said.

"But indeed!" said he.

"Lawks!" said the dairymaid.

"Don't you love me like this?" said Muscadel.

"Not a bit," said she; "go along, do. You've got a face as long as a fiddle, and I never could abide black hair."

"I'm going to stay like this," said he.

"Then what's to become of me?" she asked, and waited for an answer with her mouth half open.

"I'll tell you," said Muscadel. "You can stay as you are all your life, and go on loving an archer who isn't anywhere at all, or I'll lend you the magic jewel, and then you can

change back into the Princess. And when you're the Princess, you'll love me ever so much more than you ever loved the archer."

"Humph!" said the dairymaid, fingering the Princess's pearl necklace. "Well, if my dear archer really isn't any more, anywhere—— As you say, the really important thing is to love someone." Although she was a dairymaid she had the sense to see that. "Give me the jewel," she said.

He threw it up, and she caught it overhand, put it on, and said:—

"I wish I was the Princess again."

And there was the Princess leaning out of the window and covering her face with her hands.

"Look at me," said Muscadel; "am I the sort of person you could love?"

"I don't know," said Pandora, peeping at him between her rosy finger-tips. "You had better ask papa."

"I'd rather ask you," said Muscadel, as he climbed up the palace ivy and leaned in at her window-sill to ask her.

"'GIVE ME THE JEWEL,' SHE SAID."

And she leaned out to answer him.

They were married the very next day, and everyone in the kingdom, rich and poor, had roast beef and plum pudding for dinner.

And as soon as the wedding was over Muscadel and his bride went down to the lake, and he threw the magic jewel far, far out. It gleamed redly as it flew through the sunlit air and with a tiny splash sank in the lake, and there it is to this day. You might try to find it one of these days when you have nothing better to do. I dare say you often feel that you would like to change from what you are into something else, and, for anything I know, it might be a very good thing for you, and for the rest of the world.

But Pandora and Muscadel were so happy at belonging to each other that they never wished to change at all, so they did not want the magic ring, and that is why they threw it away. For, as all good housekeepers know, it is very foolish to keep useless things about—just to litter the house up.

A Boiling Kettle and a Working Steamboat Made of Paper.

By Louis Nikola.

THERE seems no limit to the amount of amusement to be derived from a simple piece of paper by the expenditure of varying degrees of ingenuity in the ways of folding, cutting, or what not. Herein we present to our readers two examples of widely different natures—probably the most remarkable things of their kind to be found.

A PRACTICAL KETTLE FROM A SHEET OF PAPER.

In the first we have a novel form of kettle, which, though produced by no more substantial process than the folding of a simple square of paper, will so far justify its claim to practical utility as to actually serve in boiling a small quantity of water over the flame of a candle.

First to make the kettle :—

Take a square of fairly stout paper—a piece of notepaper, cartridge paper, or wrapping paper will do—of any convenient size, and commence by folding it across each diagonal and each axis, well marking all the creases and opening out flat again.

Fig. 1 shows the creases so marked.

Then fold as in Fig. 6, a development which is reached by the successive stages shown in Figs. 2, 3, 4, and 5—*i.e.*, the square is folded in halves (Fig. 2), and the portions contained within the triangles A D C and B C E are folded inside.

Having reached this point (Fig. 6) fold up the corners A and B to the centre C.

Turn over, and fold the two remaining corners A^1 and B^1 also to C in the same way. This gives Fig. 7.

Now open out again one of the four corners which have just been turned up to the centre, as in Fig. 8, and re-fold it on a line parallel with the remaining turned-down edge on that side, and at about the distance therefrom indicated by the dotted line in that figure. This will bring it into the position shown in Fig. 9.

Insert the fingers at O, and pull over that corner, making the new folds marked by the dotted lines till it takes the position illustrated in Fig. 10.

Turn the pointed end over upon itself as in Fig. 11.

Then fold in precisely the same way the corner on the corresponding half of the same side, after which turn over and similarly treat the two turned-up corners upon the other side.

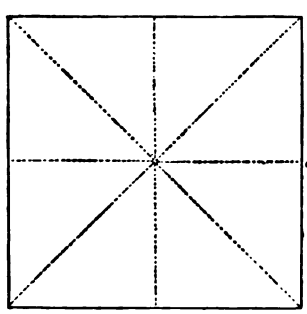


FIG. 1.

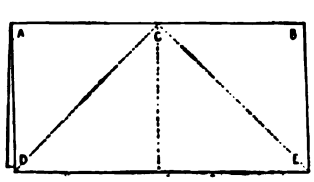


FIG. 2.

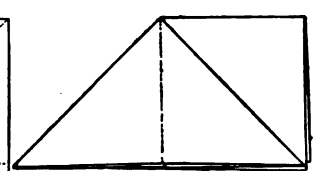


FIG. 3.

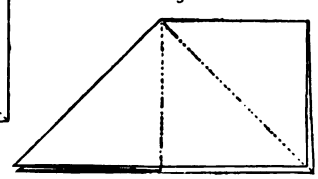


FIG. 4.

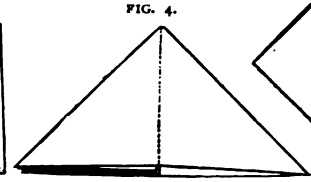


FIG. 5.

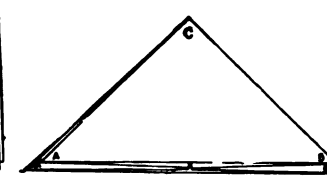


FIG. 6.

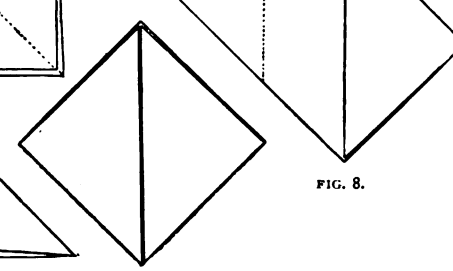


FIG. 7.

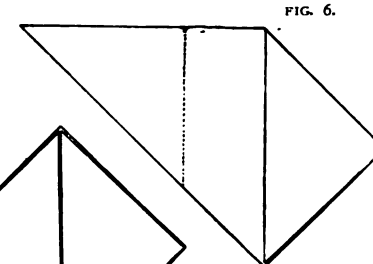


FIG. 8.

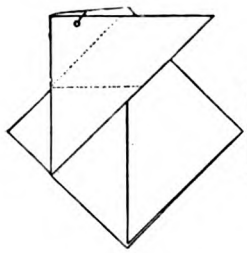


FIG. 9.

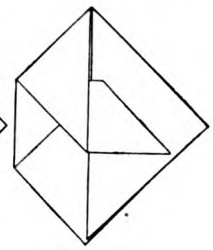


FIG. 10.

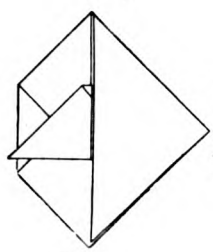


FIG. 11.

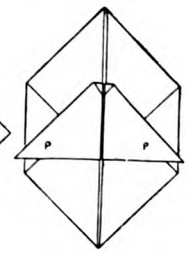


FIG. 12.

FIG. 13.

The folds will then present, on both sides, the appearance of Fig. 12.

Raise the two free points, P P, Fig. 12, on both sides, hold each pair closely together, and pull gently. A small aperture will be seen at the top. Still using the projecting points as handles, blow vigorously into this aperture, at the same time carefully pulling apart the two sides. In this way a substantial square paper box is developed, which is to serve as our kettle.

Flatten the bottom a little, as may be necessary, and pinch the sides and angles into shape if needful, and the improvised kettle will appear as in Fig. 13.

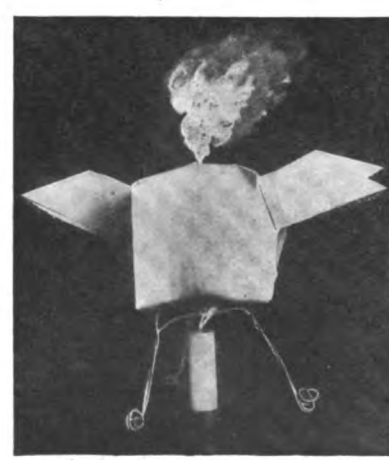


FIG. 16.—THE PAPER KETTLE BOILING OVER A CANDLE-FLAME.

Means must be provided for the suspension of the "kettle." If a gas or electric light bracket or pendant is handy, the simplest plan is to hang it therefrom by a couple of strings. Make a hole through each of the pairs of projecting points, pass the end of one string through each, and make it fast; then hang by the strings at a height which will bring the bottom of the kettle just over the flame.

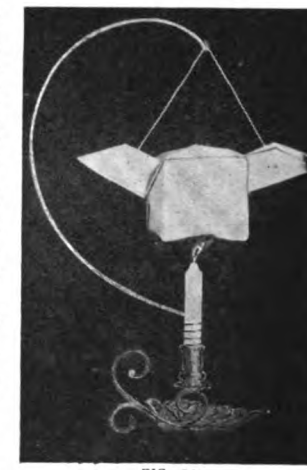


FIG. 14.

Without such accommodating fixture at hand a support may be quickly contrived with a piece of stout brass or copper wire. Fig. 14 shows a support fixed direct on to the candle itself, and is self-explanatory.

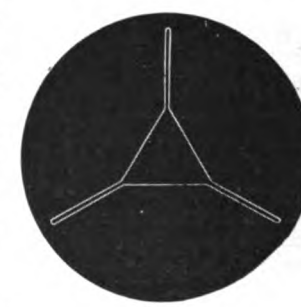


FIG. 15.

Another form of support is shown in Figs. 15 and 16. A long piece of wire will be required. Bend it first as in Fig. 15, and then turn down the three arms, forming a tripod upon which the kettle will stand, as in Fig. 16.

Water may be poured into the paper kettle by way of the aperture in the top; it may be one-third or half filled.

Light the candle beneath, and in a few minutes the water within the paper kettle will be boiling merrily.

HAVING succeeded in making a kettle of paper and boiling water therein, the reader may feel inclined to experiment with a paper steamboat. As before, the first requirement will be a perfectly square piece of stiff paper. In this case the most convenient size will be thirteen inches each way.

First fold the square across both diagonals to find the exact centre. Open out again, leaving the creases marked as shown in Fig. 17.

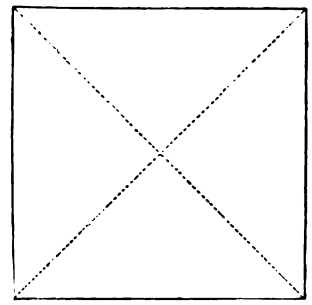


FIG. 17.

Then fold down the four corners to the centre, as in Fig. 18.

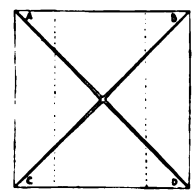


FIG. 18.

Fold across the vertical dotted lines of that figure, bringing the sides A B and C D to the central line of the square—Fig. 19.

Next pull out the corners at the upper and lower ends of the oblong figure presented, as in Fig. 20.

Double across the dotted line of the last figure *backwards*, bringing the two points together as in Fig. 21.

Insert the two thumbs at A A and pull the overlapping sides forward and downward, folding across the diagonal lines B C, B C, and bringing the lines C A, A C into juxtaposition with C D, C D. Then pull the corner right over and press flat. The folds necessary to execute the entire operation are indicated by the several dotted lines, and the position in which the paper is left thereby is represented in Fig. 22. Turn the paper over and repeat the process on the opposite side, with the result shown in Fig. 23.

Then, folding across the dotted lines, bring the three points down to the centre, as in Fig. 24.

This also has to be done on both sides.

Next fold the upper half of the square down on to the lower half, as indicated by the dotted line of Fig. 24.

Turn over, and repeat on the reverse side, when the various folds will have assumed the appearance sketched in Fig. 25.

Take the two sides marked S and S, one in each hand, between the fingers and thumb, and it will be found, by pulling gently apart, that a square, shallow box with overhanging flaps on two sides will be produced, as in Fig. 26.

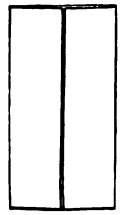


FIG. 19.

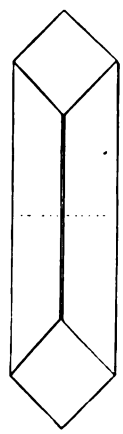


FIG. 20.

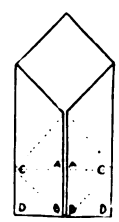


FIG. 21.

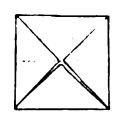


FIG. 24.

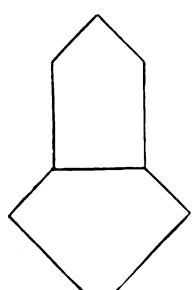


FIG. 22.

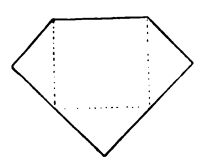


FIG. 23.

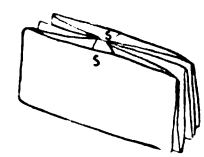


FIG. 25.

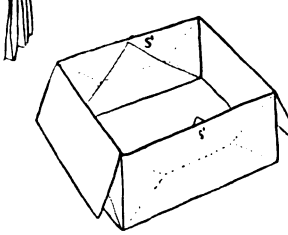


FIG. 26.

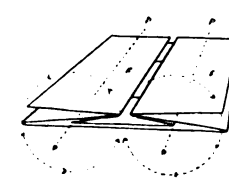


FIG. 27.

Now, pressing upon the two opposite sides marked S^1 S^1 in this figure—the two without the overhanging flaps — force them inwards until their upper edges lie flat against the lower; in other words, making them collapse towards the centre and so flattening the box altogether.

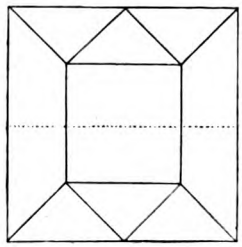


FIG. 28.

To make this quite clear, the folds at this point, as seen by examining the end of the flattened box, are shown in Fig. 27.

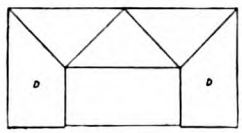


FIG. 29.

The next step is to make the flaps F F each revolve, as upon a pivot, along the dotted lines P P, P P, bringing them from the upper to the under side. This will be found facile upon creasing what was formerly the bottom of the box on lines corresponding to the ones P P and P P in the figure.

The directions of the folds are indicated by the dotted lines and arrow points in Fig. 27, and the position of the visible folds, viewed from the top, after the revolution of the sides, is shown in Fig. 28.

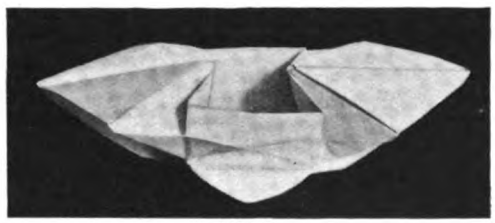


FIG. 30.

All that remains to be done is to double the square figure across the dotted line, as in Fig. 29; then, seizing the parts corresponding to D D of that figure between the thumb and fingers of each hand, pull gently apart, and the craft will slowly reveal itself.

Fig. 30 shows the figure fully developed.

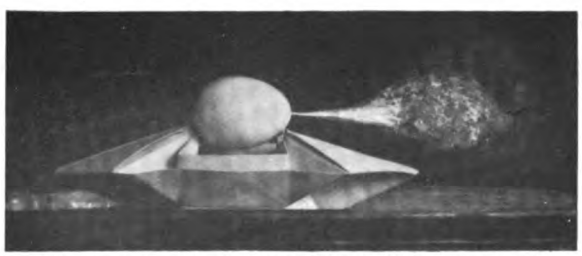


FIG. 31.—THE PAPER BOAT GOING AHEAD UNDER FULL STEAM.

Having constructed the boat, the next procedure is to provide the means of propulsion. The motive power is steam, but the engine to be provided is of the simplest.

The boiler takes the somewhat unusual form of an empty egg-shell. Take an egg, make a pin-hole at the small end and a larger hole at the other. Blow through the smaller hole until the shell is emptied. Then half fill the shell with water, and close the larger hole by means of sealing-wax.

Place in the bottom of the boat the lid of a small round tin box, or, failing this, a portion of the shell of a used egg, cut down to a convenient depth and secured in position, if necessary, with a touch of sealing-wax. Into this put a small ball of cotton-wool saturated with methylated spirit.

Set light to the spirit and place the egg in position over it, with the small end containing the pin-hole pointing across one end of the boat, as in Fig. 31. If a square of paper of the dimensions given at the outset be used it will be found that the egg will rest comfortably in position without other support. Float the boat upon the surface of a basin or tub of water, and so soon as the water in the egg-shell begins to boil the steam will rush under pressure from the tiny aperture, and by force of impact with the atmosphere will propel the boat in the opposite direction.

By fixing a small cardboard or stiff paper rudder — by means of a stout pin — to the "stern" of the boat, and adjusting it to a suitable angle, the vessel may be made to take a circular course and spin gaily round the tub or bath in which it may be launched. The motion will continue until either the water in the "boiler" or the source of heat becomes exhausted.

THE TURNIP.

"A BRAW HIGHLANDER."

"A GOLF CHAMPION."

"OUR COOK."

"NURSY."

"MY OLD DUTCH."

"TOMMY ATKINS."

"OSTLER JOE."

"GOOD-NIGHT."

ONLY A TURNIP!

THE above series of amusing pictures represents a freak-turnip, which is made to assume as many parts as a clever character-actor. They were sent to us by Mr. Dove Paterson, of Aberdeen. The turnip was grown in the grounds of the "Kingseat Asylum" in that city, and presented by the superintendent, Dr. Angus, to our contributor, to whose ingenuity and skill in photography the results are due.

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

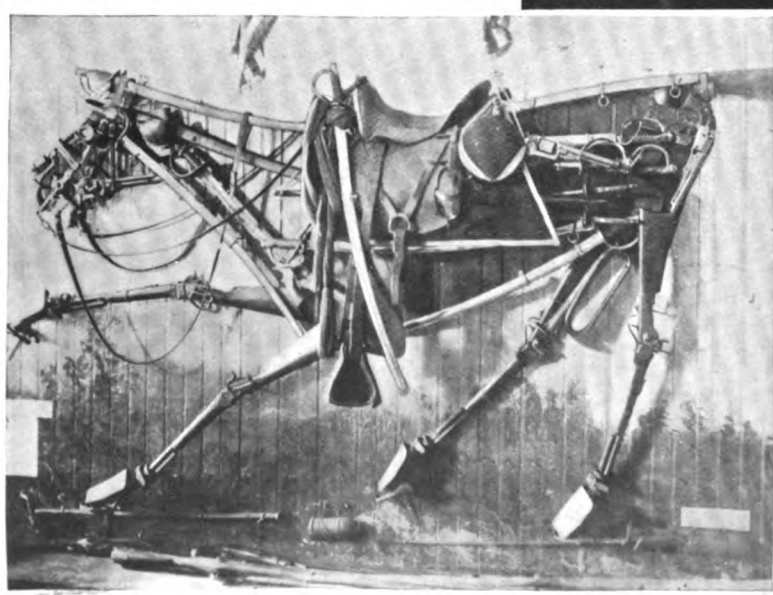
[*We shall be glaa to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

RIDING A LIFEBUOY.

"Our Jack Tars are ever on the look-out for a little sport that is somewhat 'out of the ordinary.' Here, for instance, we have an amusing snap-shot of a naval officer sitting on a lifebuoy, a feat not so easy as it looks. The distortion of the limbs is, of course, caused by the water and makes the photograph all the more curious."—Miss Ivy Block, 39, Eversley Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

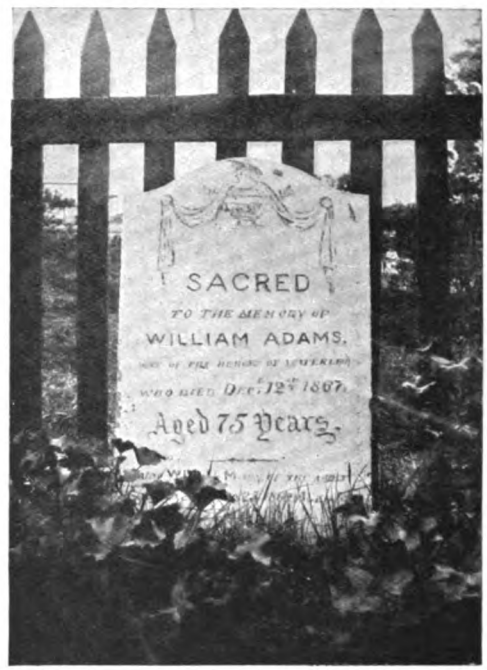
A "MASCOT' HORSE.

"This remarkable representation of a cavalry horse is made up of arms of various kinds, saddlery, and military accoutrements generally. It was made, in their spare time, by the cavalrymen of the Fifth Regiment, Philadelphia, and is now used as a 'mascot,' to bring the regiment good luck."—Mr. W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia.

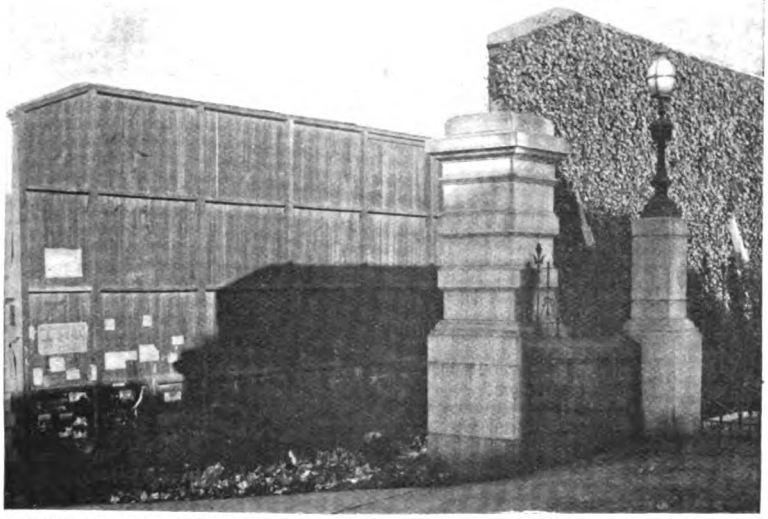


BILL ADAMS AND THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"I send you a curious photo. taken out here. Most of your readers will have heard the story 'How Bill



Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo.' Shortly after my arrival in Fremantle, thirteen years ago, I recited this piece at a social entertainment, and at its close was asked by a couple of old pensioners if I had really met old Bill Adams before he died. I replied that the old gentleman only existed in imagination. My surprise can be imagined when they told me that he had actually resided here and was buried in the local cemetery. At the first opportunity I went out with my camera and took a photo. of the headstone."—Mr. H. E. Wilson, Fremantle, W. Australia.



A REMARKABLE "SPITE-FENCE."

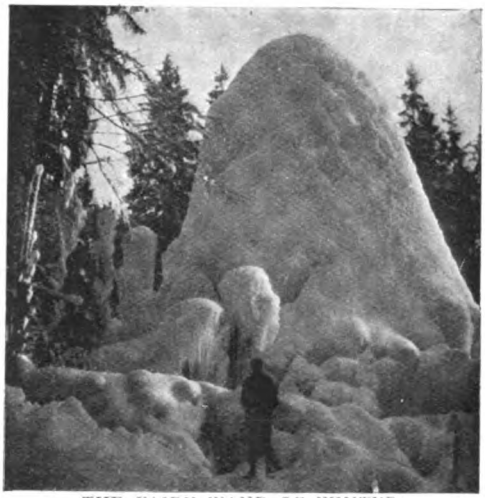
"Fences erected for the unamiable purpose of cutting off the sunlight from a neighbour's house or of obstructing the view are somewhat common in San Francisco, the law of California permitting a man who owns property to build pretty nearly what he likes, however unsightly and objectionable, on it. The best-known and most picturesque of all the spite-fences of San Francisco was erected by Charles Crocker, an obstinate, self-made man, who became very wealthy by his connection with the first railroad into California. At a certain stage in his career Crocker decided to build a house on that part of California Street known as 'Nob Hill,' and, desiring to avoid close contact with the populace, determined to occupy a whole block. But a small lot in the block was owned by a Mr. Yung, who was satisfied with his house and wished to remain in it. To all Crocker's offers to buy he replied that the property was not for sale. At last, wearied out, he named a price at which the lot might be bought. This, however, was higher than the millionaire cared to pay. Instead of buying the property he built on three sides of it a high fence, which shut out the light and air and eventually compelled the owner to move away. From the garden of Crocker's house the fence looked quite pretty, being covered with roses, honeysuckle, and trailing plants. Long after the Yung house had been moved away from its site the fence remained, but a few months ago it was torn down. The accompanying photograph shows the appearance of the fence from inside and outside. The space enclosed on three sides by the fence had a most forlorn appearance, as it became a receptacle for old cans and refuse. The photograph is interesting as showing the spite-fence carried almost to its utmost limits, most spite-fences being built along one side only of a piece of property, whereas this one completely enclosed on three sides the land it was meant to injure." — Mr. Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco.

PARROTS' NESTS.

"This photograph was taken on the Cross River, Southern Nigeria, West Africa. The branches of the lofty palm tree are thickly encrusted with the nests of a small yellow parrot. These birds quickly destroy the tree in this manner. Tornadoes cause great havoc among these little aerial colonies."—A Distant Contributor.

THE BITER BIT.

"My photograph shows how a big sea bass 'got stuck' on a rock cod. Mr. H. C. Crosby, of the tug *Harold C.*, was fishing in Puget Sound and got a cod on the line. He was pulling it in when he felt a sudden jerk, and the fish seemed to have grown in a moment to tremendous size. After a hard struggle he dragged the fish to the surface, and found that a large bass had attempted to swallow the cod, but had been unable to get it more than half-way down." — Mr. Asahel Curtis, care of *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Washington.



THE FAIRY WAND OF WINTER.

"This photo. was taken while I was in Switzerland at a place near Château d'Oex, and the effect was caused by the bursting of one of the water-pipes which supply Lausanne, the water rushing through the pipe with such force that when it came to the burst part it was sent flying into the air, where it gradually froze and formed itself into this huge mass of ice, with the most lovely shades of green and blue all through it. The sun was getting much warmer before I left, and was thawing it so rapidly that the water was bursting out at the top, making a most lovely fairy-like fountain, though its proportions were anything but fairy-like, as may be seen by comparing its size with that of the gentleman in the foreground, who is nearly six feet in height."—Miss FitzGerald, Orchard House, Clondalkin, co. Dublin.

DUCK DECOYS.

"Shooting wild duck is one of the favourite sports in the United States. To attract the fowl within range of the gun a flock of wooden imitations called 'decoys' are placed in the water. They so nearly resemble the live birds that the latter, seeing them on the water, come to meet them and are then shot down. This picture shows a flock of imitation birds, also the curious boat used by the hunter. It rests flat on the surface of the water, and he lies in a hole made in the centre of it, surrounded by the decoys, but completely hidden from the birds in the air."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.

WATER FORCED THROUGH GLASS.

"The glass globe shown in this photograph is a buoy such as is used by codfish and halibut fishermen off Cape Flattery, on the Washington coast. In the cod-fishing the buoy is attached to the nets to keep them taut in the water. In the halibut-fishing the buoys are attached to the lines from which the hooks are suspended. This buoy was one, however, of a number that were attached to the cable of a halibut schooner at anchor in one hundred and sixty fathoms of water. The purpose of these buoys is to keep the cable attached to the anchor off the rocks, so that it shall not become worn through by chafing. The peculiar phenomenon, however, is that this globe, which was full of air, was hermetically sealed before being attached to the anchor cable. After it had been in the water several days, and the anchor was weighed and brought to the surface, it was found that the buoy was four-fifths full of water. The explanation given is that, at a depth of one hundred and sixty fathoms, the pressure of the water was so great that the water was forced through the pores of the glass. This, to a layman, may seem incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless, and one that has been demonstrated by Government scientists on the Great Lakes. There a glass globe, one foot in diameter, was sunk to a depth of two hundred fathoms, and when brought to the surface three days later it was entirely filled with water."—Mr. Asahel Curtis, care of *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Washington.

WHAT IS IT?

"This photograph was taken in a hayfield at Low Moor during the summer. The object in the centre is not a tree, but a man with his arms full of hay in the act of dropping it on the group around."—Mr. J. Hemsworth, 144, North Street, Leeds.

WHERE WOMEN ARE STRONG.

"Your readers would probably be inclined to doubt the remarkable fact that women are still used, in the midst of civilized life, as beasts of burden, were it not for the snap-shot which I send you. The inhabitants of the village of Andorno, in Switzerland, have a curious way of carrying the sick, when a change to a different part of the country is thought advisable. The above photograph shows a woman carrying her mother on her shoulders in the peculiar cradle used for this purpose. These women are very strong, and perhaps that is why the men carry the lighter burden."—Mr. W. Cottu, Aymestry, Scarisbrick Road, Southport.

KING ALFRED'S BLOWING-STONE.

"This is a photograph of the famous blowing-stone with which it is reported King Alfred the Great used to summon his soldiers. When properly blown it can be heard within a five-mile radius. It is situated at the foot of a long hill that

leads up to the old Roman camp and the White Horse cut in the side of the hill—Kingston Lisle, Berks."—The Rev. C. Totcham, Sunninghill Village, Ascot.

PLAYING THE LION.

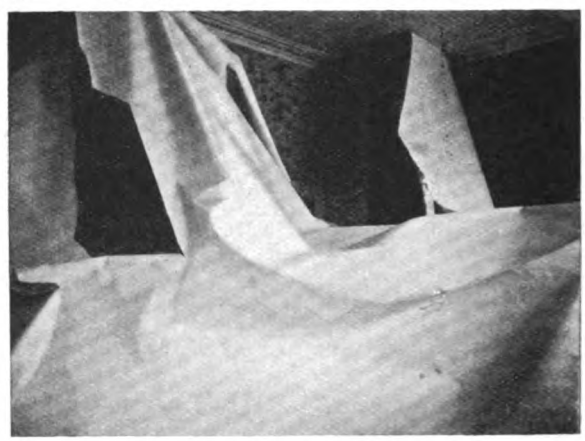
"I saw, a month or so ago, in one of the numbers of THE STRAND, an article on Eastern pastimes, among them the Chinese game of 'playing the lion.' I now send you a photo. of the game in progress as played in the streets of Canton."—Mr. E. Thurlow Leeds, Eyebury, Peterborough.

FOOLING PASSERS-BY.

"Myself and a friend were sitting on the pier with our camera, and, thinking that we would have a little amusement at the expense of the people passing, we stuck on the deck of the pier a penny stamp. We then took snapshots of the people who tried to pick it up, and the effect was delightful—for us."—Mr. F. Tattersall, 40, Tosson Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A FLORAL CLOCK.

"The largest and, in some respects, one of the most curious timepieces ever designed was seen in the grounds of the World's Fair at St. Louis. It was a gigantic clock, the minute-hand alone being over thirty feet in length. The dial was composed entirely of foliage and flowers, the numerals of the hours being indicated by dark-coloured flowers on a groundwork of very light green foliage. The hands of the clock revolved by water power, controlled by electric mechanism in the little building which is seen in the centre of the picture. The hour and half-hour periods were struck on a bell suspended from a little tower set at the edge of the dial. This photograph was taken at eleven minutes past two in the afternoon, and shows when the minute-hand was directly over the hour-hand."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



"VERY DAMP."

"I send you a curious photograph which I took of my bedroom. I discovered when going into my room that all the paper had peeled off the ceiling and was lying all over the furniture and bed. This mishap was caused by the very damp weather."—Mr. Geo. F. Percival, "Woodlands," Woodlands Pk., Altrincham.

"THE VESSEL THEY SEEK IS YONDER ON THE SKY-LINE."

(*See page* 365.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. APRIL, 1905. No. 172.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER VI.

HONOR GRIMSHAW.

IF it had not been designed in God's good providence that M. de Lafayette should arrive safely in America, and that I should write down these memories of my friendship, the place of our misfortune certainly would have been the great Atlantic Ocean, and the instruments those two fine frigates which passed by us so closely that we could see the officers upon their quarter-decks.

Consider how little the English liked this voyage upon which we had embarked. Here was one of the truest aristocrats of France ready to give his life for that which he believed to be the justice of the American cause. The good wishes of his countrymen went with him; the hopes of my people awaited him. Could he have been secured and carried back to Paris, the French King had no alternative but to clap him in prison; for they would tell you that France was at peace with England, and that she owed it to her pacific intentions to display animosity towards M. de Lafayette. So enemies awaited him upon all sides, and none more bitter than those upon the decks of Lord Howe's ships, which were then abreast of us and had but to lower a boat to take every man jack that sailed in *La Victoire*. I doubt if he had stood in greater peril even at St. Jean de Luz.

"This surely is the end of all our hopes," he said to me very quietly while we watched the fine ships together. I had no answer to give him, and I left it to the rascal of a captain, who was dying to be adone with America and safe upon a course to the Indies.

"My papers are all in order," says that dishonest fellow, bold enough now when help seemed near; "no King's ship has the right to meddle with me. I sail for the Indies, and the officers yonder will help me to make my port. You can count upon me, Marquis, but I will not lift a finger to save that dog of a Dutchman, though they hang him out of hand. Let us be plain with one another, for it is quite time we came to an understanding."

"Aye," said I, "and here's the Dutchman coming aboard to have an understanding upon his own account. Let us hear those brave words again, captain. You were not so loud before my friend Bedaulx just now, and, by all the powers, he's not so hard of hearing. Nay, speak up, for I can see that it will be a pretty argument."

He turned as pale as a sheet at my rejoinder, and the rest of us went to the gangway to watch the cutter row in. Quick as she had been in getting to the scene of the wreck, she had picked up but three of the drowning people, and of these one was a woman, another the very meekest-looking pirate that I ever clapped my eyes upon, and the third so gaunt a fellow and yet so merry in his very misery that I laughed aloud at the sight of him.

"It's my old friend, Gad Grimshaw, and his sister, by all that's lucky," said I.

"Not Mr. Grimshaw of Philadelphia?" says M. de Lafayette, who had heard me talk of him.

"No other," said I; "such a man to laugh at that his own father won't have him in the house. He'll never drown, not he. The ocean choked over him. He was crossing the seas after me, no doubt of it."

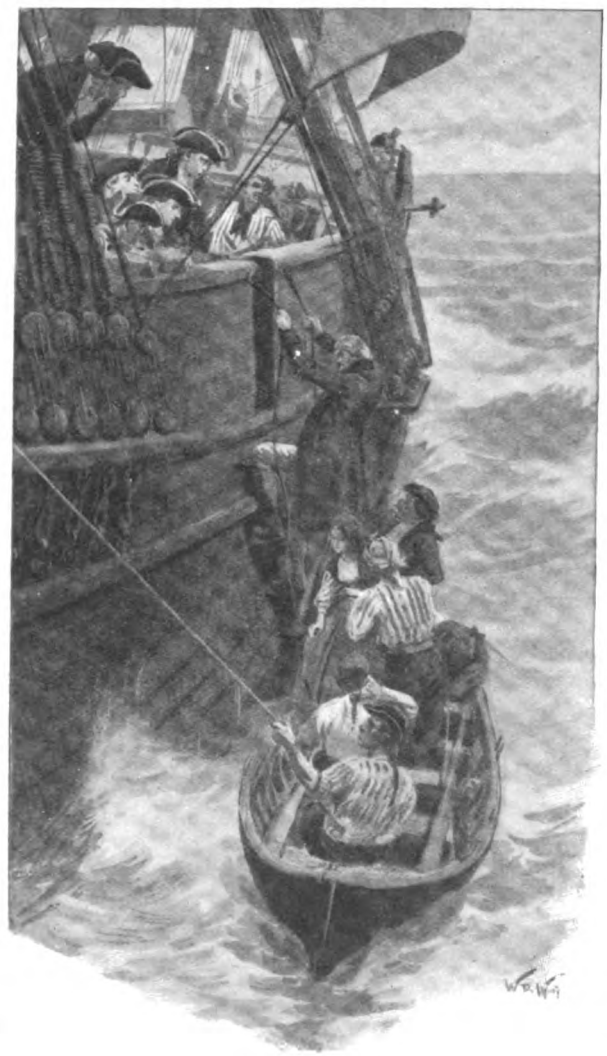
"And he will have news from America for us."

I did not stop to tell him that a precious lot of good the news from America would do us with a brace of frigates upon our starboard quarter and a prison in France already swept out for us. Indeed, the surprise of this event made me like a man in a dream, and I went up to Gad and, laying a hand upon his shoulder, I cried, "Well met, old friend!"

Copyright, 1905, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

just as though it had been in Philadelphia, and not here upon the great bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. In turn he looked me up and down, first at the fine clothes and manner I had got in Paris, then at the officers in their brave gold lace, and says he, "Am I alive or dead? Is it Zaida Kay or his spirit?" and upon that, as the habit went, he moaned aloud and cried, "Oh, Lord, let me not mistake this pirate man for Zaida Kay that was in righteousness." At which they all laughed out and even the Marquis was amused.

"I congratulate you upon your good luck, Mr. Grimshaw," said M. de Lafayette. "We did not believe that many could live from the wreck. This lady, I understand, is your sister. She is welcome aboard, and we will do the best for her, although our own case is not much better."



"'IT'S MY OLD FRIEND, GAD GRIMSHAW, AND HIS SISTER,' SAID I."

"Let your Excellency take heart," rejoined Gad, with the longest face a man can pull. "You have no salt where the bread goes. As for my sister, 'tis she, I think, though much humbled by the water, which, Heaven knows, may be a blessing to us all. Come forward, Honor, and speak to his Excellency, if you've breath in your system, which I doubt."

Such a fresh, bright little body she was; but so white, and wet, and frightened, that scarcely did I recognise Honor Grimshaw as she stood there before us trying to speak her gratitude, but too dreadfully alarmed to say a single word but to me alone.

"Oh, Zaida, Zaida!" she said, in tears; "and is it to America that your ship is carrying us?"

"Why, yes," said I; "if King George over yonder has nothing to say against it."

"And I shall see my home again?"

"Heaven grant it."

"Then never will I believe that Gad is not the greatest coward in all Philadelphia. Such talkings of perils and omens and signs! Surely, Zaida, if he had not held the captain in talk an hour at dinner yesterday this great sorrow would never have come upon them at all. Oh, could they but bit his tongue!"

"Well," says I, "'tis lucky he has no French, and they'll not understand a word of it. Come down now and let the people below do what they can for you in the cabin. My poor little Honor, this is a day of meeting truly. But we'll laugh at it in America," I put in, for I would not have had her down at heart.

They found a cabin for her below and I went up to the quarter-deck again. The two great frigates were still sailing almost abreast of us, their cutters searching for people from

the wreck. I had no notion why they did not send a boat to board us, nor could I find a reason. It seemed the most marvellous thing alive that they should be within two hundred yards of the man they had been sent from England to hunt down, and yet so deceived by the situation that the truth of it never entered their heads. As for our rascally captain, he would have signalled to them willingly enough, I do believe, but for honest Bedaulx, who had his cutlass ready to his hand, and such a voice and manner that he would have scared King George himself.

"And lucky for you," he was saying to the captain when I came up—"and lucky for you that I learned my flags upon the deck of an honest French ship. Do as I bid you, sir, or by the blue water below us I'll write my name on your ugly face. We are a French ship bound for the Barbadoes. The vessel they seek is yonder on the sky-line. Let your flags tell them that. And be sharp about it, sir, for I am not a patient man."

No need, truly, that he should have told the fellow that. I have seen Bedaulx in many moods, laughing under his bristling moustachios or crying like a girl for all the laughter he feigned; but never have I seen him so dangerous as in that hour of our misfortunes, when the frigates appeared to have us and our liberty to be a thing of yesterday. In the half of a minute, said I, the captain will be a dead man. And if that happens, what then? Will his death save us from an English prison or worse? I could not believe that it would do so.

"He'll have his way," said I to the Marquis; "but what then? If they have eyes in their heads, they will spy us out with their glasses. You were wiser below, sir; for some upon those ships must surely know you."

He shook his head, but did not budge from his quarter-deck.

"I doubt that they know of our sailing," he rejoined, with his habitual composure. "Had they done so, their cutters would have boarded us by this time. Let Bedaulx have his way. A child's trick is better than a man's sometimes. And they will be greedy after the pirates," he added, with a smile.

I shrugged my shoulders and held my tongue. Had our position been less hazardous, a man might have laughed at the scurvy captain, doling out his flags one by one like a miser his pennies. As for the others, the doubt and uncertainty of it made them appear almost indifferent to the issue. They were telling themselves, I suppose, that it was a game for children, to deceive children only; and they followed each flag, as it ran upward upon the line, with wondering eyes, their mouths agape and their faces stolid. When the signal had been made we all turned our gaze toward the frigates and waited awhile in as indescribable a state of anxiety as men have known upon a ship's deck. Would the child's trick deceive them? Would they send to search us? I did not dare to think about it. Little Honor Grimshaw, at my elbow, first spoke the good news.

"They are sailing away after the pirates, are they not, Zaida?" says she.

I turned smartly at the words and found her merry blue eyes looking straight into my own.

"If you say so, Honor, 'tis that, indeed," I cried, "and the first good word you ever spoke about King George," I went on, to tease her, for they had told me at Philadelphia that she was upon the point of marrying Captain Richmond, of the Fiftieth, when the war broke out.

"You know that it is not true, Zaida," she exclaimed, her cheeks flaming; "and if it were true, sir, what right have you to speak of it?"

"The right of one who has always wished the best to little Honor," said I, flatly; "the right of a sour curmudgeon that none of your sex has a good word for. We'll talk of it ashore, little girl, for I do believe your prophecy is right and that yonder folk are away after their brothers the pirates. And that," said I, "is the best news, short of King George's running, that your pretty lips could bring me."

She laughed at my way of putting it; while all on the quarter-deck began to talk together excitedly and to tell their neighbours that Bedaulx indeed had saved us. Common prudence alone kept them from sending a rousing cheer after the ships. We watched the great spreading white sails as men watch a bird hovering, or the steps of a beast they are hunting. The tragedy of the sunken ship and of the poor souls lost therein could be remembered by none in an hour so momentous. The frigates were away to open the gates of America for us. The future should be the story of our country's liberty.

So at dinner we drank Bedaulx's health in bumpers of rare red wine; and little Honor being my neighbour, I remembered her words, that I had no right to speak of her

"SHE LAUGHED AT MY WAY OF PUTTING IT."

welfare. If I held my tongue then as I had held it in brighter days, was it doubt of her or of myself, and had the black eyes of little Pauline Beauvallet, sorrowing in that lonely house by St. Jean de Luz, nothing to say for it? I cannot tell you. Providence withheld from me the vista of those days of blood and strife through which I must live before that most precious of all gifts, a good woman's love, was vouchsafed to me.

CHAPTER VII.

WE LAND IN AMERICA.

We landed in America, as all the world knows, upon a night of June in the year 1777. Our scurvy captain, having lost the best of his bearings, brought up at the mouth of the Pedee River in South Carolina, and, although not a man of us knew where we stood, we launched the boats without delay and set out to find what shelter we could. I was not upon that occasion in the cutter with M. de Lafayette; but I followed after him with Gad Grimshaw and little Honor, and no man, be sure, of all that company set eyes again with greater gratitude upon the shores of my country.

"Now, God be good to me," says the melancholy Gad, as we began to row away from the sea and the lights of scattered farmhouses came to view. "A man could die here of the pirates and make no bones about it. But, Zaida," says he, "'twere better done on a full stomach, and that's the honest truth."

"Such a man to talk of eating when one could cry for very gladness," chimed in his sister, bravely. "Oh, to think, Zaida" —and this she said to me— "what M. de Lafayette must feel, so far from his friends and the young wife he loves. And perhaps never to see them again in all this world. My heart bleeds for him; is it not wicked to speak of ourselves at such a time?"

"Why, lass," said I, "your thoughts do you credit, but a man may grow hungry for all that and be none the worse on such a night as this for a glass of something with a little sugar in it. The day will come when all the world will speak of this event and tell how a brave man came among us. But it would not like to hear that we starved him, for all that."

Gad groaned at the thought I provoked.

"Aye," cried he, "a chined turkey and a full glass of rum—and, man, a pipe afterwards for honest teeth. There are those who would sell their souls to King George for as much."

"You shall find them all when we come upon a farmhouse; maybe George's Grenadiers as well—and they'll put the sugar in your rum," said I—for I reflected that we knew so little of that which had happened in America these later days that the King's troops might even be then camped upon the bank of the river we had entered so boldly. This, however, proved to be but a wild surmise, and when we had rowed on a little way we espied lights quite close to the shore and heard dogs barking so loudly that nothing but the French tongue could have so provoked them, as Gad insisted. These omens seemed to tell us that the Marquis had at length found a

haven ; and when we put ashore and joined him we arrived presently at the house of Major Benjamin Huger, and discovered one of our party, the Baron de Kalb, speaking in the oddest broken English you ever heard, and imploring the folk within to open the door to him. The people inside, however, grown accustomed to the presence of English cruisers in the creek, stood to the loopholes of the farmhouse, and swore by all the rivers that they would shoot the first man who came near to them.

"Name of France, feefteen offisar, wid Marquis de Lafayette, walk over the zee to fide for Sheneral Washton "—the poor Baron stammered, for he knew no better English than a Guinea nigger ; while, as everyone is aware, M. de Lafayette had scarce a word of our tongue at that time. Little Honor laughed almost until she cried when we came upon the scene, but twenty words of mine put an end to the misunderstanding and opened the gates to us.

"Major," I said, shortly, "this is the Marquis de Lafayette, and these gentlemen are French officers come to volunteer in the good cause. A rascal of a captain losing his bearings has lost ours with them ; but I am Zaida Kay, from Richmond, and this long fellow with me is Gad Grimshaw, that talked himself out of Philadelphia. Let it not be said that an American citizen closed his door upon brave men who have come three thousand miles to serve us. We are sore weary of the sea, and we hunger for good beds and the sound of honest voices."

Well, it proved to be an Open Sesame for us. But half my words were spoken when the guns were drawn in and the gates unbarred and voices crying to make ready the table for us. As for the honest Major, I thought that he would have dropped down with surprise when I mentioned the names of my friends. Understanding that the Marquis de Lafayette really stood at his door, he kicked the unhappy niggers right and left and nearly choked the breath out of M. de Lafayette's body before he would let go of him. Truly was he a good Republican.

"Right here ; walk right in," he would cry ; and then to me, "Did you say it was the Marquis himself—the lad with the red hair? Well, I reckon I should have known it from the looks of him. Hi, Samuel, Zebedee, run, you niggers, run! Wake up! Francis, rout them all out ; the Marquis de Lafayette! Why, it's wonderful."

So we all pressed into that hospitable house, and a right hearty welcome they gave us. None but those who have been seven weeks in a crazy ship can tell you how good it is to turn into clean sheets and fall to sleep upon the memory of a healthy supper. Not, indeed, that we had heard overmuch good news to serve as our lullaby. Almost the first words that Major Huger spoke when we sat at his table were those which told us of America's misfortunes and of the gloomy pictures which we were about to look upon.

"Burgoyne's army has taken Ticonderoga," he said, "and they will cut off New England from the States if nothing is done. New York is held by the English. Howe is threatening Philadelphia ; the red-coats are everywhere, and we live like white men among Indians. Congress does nothing for our fellows, who have little more than rags upon their backs. If you gentlemen can help General Washington to drill an army of farmers and beat the regulars with them, you will deserve anything my country can say of you. What's wrong with us chiefly is the Tory element in our own camps. By Heaven," he cried, with warmth, "I'd hang every Tory in America and not be particular about the trees. Root and branch, gentlemen ; root and branch is my motto. A long rope and many of them. But I doubt not we'll get on with the short ones," he added, in better humour, and when I had translated it all to my shipmates they laughed with him.

M. de Lafayette, the youngest among us, save for the Major's son, Francis, alone treated the matter with that gravity habitual to him.

"We are not here to teach, but to learn, Major," he said ; "military service can only help a people which knows how to help itself. The greatest hope for America to-day is her faith in a great cause and her assent as a people to the doctrines for which her sons have taken up arms I and my friends have come to you neither as Frenchmen nor as soldiers, but as servants of the great idea which animates your country. We believe that the whole world will be gainers thereby, and we can never doubt what the outcome of this final contest must be. That is the message I bear to General Washington—it is a message I have crossed the seas to deliver."

His speech, delivered with becoming modesty and that charm of voice and manner which is common to the aristocracy of France, made a great impression upon them all ; upon none more than the little lad, Francis, as the subsequent terrible years of M. de Lafayette's life were to show. He, however, held his peace that night, as young

"HIS SPEECH MADE A GREAT IMPRESSION UPON THEM ALL."

lads are wise to do; and as for the rest of us we were too weary and eager for bed to prolong an argument of the kind. Speaking for myself, I slept like a dog; and when I awoke in the morning, and a nigger looked down at me through the mosquito netting of my bed, I could not have told you where I was if a man had offered me a thousand dollars.

"Well, Sam'l," cried I, "and who may you be and what place is this?"

"Me Massa Huger's little nigger boy—you in Carolina, sar. The gentlemen downstairs, they do a heap o' talkin', sar. Won't you raise de curtain and look out, sar? Massa Marquis had him breakfast and ride to General Washington, sar."

It all came back to me in a moment then, and I leaped up and dressed myself with what speed I could. The morning sun showed me my own beloved country, not less beloved because of the strife within it and the dangers which encompassed us about. Peaceful, however, as the scene was, with vegetation of the tropics before my windows and the laughing niggers busying about everywhere, officers and their horses in the compound by the gate, and honest American tongues to greet me, I had no will to linger here or to delay an hour. The camp, the war, the scenes of danger called me. A fever of desire to be up and doing warmed my blood and brought colour to my cheeks.

"Good morrow to ye—good morrow." Such was the greeting heard everywhere. Great pies and pasties and rounds of well-cooked meat they set out for our stomachs, tea and ale to quench our thirst. No talk we heard to-day of gloom or sorrow—none at least that bespoke a man's fears. To the Marquis alone had I a confidential word, and that was one of farewell. My business called me as fast as a good horse could carry me to my home at Richmond.

"We shall meet again at head-quarters," I said; "do not win too much honour before I am there to share it with you, Marquis. You will be a general when next we meet, and Heaven knows what I shall be—save that to you I am your friend Zaida Kay always. God keep you and bring me soon to your side again."

He embraced me in the French fashion with much tenderness.

"I shall write to them in France what I owe to your goodness," said he, "and madame must hear of it. Oh, Zaida," he went on, "there will be a little son or daughter born to me soon, and my heart is weary for my dear wife and the sound of her sweet voice. Come to me again, my comrade, and we will speak to each other of courage. My hopes are here, but my heart is across the sea; yes, there is no cause greater than that of those we love and have left."

I gave him what consolation I could, and called for the horse which the Major had

found for me. To lean Gad Grimshaw and pretty Honor, his sister, I could speak but the briefest word, and that a promise to come to their house in Philadelphia the first day that opportunity should speak kindly to me.

"Good-bye, Mistress Honor," said I. "Next time we are on a ship together may you be more gracious to your poor brother that has such a dose of the true salt within him. We shall be on the way to France then, and the French King ready with thistles for Gad's hair; though, in all truth," I added, "a comb would befit him better."

She answered me saucily enough.

"And what will you be carrying for Pauline Beauvallet?" asks she, as pert as any singing-bird lifting a proud bill above a bush. I was staggered at this, and knew not how to answer her.

"Oh!" says I; "then someone has been chattering."

"You fickle heart," cried she, "courting in a hay-loft and saying that it was your country's business. Never will I believe a word you say again, though you live to be a hundred. And she but sixteen years old, and a woman in artifice, I'll be bound."

I do believe she meant it, and for the life of me I could not move my silly tongue.

But I have always found that, in the matter of praising or blaming a sister, the age of a woman counts but little. And it were an idle task to argue the point, since they are but a flock of silly little geese at the best.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUESTION OF HEARING.

I RODE away from Major Huger's house in South Carolina, promising M. de Lafayette that the briefest weeks should pass before I found him out again. So little can the wisest or the most foolish of us foresee the future. It was the middle week of June, in the year 1777, when I left my friend. The month of May, in the year 1778, had more than half run when we met again in an hour of peril as great as any the war brought upon us.

General Washington was in his camp at Valley Forge then. Philadelphia had been taken by the English. M. de Lafayette had marched the skeleton of an army into Canada, and had returned with the shadow. The surrender of Burgoyne's army in the North, and the declared alliance between France and America, alone saved the energies and the hopes of our armies. We had been the children of patience always; but our hearts sank often during these weary months. And yet, had we known it, our cause was already won.

My own duties at this time had been largely those of an agent of commissariat, and for a long while they kept me in the North. Relieved of my burden, and calling myself a civilian once more, I boldly visited the city of Philadelphia in the month of May and went at once to old Gad Grimshaw's house, as I had promised him. Perhaps it was an over-rash thing to do, and discovery might have brought unpleasant consequences with it; but I cared nothing for the risk when the desire to see my friends came upon me; and at Philadelphia, said I, there will be news of General Lafayette. So I went down into the town, declaring myself a farmer from Richmond; and within half an hour I stood at Gad's door and asked for Honor Grimshaw, my cousin, as I had learned to call her. You could have put an orange into the mouth I opened when a young English officer of Grenadiers came out to my knock and asked, with a drawl, if it were Fanshaw.

"Fanshaw or any other Shaw that will bring my cousin to me," says I. And so we stood facing each other, while I told myself that you could empty half a cask of good ale into the bearskin he wore.

"Oh, my beautiful eyes!" says he; "and what Scotch dog is this yelping at an honest doorway?"

"Young man," said I, "'tis a dog that will tend such sheep as I see about me. Have the goodness to remove some of that gold lace from my path or my eyes will be blinded. And long live King George,' said I, "who has such pretty baa-lambs!" at which he was all up and bristling, and it may be that I should have had to teach him a lesson but for little Honor herself, who came running out of the parlour and stood like one transfixed when she saw me.

"Why," cries she, my name happily breaking upon her tongue, "cousin, is it really you?"

"That, Mistress Honor," said I, "is a thing I will tell you presently. This gentleman calls me Fanshaw, which I like not as well as Seth. Seth Philemon, sir," I repeated, turning to him; and Heaven forgive me for denying my own name.

"Seth Philemon let it be," he rejoined, surlily, "but a fine rogue of a Whig on your own showing, sir."

"What!" cried little Honor, with the prettiest assumption of surprise and delight in her roguish eyes, "has Seth been calling

"I SHOULD HAVE HAD TO TEACH HIM A LESSON BUT FOR LITTLE HONOR HERSELF, WHO CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE PARLOUR AND STOOD LIKE ONE TRANSFIXED."

himself a Whig? Why, Captain Henry, there isn't a more dreadful Tory in all the country round about. A Whig! Whatever has he been saying that you should call him that?"

"Pretty compliments, Mistress Honor," cried I—"and for the matter of that the gentleman took me for a Scotchman, which I will not deny is a sour reflection. Let him knock down his kennel and I will pen in my sheep, and that shall be the end of it."

"Yes, yes," she said, quickly; "why, you could be of the greatest service to Captain Henry. Who would have thought that we should see you to-day? You could help Captain Henry to find General Lafayette—you know the country so well, Seth."

Now, she said it all impulsively, as though it had been a desire to serve the English captain born suddenly in her little wise head; but there was that in her eyes, just a flash come and gone like lightning across a summer sky, which told me more than a book of writing could have done. "The General's in danger," said I; "she was at her wits' end before, and now I am here like some good fairy to help her."

"If I can be of any service to Captain Henry," said I, with new civility, "he shall find me willing. We farmers have not so little to put up with that we shout ourselves hoarse with any politicians. Let me know frankly of the business and I will answer as honestly. 'Tis some matter of the French gentlemen, it would appear, and no great kindness toward them. Come, friend," said I to him, dropping into the Quakers' tongue, "do thee be outspoken and thou'lt find me no less."

Now, this was a fine thing, to be sure; that I, who had gone down into Philadelphia with no other idea in my busy head but to see little Honor Grimshaw and to catch a note of her laughter, should be embroiled on the very threshold of her house in that which appeared to be as serious a business as any I had met with since I sailed from France. Everything told me it was that. The young captain's agitation, Honor's startled eyes, the quick words, the hesitation, all said "danger" as plainly as a man could speak of it. As for the captain, his very questions betrayed him before twenty words had been spoken.

"Do you know of a place called Barren Hill?" asked he.

"What!" cried I, "Barren Hill, where old Parson Knox preaches in the wilderness? Not the Barren Hill upon the river bank—at Swede's ford, maybe?"

"The very place," said he; "that's where the red rat is lying," meaning, of course, General Lafayette. "Grant thinks he knows a lot. Gad, I'd like to make him look foolish."

"Captain," said I, quickly, "if it's getting to Barren Hill before General Grant, I'm your man. A plague on him and his fine feathers too. He called me a ranting Whig—me, that is as good a Tory as any man in Pennsylvania. When did Grant march?"

"At dawn, with five thousand men."

"And you?"

"I ride at midnight with Grey's division."

"Then I go with you," said I, "and twenty good axes that you'll be glad of before dawn."

He looked astonished at this and asked me what I meant.

"Oh," says I, "'tis pretty plain that you are a Britisher. How's a man to go through undergrowth where a dog couldn't walk without axes? Now, you give me a pass to come and go as I please, and I'll have twenty with me by nine o'clock to-night who will take you to Barren Hill before Grant has emptied his snuff-box. But you must keep your tongue still. A word abroad and there'd be a dozen of them doing the same thing for every colonel in your camp."

"Gad," says he, "I'll have the laugh of Grant."

"The city will hold its sides," said I, "but we've no time to lose. Write the paper now, and when Mistress Honor has given me bite and sup I'll know where to carry it."

Well, he sat down at a table and wrote from my dictation. Little Honor, pale and anxious, skipped to and fro like a frightened kitten; now peeping over the captain's shoulder; now in the larder where the good things lay, or making such faces at me behind the man's back that I had to feign anger to drive her from the room. When the pass was ready, my fine gentleman goes striding away in as good a conceit with himself as ever I saw a man.

"Then I am to meet you at this house?" asks he.

"'Tis better so," said I; "you will have your duties to do before then."

"Why," says he, "I'm taking Molly Swenson to the South Street Theatre, though I wouldn't have the little girl in the next room to know for anything."

"She'd break her heart and turn Whig," says I.

"I'll do a friendly thing for you," says he; "when you kiss her, catch both her arms. I've been deaf in the left ear for three days; man, she's a thoroughbred."

I agreed with him and he left me upon it; going to the South Street Theatre, I felt sure, to think of love and pleasure and to plume himself that he would have the laugh of General Grant. He was not a minute gone when Honor came flying in and I had caught her in my arms and kissed her—as a man may be forgiven for doing in an hour of life or death.

"HE SAT DOWN AT A TABLE AND WROTE FROM MY DICTATION."

"Oh," cried she, "and those are Whig manners, are they? Will you have me turn Tory, Zaida?"

"Why, as to that," said I, "Whig or Tory, there'll be men enough to give their ears for you. The captain tells me you've a heavy hand."

She blushed like a red rose.

"Zaida," she said, as serious as a little

Quaker girl, "are you really going to warn M. de Lafayette?"

"Honor," said I, "will there be stars in the heavens to-night, or will the witches have carried them away? Now, firstly, where's Gad, and why are you alone in the house?"

"Gad is away at the Ferry Tavern picking up the news. Oh, such a man he is to suspect a stratagem. 'Tis a deceit,' says he, 'and no Marquis of Lafayette at Barren Hill at all.' The conceit of him. 'They can't blind me,' he says, slapping his chest as though his eyes were there; and Zaida, dear Zaida, the widow is fifty."

"The widow! Now, save us all, what widow?"

"Widow Andrews, that he plays the fiddle for and sighs upon at nights. Zaida, if General Washington comes here, will he take Widow Andrews a prisoner?"

"She shall be tried at the drum's head for witchcraft."

"And will he burn Gad's fiddle?"

"Upon a pyre as high as Solomon's," said I; though Heaven only knows if Solomon had a pyre or no.

We chattered on, she feeding me like a little mother, I hearing as good news the story of the English in Philadelphia and of their wickedness. Dicing, gaming, dancing, weekly balls at the city tavern, dinners and suppers at the Indian Queen, cock-pits and card-playing, the South Street Theatre refurbished, gowns of Venetian silk and velvet for the women, fine lace and ruffles and scarlet coats for the men. "Aye," said I, you'll need better weapons than these for General Washington." But these were not affairs of the moment. My business was to save the life of one of the kindliest gentlemen and truest heroes I have ever known.

"How came this news of the Marquis to Philadelphia?" I asked her while I ate.

"I cannot tell you; their spies brought it in, perhaps. It is a secret which the whole town knows. Captain Henry offered it me for a kiss—I didn't buy it that way, Zaida. He says that Sir William Howe is giving a dinner party to-morrow night to meet the Marquis de Lafayette, who will be his prisoner. Is not that conceit — and are not these English proud to think so ill of us poor Americans?"

"They may think what they please of us," said I; "we'll keep our opinions of them in fancy paper until the right time comes. In plain truth, Honor, some of them are fine young fellows, worthy of better days than those before them in this country. But there's no time to talk about it, lass. The sun's going to bed and I must be marching. Don't fear for General Lafayette. If I know anything of him or his men, it will take a better soldier than Grant to bring him in. Why, you'll be boxing the English boy's ears again to-morrow night. And Gad will be fiddling for the widow——"

She made a wry grimace and lifted a pretty white hand when I would have stooped to kiss her. At the door, however, when I had mounted my horse, she ran up to me suddenly and asked a question which I did not like to hear.

"Would Pauline Beauvallet box their ears, think you?" she asked.

"I'll try it on when next I am in France," said I, and bending quickly in the saddle I kissed her in spite of all.

But the old horse gave a rare jump when she boxed him on the crupper, and he was cantering still when I rode up to the outposts and showed the pass which Captain Henry had been fool enough to give me.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE FRIENDS.

MIND you, many knew Zaida Kay by name but few by face in that gay city of Philadelphia. I had been overmuch in France for one thing; the months since my return had been spent in the woods rather than the cities. None the less, it would have gone ill enough with me if any had called out my name aloud while a British officer had been about; and when a half-drunken English sentinel demanded to see my papers, I needed all the *sang-froid* I could muster to go through with it.

"Oh," cried he, pointing to a shawl muffled heavily about my neck, "here's a nanny-goat on a Newmarket gee, to be sure there is, and got it all glib enough too," for I had given him the password—"Clinton and the Grenadiers." "Well, what do you want with me, my boy, and what's this spelling-book got to do with it?"

"Captain Henry's instructions," said I, briefly. "H-e-n-r-y. Can't you read it, man—can't you read it?"

Few of the English could read in those times; but this man, I think, had had some schooling once upon a time.

"Aitch—he—hen, by the living Jingo, that spells a barn-door fowl. And the little red rat's in the hen-coop. Pass, friend, and bring old Ragoût in on your crupper. These rascally Frenchmen are knocking all

the gilt off our officers. 'Tis time we larded one or two of them."

He offered me to drink out of a very crazy pot filled with mead; but, making some excuse as an officer appeared upon a black horse and began to look at me with more curiosity than I liked, I left him with a wave of the hand and cantered away by the river road. So sharp was the warning (for instinct told me that the officer doubted me) that I expected for quite a long time to hear the summons to halt or the hoofs of pursuing horses behind me, but no mischance of the kind befell; and presently, when the track became wider and leafy woods hid the river from my sight, and the sky above turned to a patch of azure, star-bedecked and infinitely beautiful, I overtook a young and solemn-looking Quaker, and perceived that he had halted for me to come up. To my astonishment the lad rode a splendid chestnut horse, and as I drew near him I could see the barrel of a pistol thrust from the black cloak, which almost obscured his saddle.

"Peace be to thee, friend," said he, in so odd and unnatural a drawl that even I, who know the people, could scarcely refrain from laughing at him.

"Peace be to thee," cried I, "and a better pair of eyes. Why, lad, they could see yonder silver mouth away in South Street. Put it up, sir, or certainly it will do you an injury."

He looked abashed, and not a little ashamed, at this, and hid the pistol prudently. When next he spoke his voice rang musically, with a burden I liked better than his nasal salutation.

"Oh," he cried, "was it showing, then? Indeed, sir, I had no idea of it."

"Honest, at least," said I; "and honesty's a good beginning. Next time you ride abroad, take my advice and leave your pistols and your peace behind you. You're no 'friend,' lad—you wouldn't deceive a nigger from down the river. Let me hear you for myself. God save the King! Come, shout it out for all the birds to hear."

The poor fellow looked very frightened, and stammered the words after me so dismally that I burst out laughing in his face; and, pressing my horse close to his, I slapped him on the back and asked him flatly:—

"What takes you to Barren Hill? What business have you with the Marquis, then?"

"'PEACE BE TO THEE,' CRIED I."

He looked at me as though I held a knife at his throat.

"Oh," said he, "what should a little girl like me have to do with General Lafayette?"

"Girl!—by all the marvels—girl! Oh, here's a plot on horseback. Here's a pretty

conspirator for you. Nay," I said more kindly, "but I doubt not there is some brave word behind it, lass, and you may tell me honestly, for I am Zaida Kay, who brought the Marquis out of France, and a better friend of his you will not find afloat or ashore."

Her surprise and delight at this were pretty enough to see, and she repeated the words, "Zaida Kay, Zaida Kay," as though they had been a passport to her purpose.

"Not Zaida Kay that was with Mr. Deane in Paris?" she asked.

"The very identical rascal," said I.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "then I am Mr. Deane's cousin, Jessie Fenn, and I am riding now to M. de Lafayette to tell him there is danger. When I heard you after me, I thought it would be Captain Henry, who gave me the pass and told me to follow a certain Seth Philemon, who was to and fro between the lines and might not be all he said he was."

I roared with laughter at this, remembering how the captain had twice been cheated.

"What!" cried I, "he told you to watch Seth Philemon! Oh, the fine figure of a man! And you to obey him, Mistress Fenn—you to follow an honest Whig like Seth!"

"Oh, Mr. Kay," said she, "you know that I never meant to do it."

"And are doing it all the while. Make a pretty curtsy to that same Seth Philemon, for he sits in the saddle beside you."

Upon which I told her all about it, and we laughed together until the woods rang. Not, mind you, that we had dallied overmuch, for our horses were at the canter while we talked, and mutually consenting, as though there were no need to add words to M. de Lafayette's peril, we began presently to gallop, and so rode for three or four good miles until we were well upon our way to Barren Hill, and might go with greater prudence.

"We are upon the same errand, lass," said I, "but two heads and two horses are better than one this night, surely. If the high road be watched, as well it may be, the General's friends must come at him by the woods, which is a harder path and not for a woman to follow. Now, do you hold on as you are going and see what luck awaits you. You have a fine horse there and no Indian could sit him better. I will go through the thicket and learn what it hides for us to fear. As I understand it, M. de Lafayette has been sent to Barren Hill with two thousand men to stop supplies and watch the British. If Clinton and Grant entrap him there, he will be cut to pieces and a great blow struck against America. We must prevent that, Mistress Fenn. We owe it to ourselves and all that our friends over yonder are fighting for."

She assented, nodding her head to my words, and grown as serious as a King's judge with a hard case to try.

"They do not march till midnight," says she, gravely; "Captain Henry told me so. 'That blackguardly knave who is to show us the way may cut and run for all that I know,' said he. 'Do you tell us all about him, my dear, and I'll hang a gold watch about your neck when you go with me to England.'"

"Aye," I rejoined, "if he talks like that again I'll put a hempen stock about his neck when next we meet, and lose no time about it either. Now, let us say 'Good-bye,' little mistress. I wish it could be in the Quaker fashion, for truly that hath merits as between lad and lass. But I suppose it must not be," I added, naïvely.

She blushed prettily.

"Peace be to thee, friend," she cried, and whether it were accident or by design, I know not; but I found her lips so near to mine that I kissed her then and there.

"Heaven send that little Honor never hear of this," said I to myself.

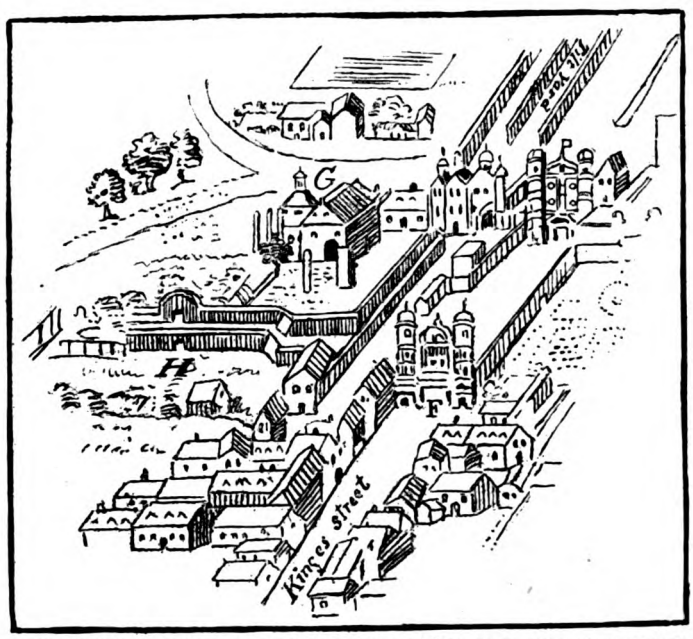
And after all, I remembered, it is a fashion among the Quakers and hath a smack of something devout and Scriptural about it.

(To be continued.)

Downing Street.

THIS is the story of what is at once the greatest and the smallest street in Europe. It is the centre of the British Empire—the official headquarters of three hundred millions of people. For about a century and three-quarters Downing Street—one hundred yards long and ten wide, ending until the other day in a *cul de sac*—has been the theatre, or at least the green-room, of British rule. Here the real actors and actor-managers—Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Wellington, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Balfour—foregathered; here they concerted their action; here they rehearsed their parts—nay, more than that, here they passed their days and nights. First came the First Lord of the Treasury in 1731; then, by degrees, other departments flocked hither—the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the Judge Advocate's Office, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Privy Council. Moreover, the street has an architectural distinction of its own, for it contains some of the oldest, if not the very oldest, brick houses built in London. The ground about here being originally of a loose, swampy character, all the old houses were, like the houses of Amsterdam and St. Petersburg, built on thousands of wooden piles.

If we go back to the reign of Henry VIII. we shall find the land on which Downing Street came to be built lying within the bounds of the great Palace of Whitehall, a bordered path or lane leading to the Royal Cockpit, and also to the Royal park of St. James's. The contemporary maps of Ralph Agas and others vary greatly in detail, but we have little difficulty in marking almost precisely the whereabouts of the Cockpit, inasmuch as we are in this assisted by tradition, which bestows the title Cockpit upon the old Treasury building, erected upon the site of the old theatre of gallinaceous combat, the exact position of which will be seen by inspection of the old map here reproduced. There were two entrances to this building—one used by the monarch and the Court; the other reached through the Tennis Court (now occupied by the new Treasury), across the aforesaid path (Downing Street), and through what is now Treasury Passage. It may almost be laid down as an axiom that, in the old municipal and topographical conditions, once a path always a path, and Downing Street to-day occupies the site of the fenced thoroughfare shown in Fisher's map of the sixteenth century. In the reign of Charles II. His Majesty was induced to part with a tract of land lying just outside the Royal palace, for building purposes, to Sir George Downing, Bart., late Ambassador to The Hague, and in 1667 Secretary of the Treasury. Exactly what the consideration was we do not know—all that we do know is that Downing was a venal and shifty courtier—but it is stipulated in the grant that the houses



PORTION OF RALPH AGAS'S MAP OF LONDON SHOWING (G) COCKPITS, NOW THE TREASURY, AND (H) DOWNING STREET, ABOUT 1540.

should be handsome and graceful. Whereupon Downing levelled the old wooden wall and wooden structures about the site and proceeded to erect the first brick mansions in London. The present writer has made the interesting discovery, by-the-bye, that this was not Downing's first building experience. Although an Englishman, he had been educated in America at Harvard College, his father having emigrated thither, and here we find him actually constructing his own rooms at college. An entry in the first college book (1642) runs as follows:—

SIR DOWNING'S STUDY.

	lb.	s.	d.	
Impr. For boards 272 foote ...	0	16	3	ob.q.
It. Ten days and ½ work at 22d. a day	0	19	3	
It. For ye smithe's worke ...	0	6	11	
It. For glasse	0	2	1	
It. For nayles, lock, and key ...	0	3	0	
Suma totalis... lb.	2	7	6	ob.q.

When Downing died he divided his "mansion and estate and his farm at Westminster" amongst his children, so that in 1722 we find a grandson, Charles Downing, in possession only of several houses in the street. On February 26th of that year the following advertisement appeared in the *Daily Courant*:—

TO BE LET.—The Four Large Houses, with Coach House and Stables, at the upper end of Downing Street, Westminster, with back fronts to St. James's Park, and with a large terrace walk before them next the Park. Enquire of Charles Downing, Esq., Red Lyon Street.

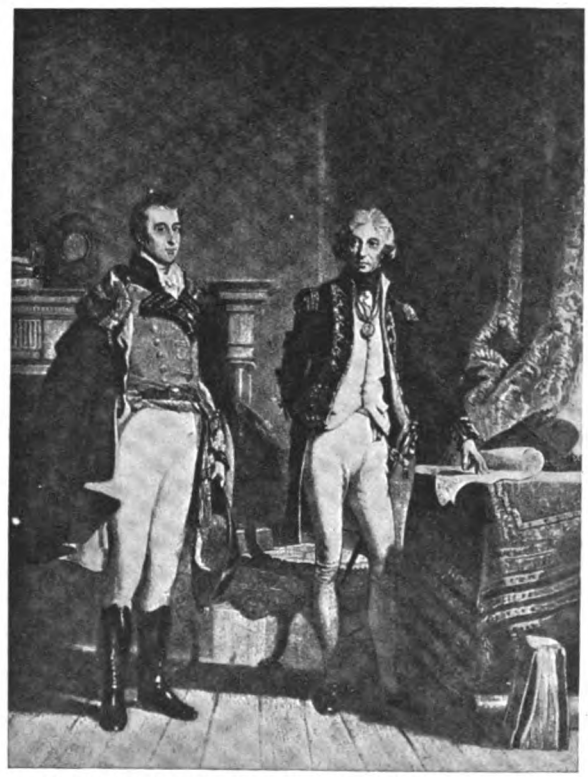
In 1734 we find No. 10 in the possession of Baron Bothmar, the Danish Ambassador, who died there. On his death the property appears to have reverted to the Crown, for George II. now made a present of No. 10 to his Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and his successors.

NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER FROM THE TIME OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.
From a Photo. by W. H. & J. Nelson.

But although the regular official history of Downing Street began with Walpole's occupation, it by no means follows that it had not been previously connected with the offices of Government. From its proximity to Whitehall and Parliament, many of the houses were occupied from time to time by members and leading officials. King George II.'s Prime Minister found his new quarters most congenial for many years. His celebrated son Horace remarks, in one of his letters (1742): "I write this in one of the charming rooms towards the Park, on a delightful evening. I enjoy the sweet corner." The corner alluded to also commanded a view of the Cockpit, between which and No. 10 there still stretches the back garden, part of the ground that was formerly used for harbouring the bellicose birds prior to battle. The pavement of Downing Street soon re-echoed to the steps of a succession of Ministers—Chatham, North, Pitt amongst them in turn. It was in Downing Street that the Duke of Newcastle made that famous ejaculation on learning something of Canadian geography: "Cape Breton an island! God bless me! I must run and tell the King that Cape Breton's an island!" Lord North had a number of rooms on the ground floor for years. Afterwards, on a reconstitution of the Ministers, he was deposed, and found himself removed to the second floor, but he could not accustom himself to the change, and the ex-Premier frequently astonished the clerks by seating himself at the table and going through the papers pertaining to his successor. As for Pitt, he "never felt at home" anywhere but in Downing Street, and for twenty years never passed the night under any other roof than No. 10 when he could help it. Here it was that he contracted those huge bills for furniture, books,

wines, and accessories which so astonished his contemporaries.

The old Colonial Office in Downing Street was at the very bottom of the thoroughfare, facing the east, and, together with the adjacent Foreign Office, was pulled down in 1861. It was at the Colonial Office that Nelson and Wellington met for the first and only time in their lives, an event depicted in the accompanying reproduction of an engraving of the period. The memorable interview took place in 1804, just after Wellington returned home from India. He had sent up his name to the Minister and was shown into an ante-room, whither Nelson had preceded him. The great sailor was not acquainted with the personality of the great soldier, and launched out into what Wellington afterwards wrote was the silliest nonsense he had ever heard in his life. When, however, he obtained a clue as to his interlocutor's identity his manner and language instantly underwent a change, which far more impressed the future Duke.



THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND NELSON IN DOWNING STREET.
From an Old Engraving.

As we have seen, the Cockpit retained its name long after the palace and the two famous portals, Holbein's Gate and King Street Gate, had been swept away. The minutes of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury were all dated from "The Cockpit at Whitehall" as late as 1780. But all official letters, beginning with 1793, were dated from "Downing Street," as they had previously been dated from "The Cockpit."

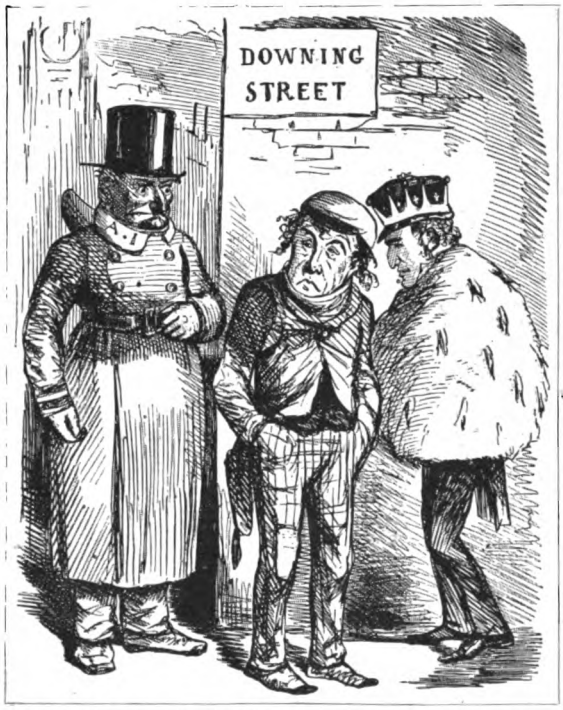
The thoroughfare had long been a synonym for Government, and in the caricatures and broadsides from 1740 to the present time there are countless references to it in that capacity. "Dowdy" was precisely the adjective one would apply to Downing Street in the old days before Sir Gilbert Scott's stately pile on the south side lent a certain splendour to the thoroughfare. The buildings occupied by the Foreign Office from 1793 to 1861—the period when our foreign policy was most active under Pitt, Perceval, Canning, and Palmerston — were several tumble-down buildings thrown into one. The dilapidation was accentuated by the fact that latterly, when the public-house and dwellings at the King Street end of Downing Street were pulled down, the adjacent walls had to be shored up by timber. The office boasted two main entrances — one used by the Secretary of State, the Under Secretary, and foreign Ambassadors, the other by the clerks and the public—and two back entrances—one for the Minister's own private use in St. James's Park and the other for the printers and binders in Fludyer Street, which ran parallel to Downing Street on the south. Sir Edward Hertslet, who spent fifty-six years at the Foreign Office, tells of the occasional use to which the latter exit was put by at least one Foreign Secretary, who had many impecunious friends amongst his acquaintance, whose elusions of bailiffs were often of an exciting nature. These were handed each a small despatch-bag, and in the guise of messengers made their escape by a flank movement, while the creditors and their agents were assisting the sentinel to stand guard in front. The room in which the Cabinet Councils were held until 1856 had

VIEW OF DOWNING STREET IN 1844.
(By permission of the Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News.")

three windows facing Downing Street, while the Secretary of State's apartment gave into the Park. "Certain pretty dressmakers living in Fludyer Street" formed part of the outlook of the Foreign Office staff, which in those days was certainly rather frivolous. "A mutual recognition generally took place every morning. In one of these rooms there used to be one gentleman with a round head and another with red hair, and should the former first open his window, the young ladies opposite, who generally worked with their windows open, would call out: 'Good morning, Turnips; how's Carrots?' and, should the latter be the first to appear, the salutation would be: 'Good morning, Carrots; how's Turnips?'"

A favourite diversion of these Downing Street clerks was to let down strings of red tape (of which commodity there continues to be a plentiful supply in Downing Street) from the top windows and haul up baskets of fruit, especially strawberries, in season. On one occasion the red tape was cut, doubtless by some reformer, and the printers and bookbinders gorged themselves on delicacies intended for their superiors. Other distractions from the cares of official life consisted in pea-shooting and throwing water over organ-grinders, with occasional donations to the same fraternity of red-hot coppers. Once an irate musician responded by sending a large stone hurtling through the Foreign Office windows, which narrowly escaped doing serious physical injury. At the very top of the building were situated the printer and his staff, together with the heavy presses and founts of type, which threatened to plunge through the rickety flooring. Here all the printing of the confidential correspondence with foreign Courts, etc., was done. The official printer was Thomas Harrison, whose father and grandfather before him, and son and grandson after him, have also printed the *London Gazette*. Harrison's foreman, or manager, in Downing Street was P. S. King, who afterwards founded an official printing firm on his own account. Very few typographical mistakes have ever been made in the office, and no secrets divulged. Once, it is related, a despatch relating an interview with a foreign Minister wound up by saying that "His Excellency had made the following filthy remark." Then followed a statement in print, in which the most scrupulous official failed to discover any indelicacy. Lord Palmerston ordered the original MS. to be

AN EPISODE OF THE DOWNING STREET RIOTS, 1830.
(From a Contemporary Print.)



SWELL MOB AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—PUNCH (A 1): "Now, then! What's your little game?"
D—z—v: "Our little game. Nothin'—we're only 'waiting for a parting.'"
(By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch.")

scrutinized, when it was found that the remark made by the Ambassador was not "filthy," but "pithy."

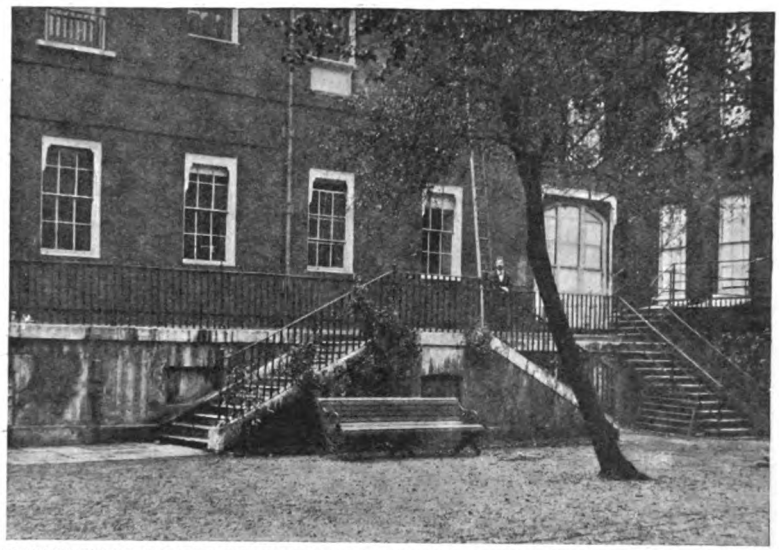
"In the early Reform riots," says Raikes in his *Journal*, "a mob ran violently into Downing Street and, rushing up to the sentinel at the door of the Foreign Office, cried out, 'Liberty or death!' upon which the old soldier presented his musket and said, 'Hands off, you fellows! I know nothing about liberty, but if you come a step further I'll show you what death is!'"

A somewhat different version of the incident is given in a print of the period, reproduced on page 378, where, the climatic conditions being, as they must have been in the time of our grandsires, exceptionally frigid, the spoken words are congealed in the atmosphere, that all who run may read. Moreover, the old soldier is figured as a rather youthful beadle. The decade, 1850–60, was particularly fruitful of pictorial references to Downing Street by *Punch*, two examples of which are reproduced on this page. The latter of these, in which three well-known political characters have exchanged head-gear, is particularly amusing.

During the railway mania of 1845 the public-house in Downing Street, the Cat and Bagpipes, became celebrated as the scene of singular financial and engineering activity. It being necessary for plans for new railways to be deposited with Government on a certain day, legions of promoters and draughtsmen invaded all available premises in the vicinity of Whitehall, in order to labour diligently at schemes and specifications until the last possible moment. A drawing of one of these gatherings appears in the *Illustrated London News* of that year.

The public-house and the row of adjoining buildings on the south side were pulled down a few years later, and in 1861, Sir Gilbert Scott having been commissioned to erect new public buildings, the old Foreign Office and Colonial Office were also razed to the ground. The two offices were temporarily removed to Whitehall Gardens, returning on the completion of the new

A NEW COALITION—BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, IN DOWNING STREET, 1855.
(By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch.")



THE TERRACE IN THE GARDENS WHERE LORD BEACONSFIELD USED TO WALK, AND WHERE MR. GLADSTONE WAS FOND OF PLAYING WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN.
From a Photo. by] [*W. H. & J. Nelson.*

building in 1868. How greatly not only the south side of Downing Street, but the neighbourhood, had been altered may be inferred from the fact that formerly no fewer than seven streets and alleys lay between Downing Street and Parliament Square, while now only one—Charles Street—remains. The removal of King Street in 1892 greatly widened Whitehall.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the old Plantations office, which stood at the northern extremity of King Street, was exactly opposite Downing Street. In 1861 the latter ceased to be a *cul de sac* and became a thoroughfare from Whitehall into St. James's Park; but a part of one of the buildings, to the west of the Square, as it was called, still remains, and much of the north side is to-day as it was in Walpole's time, and, indeed, as Downing built it. The small structure numbered 12 is now occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Nos. 1 to 9 vanished when the new Treasury buildings were erected a century ago.

In the spacious garden of No. 10 Lord Beaconsfield used occasionally to take an airing early in the morning, and there Mr. Gladstone was fond of sitting and playing with his grandchildren. The old official residence—now occupied by Mr. Balfour—is certainly a grim, ugly, sprawling pile, viewed from without; but within it is like most old London houses, very handsome and comfortable.

When one considers what a celebrated arena of political greatness Downing Street has been—how the very phrase Downing Street has come to imply the power and might of England—one is surprised that it does not figure to a greater extent in topographical history—that no one has taken the trouble to pen its memoirs. When the American Ambassador, Mr. Choate, undertook to describe its origin and youth in an address delivered a few years ago, his hearers were almost taken by surprise, and after being by far the most important street in the kingdom since the days of the early Georges, Downing Street awoke to find itself famous.

"There is," wrote Theodore Hook, wittily, "a fascination in the air of the little *cul de sac;* an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious forgetfulness."

KNOCKER AT 10, DOWNING STREET.
From a Photo.

Things That Get in Our Eyes.

AS SEEN THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

By Fred. W. Saxby.

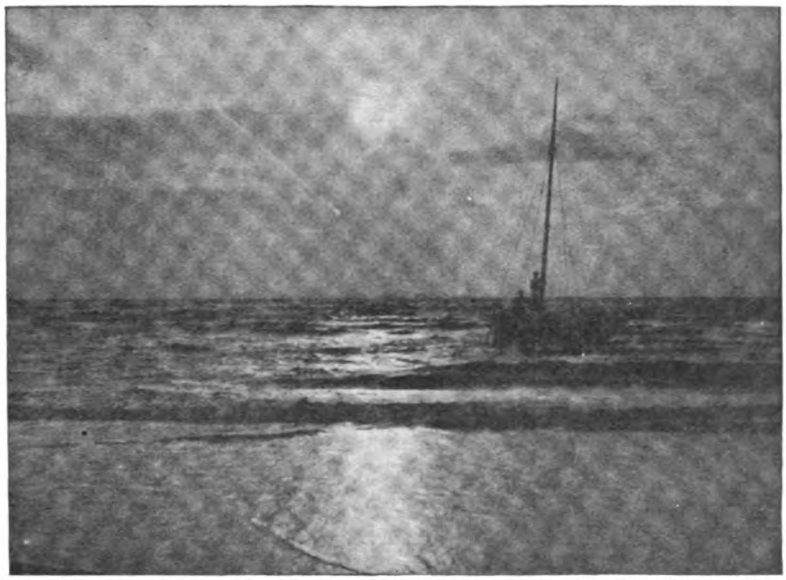


FIG. 1.—A FALLING METEOR. SUCH METEORS SUPPLY THE DUST WHICH IS SHOWN MAGNIFIED IN FIG. 2.

FEW people are aware of the fact that we are all constantly collecting curious things without looking for them. There are wide-awake collectors who go about with their eyes open, and they are the very people who make the largest collections of specimens which they neither see nor want. Big, wide-open eyes are excellent dust-traps, and the origin and nature of some of the things that get in our eyes will come to many as a revelation.

Every reader of The Strand Magazine has seen a meteor—a streak of light passing with rapid movement across the darkening sky of a winter's evening. A solid body of mineral matter has plunged out of space into our atmosphere, and at such a terrific speed that the friction of its passage through the air has generated sufficient heat to convert the mass into a streak of luminous vapour (Fig. 1). Astronomers tell us that, in the earlier ages of the earth's history, huge active volcanoes existed upon its surface, and it is quite possible that their fiery craters belched up masses of rock with a force sufficient to carry them out into space beyond the reach of the earth's gravitation. Under such circumstances the rock masses would not fall back again, but would continue their flight and take up a path for themselves around the sun. Or it may be that the volcanoes of the moon, or the bursting of a planet countless ages ago, caused the presence in space of these curious bodies.

In its great yearly journey round the sun the earth crosses the paths of countless of these wandering boulders, and sweeps them up by the great brush of gravitation. Thousands of meteors plunge every day into the ocean of air which surrounds and screens us from this fierce bombardment. As the "shells" approach the earthy target at a speed ten times swifter than a modern rifle can project a bullet, there is little wonder that they "go off" into vapour on meeting the atmospheric "advance guard" always on duty around our fortress.

But what becomes of the vapour? The luminous particles soon cool down in the cold upper regions of the air, and in the act of condensation the particles arrange themselves into countless tiny, spherical, shot-like

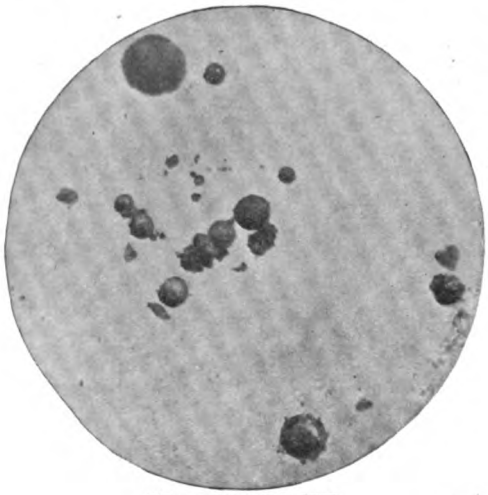


FIG. 2.—METEORIC DUST.

pellets, too small for the unaided eye to see. The meteor has, in fact, been converted into meteoric dust (Fig. 2), which falls unperceived in a gentle shower upon the earth.

In the very act of looking up at the fleeting spectacle of a fiery orb, the reader with the big, wide-open eyes may easily receive in one of his own orbs a tiny sphere from afar, that was produced in a glowing streak of light like the one he is admiring.

Meteoric dust is ever falling, and upon all parts of our planet. The little spheres have been found upon the decks of ships far out at sea, in all the deserts of the earth, and on the tops of snow-clad mountains. Dredgings brought up from the silent depths of the ocean give testimony of their universal presence. The particles all contain iron, and are easily collected by the magnet from the roof of any outhouse or other place exposed directly to the sky. They are very small, measuring from $\frac{1}{200}$ to $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch in diameter, and vary in colour from bright steel-blue to red, the latter indicating a more oxidized condition.

Each tiny sphere that falls so gently from the sky has a wondrous story to tell—a true "romance of worlds," far exceeding in the marvellousness of its character the highest flights of human thought or the wildest dreams of excited imagination.

Even the volcanoes of to-day are "throwing dust in our eyes," but of another kind. During the great eruptions of Krakatoa in Java, and more recently of Mont Pelée in the West Indies, thousands of tons of lava in the form of minute fragments have been flung into our atmosphere. The smaller particles have been carried in the upper currents of the air several times round the earth, and our glorious sunsets and strange colours and haloes sometimes seen round sun and moon are largely due to suspended dust.

It will be remembered how the gallant survivors of the *Roddam* were all but smothered in their escape from the West Indian eruption by volcanic dust which got into their ears, nostrils, and eyes. Fig. 3 is a photograph of it taken through a microscope.

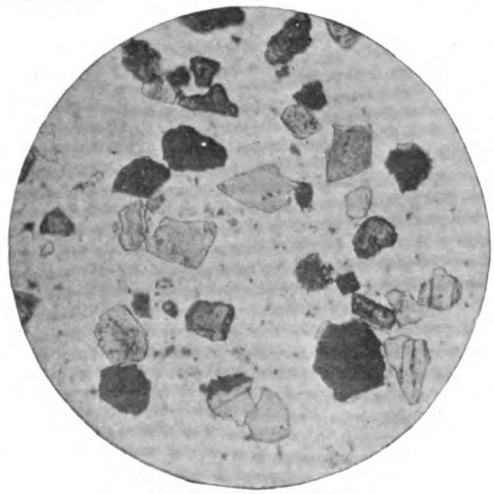


FIG. 3.—VOLCANIC DUST.

People who live on ships are sometimes pelted with dust of quite a different kind. Fig. 4 is a photograph of some microscopic flinty skeletons of beautiful plants called

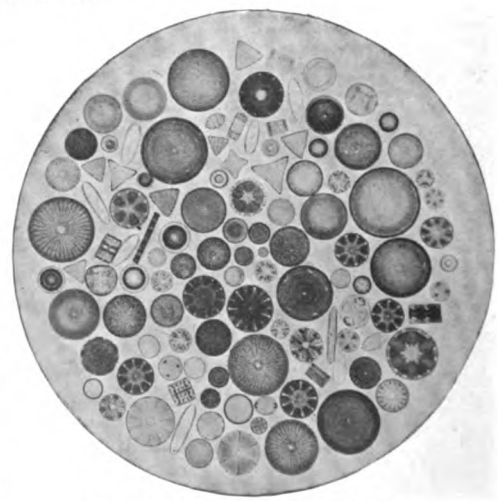


FIG. 4.—THE FLINTY SHELLS OF DIATOMS.

"diatoms." These tiny plants live in both salt and fresh water, and occur in enormous numbers in some localities. Occasionally water-courses and inundated areas dry up, and the flinty shells of the diatoms which grew there are blown about as dust. There are several instances on record of diatomaceous dust-falls at sea. During the thickest part of the fall the sailors have experienced much pain in their eyes, the inflammation being caused by the little flinty shells. In China, and also in America, there are large tracts of country covered inches deep with a dry, dusty deposit called "loess," which is known to contain many diatom shells and other flinty remains.

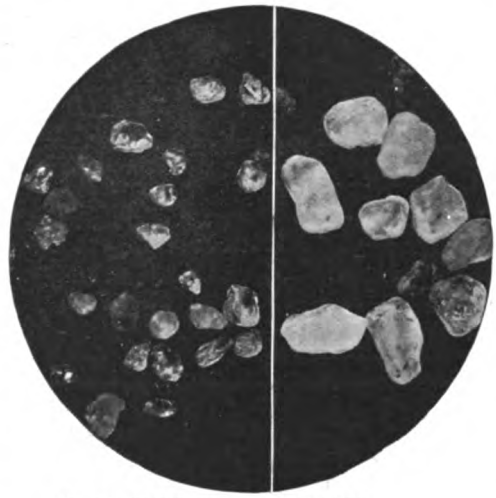


FIG. 5.—DESERT SAND. SEA SAND.

The great deserts of Arabia contribute their share of things that get in our eyes. Blinding sand-storms of great magnitude and long duration often fall mercilessly upon the traveller in the Great Sahara. Carried on hot winds these tiny grains inflict much suffering on man and beast, and are largely the cause of blindness so common in the East. Our photograph (Fig. 5) shows the difference in size and shape of desert and sea sand. The wind-blown grains on the left are the smaller and rounder, having suffered more frequent and violent collisions than is the case with the water-borne grains. The magnification of both kinds is the same.

In the great pine forests of Canada, and in other parts of the world, dust-storms of quite an original character are regularly experienced. The pine trees depend upon the wind for the carrying of their pollen. The tiny yellow grains, of which Fig. 6 is a photograph, are the means appointed by Nature for the fertilization of the seed. For carrying the pollen of flowering plants, the services of insects are solicited with perfume and nectar, but the pine tree has no gaudy flowers to attract insects, and trusts perforce to the kindly aid of the passing breeze to carry the precious grains. In the case of all wind-borne pollens, the number lost is enormous when compared with the few that are required to perpetuate the species. So solicitous is Nature that pine trees shall survive that she has endowed them with surprising powers of pollen production, and millions of grains are flung into the air in the hope that a few shall accomplish the purpose for which they were sent.

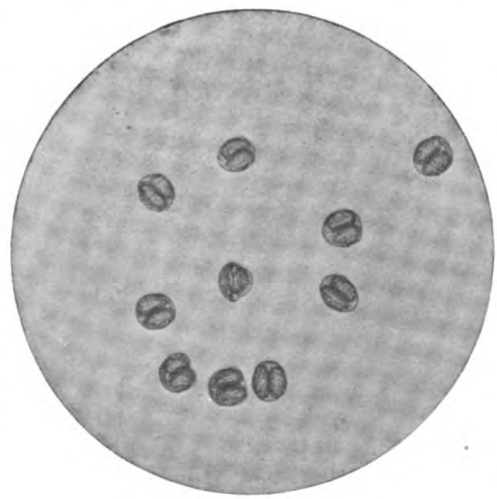


FIG. 6.—PINE POLLEN.

During the time when the pollen is falling in the forest it is quite a common thing to see small streams choked up with it, and the woodman with his spade has to clear from the door of his hut deep drifts composed of these grains, just as we deal with accumulations of snow in the winter time. It produces little inconvenience when blown into the eyes, as the grains are not angular and have no sharp spines.

Fig. 7 is a photograph of two scales from the wing of a butterfly. Probably every rambler in the country during the summer

months gets one or more of these beautiful things in his eyes. The scales are really modified hairs, flattened out so as to better clothe and protect the insect. They are attached by a very slender quill, in which respect they greatly resemble the feathers of birds. Many scales are shed during flight, especially when the mature insect has just emerged from the pupa. Different species of butterflies often fight together like game-birds, and lose their tempers and their "feathers" too.

Upon the surface of the scale there will be seen a number of parallel lines composed of rows of dots. The brilliant hues seen upon the butterfly's wings depend not upon any coloured pigment present, but upon these microscopic markings. As the light falls upon the scales it is partly absorbed and partly reflected by these innumerable dots; according to their structure and arrangement so the reflected light will be red, blue, green, etc., as the case may be. Here is a speck of dust so delicate, small, and soft that even the human eye, with all its wondrous sensitiveness, cannot feel its presence; yet upon the surface of it Nature has found sufficient room to elaborate all that wondrous detail. Apply to it the very highest power of magnification the hand of man can produce, and behold "perfection"—inimitable and sublime.

There are many other interesting and wonderful things that get in our eyes. The particles so obtained during the lifetime of a traveller would include fragments of everything he had seen. In the mighty laboratory of Nature the giant forces are ever at work upon the material particles of a boundless universe—elaborating, disintegrating, reconstructing in one glorious cycle of unending change.

"A grain, a mote, a gnat, a wandering hair,"
True and eternal as the stars that burn;
Thus shall the fragments to the spheres declare:
"Of dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return."

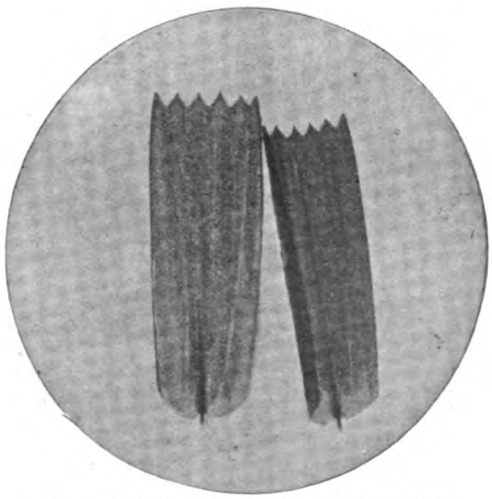


FIG. 7.—SCALES FROM THE WING OF A BUTTERFLY.

BOB'S REDEMPTION

"GRATITOODE!" said the night-watchman, with a hard laugh. "*Hmf!* Don't talk to me about gratitoode; I've seen too much of it. If people wot I've helped in my time 'ad only done arf their dooty—arf, mind you—I should be riding in my carriage."

Forgetful of the limitations of soap-boxes he attempted to illustrate his remark by lolling, and nearly went over backwards. Recovering himself by an effort he gazed sternly across the river and smoked fiercely. It was evident that he was brooding over an ill-used past.

'Arry Thomson was one of them, he said, at last. For over six months I wrote all 'is love-letters for him, 'e being an iggernerant sort of man and only being able to do the kisses at the end, which he always insisted on doing 'imself: being jealous. Only three weeks arter he was married 'e come up to where I was standing one day and set about me without saying a word. I was a single man at the time and I didn't understand it. My idea was that he 'ad gone mad, and, being pretty artful and always 'aving a horror of mad people, I let 'im chase me into a police-station. Leastways, I would ha' let 'im, but he didn't come, and I all but got fourteen days for being drunk and disorderly.

Then there was Bill Clark. He 'ad been keeping comp'ny with a gal and got tired of it, and to oblige 'im I went to her and told 'er he was a married man with five children. Bill was as pleased as Punch at fust, but as soon as she took up with another chap he came round to see me and said as I'd ruined his life. We 'ad words about it—naturally—and I did ruin it then to the extent of a couple o' ribs. I went to see 'im in the horsepittle—a place I've always been fond of—and the langwidge he used to me was so bad that they sent for the Sister to 'ear it.

That's on'y two out of dozens I could name. Arf the unpleasantnesses in my life

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

'ave come out of doing kindnesses to people, and all the gratitoode I've 'ad for it I could put in a pint-pot with a pint o' beer already in it.

The only case o' real gratitoode I ever heard of 'appened to a shipmate o' mine—a young chap named Bob Evans. Coming home from Auckland in a barque called the *Dragon Fly* he fell overboard, and another chap named George Crofts, one o' the best swimmers I ever knew, went overboard arter 'im and saved his life.

We was hardly moving at the time, and the sea was like a duck pond, but to 'ear Bob Evans talk you'd ha' thought that George Crofts was the bravest-'arted chap that ever lived. He 'adn't liked him afore, same as the rest of us, George being a sly, mean sort o' chap; but arter George 'ad saved his life 'e couldn't praise 'im enough. He said that so long as he 'ad a crust George should share it, and wotever George asked 'im he should have.

The unfortnit part of it was that George took 'im at his word, and all the rest of the v'y'ge he acted as though Bob belonged to 'im, and by the time we got into the London river Bob couldn't call his soul 'is own. He used to take a room when he was ashore and live very steady, as 'e was saving up to get married, and as soon as he found that out George invited 'imself to stay with him.

"It won't cost you a bit more," he ses, "not if you work it properly."

Bob didn't work it properly, but George having saved 'is life, and never letting 'im forget it, he didn't like to tell him so. He thought he'd let 'im see gradual that he'd got to be careful because of 'is gal, and the fust evening they was ashore 'e took 'im along with 'im there to tea.

Gerty Mitchell—that was the gal's name—'adn't heard of Bob's accident, and when she did she gave a little scream and, putting 'er arms round his neck, began to kiss 'im right in front of George and her mother.

"You ought to give him one too," ses Mrs. Mitchell, pointing to George.

George wiped 'is mouth on the back of his 'and, but Gerty pretended not to 'ear.

"Fancy if you'd been drownded!" she ses, hugging Bob agin.

"He was pretty near," ses George, shaking his 'ead. "I'm a pore swimmer, but I made up my mind either to save 'im or else go down to a watery grave myself."

He wiped his mouth on the back of his 'and agin, but all the notice Gerty took of it was to send her young brother Ted out for some beer. Then they all 'ad supper together, and Mrs. Mitchell drank good luck to George in a glass o' beer, and said she 'oped that 'er own boy would grow up like him. "Let 'im grow up a good and brave man, that's all I ask," she ses. "I don't care about 'is looks."

"He might 'ave both," ses George, sharp-like. "Why not?"

Mrs. Mitchell said she supposed he might, and then she cuffed young Ted's ears for making a noise while 'e was eating, and then cuffed 'im agin for saying that he'd finished 'is supper five minutes ago.

George and Bob walked 'ome together, and all the way there George said wot a pretty gal Gerty was and 'ow lucky it was for Bob that he 'adn't been drownded. He went round to tea with 'im the next day to Mrs. Mitchell's, and arter tea, when Bob and Gerty said they was going out to spend the evening together, got 'imself asked too.

They took a tram-car and went to a music-hall, and Bob paid for the three of 'em. George never seemed to think of putting his 'and in his pocket, and even arter the music-hall, when they all went into a shop and 'ad stewed eels, he let Bob pay.

As I said afore, Bob Evans was chock-full of gratefulness, and it seemed only fair that he shouldn't grumble at spending a little over the man wot 'ad risked 'is life to save his; but wot with keeping George at his room, and paying for 'im every time they went out, he was spending a lot more money than 'e could afford.

"You're on'y young once, Bob," George said to him when 'e made a remark one arternoon as to the fast way his money was going, "and if it hadn't ha' been for me you'd never 'ave lived to grow old."

Wot with spending the money and always 'aving George with them when they went out, it wasn't long afore Bob and Gerty 'ad a quarrel. "I don't like a pore-spirited man," she ses. "Two's company and three's none, and, besides, why can't he pay for 'imself? He's big enough. Why should you spend your money on 'im? He never pays a farthing."

Bob explained that he couldn't say anything because 'e owed his life to George, but 'e might as well 'ave talked to a lamp-post. The more he argued the more angry Gerty got, and at last she ses, "Two's company and three's none, and if you and me can't go out without George Crofts, then me and 'im 'll go out without you."

She was as good as her word, too, and the

next night, while Bob 'ad gone out to get some 'bacca, she went off alone with George. It was ten o'clock afore they came back agin, and Gerty's eyes were all shining and 'er cheeks as pink as roses. She shut 'er mother up like a concertina the moment she began to find fault with 'er, and at supper she sat next to George and laughed at everything 'e said.

George and Bob walked all the way 'ome arter supper without saying a word, but arter they got up to their room George took a side-look at Bob, and then he ses, suddenlike, "Look 'ere! I saved your life, didn't I?"

"You did," ses Bob, "and I thank you for it."

"I saved your life," ses George agin, very solemn. "If it hadn't ha' been for me you couldn't ha' married *anybody*."

"That's true," ses Bob.

"Me and Gerty 'ave been having a talk," ses George, bending down to undo his boots. "We've been getting on very well together; you can't 'elp your feelings, and the long and the short of it is, the pore gal has fallen in love with me."

Bob didn't say a word.

"If you look at it this way it's fair enough," ses George. "I gave you your life and you give me your gal. We're quits now. You don't owe me anything and I don't owe you anything. That's the way Gerty puts it, and she told me to tell you so."

"If — if she don't want me I'm agreeable," ses Bob, in a choking voice. "We'll call it quits, and next time I tumble overboard I 'ope you won't be handy."

He took Gerty's photygraph out of 'is box and handed it to George. "You've got more right to it now than wot I 'ave," he ses. "I sha'n't go round there any more; I shall look out for a ship to-morrow."

George Crofts said that perhaps it was the best thing he could do, and 'e asked 'im in a off-hand sort o' way 'ow long the room was paid up for.

Mrs. Mitchell 'ad a few words to say about it next day, but Gerty told 'er to save 'er breath for walking upstairs. The on'y thing that George didn't like when they went out was that young Ted was with them, but Gerty said she preferred it till she knew 'im better; and she 'ad so much to say about his noble behaviour in saving life that George gave way. They went out looking at the shops, George thinking that that was the cheapest way of spending an evening, and they were as happy as possible till Gerty saw a brooch she liked so much in a window that he couldn't get 'er away.

"It *is* a beauty," she ses. "I don't know when I've seen a brooch I liked better. Look here! Let's all guess the price and then go in and see who's right."

They 'ad their guesses, and then they went in and asked, and as soon as Gerty found that it was only three-and-sixpence she began to feel in her pocket for 'er purse, just like

"GEORGE, MAKE 'IM BEG MY PARDON."

your wife does when you go out with 'er, knowing all the time that it's on the mantelpiece with twopence-ha'penny and a cough lozenge in it.

"I must ha' left it at 'ome," she ses, looking at George.

"Just wot I've done," ses George, arter patting 'is pockets.

Gerty bit 'er lips and, for a minute or two, be civil to George she could not. Then she gave a little smile and took 'is arm agin, and they walked on talking and laughing till she turned round of a sudden and asked a big chap as was passing wot 'e was shoving 'er for.

"Shoving you?" ses he. "Wot do you think I want to shove *you* for?"

"Don't you talk to me," ses Gerty, firing up. "George, make 'im beg my pardon."

"You ought to be more careful," ses George, in a gentle sort o' way.

"Make 'im beg my pardon," ses Gerty, stamping 'er foot; "if he don't, knock 'im down."

"Yes, knock 'im down," ses the big man, taking hold o' George's cap and rumpling his 'air.

Pore George, who was never much good with his fists, hit 'im in the chest, and the next moment he was on 'is back in the middle o' the road wondering wot had 'appened to 'im. By the time 'e got up the other man was arf a mile away; and young Ted stepped up and wiped 'im down with a pocket-'andkerchief while Gerty explained to 'im 'ow she saw 'im slip on a piece o' banana peel.

"It's 'ard lines," she ses; "but never mind, you frightened 'im away, and I don't wonder at it. You do look terrible when you're angry, George; I didn't know you."

She praised 'im all the way 'ome, and if it 'adn't been for his mouth and nose George would 'ave enjoyed it more than 'e did. She told 'er mother how 'e had flown at a big man wot 'ad insulted her, and Mrs. Mitchell shook her 'ead at 'im and said his bold spirit would lead 'im into trouble afore he 'ad done.

They didn't seem to be able to make enough of 'im, and next day when he went round Gerty was so upset at the sight of 'is bruises that he thought she was going to cry. When he had 'ad his tea she gave 'im a cigar she had bought for 'im herself, and when he 'ad finished smoking it she smiled at him, and said that she was going to take 'im out for a pleasant evening to try and make up to 'im for wot he 'ad suffered for 'er.

"We're all going to stand treat to each other," she ses. "Bob always would insist on paying for everything, but I like to feel a bit independent. Give and take—that's the way I like to do things."

"There's nothing like being independent," ses George. "Bob ought to ha' known that."

"I'm sure it's the best plan," ses Gerty. "Now, get your 'at on. We're going to a theayter, and Ted shall pay the 'bus fares."

George wanted to ask about the theayter, but 'e didn't like to, and arter Gerty was dressed they went out and Ted paid the 'bus fares like a man.

"Here you are," ses Gerty, as the 'bus stopped outside the theayter. "Hurry up and get the tickets, George; ask for three upper circles."

She bustled George up to the pay place, and as soon as she 'ad picked out the seats she grabbed 'old of the tickets and told George to make haste.

"Twelve shillings it is," ses the man, as George put down arf a crown.

"Twelve?" ses George, beginning to stammer. "Twelve? Twelve? Twel——?"

"Twelve shillings," ses the man; "three upper circles you've 'ad."

George was going to fetch Gerty back and 'ave cheaper seats, but she 'ad gone inside with young Ted, and at last, arter making an awful fuss, he paid the rest o' the money and rushed in arter her, arf crazy at the idea o' spending so much money.

"Make 'aste," ses Gerty, afore he could say anything; "the band 'as just begun."

She started running upstairs, and she was so excited that, when they got their seats and George started complaining about the price, she didn't pay any attention to wot he was saying, but kept pointing out ladies' dresses to 'im in w'ispers and wondering wot they 'ad paid for them. George gave it up at last, and then he sat wondering whether he 'ad done right arter all in taking Bob's gal away from him.

Gerty enjoyed it very much, but when the curtain came down after the first act she leaned back in her chair and looked up at George and said she felt faint and thought she'd like to 'ave an ice-cream. "And you 'ave one too, dear," she ses, when young Ted 'ad got up and beckoned to the gal, "and Ted 'ud like one too, I'm sure."

She put her 'ead on George's shoulder and looked up at 'im. Then she put her 'and on his and stroked it, and George, reckoning that arter all ice-creams were on'y a ha'penny or at the most a penny each, altered 'is

mind about not spending any more money and ordered three.

The way he carried on when the gal said they was three shillings was alarming. At fust 'e thought she was 'aving a joke with 'im, fortunately just as 'e got 'is voice back the curtain went up agin, and everybody said, "*H'sh!*"

He couldn't enjoy the play at all, 'e was so upset, and he began to see more than ever

"THE WAY HE CARRIED ON WHEN THE GAL SAID THEY WAS THREE SHILLINGS WAS ALARMING."

and it took another gal and the fireman and an old gentleman wot was sitting behind 'im to persuade 'im different. He was so upset that 'e couldn't eat his arter paying for it, and Ted and Gerty had to finish it for 'im.

"They're expensive, but they're worth the money," ses Gerty. "You are good to me, George. I could go on eating 'em all night, but you mustn't fling your money away like this always."

"I'll see to that," ses George, very bitter. "I thought we was going to stand treat to each other? That was the idea, I understood."

"So we are," ses Gerty. "Ted stood the 'bus fares, didn't he?"

"He did," ses George, "wot there was of 'em; but wot about you?"

"*Me?*" ses Gerty, drawing her 'ead back and staring at 'im. "Why, 'ave you forgot that cigar already, George?"

George opened 'is mouth, but 'e couldn't speak a word. He sat looking at 'er and making a gasping noise in 'is throat, and 'ow wrong he 'ad been in taking Bob's gal away from 'im. He walked downstairs into the street like a man in a dream, with Gerty sticking to 'is arm and young Ted treading on 'is heels behind.

"Now, you mustn't waste any more money, George," ses Gerty, when they got outside. "We'll walk 'ome."

George 'ad got arf a mind to say something about a 'bus, but he remembered in time that very likely young Ted hadn't got any more money. Then Gerty said she knew a short cut, and she took them, walking along little dark, narrow streets and places, until at last, just as George thought they must be pretty near 'ome, she began to dab her eyes with 'er pocket-'andkerchief and say she'd lost 'er way.

"You two go 'ome and leave me," she ses, arf crying. "I can't walk another step."

"Where are we?" ses George, looking round.

"I don't know," ses Gerty. "I couldn't tell you if you paid me. I must 'ave taken

a wrong turning. Oh, hurrah! Here's a cab!"

Afore George could stop 'er she held up 'er umbrella, and a 'ansom cab, with bells on its horse, crossed the road and pulled up in front of 'em. Ted nipped in first and Gerty followed 'im.

"Tell 'im the address, dear, and make 'aste and get in," ses Gerty.

George told the cabman, and then he got in and sat partly on Ted's knee, partly on Gerty's umbrella, and mostly on nothing.

"'Ow are we to know 'ow many miles it is?" he ses, at last.

"I don't know," ses Gerty; "leave it to the cabman. It's his bisness, ain't it? And if 'e don't know he must suffer for it."

There was hardly a soul in Gerty's road when they got there, but afore George 'ad settled with the cabman there was a policeman moving the crowd on and arf the winders in the road up. By the time George had paid 'im and the cabman 'ad told him wot 'e looked like, Gerty and Ted 'ad

"AFORE GEORGE HAD SETTLED WITH THE CABMAN THERE WAS A POLICEMAN MOVING THE CROWD ON."

"You *are* good to me, George," ses Gerty, touching the back of 'is neck with the brim of her hat. "It ain't often I get a ride in a cab. All the time I was keeping company with Bob we never 'ad one once. I only wish I'd got the money to pay for it."

George, who was going to ask a question, stopped 'imself, and then he kept striking matches and trying to read all about cab fares on a bill in front of 'im.

disappeared indoors, all the lights was out, and, in a state o' mind that won't bear thinking of, George walked 'ome to his lodging.

Bob was asleep when he got there, but 'e woke 'im up and told 'im about it, and then arter a time he said that he thought Bob ought to pay arf because he 'ad saved 'is life.

"Cert'nly not," ses Bob. "We're quits now; that was the arrangement. I only

wish it was me spending the money on her; I shouldn't grumble."

George didn't get a wink o' sleep all night for thinking of the money he 'ad spent, and next day when he went round he 'ad almost made up 'is mind to tell Bob that if 'e liked to pay up the money he could 'ave Gerty back; but she looked so pretty, and praised 'im up so much for 'is generosity, that he began to think better of it. One thing 'e was determined on, and that was never to spend money like that agin for fifty Gertys.

There was a very sensible man there that evening that George liked very much. His name was Uncle Joe, and when Gerty was praising George to 'is face for the money he 'ad been spending, Uncle Joe, instead o' looking pleased, shook his 'ead over it.

"Young people will be young people, I know," he ses, "but still I don't approve of extravagance. Bob Evans would never 'ave spent all that money over you."

"Bob Evans ain't everybody," ses Mrs. Mitchell, standing up for Gerty.

"He was steady, anyway," ses Uncle Joe. "Besides, Gerty ought not to ha' let Mr. Crofts spend his money like that. She could ha' prevented it if she'd ha' put 'er foot down and insisted on it."

He was so solemn about it that everybody began to feel a bit upset, and Gerty borrowed Ted's pocket-'andkerchief, and then wiped 'er eyes on the cuff of her dress instead.

"Well, well," ses Uncle Joe; "I didn't mean to be 'ard, but don't do it no more. You are young people, and can't afford it."

"We must 'ave a little pleasure sometimes," ses Gerty.

"Yes, I know," ses Uncle Joe; "but there's moderation in everything. Look 'ere, it's time somebody paid for Mr. Crofts. To-morrow's Saturday, and, if you like, I'll take you all to the Crystal Palace."

Gerty jumped up off of 'er chair and kissed 'im, while Mrs. Mitchell said she knew his bark was worse than 'is bite, and asked 'im who was wasting his money now?

"You meet me at London Bridge Station at two o'clock," ses Uncle Joe, getting up to go. "It ain't extravagance for a man as can afford it."

He shook 'ands with George Crofts and went, and, arter George 'ad stayed long enough to hear a lot o' things about Uncle Joe which made 'im think they'd get on very well together, he went off too.

They all turned up very early the next arternoon, and Gerty was dressed so nice that George couldn't take his eyes off of her. Besides her there was Mrs. Mitchell and Ted and a friend of 'is named Charlie Smith.

"UNCLE JOE CAME RUSHING IN, PUFFING AND BLOWING AS THOUGH HE'D BUST."

They waited some time, but Uncle Joe didn't turn up, and they all got looking at the clock and talking about it, and 'oping he wouldn't make 'em miss the train.

"Here he comes!" ses Ted, at last.

Uncle Joe came rushing in, puffing and blowing as though he'd bust. "Take 'em

on by this train, will you?" he ses, catching 'old o' George by the arm. "I've just been stopped by a bit o' business I must do, and I'll come on by the next, or as soon arter as I can."

He rushed off again, puffing and blowing his 'ardest, in such a hurry that he forgot to give George the money for the tickets. However, George borrowed a pencil of Mrs. Mitchell in the train, and put down on paper 'ow much they cost, and Mrs. Mitchell said if George didn't like to remind 'im she would.

They left young Ted and Charlie to stay near the station when they got to the Palace, Uncle Joe 'aving forgotten to say where he'd meet 'em, but train arter train came in without 'im, and at last the two boys gave it up.

"We're sure to run across 'im sooner or later," ses Gerty. "Let's 'ave something to eat; I'm so hungry."

George said something about buns and milk, but Gerty took 'im up sharp. 'Buns and milk?" she ses. "Why, uncle would never forgive us if we spoilt his treat like that."

She walked into a refreshment place and they 'ad cold meat and bread and pickles and beer and tarts and cheese, till even young Ted said he'd 'ad enough, but still they couldn't see any signs of Uncle Joe. They went on to the roundabouts to look for 'im, and then into all sorts o' shows at sixpence a head, but still there was no signs of 'im, and George had 'ad to start on a fresh bit o' paper to put down wot he'd spent.

"I suppose he must ha' been detained on important business," ses Gerty, at last.

"Unless it's one of 'is jokes," ses Mrs. Mitchell, shaking her 'ead. "You know wot your uncle is, Gerty."

"There now, I never thought o' that," ses Gerty, with a start; "p'r'aps it is."

"*Joke?*" ses George, choking and staring from one to the other.

"I was wondering where he'd get the money from," ses Mrs. Mitchell to Gerty. "I see it all now; I never see such a man for a bit o' fun in all my born days. And the solemn way he went on last night, too. Why, he must ha' been laughing in 'is sleeve all the time. It's as good as a play."

"Look here!" ses George, 'ardly able to speak; "do you mean to tell me he never *meant* to come?"

"I'm afraid not," ses Mrs. Mitchell, "knowing wot he is. But don't you worry; I'll give 'im a bit o' my mind when I see 'im."

George Crofts felt as though he'd burst, and then 'e got his breath, and the things 'e said about Uncle Joe was so awful that Mrs. Mitchell told the boys to go away.

"How dare you talk of my uncle like that?" ses Gerty, firing up.

"You forget yourself, George," ses Mrs. Mitchell. "You'll like 'im when you get to know 'im better."

"Don't you call me George," ses George Crofts, turning on 'er. "I've been done, that's wot I've been. I 'ad fourteen pounds when I was paid off, and it's melting like butter."

"Well, we've enjoyed ourselves," ses Gerty, "and that's what money was given us for. I'm sure those two boys 'ave had a splendid time, thanks to you. Don't go and spoil all by a little bit o' temper."

"Temper!" ses George, turning on her. "I've done with you, I wouldn't marry you if you was the on'y gal in the world. I wouldn't marry you if you paid me."

"Oh, indeed!" ses Gerty; "but if you think you can get out of it like that you're mistaken. I've lost my young man through you, and I'm not going to lose you too. I'll send my two big cousins round to see you to-morrow."

"They won't put up with no nonsense, I can tell you," ses Mrs. Mitchell.

She called the boys to her, and then she and Gerty, arter holding their 'eads very high and staring at George, went off and left 'im alone. He went straight off 'ome, counting 'is money all the way and trying to make it more, and, arter telling Bob 'ow he'd been treated, and trying hard to get 'im to go shares in his losses, packed up his things and cleared out, all boiling over with temper.

Bob was so dazed he couldn't make head or tail out of it, but 'e went round to see Gerty the first thing next morning, and she explained things to him.

"I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much," she ses, wiping her eyes, "but I've had enough gadding about for once, and if you come round this evening we'll have a nice quiet time together looking at the furniture shops."

By J. F. Rowbotham

THAT the four elements of Nature, fire, air, earth, and water, to which we have added water in its congealed form of ice, should be able to produce music of their own accord, without the intervention of any musical instrument or of any musical performer, will be news to most people. Our ideas of music are so inextricably united with thoughts of musicians and carefully rehearsed performances that we may be surprised at hearing that very good music of a sort is contained in the four elements of Nature; and though fire, air, earth, and water could never advance so far as to perform a symphony together, they can utter very dulcet and varied notes on their own account, which may be of as much interest as those organized and elaborate tapestries of sound which we call symphonies and concertos.

THE MUSIC OF FIRE.

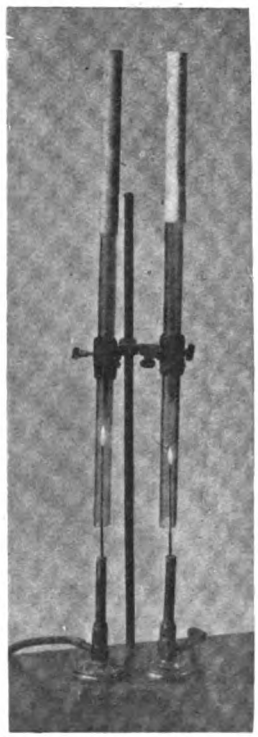
Fire would certainly seem to be the last of the four elements likely to yield musical sound, although it is the first we have elected to hear. The hot, destructive element appears the very reverse of musical in every respect, yet the simplest of all possible tests will show fire to be a very earnest musician. Take a lighted candle and blow gently against the flame. You will hear a peculiar fluttering sound. That fluttering sound is fire's first attempt at music. It is fire practising, so to speak, and making occasional errors in its practice.

Now, suppose we allow fire to continue its practice and give it every possible chance of displaying its power. Instead of the unsteady breath of our lips let us employ the steady blast of a blow-pipe. Instead of the pale and flickering light of a candle let us use the bright and ardent glare of a chemist's lamp. Now apply the same process to the fire before you, and beneath the breath of the blow-pipe the fire, instead of feebly fluttering, will give utterance to a roar, and from a roar will rise to a distinct musical tone. You have often heard the fire roaring up your chimney. It is the fire attempting to sing. When you have a lamp and a blow-pipe—that is to say, when you can give fire fair play—you can make it sing in earnest.

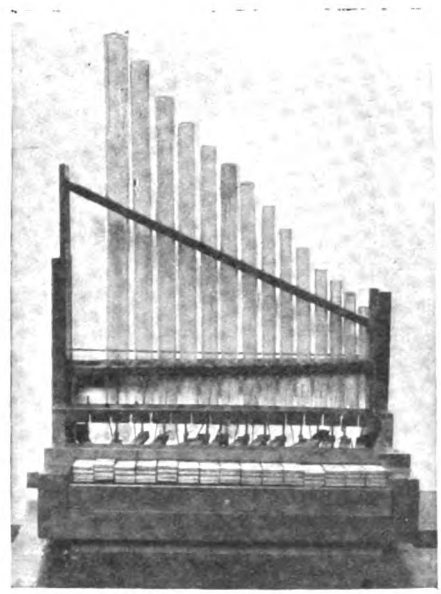
Here is another test which can be as advantageously tried as the former.

Take a gas-burner, or, let us say, a ring-burner with twenty eight orifices. Place over it a tube of tin or glass, such as may easily be procured, about five feet long and two and a half inches in diameter. Directly you place your tube over the flame you will find the fire begin to flutter, and in

a moment or two it will burst into a bright, clear, musical tone. It sings. There is no other word to express the sound. The flame sings. All its warm, glittering body seems filled with harmonious sound, which



SINGING FLAMES.



PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE'S GAS-JET ORGAN.

thrills from it in the purest music.

More than this, not only can we produce musical notes from the flame, but we can produce whatever musical notes we like by varying the length of the tube; we can bring out each note of the scale in turn, with all the sharps and flats. In fact, Professor Wheatstone manufactured an organ on this principle, of which an illustration is reproduced.

Fire, in fact, is far from being an unmusical element, and is one of the most sensitive of all elements to the influence and sympathy of sound. We can produce sensitive flames, which respond in a quaint and whimsical manner to every sound which is made round them. By taking a steatite burner and making a long flame issue from it to the height of twenty-four inches, we achieve such a flame as the one indicated. The effect of sound upon this flame is most remarkable. Jingle a bunch of keys near it, and the flame bursts into a loud, hoarse roar, imitative of the jingling. Crumple a little piece of paper, and the flame shivers and shakes like an aspen leaf. Hold a watch near it, and at every tick it cowers. Drop a sixpence a few yards off, and the jingle knocks the flame down flat.

—SHOWING THE EFFECT ON THE FLAME CAUSED BY JINGLING A BUNCH OF KEYS.

A SENSITIVE FLAME—

THE MUSIC OF AIR.

The music of air is altogether a more popular form of music than that of fire, and has been observed and taken advantage of by mankind in various ways. The Malays have been so struck by the artless melody of the air that they have invented what we may call the "Æolian flute" to preserve and utter this melody to perfection. They take a field of young bamboos, which lies in an exposed,

breezy place, and bore holes through the stalks. These holes are drilled in such a way and at such angles that the wind shall catch them in various manners. When the wind blows a harmonious rustling is wafted across the field, of wonderful beauty and of constantly changing variety. The Æolian harp which we place outside our windows in the night-time is another example of an instrument which gives the unpremeditated and untrammelled music of the wind.

Let us go deeper into Nature than the company of any instrument whatever will allow. The music of the wind, when we hear it on the common or roaring in a glade on some mountain side, is much more grand and more majestic than the *tuttis* of any orchestra. The music of the wind is most majestic in its loud, sonorous volume, but most perceptible and analyzable to our ear when its vibrations unite in that long-drawn note of shrillness which we call the whistle. The pitch of the wind's whistle is, as a rule, on one favourite note —B natural. Though, of course, other pitches may be named as possible ones, yet to our experience none are so common as this. Starting from this as a tonic, the wind rises, as the blast increases, to E. Then it sinks back again to the B, and falls subsequently to F. In the meantime, between these prominent pitches of the fourth above and the fourth below, the wind in its whistle covers every diatonic and chromatic interval between.

The effect is precisely the same as if the notes indicated were struck on the violin, and between each the fingers were drawn slowly up and down the string, so as to give all the intervening gradations of tone that lie betwixt the chosen points. A similar illustration of the music of air we might draw from the sound of thunder, which is the bass of Nature, and so low that it is considerably beneath the lowest tone produced in an orchestra. Thunder offers the best illustration of the musical diminuendo to be found in the universe. After the first clap is over the ear pursues with pleasure the gradual rolling away, the slow fainting of the peal, until at immeasurable distance it sinks into silence.

THE "ÆOLIAN FLUTE," MADE BY THE MALAYS FROM GROWING BAMBOOS.

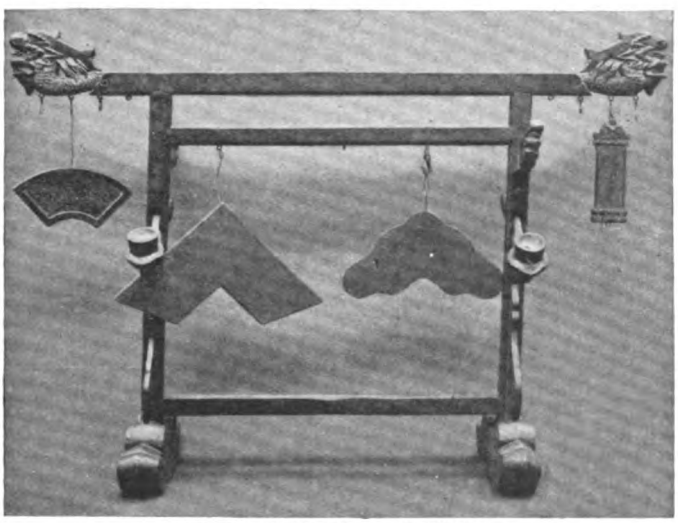
THE MUSIC OF EARTH.

At first sight the title of this section might seem to be a misnomer, for it may naturally be asked, How can earth produce music? We reply that earth has produced and does produce in many parts of the world the sweetest and the purest music. Take a porcelain cup, strike it with your knuckle, and listen to the sound. Is not that the sound of earth? Undoubtedly so. And in the land that is so famed for its porcelain and its pottery that all such ware is named after the country, earth is so highly appreciated as a material for musical instruments that the musical system of China reckons "the music of earth" as one of the leading eight sub-divisions.

"How is the music of earth to be obtained?" ask the Chinese theorists. "How from earth may we extract divine harmonious tone, which may captivate the ears of maidens and may emit dulcet notes superior to the sweet voice of the nightingale?"

"Firstly," they answer, "it must be extracted by washing the earth in several waters, so as to purify the divine earth of those base ingredients which the Spirit of Evil has thrust in and caused to be intermingled with the pure soil." Not to occupy

too much space with the poetical effusions of Chinese hyperbole, let us describe how the utilization of earth for the purposes of musical instruments is accomplished. A certain quantity of earth is taken, the finest that can be got. It is made still finer by being washed in several waters, and then is worked into the consistency of liquid mud. Two eggs, one of a goose, the other of a hen, are then taken, and the liquid mud is thrown over these and allowed to set. When it has become hard the egg on the inside is broken and picked out, and an exact mould of the egg in earth remains. The opening made at the end for the purpose of extracting the egg is next enlarged to serve as a mouthpiece, and five holes are pierced in the loam, three in front and two at the back. By this means and by blowing through the aperture the Chinese scale of five notes is produced, and the sound of earth is rendered audible to the delighted ear of the Celestials. A more primitive method of producing the sound of earth is to construct vases of earth in the shape of drums, which are beaten with drum-sticks and are thus enabled to give, though without musical cadences, the much-loved sound of earth.



THE MUSICAL STONES OF THE CHINESE.

But, secondly, according to the Chinese theorists, the melody of earth may be revealed to the ear of man "by digging in the earth." This direction to dig in the earth alludes to the digging up of musical stones, of which the Chinese are marvellously fond, and out of which they construct large and elaborate organs. The sound of stone they extol as one of the most brilliant and bright in Nature; and certainly, to listen to a stone organ played by a skilful Chinese musician, as the writer has done, is to be aware of a remarkable beauty of musical sound rarely met with in our more tart and crisp instruments of the West.

Not all stones are capable of being employed for the purpose of stone organs, but only a special variety. These stones are dug with great care out of quarries which often form a State monopoly, and are cut and sliced to the desired shape and thickness. The slicing is done for the purpose of tuning. A little piece cut off the end, or a shave off the back, will convert one of the musical stones from E to G, or from E flat to C sharp; and the greatest care and discrimination have to be exercised to ensure the proper treatment of the stones for musical purposes.

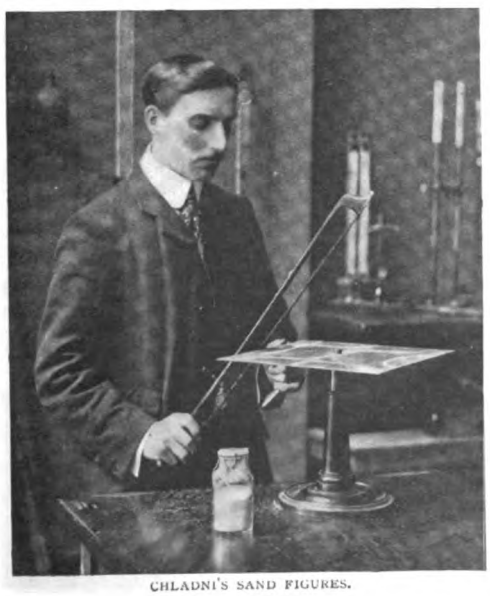
The common shape and size of the stones is that of a carpenter's square, but for the bands of the great and for the instruments of prominent performers the stones are sculptured and carved into all sorts of fantastic patterns. They are cut into the shape of hearts, bells, shields, fishes, bats, plates, and men's faces, and the tone is not supposed to be diminished or impaired in any way by the fancy of the carver. The stones are of all colours, the best being whey-coloured, while the remainder are light blue, yellow, orange, red, greenish white, dark green, ash grey, and chestnut.

These stones are hung up on large frames, each stone as it hangs representing one note of the scale. The performer, armed with a mallet covered with some soft substance, walks along in front of the frame, and strikes stone after stone according to the melody which he wishes to execute. The care and exactitude which the Chinese exhibit in the structure of these organs, and in the selection of the stones, would astonish English organ-builders, if we had the space to enter minutely into the matter here. Not only are the stones dug out of the earth with great care, but searchers are especially employed to wander along the banks of rivers, and to pick up a certain kind of stone, which

may be found occasionally, which has been rejected by the water, after having lain a long time in the stream. The stones thus found on the banks of the River Yu are esteemed the best, owing to the great heat of the sun which shines on the banks of that river, and to peculiar variations of atmosphere which occur there. These particular stones, which have been celebrated in all ages in Chinese poetry, acquire an extreme hardness owing to the causes specified, and give a brighter, clearer, purer, and smarter sound than any others—"excelling" (in the language of Chinese hyperbole) "all other stones that are either in the bosom of the earth, or in the depths of the sea, or in conglomerate, or in detached pieces, or even those that are quarried from strata in the solid rock."

Passing from the Chinese and their laborious and often clumsy way of extracting the music of earth, let us notice another attempt of a neater and more ingenious kind, which was made in the heart of cultured Paris by a French philosopher named Chladni. In an extraordinary manner Chladni demonstrated that earth was peculiarly susceptible of musical impression, and his demonstration was as follows.

Taking a little sand he scattered it on a plate, specially constructed and made of a resonant substance, and across the edge of the plate he drew a bow producing a musical note. Immediately the sand took a strange and unexpected pattern, yet a pattern of untold symmetry. He then produced a fresh note, and a fresh pattern was formed of the sand. He continued to sound different notes, and every time the sand, like the fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope, leapt to new and symmetrical forms.



CHLADNI'S SAND FIGURES.

THE MUSIC OF WATER.

Water has its music in like manner, and music, too, of a peculiarly sweet, romantic, and varied character. To hear the melody

THE MELODY OF WATER.

of water aright, sit on a bridge on a moonlit evening, when all the world around you is still, and drop pebbles one by one into a slow-rolling rivulet beneath. Listen to the sound and you will hear in its purest tone the melody of water. Mark the crisp staccato note of the water as the pebble enters it, and the full, copious tone as the stone buries itself in its depths.

To hear the melody of water in another of its beautiful modifications, listen to the ripple of a plashy brook. Trace a rivulet running over pebbles, and follow it from its wild and lonely home amid the arches of a forest till

humbler and tamer scenes intervene to deprive it of its romance by deeper channels and wider waves. While gurgling in shallow places, over pebbles and tiny boulders, it pipes in shrill treble. A group of little rocks and a deeper trough of stream change the treble to a hoarse tenor. We may hear the change, if we please, most noticeably. The pitch sinks several tones.

No less beautiful is the melody of a sharp shower of rain beating on flagstones, or pelting down on the dry leaves of a forest or the dry soil of a heath. Rain has its rhythm to an attentive ear. And we must add, in like manner, that a brook or rivulet has its trill—in fact, among all the sounds of Nature, the ripple of a rivulet approaches most nearly to that delightful ornament of artificial song, the trill or shake, which forms such a charm in the ditties of birds and serves as a decoration to the cadences of great vocalists.

Now passing from illustrations of melody or rhythm in water, as given by Nature herself, let us consider the extraordinary attempts made by man to reproduce the beautiful sound of water in an instrument of art. The sound of the splash, which may seem homely and familiar enough, attracted certain of the North American tribes to construct musical instruments to preserve and embody its peculiar charm. Accordingly they made instruments out of buffalo hide, in the shape of enormous bags or drums. These they filled with water, and carefully sewing up all the interstices, that none of the liquid could escape, they took drum-sticks and exhilarated themselves at their concerts and merry-makings by beating these water-drums *ad infinitum*, and causing the water in them to splash in a most delectable and dulcet manner for the benefit of those who chose to listen to it. We have heard of similar instruments being used by certain tribes in South Africa, though whether they are identical in shape is more than we can say.

These uncivilized musicians have been fascinated, as we said, by the splash of water. Others there are who have been enchanted by its fall. Surely the music of a cascade is a thing that lives in the ear of those who hear it, and is a note of Nature which we would willingly preserve, so as to reproduce at pleasure, if fashion and invention among us had only shown the way. Our rude and uncultured brethren in remote parts of the world, whom we look down upon in many things, and, above all, in respect of music, have been beforehand with us in this; and, while we have merely admired the cascades of Nature, they have invented an instrument to record and reproduce at will the cascade of art. This strange instrument consists of two bowls, one of which contains water, and by a curious mechanism is made to discharge its water with a rippling sound into the other bowl. From thence it is sent rippling back in a new cascade into the first bowl, and in a continual repetition of the charming sound the music consists.

The application of the two bowls will remind one of the clepsydra, or water-clock, of the Greeks, which told the time by drops of water dripping from one vase into another, and whose sound was considered by Boerhaave so soothing to the ear that he recommended a similar mechanism as an infallible cure for sleeplessness, and in his day it was so used with success. But speaking of the Greeks reminds us of a yet more interesting fact connected with them—of a musical game, the whole pleasure and point of which consisted in exhibiting to its greatest perfection the music of water. The melody of the splash is what manifestly pleased the Greeks most, judging by the game they invented, which aimed at producing and determining the precise gradation of liquid splashes.

The game was played as follows. A large metal basin was suspended in the air at a convenient height to meet the requirements of the players, and into this basin they were required to throw water from a certain distance through the air—so throwing it that the liquid should fly in a definite and well-controlled volume from the hand into the basin, and not scatter in a shower of drops on the way, or fall with an ill-directed thud on the floor. A chalk line was drawn, which was toed by all the players, each with his cup of water in his hand. Sometimes among the wealthier classes wine was used instead of water, but in either case the method of procedure was exactly similar.

Each player threw in turn, pronouncing as he threw the name of his lady-love, and at that moment shooting out the water from his cup in a skilful stream into the basin. The crispness, fulness, and beauty of the splash were all taken into account in determining the merit of the cast, and the judges must have had a hard task sometimes to decide between rival competitors—so delicate and nice seems to be the gradation of such a sound to our ears.

It may be news to many that water has played a most prominent and important part

THE MUSICAL WATER-GAME OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

in European music in times past, and is the direct and actual parent of the greatest instrument of modern times—the organ. The organ began as a water-organ, and the water-organ began as the water-clock; and, to go back still earlier to the parent of the water-clock, we shall have no option but to go straight to the liquid element itself.

The genealogy was as follows. The water-clock told the time by dripping drops of water, as our clocks do by ticking, from one vase into another. But the water-clock, though an admirable invention for telling the time by day, was plainly no good at night, till a clever inventor hit upon the plan of constructing a flute, through which the sound was produced by the revolution of little paddle-wheels, these wheels being worked by the drops of water that fell from the water-clock. The flute was made to sound the hours, and to act in exactly the same manner as the hammer and bell of our own clocks.

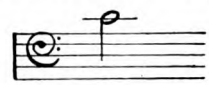
From these beginnings a most extraordinary instrument was invented, consisting of a box of flutes, placed above a vase containing water, the ends of the flutes being open and turned downwards towards the water. The water was agitated and the air driven through the flutes, the general effect of which must have resembled the wild and unorganized sound of an Æolian harp, or of that Æolian flute which we have described before.

By regulating these wild sounds by slides, and strings, and keys, and other mechanism, gradually and slowly added, the organ laboriously came into being, but still the water was used for the same strange purpose which we have already indicated. And for nearly a thousand years from that date onwards no organ of importance could have been found in Europe without its vases of water as an essential portion of its apparatus.

THE MUSIC OF ICE.

Lastly, we proceed to the music of ice, and although ice may perhaps seem to be the most unlikely substance in the world for any music to repose in, yet if water has music there seems no valid reason why water in a congealed form should be without it. Ice, at any rate, has been found to possess the potentiality of music and to give forth clear and distinct notes, whose vibrations may be heard, with careful and precise attention, all over a pond. A peculiarity of ice is that the thinner the ice the higher the musical note which resounds from it, and the thicker the ice the deeper and more sonorous the boom. The patient and laborious observer, whose experiments have made it perceptible that ice has music, supplemented his theories by the suggestion that the tone of ice should be taken as a danger-signal, and that skaters and sliders should not venture on the glassy surface until they had first made themselves aware at what pitch the ice was singing.

This was rather a grotesque pendant to an ingenious and learned theory. Nevertheless, we believe our experimentalist to be perfectly correct when he affirms that unless ice is singing on some note of the scale lower than



there is danger to be apprehended by venturing on it. So long as the ice indulges in *basso profundo* all is well, but directly it takes to singing tenor and soars above the critical note—crack! the glassy sheet opens its jaws and swallows all who may happen to be on it, skaters and singers alike.

How Birds Make Love.

By Jerrard Grant Allen and Leonard Buttress.

THE casual observer is undoubtedly inclined to look upon himself as entirely isolated from the birds and beasts around him. He believes, apparently, that the world contains men and animals, but he would regard as an insult any suggestion that he is himself an animal, differing from other species only in non-essentials. Yet the menagerie, the aquarium, and the aviary all furnish evidence of an almost uncanny resemblance, and in few respects is this more remarkable than in the love-making of birds. In life, in habit, and in disposition the feathered fop parallels the airs and affectations of the Bond Street dude.

In the spring the young bird's fancy turns to thoughts of mating, in precisely the same manner as that of his human prototype, and an account of his courtship can hardly fail to be of interest when set side by side with that of human beings.

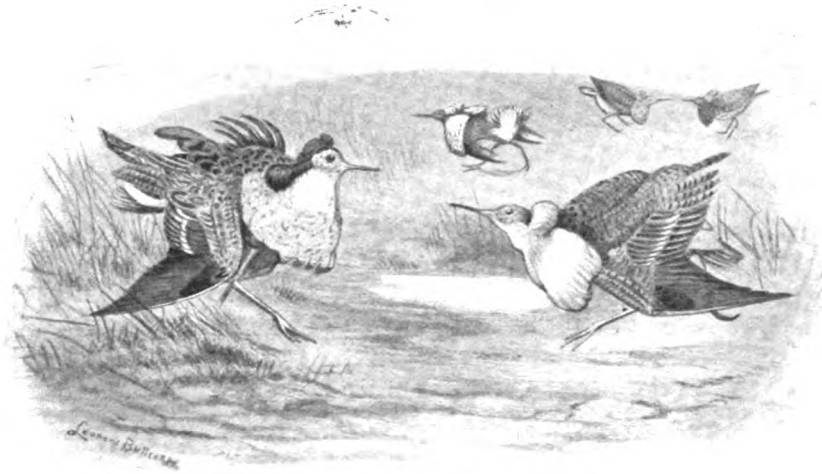
Unlike the degenerate youth of to-day, however, the young buck of the nest is an ardent lover and leaves no stone unturned to capture the lady of his choice. Both song and dance are pressed into the service, while by strains of love and display of charms, by the wildest excitement of aerial evolutions, and by the most grotesque of striking attitudes do the males strive to ensnare feminine affections.

To such courtship we should feel a deep debt of gratitude, for to it we owe those exquisite songs which go so far to render spring the joyous season which the very word conjures before our eyes. Indeed, this gift of music is merely the more perfect, even if more mechanical, form of the fervid though sometimes halting utterances with which the lover of to-day blushingly importunes the lady of his choice. This wonderful faculty is chiefly brought under contribution during the mating season. "Billing and cooing like a pair of turtle-doves" has become a colloquialism, certainly used far more often with direct reference to human beings than to the birds themselves: the impassioned love-song of the Nightingale has furnished a theme for the poets of all time.

In calling to mind, however, the gentle wooing of the Dove and Nightingale and the many other melodious voices of the woods, one must not lose sight of the fact that, though some birds rely mainly on eloquence, others follow human beings in another direction, pinning their faith rather on the sartorial art.

"THE LOVE-SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE."

"As if they knew anything about their feathers, or could affect their looks in any way!" says that superior person, the unobservant critic. To go down to the country during the mating season will soon convert the incredulous. A more palpable conceit in his looks could scarcely be found than the male bird as he "shows" for a mate.



RUFFS "KILLING."

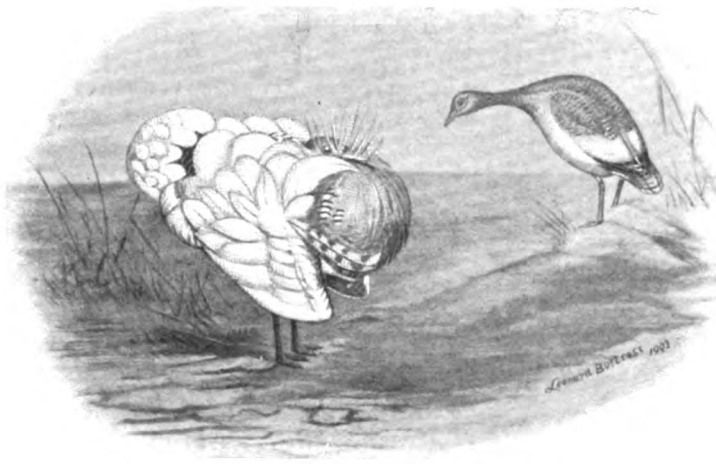
The approach of the love season, to give an example, finds the Ruff donning the beautiful plumes and shield of feathers from which he takes his name, and which he only wears for a few weeks at this time of year. Thus accoutred he hastens to the appointed meeting-place, or, more properly, "killing ground," and proceeds to challenge to single combat each of his rivals in turn. For the Ruff is no lukewarm lover, and fights for the lady of his heart.

A curious sight this "killing" presents in the light of the early dawn. Each knight in this miniature tournament wears his own coat of arms, for in no two individuals is the Ruff the same. Now two stand stock still face to face, game cocks indeed, with shield and ear-plumes expanded; now thrust after thrust is given with long, sharp bills. The rising sun shines on the varied feathers of as many as thirty combatants rushing full tilt with speed almost incredible. The ground is trampled hard with the patter of little feet. The war continues for nearly six weeks—until the Ruffs begin to moult again or are worn away with battle. Fierce, however, as the fight will seem to the casual spectator, it must be admitted that the martial ardour is more apparent than real. The casualty list, indeed, is small, the combat often terminating in no more gory result than the expulsion of the weaker birds.

Frequently the Reeves—as the female Ruffs are called—do not even trouble to attend these tourneys. If they do, it is to stand aloof at a safe distance with a pretty show of polite indifference. Not so the conquerors, who, at the conclusion of hostilities, come to pay their court with many bows and pirouettes, at the same time ruffling out their shields to the fullest advantage.

GREAT BUSTARD ABOUT TO "SHOW."

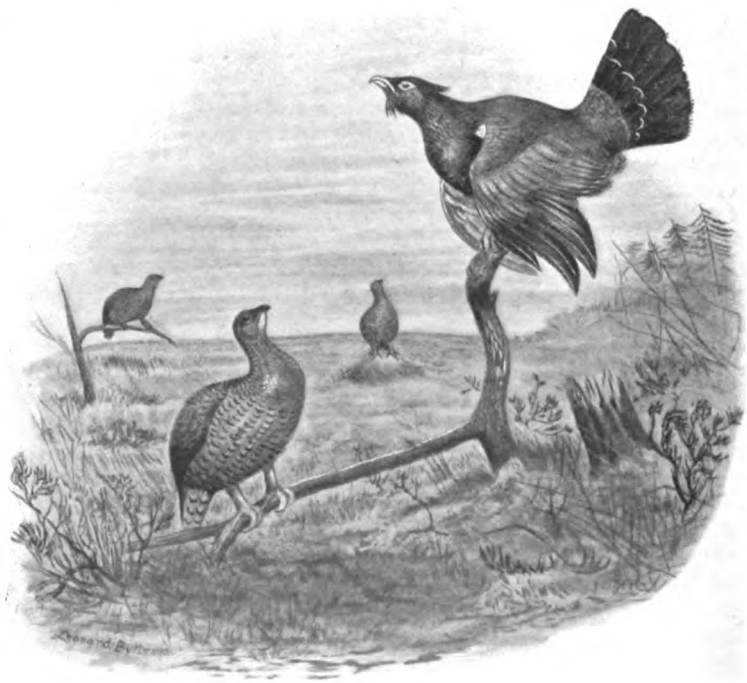
This "showing off" before the female consti-



THE GREAT BUSTARD'S COURTSHIP—"SHOWING."

tutes a method of love-making throughout the world of beasts and birds as well as the human dude, and is affected to a remarkable degree by the Great Bustard. To ingratiate himself with the hen of his choice the Bustard performs an almost incredible feat. He literally turns his feathers inside out! Standing before his lady-love and stamping his heavy feet, he trails his quivering wings along the ground. With tail laid flat along his back, he slowly turns the feathers of the wings backwards and forwards. Next, by burying his head in his neck, he makes the long, whisker-like feathers stand up on each side. Last of all, by means of the unique air-pouch which he possesses, he distends his throat and then thus himself with conscious pride into the feathered Falstaff of our illustration. It has been suggested that this exhibition is gone through to show off to the full every white feather in the plumage, and there can be little doubt that white is much admired by the object of his affection.

Great, however, as are the feats of the Bustard, the palm for love-making of the most frantic description must fall to the game birds. Certainly they perform antics of the most extraordinary kind imaginable. Early in the spring the cock Capercaillie chooses for himself some prominent position in his forest home—a tall pine tree, a dead branch, or a large boulder. Here at sunrise and sunset he takes his stand and goes through his



CAPERCAILLIE "STELING."

elaborate "plur" or "spel." With head and neck outstretched to their fullest extent and feathers standing erect he brings his tail fan-wise over his back. As his wings droop, his love-song, "peller, peller, peller," rises to the accompaniment of little jumps and quiverings of the body. Faster and faster he goes, trailing his wings as he revolves like some dancing Dervish or frantic thing; louder and louder swells the love-music until the very pine trees vibrate, and the hens creep out from the forest to listen and admire. So self-conscious does the bird become that he is for all practical purposes both blind and deaf, and it is possible to creep up to him and shoot him with ease. Poachers, knowing how intent the fellow is on his song, do actually make use of this knowledge to compass his end.

very act of wearing away these feathers his beautifully forked tail is shown to the fullest advantage. In passing it should be noted that there is special reason for the vigour with which these game birds in the most literal sense attack their courtship. A polygamous species, the skill with which these antics are performed and consequent impression on the love-sick damsels are important factors in determining the extent of their harems.

Among the Grouse of America are to be found several species possessed of two air-sacs which can be inflated till they suggest to the onlooker ripe oranges. Such curious appendages add greatly to the grotesqueness of their performance, and are presumably of special attractiveness to the ladies in whose favour they are exercised.

BLACKCOCK "LEKING."

Another ardent lover is to be found in the Blackcock with his "lek." In his endeavours to make himself attractive he performs many antics, though none perhaps are of quite so ecstatica character as those of the Capercaillie. One peculiarity of the Blackcock's display, which he undergoes all for love, consists in rubbing his chin in the ground. So vigorously does he do this that he absolutely divests it of feathers. But while he is in the

The tender emotions of the pairing season urge almost all birds, however unproficient in minstrelsy, to become troubadours for the nonce. "That a bird singing continuously for hours does not represent a rare height of emotion is not to be believed," and the depths of their feelings may perhaps be gauged by their persistence in this respect.

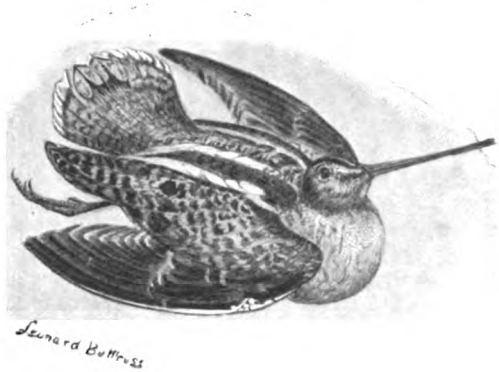
Even from such birds as Sand-Pipers,

Stints, and others, which not even by a stretch of imagination could be regarded as songsters, the season calls forth a tribute of song. This often takes the form of a trill executed as the bird descends through the air, with wings upraised and trembling.

Analogous to this is the so-called "drumming" of the Snipe. This bird, of retiring and nocturnal habits at all other times, may be seen in the mating season circling about in the broad daylight, intermittently uttering a hoarse sound somewhat resembling the bleating of the goat or gobbling of the turkey as he darts through the air. Only while he descends with expanded tail and quivering wings can the noise be heard, but whether it is produced by the throat or is merely the result of the rush of air through the wings is a matter of controversy.

A somewhat cynical method of enticing a hesitating partner into the bonds of matrimony with its ensuing family cares is furnished by the Bower-Bird. This is no less of an undertaking than the building of a marriage-bower by the male bird—a patent reminder of the young man of means, who orders his house in such a way as he thinks may prove attractive to his inamorata. The Bower-Bird's trap is a structure of sticks formed into a kind of passage or avenue and beautifully ornamented with numerous bright articles such as feathers and shells. On its completion the would-be Benedick wilily brings his lady-love to inspect his fine establishment.

Finally, ornithology is not without its New Woman in the person of the Phalarope, whose views of the relations of the sexes are of an unusually advanced order. Taking upon her own fair shoulders the duties of courtship usually considered the sole perquisite of the sterner sex, she sets about wooing—one might almost say worrying—the gentleman in right good earnest. She takes the initiative, indeed, in everything except domestic duties. Here, as if further to air her reform ideas, she leaves incubation and the care of her family to the often literally hen-pecked husband.



SNIPE "DRUMMING."

In each of the foregoing examples it will be seen that the young blood of the bird world possesses certain points curiously like those of his human prototype. Such cases could be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent, but enough has been said to persuade the lover of to-day that his wiles and ruses are not only unoriginal from a human standpoint, but have been the common practices among the feathered world when his own ancestor roamed the primeval forest or "shaved with a shell when he chose, in the manner of primitive man."

STINGAREE STORIES.

By E. W. Hornung.

VIII.—THE MOTH AND THE STAR.

I.

DARLINGHURST GAOL had never immured a more interesting prisoner than the back-block bandit who was tried and convicted under the strange style and title which he had made his own. Not even in prison was his real name ever known, and the wild speculations of some imaginative officials were nothing else up to the end. There was enough colour in their wildness, however, to crown the convict with a certain halo of romance, which his behaviour in gaol did nothing to dispel. That, of course, was exemplary, since Stingaree had never been a fool, but it was something more and rarer. Not content simply to follow the line of least resistance, he exhibited from the first a spirit and a philosophy unique indeed beneath the broad arrow. And so far from decreasing with the years of his captivity, these attractive qualities won him friend after friend among the officials, and privilege upon privilege at their hands, while amply justifying the romantic interest in his case.

At last there came to Sydney a person more capable of an acute appreciation of the heroic villain than his most ardent admirer on the spot. Lucius Brady was a long-haired Irishman of letters, bard and bookworm, rebel and reviewer; in his ample leisure he was also the most enthusiastic criminologist in London. And as president of an exceedingly esoteric Society for the Cultivation of Criminals, even from London did he come for a pre-arranged series of interviews with the last and the most distinguished of all the bushrangers.

It was to Lucius Brady, his biographer to be, that Stingaree confided the data of all the misdeeds recounted in these columns; but of his life during the quiet intervals, of his relations with confederates, and his more honest dealings with honest folk (of which many a pretty tale was rife), he was not to be persuaded to speak without an irritating reserve.

"Keep to my points of contact with the world, about which something is known already, and you shall have the whole truth of each matter," said the convict. "But I don't intend to give away the altogether unknown, and I doubt if it would interest you if I did. The most interesting thing to me has been the different types with whom I have had what it pleases you to term professional relations, and the very different ways in which they have taken me. You read character by flashlight along the barrel of your revolver. What you should do is to hunt up my various victims and get at their point of view; you really mustn't press me to hark back to mine. As it is you bring a whiff of the outer world which makes me bruise my wings against the bars."

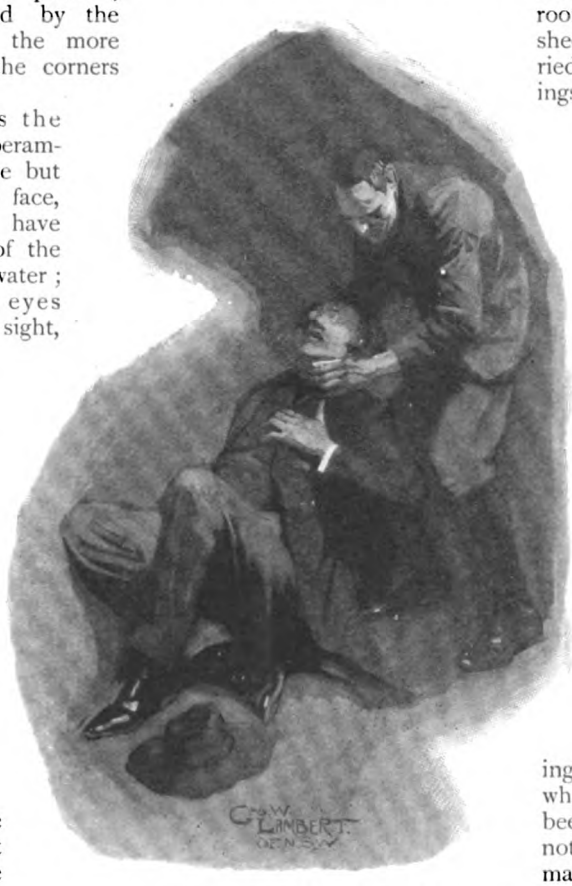
The criminologist gloated over such speeches from such lips. It would have touched another to note what an irresistible fascination the bars had for the wings, despite all pain; but Lucius Brady's interest in Stingaree was exclusively intellectual. His heart never ached for a roving spirit in confinement; it did not occur to him to suppress a detail of his own days in Sydney, the attractions of an Italian restaurant he had discovered near the gaol, the flavour of the Chianti, and so forth. On the contrary, it was most interesting to note the play of features in the tortured man, who after all brought his torture on himself by asking so many questions. Soon, when his visitor left him, the bondman could follow the free in all but the flesh, through every corridor of the prison and every street outside, to the hotel where you read the English papers on the veranda, or to the little restaurant where the Chianti was corked with oil which the waiter removed with a wisp of tow.

One day, late in the afternoon, while Lucius Brady was beaming on him through his spectacles, and expatiating on the champagne at Government House, Stingaree quietly garrotted him. A gag was in all readiness, likewise strips of coarse sheeting torn up for the purpose in the night. Black in the face, but with breath still in his body, the criminologist was carefully gagged and tied down to the bedstead, while his living image (at a casual glance) strolled with bent head, black sombrero, spectacles and frock-coat, first through the cold corridors and presently along the streets.

The heat of the pavement striking to his soles was the first of a hundred exquisite sensations: but Stingaree did not permit

himself to savour one of them. Indeed, he had his work cut out to check the pace his heart dictated; and it was by an admirable exercise of the will that he wandered along, deep to all appearance in a Camelot of the Classic which he had found in the criminologist's pocket; in reality blinded by the glasses, but all the more vigilant out of the corners of his eyes.

A suburb was the scene of these perambulations; had he but dared to lift his face, Stingaree might have caught a glimpse of the bluest of blue water; and his prison eyes hungered for the sight, but he would not raise his eyes so long as footsteps sounded on the same pavement. By taking judicious turnings, however, he drifted into a quiet road, with grey suburban bungalows on one side and building lots on the other. No step approached. He could look up at last. And the very bungalow that he was passing was shut up, yet furnished; the people had merely gone away, servants and all; he saw it at a glance from the newspapers plastering the windows which caught the sun. In an instant he was in the garden, and in another he had forced a side gate leading by an alley to back-yard and kitchen door; but for many minutes he went no farther than this gate, behind which he cowered, prepared with excuses in case he had already been observed.



"STINGAREE QUIETLY GARROTTED HIM."

It was in this interval that Stingaree recalled the season with a thrill; for it was Christmas week, and without a doubt the house would be empty till the New Year. Here was one port for the storm that must follow his escape. And a very pleasant port he found it on entering, after due precautionary delay.

Clearly the abode of young married people, the bungalow was fitted and furnished with a taste which appealed almost painfully to Stingaree; the drawing-room was draped in sheets, but the walls carried a few good engravings, some of which he remembered with a stab. It was the dressing-room, however, that he wanted, and the dressing-room made him rub his hands. The dainty establishment had no more luxurious corner, what with the fitted bath, circular shaving-glass, packed trouser-press, a row of boots on trees, and a fine old wardrobe full of hanging coats. Stingaree began by selecting his suit; and it may have been his vanity, or a strange longing to look for once what he once had been, but he could not resist the young man's excellent evening clothes.

"This fellow comes from home," said he. "And they are spending their Christmas pretty far back, or he would have taken these with him."

He had wallowed in the highly enamelled bath, and was looking for a towel when he saw his head in the shaving-glass; he was dry enough before he could think of anything else. There was a dilemma, obvious yet unforeseen. That shaven head! Purple and fine linen could not disguise the convict's crop; a wig was the only hope; but to wear a wig one must first try it on—and let the perruquier call the police! The knot was Gordian. And yet, desperately as Stingaree sought unravelment, he was at the same time subconsciously as deep in a study of a face so

unfamiliar that at first he had scarcely known it for his own. It was far leaner than of old; it was no longer richly tanned; and the mouth called louder than ever for a moustache. The hair, what there was of it, seemed iron-grey. It had certainly receded at the temples. What a pity, while it was about it——

Stingaree clapped his hands; his hunt for the razor was feverish, tremulous. Such a young man must have many razors; he had, he had—here they were. Oh, young man blessed among young men!

It was quite dark when a gentleman in evening clothes, light overcoat, and opera hat, sallied forth into the quiet road. Quiet as it was, however, a whistle blew as he trod the pavement, and his hour or two of liberty seemed at an end. His long term in prison had mixed Stingaree's ideas of the old country and the new; he had forgotten that it is the postmen who blow the whistles in Australia. Yet this postman stopped him on the spot.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but if it's quite convenient may I ask you for the Christmas-box you was kind enough to promise me?"

"I think you are mistaking me for someone else," said Stingaree.

"Why, so I am, sir! I thought you came out of Mr. Brinton's house."

"Sorry to disappoint you," said the convict. "If I only had change you should have some of it, in spite of your mistake; but, unfortunately, I have none."

He had, however, a handsome pair of opera-glasses, which he converted into change (on the gratuitous plea that he had forgotten his purse) at the first pawnbroker's on the confines of the city. The pawnbroker talked Greek to him at once.

"It's a pity you won't be able to see 'er, sir, as well as 'ear 'er," said he.

"Perhaps they have them on hire in the theatre," replied Stingaree at a venture. The pawnbroker's face instantly advised him that his observation was wide of the obscure mark.

"The theatre! You won't 'ear 'er at any theatre in Sydney, nor yet in the Southern 'Emisphere. Town 'Alls is the only lay for 'Ilda Bouverie out 'ere!"

At first the name conveyed nothing to Stingaree. Yet it was not wholly unfamiliar.

"Of course," said he. "The Town Hall I meant."

The pawnbroker leered as he put down a sovereign and a shilling.

"What a season she's 'aving, sir!"

"Ah! What a season!"

And Stingaree wagged his opera-hatted head.

"'Undreds of pounds' worth of flowers flung on to every platform, and not a dry eye in the place!"

"I know," said the feeling Stingaree.

"It's wonderful to think of this 'ere colony prodoocin' the world's best primer donner!"

"It is, indeed."

"When you think of 'er start."

"That's true."

The pawnbroker leant across his counter and leered more than ever in his customer's face.

"They say she ain't no better than she ought to be!"

"Really?"

"It's right, too; but what can you expect of a primer donner whose fortune was made by a bloodthirsty bushranger like that there Stingaree?"

"'UNDREDS OF POUNDS' WORTH OF FLOWERS FLUNG ON TO EVERY PLATFORM, AND NOT A DRY EYE IN THE PLACE!"

"You little scurrilous wretch!" cried the bushranger, and flung out of the shop that second.

It was a miracle. He remembered everything now. Then he had done the world a service as well as the woman! He thanked Heaven for the guinea in his pocket, and asked his way to the Town Hall. And as he marched down the middle of the lighted streets the first flock of newsboys came flying in his face.

"*Escape of Stingaree! Escape of Stingaree! Cowardly Outrage on Famous Author! Escape of Stingaree!!*"

The damp pink papers were in the hands of the overflow crowd outside the hall; his own name was already in every mouth, continually coupled with that of the world-renowned Hilda Bouverie. It did not deter the convict from elbowing his way through the mass that gloated over his deed exactly as they would have gloated over his destruction on the gallows. "I have my ticket; I have been detained," he told the police; and at the last line of defence he whispered, "A guinea for standing-room!" And the guinea got it.

It was the interval between parts one and two. He thought of that other interval, when he had made such a different entry at the same juncture; the other concert-room would have gone some fifty times into this. All at once fell a hush, and then a rising thunder of applause, and someone requested Stingaree to remove his hat; he did so, and a cold creeping of the shaven flesh reminded him of his general position and of this particular peril. But no one took any notice of him or of his head. And it was not Hilda Bouverie this time; it was a pianiste in violent magenta and elaborate lace, whose performance also was loud and embroidered. Followed a beautiful young baritone whom Miss Bouverie had brought from London in her pocket for the tour. He sang three little songs very charmingly indeed; but there was no encore. The gods were burning for their own; perfunctory plaudits died to a dramatic pause.

And then, and then, amid deafening salvos, a dazzling vision appeared upon the platform, came forward with the carriage of a conscious queen, stood bowing and beaming in the gloss and glitter of fabric and of gem that were yet less radiant than herself. Stingaree stood inanimate between stamping feet and clapping hands. No; he would never have connected this magnificent woman with the simple bush-girl in the unpretentious frocks that he recalled as clearly as her former self. He had looked for less finery, less physical development, less, indeed, of the grand operatic manner. But acting ended with her smile, and much of the old innocent simplicity came back as the lips parted in song. And her song had not been spoilt by riches and adulation; her song had not sacrificed sweetness to artifice; there was even more than the old magic in her song.

Is this a dream?
Then waking would be pain!
Oh! do not wake me;
Let me dream again.

It was no new number even then; even Stingaree had often heard it, and heard great singers go the least degree flat upon the first "dream." He listened critically. Hilda Bouverie was not one of the delinquents. Her intonation was as perfect as that of the great violinists, her high notes had the rarefied quality of the E string finely touched. It was a flawless, if a purely popular, performance; and the musical heart of one listener in that crowded room was too full for mere applause. But he waited with patient curiosity for the encore, waited while curtsy after curtsy was given in vain. She had to yield; she yielded with a winning grace. And the first bars of the new song set one full heart beating, so that the earlier words were lost upon his brain.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me; it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase;
I follow—follow still; but I
Shall never see her Face.

So the song ended; and in the ultimate quiet the need of speech came over Stingaree.

"'The Unrealized Ideal,'" he informed a neighbour.

"Rather!" rejoined the man, treating the stale news as a mere remark. "We never let her off without that."

"I suppose not," said Stingaree.

"It's the song the bushranger forced her to sing at the back-block concert, and it made her fortune. Good old Stingaree! By the way, I heard somebody behind me say he had escaped. That can't be true?"

"The newsboys were yelling it as I came along late."

"Well," said Stingaree's neighbour, "if he

has escaped, and I for one don't hope he hasn't, this is where he ought to be. Just the sort of thing he'd do, too. Good old sportsman, Stingaree!"

It was an embarrassing compliment, eye to eye and foot to foot, wedged in a crowd. The bushranger did not fish for any more; neither did he wait to hear Hilda Bouverie sing again, though this cost him much. But he had one more word with his neighbour before he went.

"You don't happen to know where she's staying, I suppose? I've met her once or twice, and I might call."

The other smiled as on some suicidal moth.

"There's only one place good enough for a star like her in Sydney."

"And that is?"

"Government House."

II.

His Excellency of the moment was a young nobleman of sporting proclivities and your true sportsman's breadth of mind. He was immensely popular with all sects and sections but the aggressively puritanical and the narrowly austere. He graced the theatre with his constant presence, the Turf with his own horses. His entertainment was lavish, and in quality far above the gubernatorial average. Late life and soul of an exalted circle, he was hide-bound by few of the conventional trammels that distinguished the older type of peer to which the Colonies had been accustomed. It was the obvious course for such a Governor and his kindred lady to insist upon making the great Miss Bouverie their guest for the period of her professional sojourn in the capital; and a semi-Bohemian supper at Government House was but a characteristic *finale* to her first great concert.

The *prima donna* sat on the Governor's right, and at the proper point his Excellency sang her praises in a charmingly informal speech, which delighted and amused the pressmen, actors, and actresses whom he had collected for the occasion. Only the guest of honour looked a little weary and condescending; she had a sufficient experience of such entertainments in London, where the actors were all London actors, the authors and journalists men whose names one knew. Mere peers were no great treat either; in a word, Hilda Bouverie was not a little spoilt. She had lost the girl's glad outlook on the world, which some women keep until old age. There were stories about her which would have accounted for a deeper deterioration. Yet she was the Governor's guest, and her behaviour not unworthy of the honour. On him at least she smiled, and her real smile, less expansive than the platform counterfeit, had still its genuine sweetness, its winning flashes; and, at its worst, it was more sad than bitter.

To-night the woman was an exhausted artist—unnerved, unstrung, unfitted for the world, yet only showing it in a languid appreciation which her host and hostess were the first to understand. Indeed, it was the great lady who carried her off, bowing with her platform bow, and smiling that smile, before the banquet was at an end.

A charming suite of rooms had been

"'WHO BROUGHT THIS?' SHE ASKED, PEEVISHLY."

placed at the disposal of the *prima donna*; the boudoir was like a hot-house with the floral offerings of the evening, already tastefully arranged by madame's own Swiss maid. But the weary lady walked straight through to her bedroom, and sank with a sigh into the arm-chair before the glass.

"Who brought this?" she asked, peevishly, picking a twisted note from amid the golden furniture of her toilet-table.

"I never saw it until this minute, madame!" the Swiss maid answered, in dismay. "It was not there ten minutes ago, I am sure, madame!"

"Where have you been since?"

"Down to the servants' hall, for one minute, madame."

Miss Bouverie read the note, and was an animated being in three seconds. She looked in the glass, the flush became her, and even as she looked all horror died in her dark-blue eyes. Instead there came a glitter that warned the maid.

"I am tired of you, Lea," cried madame. "You let people bring notes into my room and you say you were only out of it a minute. Be good enough to leave me for the night. I can attend to myself for once!"

The maid protested, wept, but was expelled, and a key turned between them; then Hilda Bouverie read her note again:

Escaped this afternoon. Came to your concert. Hiding in boudoir. Give me five minutes, or raise alarm, which you please.—STINGAREE.

So ran his words in pencil on her own paper, and they were true; she had heard at supper of the escape. Once more she looked in the glass. And to her own eyes in these minutes she looked years younger—there was a new sensation left in life!

A touch to her hair—a glance in the pier-glass—and all for a notorious convict broken prison! So into the boudoir with her grandest air; but again she locked the door behind her, and, sweeping round, beheld a bald man bowing to her in faultless evening dress.

"Are you the writer of a note found on my dressing-table?" she demanded, every syllable off the ice.

"I am."

"Then who are you, besides being an impudent forger?"

"You name the one crime I never committed," said he. "I am Stingaree."

And they gazed in each other's eyes; but not yet were hers to be believed.

"He only escaped this afternoon!"

"I am he."

"With a bald head?"

"Thanks to a razor."

"And in those clothes?"

"I found them where I found the razor. Look; they don't fit me as well as they might."

And he drew nearer, flinging out an abbreviated sleeve; but she looked all the harder in his face.

"Yes. I begin to remember your face; but it has changed."

"It has gazed on prison walls for many years."

"I heard . . . I was grieved . . . but it was bound to come."

"It may come again. I care very little, after this!"

And his dark eyes shone, his deep voice vibrated; then he glanced over a shrugged shoulder towards the outer door, and Hilda darted as if to turn that key too, but there was none to turn.

"It ought to happen at once," she said, "and through me."

"But it will not."

His assurance annoyed her; she preferred his homage.

"I know what you mean," she cried. "You did me a service years ago. I am not to forget it!"

"It is not I who have kept it before your mind."

"Perhaps not; but that's why you come to me to-night."

Stingaree looked upon the spirited, spoilt beauty in her satin and diamonds and pearls; villain as he was, he held himself at her mercy, but he was not going to kneel to her for that. He saw a woman who had heard the truth from very few men, a nature grown in mastery as his own had inevitably shrunk: it was worth being at large to pit the old Adam still remaining to him against the old Eve in this spoilt darling of the world. But false protestations were no counters in his game.

"Miss Bouverie," said Stingaree, "you may well suppose that I have borne you in mind all these years. As a matter of honest fact, when I first heard your name this evening, I was slow to connect it with any human being. You look angry. I intend no insult. If you have not forgotten the life I was leading before, you would very readily understand that I have never heard your name from those days to this. That is my misfortune, if also my own fault. It should suffice that, when I did remember, I came at my peril to hear you sing, and that before I dreamt of

coming an inch farther. But I heard them say, both in the hall and outside, that you owed your start to me; now one thinks of it, it must have been a rather striking advertisement; and I reflected that not another soul in Sydney can possibly owe me anything at all. So I came straight to you, without thinking twice about it. Criminal as I have been, and am, my one thought was and is that I deserve some little consideration at your hands."

"You mean money?"

"I have not a penny. It would make all the difference to me. And I give you my word, if that is any satisfaction to you, I would be an honest man from this time forth!"

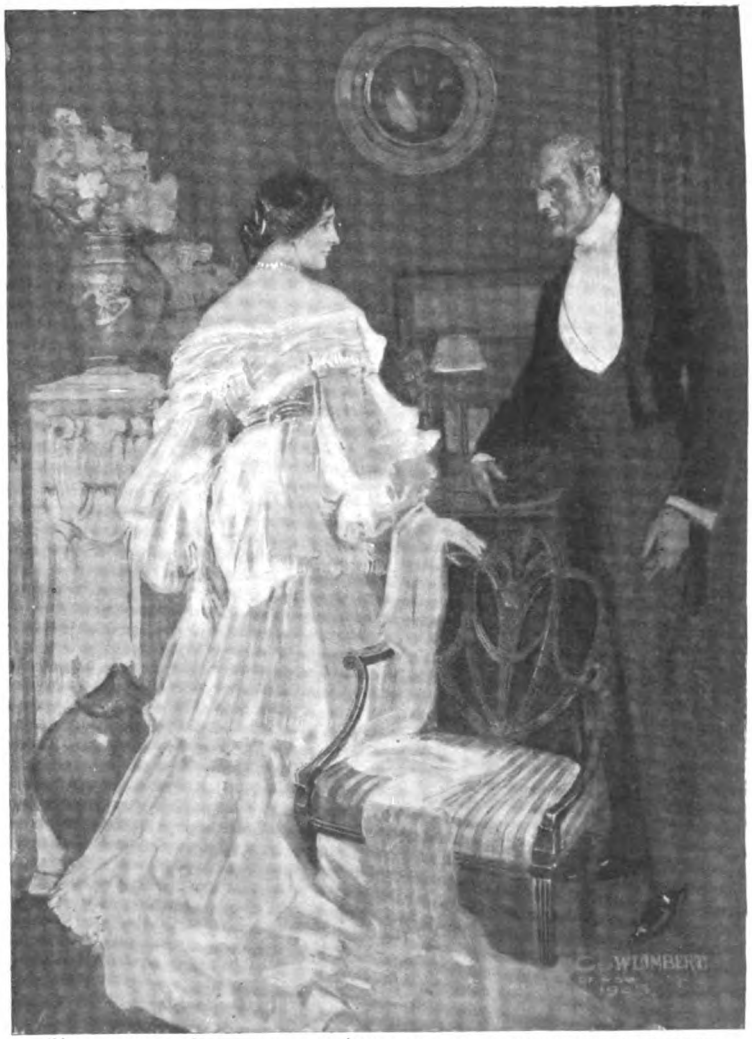
"You actually ask me to assist a criminal and escaped convict—me, Hilda Bouverie, at my own absolute risk!"

"I took a risk for you nine years ago, Miss Bouverie; it was all I did take," said Stingaree, "at the concert that made your name."

"And you rub it in," she told him. "You rub it in!"

"I am running for my life!" he exclaimed, in answer. "It wouldn't have been necessary—that would have been enough for the Miss Bouverie I knew then. But you are different; you are another being, you are a woman of the world; your heart, your heart is dead and gone!"

He cut her to it, none the less; he could not have inflicted a deeper wound. The blood leapt to her face and neck; she cried out at the insult, the indignity, the outrage of it all; and crying she darted to the door.



"'MISS BOUVERIE,' SAID STINGAREE, 'YOU MAY WELL SUPPOSE THAT I HAVE BORNE YOU IN MIND ALL THESE YEARS.'"

It was locked.

She turned on Stingaree.

"You dared to lock the door—you dared! Give me the key this instant."

"I refuse."

"Very well! You have heard my voice; you shall hear it again!"

Her pale lips made the perfect round, her grand teeth gleamed in the electric light. He arrested her, not with violence, but a shrug.

"I shall jump out of the window and break my neck. They do not take me twice—alive."

She glared at him in anger and contempt. He meant it. Then let him do it. Her eyes told him all that; but as they flashed,

stabbing him, their expression altered, and in a trice her ear was to the keyhole.

"Something has happened," she whispered, turning a scared face up to him. "I hear your name. They have traced you here. They are coming! Oh! what are we to do?"

He strode over to the door.

"If you fear a scandal I can give myself up this moment and explain all."

He spoke eagerly. The thought was sudden. She rose up, looking in his eyes.

"No, you shall not," she said. Her hand flew out behind her, and in two seconds the room had click-clicked into a velvet darkness.

"Stand like a mouse," she whispered, and he heard her reach the inner door, where she stood like another.

"IN A TRICE HER EAR WAS TO THE KEYHOLE."

Steps and voices came along the landing at a quick crescendo.

"Miss Bouverie! Miss Bouverie! Miss Bouverie!"

It was his Excellency's own gay voice. And it continued until with much noise Miss Bouverie flung her bedroom door wide open. put on the light within, ran across the boudoir, put on the boudoir light, and stooped to parley through the keyhole.

"The bushranger Stingaree has been traced to Government House."

"Good heavens!"

"One of your windows was seen open."

"He had not come in through it."

"Then you were heard raising your voice."

"That was to my maid. This is all through her. I don't know how to tell you, but she leaves me in the morning. Yes, yes, there was a man, but it was not Stingaree. I saw him myself through coming up early, but I let him go as he had come, to save a fuss."

"Through the window?"

"I am so ashamed!"

"Not a bit, Miss Bouverie. I am ashamed of bothering you. Confound the police!"

When the voices and the steps had died away Hilda Bouverie turned to Stingaree, her whole face shining, her deep blue eyes alight.

"There!" said she. "Could you have done that better yourself?"

"Not half so well."

"And you thought I could forget!"

"I thought nothing. I only came to you in my scrape."

After years of imprisonment he could speak of this life-and-death episode as a scrape! She looked at him with admiring eyes; her personal triumph had put an end to her indignation.

"My poor Lea! I wonder how much she has heard? I shall have to tell her nearly all; she can wait for me at Melbourne or Adelaide, and I can pick her up on my voyage home. It will be no joke without her until then. I give her up for your sake!"

Stingaree hung his head. He was a changed man.

"And I," he said, grimly—not pathetically—"and I am a convict who escaped by violence this afternoon."

Hilda smiled.

"I met Mr. Brady the other day," she said, "and I heard of him to-night. He is not going to die!"

He stared at her unscrupulous radiance.

"Do you wonder at me?" she said. "Did you never hear that musical people had no morals?"

And her smile bewitched him more and more.

"It explains us both," said Miss Bouverie. "But do you know what I have kept all these years?" she went on. "Do you know what has been my mascot, what I have had about me whenever I have sung in public, since and including that time at Yallarook? Can't you guess?"

He could not. She turned her back, he heard some gussets give, and the next moment she was holding a strange trophy in both hands.

It was a tiny silken bandolier, containing six revolver cartridges, with bullet and cap intact.

"Can't you guess now?" she gloried.

"No! I never missed them; they are not like any I ever had."

"Don't you remember the man who chased you out and miss-fired at you six times? He was the overseer on the station; his name may come back to me, but his face I shall never forget. He had a revolver in his pocket, but he dared not lower a hand. I took it out of his pocket and was to hand it up to him when I got the chance. Until then I was to keep it under my shawl. That was when I managed to unload every chamber. These are the cartridges I took out, and they have been my mascot ever since."

"IT WAS A TINY SILKEN BANDOLIER."

She looked years younger than she had seemed even singing in the Town Hall; but the lines deepened on the bushranger's face, and he stepped back from her a pace.

"So you saved my life," he said. "You had saved my life all the time. And yet I came to ask you to do as much for me as I had done for you!"

He turned away; his hands were clenched behind his back.

"I will do more," she cried, "if more could be done by one person for another. Here are jewels." She stripped her neck of its rope of pearls. "And here are notes." She dived into a bureau and thrust a handful upon him. "With these alone you should be able to get to England or America; and if you want more when you get there, write to Hilda Bouverie! As long as she has any there will be some for you!"

Tears filled her eyes. The simplicity of her girlhood had come back to the seasoned woman of the world, at once spoiled and satiated with success. This was the other side of the artistic temperament which had enslaved her soul. She would swing from one extreme of wounded and vindictive vanity to this length of lawless nobility; now she could think of none but self, and now not of herself at all. Stingaree glanced towards the window.

"I can't go yet, I'm afraid."

"You shall not! Why should you?"

"But I still fear they may not be satisfied downstairs. I am ashamed to ask it—but will you do one little thing more for me?"

"Name it!"

"It is only to make assurance doubly sure. Go downstairs and let them see you; tell them more details if you like. Go down as you are, and say that without your maid you could not find anything else to put on. I promise not to vanish with everything in your absence."

"You do promise?"

"On my—liberty!"

She looked in his face with a very wistful sweetness.

"If they were to find me out," she said, "I wonder how many years they would give *me?* I neither know nor care; it would be worth a few. I thought I had lived since I saw you last . . . but this is the best fun I have *ever* had since Yallarook!"

She stood for a moment before opening the door that he unlocked for her, stood before him in all her flushed and brilliant radiance, and blew a kiss to him before she went.

The Governor was easily found. He was grieved at her troubling to descend at such an hour, and did not detain her five minutes in all. He thought she was in a fever, but that the fever became her beyond belief. Reassured on every point, she was back in her room but a very few minutes after she had left it.

It was empty. She searched all over, first behind the curtains, then between the pedestals of the bureau, but Stingaree was nowhere in the room, and the bedroom door was still locked. It was a second look behind the curtains that revealed an open window and the scratch of a boot upon the white enamel. It was no breakneck drop into the shrubs.

So he had gone without a word, but also without breaking his word; for, with wet eyes and a white face between anger and admiration, Hilda Bouverie had already discovered her bundle of notes and her rope of pearls.

"THE LAST PROFESSIONAL INCIDENT."

There are no more Adventures of Stingaree; tongue never answered to the name again, nor was face ever recognised as his. He may have died that night; it is not very likely, since the young married man in the well-appointed bungalow, which had been broken into earlier in the day, missed a suit of clothes indeed, but not his evening clothes, which were found hung up neatly where he had left them; and it is regrettable to add that his opera-glasses were not the only article of a marketable character which could never be found on his return. There is none the less reason to believe that this was the last professional incident in one of the most remarkable criminal careers of which there is any record in Australia. Whether he be dead or alive, back in the old country or still in the new, or, what is less likely, in prison under some other name, the gratifying fact remains that neither in Australia nor elsewhere has there been a second series of crimes bearing the stamp of Stingaree.

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. LXXXII.—MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

Illustrated by Photographs specially taken for this article by Byron, New York.

PROBABLY no man living has ever been the subject of more remarkable newspaper stories than Thomas Alva Edison. He very rarely grants interviews to journalists, and, consequently, the hard-pressed reporter has occasionally to rely upon his gifts of imagination when his editor calls for a new "story" respecting the inventor of the incandescent light system. Mr. Edison, however, very seldom takes the trouble to contradict these tales, though a short time ago he did break silence when an enterprising American journal began publishing a weekly interview with him and attributing to the inventor statements of so extraordinary and ridiculous a nature as to call forth a letter from Mr. Edison's legal adviser, which brought the interesting series of "interviews" to an abrupt conclusion. Remarkable as the statement may appear, there is no authentic record of Mr. Edison's work in existence. A number of short "Lives" were published in the early days, but they were more the work of the imagination than of a truthful observer.

The present writer has paid many visits to the Edison Laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, and had the honour of being granted more than one interview with the inventor, and it was with his special permission and approval that this article was prepared for The Strand Magazine and the various departments of the laboratory were photographed. During these visits to Orange much interesting information was obtained from those who are in the inventor's confidence, though nothing is here published which has not been sanctioned by Mr. Edison himself.

"You have my full permission," he said, "to come here when you please, gather all the information you require, and photograph the laboratory from end to end." This was certainly a generous invitation, of which the writer, it is scarcely necessary to say, took full advantage.

The Edison laboratory consists of a group of buildings of impressive proportions, erected in the midst of green meadows and shady trees, and is probably more picturesquely situated than any other place of the kind in the world. The main building is two hundred and fifty feet long and three

From a] MR. EDISON IN HIS LIBRARY. *[Photo.*

stories high, while the four smaller buildings are a hundred feet by twenty-five feet and one story high. The laboratory is being constantly added to, and each year sees some improvement or enlargement.

On first entering, one is ushered into a fine library a hundred feet square and fully forty feet high. It has two spacious galleries, containing a magnificent collection of minerals and gems which Mr. Edison purchased in Paris many years ago. The works on scientific subjects which have been gathered together in this spacious room number close upon sixty thousand volumes, and include every magazine and journal dealing with scientific research published throughout the world during the last forty years.

It may be remarked here that Mr. Edison seldom replies personally to a letter, and, indeed, rarely even signs one, and it is not a fact, as has often been stated, that he speaks his replies into a phonograph, which are afterwards transferred to paper by his secretary. He simply glances at those letters which are of sufficient importance to be placed before him, and scribbles a few words on the margin, after which his secretary, Mr. J. F. Randolph, expands them into a polite missive. Mr. Edison has no particular dislike to writing, and could probably, if he chose, get through more correspondence than any two men, for he is one of the quickest longhand writers in the world, having cultivated the art when a telegraphist many years ago.

Near Mr. Edison's desk is an alcove containing a small table and a chair, and here the inventor occasionally takes his modest lunch, which is of the plainest description, for he suffers at times from indigestion and has to be careful. The lunch is sent down from the house each day by Mrs. Edison, who packs the little basket herself.

Near the library is the stock-room, where everything necessary for scientific experimenting may be found, and in quantities which would last for many years. The room is long and narrow, but of considerable height, and contains thousands of small drawers, reaching from the floor to the roof, labelled with a hundred queer titles such as ores, needles, shells, macaroni, fibres, inks, teeth, bones, gums, resins, feathers, etc.

One of the most interesting sections of the laboratory is the galvanometer building, presided over by Messrs. Robert Rafn and N. Traaholt, both young men and exceptionally clever scientists. This building is of heroic size and excellently lighted by a dozen large windows. The room is further remarkable from the fact that not a speck of iron was used in its construction, everything being of brass. The cost, naturally, was great, but subsequently proved to be so much money wasted, for it had not been erected more than a few months when electric cars were run past the very door, thus rendering futile Mr. Edison's costly endeavour to banish "magnetic influence." Near this department is another room which contains nothing but a very big safe and a very small bed, and on the latter the inventor takes an occasional stretch while he enjoys a cigar. In former years, when he would spend night after night at the laboratory, he would lie on this same bed and, covered with a woollen rug which still does duty, snatch a few hours' rest from his labours.

The galvanometer room contains many things of interest connected with Mr. Edison's early inventions. There is, for instance, his first patent, a vote recorder, which comprises a system whereby each member of a legislative body can, by moving a switch to right or left, register his name on a sheet of paper under the "Ayes" or "Noes." The paper was chemically prepared, and when the circuit was closed an iron roller passed over the paper, under which was the type signifying the member's name. The current passing through the chemically-prepared paper caused its discoloration wherever the type came in contact with it, and the name was accordingly printed on the paper. At the same time the vote was counted by a dial indicator which was operated by the same current.

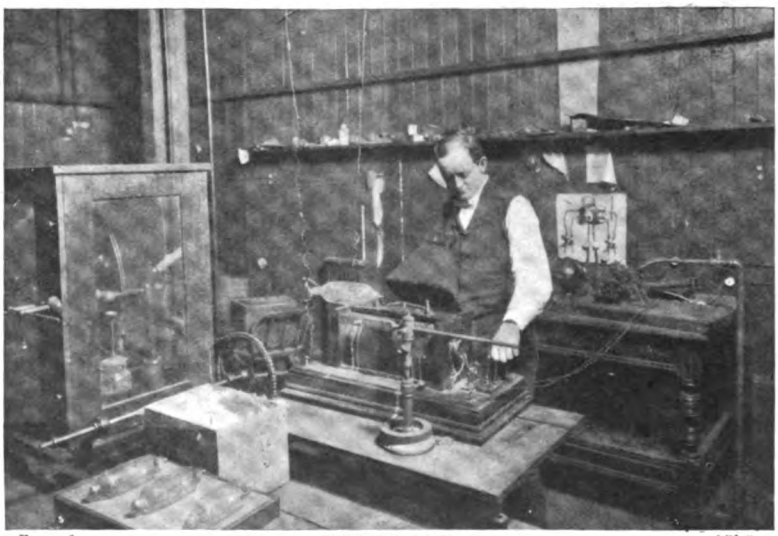
Then there are also shown in this room the "gold and stock" ticker which is now found in every broker's office, the model of a picture telegraph which was a device to transmit photographs over the wires, the first models of the duplex and quadruplex telegraphs, the microphone, the mimeograph, etc. Then there is a costly and rare collection of galvanometers, electrometers, photometers, spectrometers, spectroscopes, chronographs, etc. There is also a wonderful collection of acoustic instruments, which were used in connection with the perfecting of the phonograph, as well as a number of anatomical models of the ear and throat. Neither the first phonograph nor the first incandescent light is shown, both being now located in London at the South Kensington Museum.

I asked Mr. Edison why he had allowed these interesting mementos to go out of his possession, and he explained that some years

ago an Englishman had paid him a visit and seemed so anxious to have them that he was persuaded to part with them. He seemed somewhat surprised that people should take any interest at all in such things.

The X-ray room, which is in the charge of Mr. E. Dally, is a small compartment containing the X-ray machine which is the identical instrument which Mr. Edison sent down to Buffalo at the time Mr. McKinley was shot, in order to locate the bullet.

Near the X-ray department is a small room which apparently contains nothing of interest save a table, a chair, some lumber, and a lathe or two. But it has "associations," for it was here that Mr. Edison perfected the phonograph.



From a] THE X-RAY ROOM. *[Photo.*

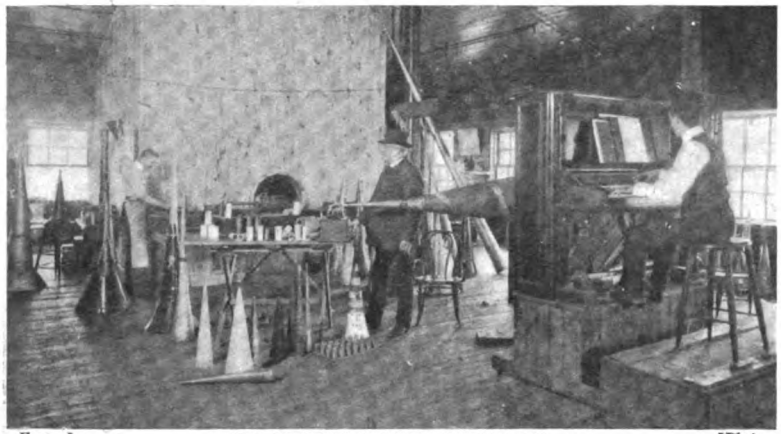
There are two machine shops, both spacious and excellently lighted by twenty-four windows apiece. One is known as the heavy machine shop, while the other is where all the light experimental machinery is made. The latter is presided over by Mr. John F. Ott, and it is here where all the small models are made. In the heavy machine shop, in charge of Mr. Robert A. Bachman, is turned out the big machinery used in the cement works and elsewhere as well as the large battery trays.

Another interesting room is known as the Precision Room, where all the instruments are perfected. This room is also in charge of Mr. Ott. Here all the most delicate parts of the machinery used in the construction of the various inventions are made. There are many remarkable machines in this room, all of an automatic nature, such, for example, as the device by which the body of a phonograph is made in one operation. The metal box on which the phonograph is mounted is placed on the machine, and simultaneously eight holes are drilled, the box is milled, and the holes are reamed to size. This takes but a few minutes, and one man is able to turn out a hundred a day.

Perhaps the room having the greatest amount of interest for the general public is that presided over by Mr. A. T. E. Wangemann, and known as Room No. 13, or the Phonograph Experimental Department. Everything connected with the "talking machine" is shown here—hundreds of records, forests of horns, ranging in length from a few inches to eighteen feet, phonographs of all sizes and shapes, records, etc. In this room efforts are being constantly made to obtain better all-round results and superior records.

"All the work done in this room," Mr. Wangemann said, "is of an experimental nature, and all our efforts are centred on obtaining better apparatus for recording and reproducing, better raw materials for cylinders, and better records, both blank and moulded, etc. In fact, it is here that every effort at improving and advancing the present way of phonograph productions and reproductions is made. We are constantly experimenting with new records, new speakers, new compositions for blank records, new horns or funnels, and, in fact, there is nothing we do not try in order to obtain absolute perfection of sound reproduction."

Mr. Edison has spent many weeks and months in this room, often working until two and three in the morning. He has a small room partitioned off from the experimental department, and here he sits and listens to records for many hours at a time, scribbling on scraps of paper his opinions of the various records. No one is allowed in this room under any consideration. Last



From a] THE PHONOGRAPH EXPERIMENTAL ROOM. *[Photo.*

year Mr. Edison spent the best part of seven months in this room, endeavouring to render the phonograph more perfect. He spends much of his time finding out the reasons for poor work, for he believes that more can be learned from things going wrong than from things which go well. As readers may be aware, there is no substance known which is proof against influence by sound vibrations, or which will not transmit sound at some velocity. If it were possible to find a substance which would be absolutely dead to sound, and yet solid enough to be used in mechanical construction, then one could obtain far superior reproductions of sound-waves, both vocal and instrumental.

The legal department of the Edison laboratory is under the charge of Mr. Frank L. Dyer, who employs a numerous staff, and who is, perhaps, one of the hardest-worked individuals in the building. Although a member of a prominent firm of patent lawyers in New York, he spends practically his entire time at the laboratory, and there is little in regard to Mr. Edison's numerous inventions with which he is not acquainted. The writer had an interesting conversation with Mr. Dyer regarding his department, in the course of which he said :—

"Mr. Edison's work being based almost entirely on new inventions, a large part of my work has to do with patents and suits based thereon. Not only has Mr. Edison been by long odds the most prolific inventor and patentee of any time, having filed more than one thousand one hundred applications in this country alone, for which over seven hundred patents have so far been granted, and more than two thousand applications for foreign patents in most of the countries of the world, but numerous and frequent applications for patents are being filed by experimenters and workmen connected with the several companies that are identified with the Edison interests, such as the National Phonograph Company, the Edison Manufacturing Company, the Edison Storage Battery Company, the Edison Portland Cement Company, and about twenty others. Consequently there are always several hundred active applications for patents pending in this country and abroad, the special details of which have to be remembered in order that they may be properly prosecuted.

"It is, of course, physically impossible for me or my department to attend personally to the many suits against infringers of the

From a] THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT. *[Photo.*

Edison patents all over the world, although they are conducted under my own direction and some by me personally. In this work, however, I have the assistance of other lawyers in New York, Chicago, Washington, London, Paris, and elsewhere. In addition to the patent suits, there are many other legal actions of which this department has charge and many of which it directly conducts, such as the usual damage suits for personal injuries, actions based on contracts, matters of insurance, real estate, etc.

"Mr. Edison's work as an inventor," continued Mr. Dyer, "as shown by the records in my office, extends over a most varied field. In addition to his better-known patents granted in connection with the development of the electric lamp, the phonograph, telegraph, telephone, ore-milling machinery, and storage batteries, I find that the inventions include vote recorders, typewriters, electric pens, vocal engines, addressing machines, methods of preserving fruit, cast-iron manufacture, wire-drawing, electric locomotives, moving picture machines, the making of plate glass, compressed-air apparatus, and many others. In the line of phonographs he has secured a hundred and one patents, on storage batteries twenty patents, on electric meters twenty patents, on telegraphs a hundred and forty-seven patents, on telephones thirty-two patents, on electric lights a hundred and sixty-nine patents, on dynamos ninety-seven patents, and on ore-milling machinery fifty-three patents. When it is remembered that an incandescent lamp consists simply of a carbon filament in an exhausted glass globe, the ingenuity in devising one hundred and sixty-nine different patentable modifications and improvements on such device appears really marvellous."

Mr. Edison being a proverbially modest man and one who dislikes nothing so much as talking about himself, I took the opportunity of asking Mr. Dyer if he would give me some of the results of his observations of the great inventor during the many years with which he had been connected with him, and which must necessarily be far more valuable and accurate than any journalistic interview. Mr. Dyer was quite agreeable, and, placing his finger-tips together in legal fashion, he said :—

"I presume the commonly-accepted idea of Mr. Edison is that by brilliant flashes of intellect invendions spring fully developed from his brain, or else that he has had the singular good fortune of being the instrument to whom Nature communicates her discoveries, just as you or I might be lucky enough to continue to draw grand prizes at the successive monthly distributions of a lottery.

"Neither of these views is correct, and Mr. Edison draws a very broad line between 'discovery' and 'invention.' In his parlance a discovery is a 'scratch'—something that might be disclosed to anyone and for which he thinks little or no credit is due. Invention, on the other hand, is the result of that peculiar mental faculty which perceives the application of some phenomenon or action to a new use. As an inventor, therefore, Mr. Edison possesses two qualifications pre-eminently. First, the inventive faculty, or the special intuition by which the adaptability of some observed result to a useful end is presented ; and, secondly, the physical energy and patience necessary for the investigation by which that result may be ascertained.

"Although capable of flashes of great genius, his mind is necessarily analytical, and when a problem is presented to his attention it may be safely presumed that most of its solutions will be considered by him and the most successful selected. Notwithstanding this mental equipment, his success has depended, I think, very largely on his physical make-up as well as upon a certain solidity of his nervous system that takes no account of fatigue or ennui. In other words, day after day, with only a few hours' sleep, he can devote himself enthusiastically to the investigation of a single problem, the very monotony of which would drive most men into nervous prostration.

"In a recent argument in a suit on one of Mr. Edison's patents opposing counsel sought to show that Edison was more an inventor than a discoverer, but I think the remark made was entirely complimentary. Said the learned gentleman : 'If your honour wished him to, Mr. Edison could go into a field of grass a mile square *and select therefrom the most perfect blade!* The popular conception of Mr. Edison is that of a man who accomplishes startling results by instantaneous flashes of intellect. The real Edison is a man of indefatigable industry, who attains his ends by patient effort intelligently applied.'

"On the subject of 'scratches,' but very few real discoveries have been made by him. In one of them, experiments were being made in the early days with automatic telegraphs, where the effect of the current was to produce chemical changes in moving paper strips with various substances. In making

these experiments Mr. Edison held in his hand a pen, through which the current passed, and which pressed upon the strip. It was found that, with some chemicals, the passage of the current increased the friction between the pen and the strip, so as to subject the pen to slight pulls. Later, when experimenting with the telephone, these earlier observances occurred to him, and as a result the 'motograph,' or 'chalk telephone receiver,' was invented, wherein the same phenomena take place. Although this work Mr. Edison regards as a 'scratch,' it seems to me that very few men would have had the inventive faculty to foresee that the original discovery could have been used for making a new telephone."

A very good example of the inventor's methods may be found in the perfected Edison storage battery. To recount the details of this development would require a book—a book of much human nature, of intense interest, of hopes and fears, of many disappointments, and of final successful realization. In the first place, the defects of the old forms of storage batteries had to be analyzed, from which it was found that the objections were inseparable from these types. Consequently a definite ideal was fixed—a battery that should be cheap, light, compact, mechanically strong, absolutely permanent, and generally "fool-proof"—and for the accomplishment of this ideal the energies of Mr. Edison and his assistants were directed.

It was immediately perceived that the use of an acid solution was out of the question, since that meant the employment of lead, the objections to which were fully appreciated. At the outset, therefore, it was determined to use an alkaline electrolyte, and the question then presented was as to the character of active materials to be used. In this search for suitable active materials, practically the whole gamut of chemical elements was run; nothing was left untried, and in this investigation many remarkable and heretofore unknown discoveries were made.

After months of patient experimenting it was finally decided that the metals which possessed all the desirable properties *theoretically* were iron and nickel. When this was settled the real inventive work began. That work involved the solution of the question how to obtain iron and nickel so as to get those elements in the proper condition of activity for practical use in a storage battery. Literally thousands of experiments were made in this particular direction, and processes were gradually developed by which the materials were finally secured in the desirable condition. The development of the two metals was carried on simultaneously, the effort, of course, being to obtain practically the energy which the metals should give theoretically. In this work the development of the iron would sometimes be far ahead of that of the nickel, and then some new discovery would be made or some new process suggested by which the nickel would exceed the iron. Finally, the work had so far developed that practically the entire theoretical efficiency was secured for both materials.

At this point the mechanical make-up of the battery required consideration in order that a cell might be obtained capable of cheap manufacture, mechanically strong, durable, and compact. Unforeseen difficulties were met in these investigations, as, for example, it was found that in charging or discharging one or other of the active masses in absorbing oxygen tended to swell; no solder was known that would resist the effects of electrolysis in a caustic solution; and it was also found that during charging the generated gases tended to carry off a fine spray of the alkali, so as thereby to deplete the electrolyte. All these difficulties, and many others, had to be overcome.

Even when the battery had been experimentally developed both mechanically and chemically, machines and processes had to be designed and invented by which the active materials could be made, the mechanical parts produced, and the battery assembled on a commercial scale. In all this work Mr. Edison was in the forefront, directing the experiments, suggesting modifications, preparing new processes, and designing new mechanical appliances, until to-day the Edison battery is a perfected entity, realizing all the ideal conditions that were laid down at the start, and crowning with success many years of the most patient, persistent, and indefatigable investigations that can be imagined.

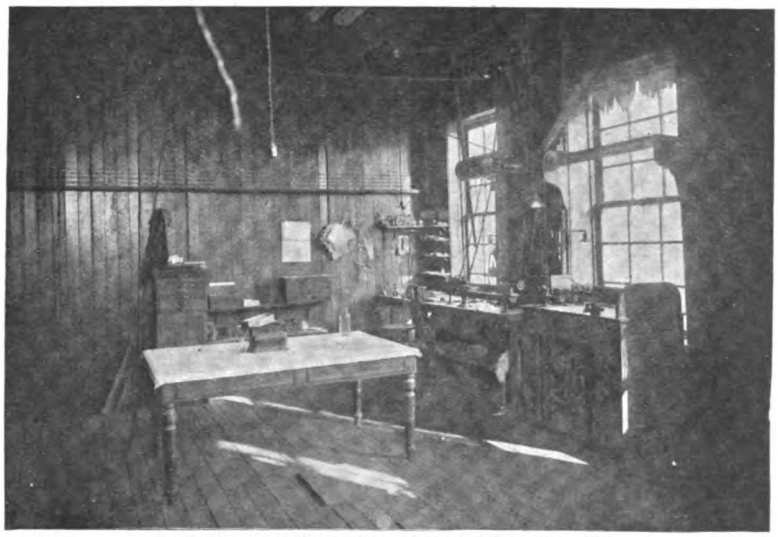
I have dwelt somewhat at length on this story of the perfecting of the Edison battery, not only because it is one of the inventor's greatest achievements, but from the fact that there must be very few people who are not directly or indirectly interested in the automobile. The same story might be told of the very least of Mr. Edison's inventions, for it is an unalterable rule with him never to let any new device issue from his laboratory until it is absolutely perfect. Everyone knows how, when he was at work on his incandescent lamp, he explored the two hemi-

spheres in search of the bamboo that would yield him just the homogeneous fibrous structure that he needed. Indeed, such details regarding each one of his inventions, if collected, would fill many volumes, and his success has been won only by the most indomitable perseverance and untiring energy.

The story of how Mr. Edison came to invent the phonograph has been told many times and with many variations, and it may not, therefore, be without interest to relate exactly how the wonderful "talking machine" came into existence. Briefly, then, the invention of the phonograph was the result of pure reason based upon a very happy inspiration. In his early work with automatic telegraphs operating at high speeds Mr. Edison had occasion to experiment with embossed strips impressed with dashes and dots thereon which were moved rapidly beneath a stylus to vibrate it. It was observed that this stylus in vibrating produced audible sounds. A small thing such as this would pass unnoticed by the ordinary observer as of no interest, but to a mind that is not only intensely alert but highly analytical it was regarded as a curious phenomenon. At this time Mr. Edison was actively working on his telephone experiments, so that his attention was largely absorbed by matters connected with acoustics. Simply as a matter of *inspiration* the idea of a talking machine occurred to Mr. Edison, and, remembering his experiences with the automatic telegraph transmitter, he concluded that, if the undulations on the strip could be given the proper form and arrangement, a diaphragm could be vibrated so as to reproduce any desired sounds.

The next step was to *form* the proper undulations in the strip, and the idea was then suggested to Mr. Edison's mind that these undulations could be produced by *sounds themselves*, which could then be reproduced. When this complete conception was reached the phonograph was produced. Obviously, the change from a strip of material capable of being impressed by sound-waves to a cylinder of such material on which the sound-waves could be impressed in a spiral line was a refinement of the original conception which simply involved mechanical considerations. It is, therefore, rather an interesting fact that in the development of the phonograph the reproduction of the sounds *preceded* the original production of the record.

Readers may also be interested to learn that the first patent on the phonograph was filed in the United States on December 24th, 1877, and was granted February 19th, 1878, No. 200,521. In this patent is disclosed the now historic instrument in which the sounds are recorded on a sheet of tinfoil applied to a spiral groove cylinder. Prior to this, however, in an application filed in Great Britain on July 30th, 1877, No. 2,909, Mr. Edison disclosed not only a cylinder phonograph, but also an apparatus embodying his original conception of an embossed strip.



From a] THE ROOM IN WHICH THE PHONOGRAPH WAS INVENTED. *[Photo.*

I have left all reference to the chemical department until the last for two reasons. First, because it is by far the most absorbing section of the laboratory; and, secondly, because it was there that I first saw Mr. Edison. The apartment, which is lofty, spacious, and splendidly lighted, is divided into two portions, the outer and larger being presided over by Mr. Fred Ott, while the inner and smaller room is Mr. Edison's own private sanctum. Very few people are permitted to enter this room—only those who

are closely connected with the inventor in his work—though when the "old man," as his *employés* love to call him in all reverence, is seated at his table endeavouring to solve some scientific conundrum, he is so absorbed as to be perfectly unconscious of anyone who might enter.

Mr. Edison has spent many days and nights in this room without taking any sleep, and often so engrossed in his experiments as to even forget to eat. Latterly, however, Mrs. Edison, with a devoted wife's

From a] ORCHESTRA MAKING A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORD. *[Photo.*

privilege, has insisted on her husband returning home in reasonable time, and, in order that he should not have the excuse of being able to say that he had nowhere to work, she has had a laboratory built on to their beautiful home in Llewellyn Park, where the inventor may prosecute his scientific investigations undisturbed.

The chemical department at the Edison laboratory differs very little in appearance from those belonging to other noted scientists and inventors, though it is probably larger than the majority. It is, of course, fitted with every contrivance necessary to scientific experimenting, and replete with philtres, stills, "muffles" (used for carbonizing or reducing chemicals), fume chambers, test-tubes (for testing the solution of his storage battery), every kind of chemical, numerous charts, etc.

On entering the chemical department I found Mr. Edison seated upon the table chatting to half-a-dozen of his "boys," as he always calls his assistants, and while waiting until he was at liberty I was enabled to examine his features without his being aware of the fact. Most readers doubtless know Edison from the portrait of him published many years ago, and which shows him listening to the phonograph. Although taken almost twenty years ago, the inventor still resembles this photograph to a remarkable degree. He is older, of course, but his face still wears that youthful expression which will, without doubt, always be its chief characteristic, whatever age he may reach.

He is of medium height, powerfully and compactly built, and, as I then saw him, was wearing a well-worn coat covered with chemical stains, and an old pair of trousers, spotless linen, and a white tie. His head is massive, the forehead high, eyes deeply set, brows overhanging, and the expression extraordinarily keen. His eyes are wonderfully luminous and, when he is interested, light up his entire face. The nose is straight, the mouth tender and humorous. He is somewhat deaf in the right ear, and, through constantly placing his hand behind his left ear in order to catch what is being said, the organ has been pressed slightly forward. He was speaking in a very quiet voice, and was watching the lips of those who were answering him, in order the more readily to hear their remarks.

Suddenly he became conscious that there was a stranger in the room, and, jumping from the table with the agility of a boy, welcomed me in hearty American fashion, and was about to lead the way into his own room when he paused and asked me if I could wait a moment while he read the "boys" a story which had been given to him a short time before. At the same time he drew a sheet of paper out of his pocket, on which was typed a humorous paragraph, which he read to the young men who were crowding round him, and I joined in the hearty laugh which followed the recital. Like Lincoln, Edison loves a good story.

Then he led the way into his sanctum, and

seating himself at his table, where he has evolved so many wonders, motioned me to a chair beside him and expressed a desire to know what he could do for me. I almost felt inclined to request him to invent some wonder on the spot for my especial benefit, but instead I asked him to tell me of his early days, when he printed and published the *Weekly Herald* on board the express running between Port Huron and Detroit.

There was not much to tell, he declared. He was a boy of fourteen at the time, and the idea of publishing a newspaper on a train had occurred to him some time before he was able to put it in actual operation. Early in 1862 he bought some old type and "stereos" of the *Detroit Free Press*, obtained the use of a smoking-car as his publishing and printing office, and founded the *Weekly Herald*. He did all the work himself: set up the type, wrote the editorials, gathered the news as the train flew from town to town, sold the papers himself, and in a very short time had no fewer than four hundred subscribers. The paper ran for several months, and then, in an unfortunate moment, the "staff" began to combine chemical experiments with his journalistic enterprise, set fire to the car with a phosphorus bottle, and was summarily ejected from his "office."

"In this way," laughed Mr. Edison, "the *Weekly Herald* came to an end. But I had not quite finished with journalism, for soon after I issued a 'society' paper called *Paul Pry*, which, however, only ran a very short time."

One copy only of the *Weekly Herald* appears to have been preserved, and that was rescued from destruction by Mrs. Edison, who has kept it as a memento of her husband's early days. It is a most interesting little sheet, and though stained and creased, probably from being carried in the pocket, is very legible. One item in the number facsimiled on the next page shows how, even at the age of fourteen, Edison was keenly alive to the best means of attracting new subscribers. "In a few weeks," announces the editor, "each subscriber will have his name printed on his paper."

One of the stories most frequently related regarding Edison's earlier days tells how, when he was working in a certain factory, he was called upon to evolve some means whereby the hordes of cockroaches which infested the place might be got rid of. For the special benefit of these insects he constructed a trap and charged it with electricity, so that each insect on touching it received a shock which effectually put an end to its existence. I asked Mr. Edison if this story was true, and he acknowledged that it was.

There seems to be a generally expressed belief that Mr. Edison dislikes the phonograph, and some papers have gone so far as to affirm that he will not allow one in his house. Again I asked Mr. Edison to corroborate this, but he could not do so. "I am very fond of the phonograph," he said, "and can listen to good records by the hour. I do not, perhaps, like the records that are most popular with the public, for I am not particularly fond of so-called comic songs or 'rag-time' music. My favourite composer is Beethoven, and I never tire listening to his symphonies."

From a] MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY. *[Photo,*

HERALD

THE WEEKLY HERALD.
PUBLISHED BY A. EDISON.
TERMS.
THE WEEKLY HERALD Costs Per Month,
LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.
Prudence [illegible] has returned to Canada after entertaining delighted audiences at New Baltimore for the past two weeks listening to his comical buffoonery.
Dishonorable.—A gentleman by the name of Watkins agent for the Express department, heavily fined [illegible] the Grand Trunk Railway company, and if sixty more dollars the price of a value to be found to have left at Sarnia, and he was well supported in the undertaking.
But by the indomitable perseverance and energy of Mr. Watkins, detective of the company.
The case was closed up in a very different style. It appeared that the would be gentleman while crossing the river on the ferry boat, took the check off of his valise, and carried the valise to his lodgings, forgetting to put the check in his pocket, the baggage man claimed the bagvage after arriving Port Huron, while looking over his book to see if he had anything with him, but to his great surprise found the valise was not there, he returned back station to, but no improvement be found. It was ascertained given into the hands of Mr Smith, to look after, in the meantime Mr. Watkins went on duties to Mr Tubman, Agent at Detroit, asking [illegible] be authorized for the loss he had sustained in consequence, and refusing Mr Tubman to Mr Wells, Howard Esq, of Detroit, and the Hon. Messrs Brown & Wilson of Toronto, letters, Watkins receive how soon are [illegible] to withdraw travelling agents, but such is the case, some time Mr Smith, cleared up the whole affair by finding the lost valise in his possession, and Mr Watkins [illegible] to pay the dollars for [illegible] but pay the company so, and have the other looked after.
Not so, we [illegible] that the villian should have his name posted up in the various R. R. in the country, and then we will be able to travel on his free tickets.
We have noticed of late, the large quantities of wax, taken by Lieutenant Donahue, 14 regt, over theft 7, R. to their rendezvous at Ypsilanta, and no inquiring find that he has recruited more men than any other man in the regiment. If his energy and perseverance in the field when he sends the recruit, is as good as it was in his travelling on the line of the Grand Trunk R. he will make a mark that the rebels will soon forget.
Henry Chlorosate at Baltimore.—We were beguiled the other day at the Baltimore Station, waiting for a friend, and while waiting, took upon ourselves to have a pen of Henry constantly on view in the freight house of the GTR. 400 bbls of flour and 100 bags waiting for shipment to Portland.
BIRTH.
At Detroit Junction G. T. R. Intermediate house on the 99 inst, the wife of A Little of a daughter.
We expect to enlarge our paper in a few weeks
In a few weeks each subscriber will have his name printed on his paper.
Reason Justice and Equity, never had weight enough on the face of the earth, to govern the conduct of men.
NOTICE.
A very large [illegible] is now at M. V. Hibbard's Wagon and Carriage shop, New Baltimore, Station. All orders promptly attended to, Particular attention paid to repairing.

COPY OF A PAPER PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ON BOARD A TRAIN BY EDISON WHEN A BOY OF FOURTEEN.

Mr. Edison has never spoken into a phonograph for the purpose of making a selling record, and seemed surprised when I suggested that if he did so it would certainly have an enormous sale. But he shook his head and modestly declared that he did not think so. He might some day speak into the phonograph the story of how he invented the talking machine, but he did not consider it very likely, so we let it go at that, and I asked him what was the longest time he ever spent over an invention without leaving it.

"Five days and five nights," he replied. "During that time I had no sleep and took most of my meals standing. I did not find it a great hardship, and got so accustomed to doing without sleep that, had I wished to do so, I could have gone on for another two days. I have men who work with me here in this laboratory who get so absorbed over a new discovery or invention that they have cheerfully spent three and four days and nights with me helping to work out my ideas. Every inventor must possess unflagging energy if he is desirous of achieving anything. Without it he will certainly fail in his object.

"Which do I consider the greatest inventive country? Why, America, of course. She probably has more need of inventions, for labour is dear, and so some means must be found to reduce the time-sheet. My greatest invention? Well, if you mean the one which I consider has been the greatest benefit to mankind, I unhesitatingly say the incandescent light system. It is certainly the one of which I am most proud."

It seemed superfluous, when one considered how tenaciously Mr. Edison sticks to his work, to ask the inventor if he had any "hobbies," but I did so, and he at once declared that he had. "Chemistry and experimenting are my chief forms of amusement," he said, "and very fascinating I find them. I am also fond of driving, and, of course, deeply interested in automobiling."

Mr. Edison looked affectionately at a glass tube containing some kind of solution suspended over an electric spark, and as the liquid began to bubble I tactfully rose to depart. While bidding the great inventor good-bye I asked him if he contemplated a visit to England, and he replied that in the course of a year or two he might give himself that pleasure. He had already made two visits to Great Britain, and on each occasion his reception had been so warm and sincere that he felt very much inclined to repeat the experiment. Then he returned to watch with some anxiety the bubbling test-tube, and as I looked back from the laboratory door I knew that his mind was once more absorbed with some scientific experiment, and that everything else was forgotten.

Mr. Lion of London.

By J. J. Bell.

I.

TOWARDS evening, on a wet and windy day in September, a cab laden with luggage drew up at the entrance to the St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow, and, as there is nothing extraordinary in a cab laden with luggage drawing up at that particular place, the incident is mentioned merely because the cab contained an individual whose little story is about to be set before the reader in the hope that he or she will prove not only gentle, but also sympathetic, should he or she read to the end.

The tall porter opened the door of the cab, and there emerged a man of about fifty, of scarcely medium height, with a fierce greyish moustache and rather shy blue eyes. His clothes were new, but imperfectly fitting; his coat-collar climbed over the back of his linen one, which appeared to be more high than comfortable; his head seemed to have been crammed into his bowler hat; he put down his foot in its patent leather boot as though it pained him; and both his lavender suède gloves were unbuttoned.

"MY NAME IS LION—MR. LION OF LONDON."

"Have you ordered rooms, sir?" inquired the porter, for all the rooms were then either occupied or reserved, and he had instructions to put the inquiry to each new-comer.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I ordered rooms, a suite of rooms"—he pronounced it *sewt*—"a week ago. My name is——"

Just then a strong gust of wind carried away his bowler hat, which went whirling down the muddy declivity to the square.

"Never mind. It's of no consequence," cried the stranger, stopping the porter from starting in pursuit. "I don't want it. Got plenty more with me." He handed the porter half a crown. "My name is Lion—Mr. Lion of London," he said, modestly.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, sir. Step into the hall, and I'll look after your luggage, sir. Office is right ahead."

Mr. Lion climbed the short flight of steps and presented himself at the counter.

"I—I should like my sewt of rooms, please," he said, somewhat bashfully, to the young lady in charge of the office.

"What name, sir?"

"Lion—Mr. Lion of London."

"Numbers 33, 34, 35, Mr. Lion. Please write your name here."

The lady indicated the register, and Mr. Lion, after vainly endeavouring to hold the pen in his tightly-gloved fingers, removed the impediment and wrote:—

"Peter F. Lion, London," in a fair clerkly hand.

The lady handed him a card bearing the numbers and price of his rooms, and touched a hand-bell summoning the hall-porter, to whom she repeated the numbers.

"This way, sir," said the hall-porter.

"Stay," said Mr. Lion, turning again to the counter. "Had I—er—not better—er—pay something in advance?" he asked, his hand at his breast-pocket.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the lady, smiling. Apart from his pile of luggage Mr. Lion had with him an exceedingly honest countenance.

He blushed, and followed the hall-porter to the lift, where he gave him half a crown.

"Thank you, sir," said the hall-porter, trying not to look surprised. "Second floor, John," he added, to the lift-conductor.

Mr. Lion was raised to the second floor—it might have been to the seventh heaven to judge from the smile which, along with half a crown, he bestowed on John at the end of the brief journey.

A maid was waiting to show him his rooms, and she left him there, less another half-crown.

Mr. Lion stood awhile surveying the spacious and handsomely-furnished bedroom, then peeped into the adjoining bathroom, and then crossed the floor and entered the sitting-room.

With a long sigh of satisfaction he flung himself into an easy-chair, rose ten seconds later, and with another sigh flung himself into another easy-chair, rose again, and, with still another sigh, fell upon the luxurious couch.

"The dream of my life!" he murmured, in an ecstasy.

A knock at the bedroom door disturbed him. It was a porter with his luggage, and after him arrived a maid with a can of hot water. Both retired cheered with sweet smiles and half-crowns.

Having unpacked some of his belongings, washed, and donned evening dress — his dress-coat possessed the same failing as the discarded one—he returned to his sitting-room, switched on all the electric lights, and rang the bell.

"Better order something for the good of the house," he said to himself, smiling pleasantly.

A knock at the door, and a waiter entered.

"Kindly bring—ahem!—a—some champagne, please."

"Yes, sir. Wine list, sir." The waiter brought the list from the sideboard drawer.

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Lion, scanning the page. "Yes! H'm! Just so! A—kindly bring a bottle of—er—*this*." He indicated the most expensive brand with a broad forefinger.

"A half-bottle, sir?"

"If you please," said Mr. Lion, agreeably. He had not thought of a half-bottle, but no doubt the waiter knew best.

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir," returned the waiter.

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Lion, producing two sovereigns. "Please get me change in half-crowns—half-crowns."

"Yes, sir."

The waiter having departed, Mr. Lion went to his bedroom, and returned almost immediately with a copy of a then famous society novel. Seating himself in an easy-chair, he opened the book at a mark, and, after sighing "The dream of my life!" several times, began to read.

The waiter came with the champagne—an '89 vintage—opened it, filled a glass, set it and the bottle within easy reach of Mr. Lion's hand, gave Mr. Lion sixteen half-crowns, received one back for his trouble, and retired.

Mr. Lion smiled as he raised the glass and smelled it. He quaffed the contents, and coughed till the tears fell from his eyes.

"Well, I never!" he gasped, laughing at his little mishap. "It *is* fizzy! I had no idea it would catch me like that. Must be more cautious with strange luxuries." He refilled his glass and took a small sip. "That's better. It isn't a bad drink considering, but beer is more thirst-quenching. I don't suppose it would do to ask for a glass of beer in this place."

He resumed reading.

"Lord Burlington," he read, twenty minutes later, with sudden increase of interest, "tossed the steward a couple of pieces of silver, and strode hastily from the saloon."

Mr. Lion laid the book on his knee. "I wonder," he said to himself, "whether it was two shillings or two florins or two half-crowns he tossed to the steward. Two half-crowns I should think, for Lord Burlington, the story says, is very luxurious and extravagant! The dream of my life! Heigh-ho! I'm getting hungry. About time I had my tea. No, no! Of course, I meant dinner. To be really luxurious and extravagant one must dine Very well!"

He rose, laid aside the book, adjusted his shirt-front, which was overlapping his vest, and looked at himself in the mirror above the mantelpiece. "I feel sure there's something wrong with my tie. Perhaps I might consult the waiter. He wears the same sort of tie."

Mr. Lion rang the bell.

"Did you ring, sir?" inquired the waiter on his arrival.

"Yes. I want to know, please, if my tie is right."

The waiter glanced first at the champagne and then at Mr. Lion's neck.

"Yes, sir; your tie is quite right, sir. Oh, thank you, sir!" He pocketed the half-crown and asked if Mr. Lion desired to dine in private or in the coffee-room that evening.

"I WANT TO KNOW, PLEASE, IF MY TIE IS RIGHT?"

"In the coffee-room, if you please. Where is the coffee-room?"

"First floor, sir. Hotel's very full just now, sir," continued the waiter, affably. "Great number of American ladies and gentlemen stopping with us."

"Ah, indeed! Are any of them—ahem! —millionaires?"

"Couldn't say, sir. Must be travelling *incog.* if they are, sir."

Mr. Lion did not observe the point of the remark, but he smiled in sympathy with the waiter, and inquired if dinner would soon be ready.

"Dinner is on from six-thirty till eight-thirty, sir," replied the waiter, as he departed to answer another bell.

"Good gracious!" muttered Mr. Lion, seeing the clock at seven-twenty-five. "I've missed half of it!"

He hurried downstairs to the ground floor, and, after finding out his mistake at the cost of half a crown, hurried upstairs to the first floor.

The head waiter met him at the door of the coffee-room.

"Good evening, sir. There is a small table in the corner, if you would care for it," he said.

"If you please," returned Mr. Lion. "Sorry I'm so late," he added, apologetically. "I hope you didn't trouble to keep anything hot for me."

The head waiter looked puzzled for a moment, but soon smiled at the guest's little joke, as he took it to be.

Presently Mr. Lion was seated at the small table suggested by the head waiter, with six different *hors-d'œuvres* on his plate and half a crown less in his pocket. He was feeling not a little nervous among so many strangers, and had forgotten his ambition to sit at meat with a millionaire.

A waiter presented the wine list, which happened to fall open at the page devoted to liqueurs, and Mr. Lion, after some consideration, ordered a bottle of green chartreuse. Whereupon the waiter gaped and departed in search of the head waiter.

The head waiter at once perceived that he had a humorist to deal with, and approached Mr. Lion with an appreciative smile, murmuring discreetly, "Very funny indeed, sir!" Mr. Lion, however, not being altogether a fool, realized that he had made a slip, and, with an effort, smiled in response and ordered a small bottle of the wine he had tasted in his private room. He proceeded with his dinner—at first in trepidation, but later with enjoyment. In his pocket he carried a dainty little volume on "Society Etiquette," and, bringing it forth, between the courses perused snatches relating to dinner-parties. He was the last to leave the coffee-room, and ere departing he presented the waiter who had attended him with a couple of half-crowns, not having the courage of Lord Burlington to toss the coins to the recipient. The waiter was naturally pleased, and so was Mr. Lion as, feeling very luxurious and extravagant, he strolled into the lounge, which was fairly well filled by ladies and gentlemen.

Looking about him, and also listening, he speedily learned how he ought to conduct himself, and realized, among other things, that people, however luxurious and extravagant, did *not* consume bottles of liqueurs at a sitting. Ere long he was making acquaintance with fine black coffee, green chartreuse (which struck him as a pleasant beverage, though "nippy" and by no means a thirst quencher), and eight inches of cigar at (he calculated, smiling) threepence per inch. The waiter, of course, received half a crown for his labour, and lost his head for the rest of the evening.

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Lion through his first evening at the hotel. Suffice it to say that, after an hour in the billiard-room, spent in admiring some exceedingly bad play and giving a half-crown to one of the markers who offered him an evening paper, he retired upstairs to his sitting-room and soon became immersed in the doings of Lord Burlington and other more or less luxurious and extravagant characters. He did not finish the champagne he had left earlier in the evening, but before going to bed he poured it over the earth sustaining a small palm which stood on the table, and partook of three voice jujubes by way of a final refreshment. He shrank from offending the hotel people.

"HE POURED IT OVER THE EARTH SUSTAINING A SMALL PALM."

"The dream of my life!" he sighed, as he laid his head on the comfortable pillow. "Luxury and extravagance!"

But in the dead of night he awoke suddenly, saying, "No, my little man, I don't keep them at a ha'penny."

II.

MR. LION awoke at seven, but did not rise until near nine o'clock. He found the coffee-room comparatively empty, the majority of the guests then staying at the hotel, being tourists, having gone out of town for the day. Feeling less shy than he had done the previous evening, he enjoyed a hearty breakfast, presented the waiter with half a crown, and retired to his sitting-room, where he spent the forenoon with cigars and another society novel, which he took from one of his boxes. The box, by the way, contained nothing but society novels.

Although lacking an appetite, he lunched at one o'clock. Afterwards he spent a few minutes in each of the public rooms, feeling more and more luxurious and extravagant, and returned to his private apartment to smoke, read, and perhaps dream, until the hour of dinner. It never occurred to him to leave the hotel.

About four o'clock a waiter entered and replenished the fire, receiving the usual gratuity.

"Will you take afternoon tea, sir?" the waiter inquired, bowing obsequiously.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Lion, cheerfully.

He partook of the tea while continuing his reading of a delightful novel, wherein the characters were models of ease and elegance, having nothing to trouble them unless, perhaps, their consciences. Such a thing as work was never spoken of or even suggested. The smallest income mentioned was eight hundred pounds, and it belonged to a young gentleman with prospects most dazzling. The chief events took place in ball-rooms, boudoirs, opera-boxes, and on steam-yachts and racecourses, and everywhere was the glitter of gold, the flash of diamonds, or the rustle of silk.

"Luxury and extravagance!" commented Mr. Lion frequently, a happy smile on his countenance. "The experiences, no doubt, of many of the people at present in this very hotel."

A currant from a slice of cake fell on the pages, and with a little trouble he captured it and placed it in his mouth.

"Luxury and extravagance! The dream of my life! How pleasant it is to spend money freely, with no thought of the morrow. It may be foolish, it may be selfish, but—I don't care."

That evening, upon some deliberation, Mr. Lion decided to dine again in the coffee-room. On taking his seat at a small table, a gentleman who had already taken the opposite seat bowed slightly but politely.

Mr. Lion returned the salutation in a confused manner, for he was overcome with pleasure at being noticed.

The gentleman, however, made no advance in the way of conversation, and Mr. Lion, disappointed, turned to the waiter, who was offering him *hors-d'œuvres*, and made a wild selection thereof.

When Mr. Lion was engaged upon his *entrée* the other, who thus far had eaten nothing, had a steak and boiled potatoes set before him and poured out for himself a glass of water. Mr. Lion was drinking champagne, which he was beginning to like slightly, and stole occasional glances at the man opposite, who merely trifled with his meal. He was a handsomely-built man of about Mr. Lion's age, clean-shaven, kindly-looking, but with an intensely-tired countenance and an anxious look in his eyes. He did not wear evening-dress, but his clothing was of the neatest, his linen of the whitest, and it suddenly struck Mr. Lion that never had he observed such beautifully-shaped fingers and carefully-tended nails. Mr. Lion looked down at his own hands and felt his face warming.

Mr. Lion had barely started upon his joint when the stranger rose—his steak hardly tasted—and with another slight but polite bow left the coffee-room.

Dinner lost all interest for Mr. Lion. What manner of man was he who had sat at the same table? Somehow it came into Mr. Lion's head—and he could not get it out—that his late companion was a millionaire, or at any rate a man of great wealth and responsibilities. Apart from the man's appearance, Mr. Lion had frequently read that millionaires were rarely possessed of any digestions to speak of; on the other hand, he had also read that they had seldom any manners worth mentioning. The latter was the only argument he could find against his idea, and he dismissed it ere he finished his sweets.

Ten minutes later, as he made to enter the smoking-room—the lounge being full—he met the subject of his thoughts coming out.

"I'm afraid you won't find a seat," the latter remarked. "The hotel seems to be quite crowded to-night."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Lion, smiling nervously.

"Can't even get a seat in the billiard-room. Only place left for a smoke is the hall," said the other, moving along the corridor.

A brilliant thought flashed into Mr. Lion's brain.

"Sir!" he cried, following the retreating figure.

"Yes?"

"Sir," stammered Mr. Lion, "if—if you would honour me, I—I have a sitting-room upstairs. I—I am alone here."

"Why, that is very kind of you; very kind indeed," returned the stranger, in surprise. "But——"

"You—you can have the room to yourself," Mr. Lion blurted out. "I'll not——"

The stranger smiled slightly, yet not as if he were amused. "Kindness could hardly go farther than that!" he said, softly, adding, "I also am alone here."

"Then, will you——"

"I will come and smoke a pipe with you, sir, with the greatest pleasure. Here is my card."

Mr. Lion, with trembling fingers, took the card, and was able, with an effort, to read the dancing inscription:—

"PAUL REMINGTON."

There was no address.

"I am sorry, Mr. Remington," he stammered. "I have n-no cards here, but my my name is Lion—Mr. Lion of London."

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Lion," said Remington, vexed for the lonely, nervous little man. "And now I am at your service."

Soon the twain were ensconced in easy-chairs in Mr. Lion's private room, the host rather at a loss for conversation. Mr. Remington, however, made himself entertaining, for he had but to ask to receive information on subjects regarding which he was curious. Frequently the guest found it difficult to repress a smile at the queries put to him.

"Well," he said in answer to one, "I should say that for luxury and extravagance some of the New York hotels stand first. You might get a suite for a week for, say——," and he mentioned a sum which elicited a great gasp from Mr. Lion.

"Er—have you ever stayed in one of these hotels, please?" inquired the latter, eagerly.

"I have," returned Mr. Remington, calmly.

It was on the tip of Mr. Lion's tongue to cry: "Then you *must* be a millionaire!" but he restrained himself, and merely gave vent to a prolonged "Ah!"

"Of course," continued the guest, "there are hotels in London where—— But *you* are a Londoner, so I need not say anything

"'YOU CAN HAVE THE ROOM TO YOURSELF,' MR. LION BLURTED OUT."

about them. You are doubtless familiar with Claridge's, the Carlton, Cecil, Savoy, and others."

"Quite so; quite so," said Mr. Lion, a little hurriedly. He glanced at the clock, which was nearing the hour of eleven. "Shall we take a little refreshment, Mr. Remington?"

"Is it not time for bed? I fear I have intruded too long already."

"No, no! Please have a little refreshment. Perhaps a bottle of champagne, and——"

"A small whisky and soda, if you please," said Mr. Remington, somewhat to his host's disappointment.

"May I ask if you are staying here long?" inquired Mr. Lion, when the waiter had departed for the second time with the customary reward.

"For a few days." The reply was given with something like a sigh.

"You—you find it—a—lonely here?" said Mr. Lion, with an effort.

"I confess I do find it lonely, and not only lonely but——" Mr. Remington stopped abruptly, finished his drink, and rose from his chair. "Really I must be going. I have some writing to do, and I've taken far too great advantage of your hospitality already. Good-night, Mr. Lion, and many thanks for taking pity on me."

Mr. Lion flushed. "I—I wish," he managed to say, "I wish you would—er—dine with me to-morrow night."

Mr. Remington endeavoured to conceal his surprise. "Upon my word, Mr. Lion," he said, "you are quite the most hospitable man I ever met. But I cannot possibly——"

"Please dine with me. Your conversation is so interesting. We can dine in this room. Please favour me," pleaded Mr. Lion.

In spite of himself the other smiled. "Thank you," he said, after some moments' hesitation. "I really cannot refuse. At what hour, Mr. Lion?"

"At seven o'clock, please," replied Mr. Lion, joyfully.

In the course of the next fortnight Mr. Lion succeeded on several occasions in persuading his new acquaintance to dine with him, and on the other evenings the two men had at least a smoke and a chat together. Mr. Remington's conversation was of the most intense interest to Mr. Lion, for the former, without the merest suggestion of bragging, talked familiarly of many notoriously wealthy persons, including a duke at whose residence, he once casually mentioned, he had spent the better part of a week.

But as the days went on it worried Mr. Lion to observe that the other appeared to grow more and more wearied and anxious-looking.

"Some great scheme is weighing on Mr. Remington," he said to himself. "After all, wealth is a heavy burden."

One evening, after a dinner the luxury and extravagance of which had surpassed all the host's previous efforts, the guest sat up in his easy-chair and, with a sigh, said:—

"Well, Mr. Lion, I fear this is to be our last meeting."

"What?" cried Mr. Lion, starting. "I beg your pardon. What did you say, Mr. Remington?"

"I said I feared this was our last meeting. I leave here to-morrow afternoon."

Mr. Lion could not speak at once, and his companion continued:—

"It is most unlikely that we shall ever meet again, but your kindness I can never forget. You took me on trust, treated me

like a brother at a time when a great deal less human sympathy would have filled me with gratitude, and, in short, made the past two weeks, which had otherwise been dreadful, wonderfully endurable."

"I—I fancied you had some big worry," said Mr. Lion, shyly and kindly. "But now I presume it is past, and I may have the honour of congratulating you on another great success." He made as if to hold out his hand, but a bitter laugh from his guest checked him.

"I'm afraid there must be some misunderstanding," said Mr. Remington, noting the genuine distress on the other's countenance. "But I—I thought you knew that I was—a ruined man."

"A ruined man!" whispered Mr. Lion, aghast.

"Yes; I thought *everyone* knew that," his companion said, with a sorry smile. "I needn't go into details now, but I've been in Scotland for some weeks settling my affairs, which settling has left me, as I said, a ruined man. Luckily, I am alone in the world."

"A ruined man!" again whispered Mr. Lion.

"Perhaps you wonder why I stay in a big hotel like this in the circumstances. Well, I'm afraid it's only my extravagant habit, which I had a fancy to indulge for the last time. I can assure you it won't occur again!" he finished, grimly.

His host, staring at the fire, made no remark.

"I suppose," he resumed, "I should never have speculated on such a huge scale. And yet I dare say I should do the same again if I had the money. A hundred pounds or so would have pulled me round the corner and made me richer than ever I was. However, it's all over now, and I leave to-morrow afternoon."

Mr. Lion found husky speech at last. "I'm very sorry. Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I—I wish I knew. I'm at a bad age, you know." He glanced at his host, and his mouth quivered for an instant. "I had hoped," he said, rising, "or rather I had believed, that you knew from the first that I was a—a ruined man, Mr. Lion."

Mr. Lion was feeling almost physically ill, and for his life he could not have spoken.

Mr. Remington moved to the door. "I owe nothing to anybody but you, and I—I wish to Heaven I could pay you!" he cried, harshly. "I wish——" He opened the door. "Good-night," he said, his voice softening, "and thank you." The door closed.

"Wait!" cried Mr. Lion, but the door did not open again, and when he reached it and looked out into the corridor there was no one visible.

Shame and the feeling that he had been deceived drove Mr. Lion nigh frantic. For an hour he paced the room, and the waiter, who came to ask if he required anything further that evening, retired swiftly and without a gratuity.

In bed he could not sleep, but his mind grew calmer, and pity mingled with his disappointment. After all, he reflected, Mr. Remington had been a fine man to meet, and must have been, from what he had said, an exceedingly wealthy man at one time. Nay, he might have lived to be a millionaire and patron of luxury and extravagance had his latest speculation not proved so disastrous. It was terrible to think of a man accustomed to so much having to live on so little; he did not even know as yet how little it might have to be.

About two o'clock Mr. Lion rose and dressed himself. "I can bear it no longer," he muttered, as he crept from his room and down to the hall.

To the night-porter he gave half a crown and instructions to call him at six, have his bill ready, and send up for his luggage half an hour later.

"Can you tell me, please, which room Mr. Paul Remington is in?" he inquired.

The porter referred to the register. "No. 324—fourth floor, sir. Wish to leave a message, sir?"

"I'll perhaps leave one in the morning," returned Mr. Lion, and departed.

In his bedroom once more he unlocked a portmanteau and took out a new leather pocket-book. From it he extracted a sheaf of notes, each of the value of five pounds.

He placed four in his pocket and began to count the rest.

A hundred and thirty pounds.

He took a sheet of paper and wrote upon it:—

"With best wishes, from Mr. Lion of London," and placed it and the notes in an envelope, which he addressed to "Mr. Paul Remington, Room No. 324."

He laid the packet under his pillow, undressed, and returned to bed.

"Yes," he sighed to himself, "a man like him will miss luxury and extravagance a thousand times more than a man like me. And"—he felt the packet under his pillow—

"if this isn't a luxury, it's certainly an extravagance. Peter Lion, you're a fool, and always were."

III.

SEVEN years had made Paul Remington a good deal greyer; but they had taken nothing from his prosperous appearance. Hurrying along an unimportant street—a short cut—in Edinburgh, the desire for a cigar came upon him, and, taking his case from his pocket, he selected one, nipped off the end, placed it between his teeth, and then—found that he was without a match.

A tobacconist's shop, however, stood handy—a very modest place—and Remington entered.

"Box of vestas, please."

"Yes, sir."

The tobacconist rose from a broken-backed chair, laid aside a penny novelette, and——

"MAN, MAN! I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

His customer gave a wild shout, fell across the counter, scattering all manner of wares, and grabbed his hand.

"Man, man! I've found you at last!"

"*Mr. Remington!*"

"*Mr. Lion of London!*"

Then, for near a minute, the two men gazed at each other, unable to speak.

And when they did speak—well, only a little of what they said may be reported here.

"I searched London for you," said Remington. "I interviewed all the Lions—ha, ha!—including those that spell their name with a 'y.' But all in vain. Where have you been since—since—Heaven bless you!—since you left the hotel? I fear things have gone badly with you since then. But never mind that at the moment. Where did you disappear to?"

"Here," said Mr. Lion.

"Here? And when were you in London last?"

"Not since I was a boy."

"But you called yourself Lion of London, man."

The tobacconist wriggled uncomfortably. "I—I thought it sounded well; I was a fool."

"You were the best friend I ever found, but I don't understand you at all, Lion."

"Well, Mr. Remington——"

"Don't 'mister' me."

"Well, I hardly know how to tell you how I came to be at the hotel."

"How did you lose your fortune since then? Tell me that first."

"But I never lost my fortune—never had one. Did you think I was a rich man?"

"Surely; thought you were a millionaire."

Mr. Lion laughed sadly. "I — I've been in this little shop for nearly thirty years. I was playing the fool when I met you in the hotel. I think I was a bit crazy. Ever since I was young I had wanted to experience luxury and extravagance and to mix with wealthy folk. I think I had read too much trash—I still read it. But the business here barely kept me—like you, I was alone in the world—and I had neither the ability nor the courage to try anything else."

"Go on, man," said Remington, gently.

"Well, I saved and scraped for twenty years and got together about two hundred pounds, and that sum I decided to—to *burst* on the experience I had so long craved. I rigged myself out and began at Glasgow. I intended to go on to London, but I met you, and——"

"By Heaven! you are the most generous——"

"No, no; not that! It makes me ashamed yet to think of it. But I'd better tell you. I met you, and thought *you* were a millionaire, or something near it. And I was puffed up with conceit when you came to my room. I

had expected to see millionaires, but I had never dreamed of entertaining one. And then—well, I think that's all, Mr. Remington."

"Not 'mister.'"

"Remington."

"Well, Lion, it wasn't all by any means. You saved a fellow-being from—no! I won't say what."

"I couldn't help it. Er—I'm glad to see you looking so well. Did you get a good situation?"

Remington laughed. "I did not do badly, thank you. I'm not a millionaire yet; still, I'm just about as well off as you."

"Oh!" Mr. Lion cried, with acute disappointment. "Better than that, surely? You see, I've always thought of you as a friend—I've never felt quite so lonely since I met you seven years ago—and I've always been hoping you were getting on well. I was reading a story the other day about—oh, well, never mind. But really, Mr. Remington—I mean Remington—I hope you are a great deal better off than I. Still, I've about fifty pounds put by, and you are welcome——"

"Stop, Lion, unless you want to see a middle-aged gentleman in tears. If you've fifty pounds put by you are probably fifty pounds richer than I. And I'll tell you why. Since with your money I started to make money again, I put half of all the profits aside for Mr. Lion of London. They are now waiting for him to take possession."

Mr. Lion gasped. "Are they much? Are—are they two hundred pounds?" he asked foolishly at last.

"Why that sum?"

"I can't think of a bigger one."

"You must try. Suppose you multiply by a hundred."

Mr. Lion locked up the shop, and they went off together to Mr. Remington's hotel.

"A little luxury and extravagance at my expense," said the latter, smiling, "and then we'll discuss the terms of our partnership. I'm going to suggest equal shares—I've a steady business now, so don't be alarmed—and you can 'sleep' as much as you like."

But Mr. Lion was in a dazed condition, and hardly realized what his friend was talking about.

As they neared the hotel a ragged cripple offered an evening paper.

Mr. Lion halted abruptly. A smile broke upon his pale face. He took the paper, drew out a worn purse, and gave the child half a crown.

"HE GAVE THE CHILD HALF A CROWN."

His friend took his arm and drew him onward.

"Is that how you're going to get rid of your money, old fellow?" asked Remington, lightly, but gently.

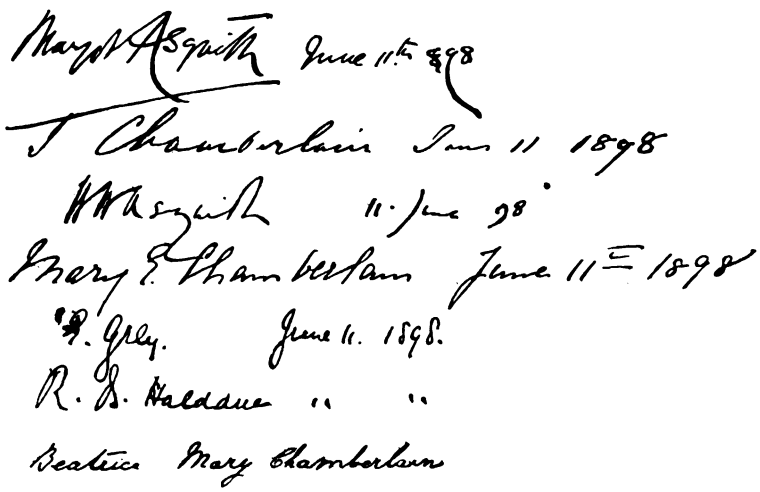
Mr. Lion made no reply, but once more he smiled happily.

The Book of the "Cheshire Cheese."

ONE by one in the purlieus of Fleet Street the ancient taverns vanish and the homely haunts of our grandfathers give way to palaces of marble and mahogany, where a French *chef* presides over the menu and rose-water is handed about in crystal finger-bowls. But one old-time eating-house retains its pristine simplicity. There is, apart from its *habitués*, nothing of the twentieth century about the Cheshire Cheese. It is the only tavern in Fleet Street left unchanged by what Dr. Johnson called the "fury of innovation," and still stands as it stood in the days when Goldsmith used to pass its side door on his way up the dark entry to his lodgings in Wine Office Court. Nay, the pleasant gentleman mine host of the Cheese can show you title-deeds of his property going back almost to the time of the Great Fire of London.

After the legends of Dr. Johnson and his friends, the most interesting thing about the Cheshire Cheese is the world-famous pudding, and after that the great album wherein are inscribed the myriad names of those who have partaken of the pudding. And, as this article is less concerned with the history, traditions, and aspect of the hoary old tavern than with the very modern book of the pudding, we may perhaps begin by saying something of that concoction, which almost deserves to be ranked among the seven wonders of the world, the amazement and admiration of foreigners and the envy and despair of all rival inns, taverns, chop-houses, and restaurants in London. The little sketches THE STRAND readers see here were directly inspired by the Cheshire Cheese pudding; and if they are not always executed in the highest style of art, we must remember the inherent difficulties of the situation. To draw after dinner, as any artist will tell you, is never an easy feat; but to draw after a Cheshire Cheese dinner of lark, steak, kidney, oyster, and mushroom pudding argues much for the powerful talent and indomitability of the designer. And as for poetry, there probably was never a pudding which inspired so much poetry, but, unfortunately, these effusions have only of recent years been preserved. They were, like the postprandial sketches, indited upon chance slips of paper—the backs of bills, as a rule—and, being left with the host, were mislaid or else perished of attrition. Landseer, Sir Francis Grant, Mulready, Frith, Goodall, Doré, Keene, Du Maurier, Seymour Lucas, and Dendy Sadler have all made random drawings at the Cheese in times past, just as Swinburne, Morris, Buchanan, G. R. Sims, Austin Dobson, and Alfred Austin have made occasional verses, but these have long been scattered, even if they exist at all.

To show how new the book is, we may remark at once that almost the first entries are the signatures of a little company which assembled on June 11th, 1898, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane. It is said that after the



first taste of the pudding Mrs. Chamberlain turned to the host and exclaimed, "Tell me, how do you make it?" "That, madam," replied Boniface, with a low bow, "is a secret worth just twice my freehold."

Yet we have already divulged part of the mystery; what we have not mentioned is that the proprietor himself compounds those ingredients in a secret room, secure from the gaze of even his most inquisitive satellites. On one occasion the late Phil May, one of whose sketches we reproduce here, tried to penetrate into this arcanum, and, having failed, took out his facile pencil and depicted mine host engaged in fearful incantations over a cauldron, surrounded by sprites, elves, and goblins. Just beneath Mr. Percy Spence's drawing will be found the signature of a famous American authoress, Miss Marian Harland, who, having dined on the pudding, thus writes of it:—

"If there can be two supreme moments in the gastronomic function at which we are assisting, the second is that in which we taste, for the first time, the Dish, the fame of which has followed the British drum-beat round the world. It signifies next to nothing to say that the crust, three inches thick, is as light as a sponge and as tender as the heart of a newly-made widower; that beneath this crust—embalmed in, and informed by, a brown gravy of ineffable and indescribable spiciness and savouriness, and as rich and smooth as Alderney cream — are cubes of juicy beefsteak and minute morsels of marrow, larks, mushrooms, kidneys, and oysters, each, by some miracle of culinary genius, retaining its distinctive flavour, yet entering into and facilitating the accomplishment of a harmonious whole."

Mary Virginia Terhune } New York
Marion Harland }
October 30 1897
July 2 1898

In Mr. Douglas Almond's sketch the portly old gentleman sits facing complacently a capacious bowl of punch; but, according

mellowest of 'brown October ale.' It has consorted with the savoury wonder for so long that divorce would be an outrage."

It need hardly be said that Americans are not amongst the least enthusiastic patrons of the Cheese, and as we turn the page of the album before us we find an imported artist giving expression to the feelings of his countrymen, who have long envied England's exclusive possession of such seductive haunts. "Hands Across the Sea" represents Uncle Sam's hands literally across the Atlantic, laying hold with violence

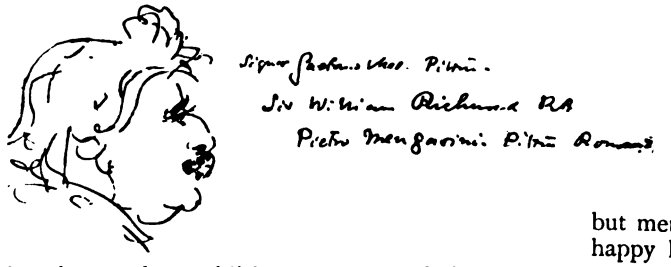
to Miss Harland, nowadays "Custom, audited by common sense, ordains that the pudding be washed down by a pint of 'bitter.' Which, being interpreted, is the mildest and

of the well-fed John Bull and his much-prized island.

It is another Scotsman, Mr. Wallis Mackay, who depicts Boswell and the immortal lexicographer in the guise of rodents strolling arm and arm—or more properly paw in paw—towards a very substantial Cheshire cheese. As they approach Bozzy's quick eye notices the depletion wrought by rivals in the structure before them, and—well—the laconic legend tells the rest of the story.

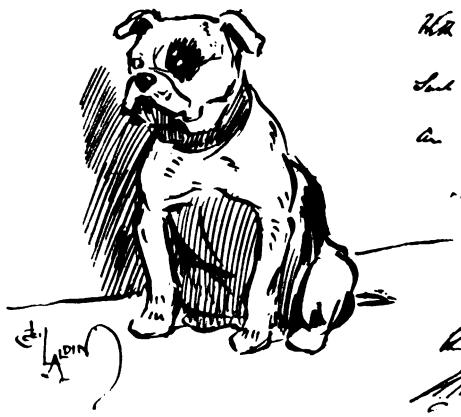
As Mr. F. Carruthers Gould shows us, the wondrous pudding was not unknown to the Egyptians, and he has endeavoured, not without success, to resuscitate an ancient hieroglyphic inscription, in which it will be seen that punch and "churchwardens" top the feast. And this reminds us that the introduction of beer at this resort only dates back a matter of sixty years, for in the columns of the *Puppet Show*, edited by Albert Smith as a rival to *Punch*, we read in the issue of August 26th, 1848, that "after a contest of some years the worthy proprietor of the Cheshire Cheese yielded to the popular clamour for bitter beer. One concession begets another, and the importation of sherry cobblers was soon afterwards demanded and obtained."

Yet punch—compounded after a traditional recipe—is never likely wholly to be displaced at the Cheese, although ale and stout in tankards, such as is shown in the grimy fist of the eighteenth-century Jack Tar in the accompanying drawing, will ever continue to be directly associated with the pudding — may whose shadow never grow less! And what is the size of its shadow—that is to say, what are the dimensions of the great dish? It weighs from eighty to a hundred pounds, and takes from sixteen to twenty hours to boil. Someone has said that "the smell on a windy day has been known to reach as far as the Stock Exchange." It had been boiling twenty hours when on one occasion no less a personage than Mr. Gladstone came, more than thirty years ago, within the classic precincts, and, with a friend and henchman, sat down to lunch. Tradition says that, notwithstanding the fame of the pudding and the assurances of the proprietor as to its perfect digestibility, the Liberal leader was not to be persuaded, but firmly called for—an Irish stew! And now it is whispered (and enshrined in Mr. Harry Furniss's sketch) that Mr. Gladstone's

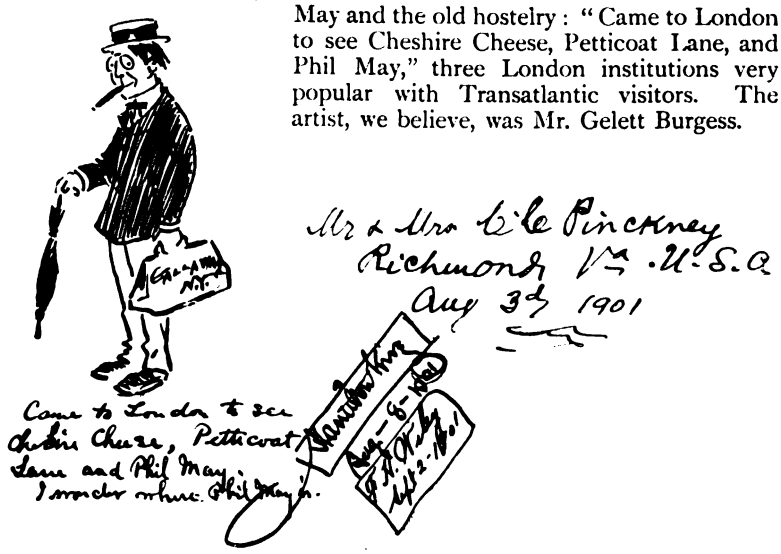


ghost haunts the establishment—"after dark"—and there may be seen in a dark corner, facing a mighty Irish stew, from whence issues the diminutive but bellicose figure of a wild Irishman, a judgment on all those—statesmen or others—who neglect the celebrated beefsteak pudding.

We may well credit the entertainment afforded to the two distinguished Italians whom Sir William Richmond, R.A., on one occasion brought hither to dine off the noted pudding, one of whom the painter sketched as above. It is certain they would not be able to parallel such fare in their native country, and one wonders if they appreciated it fully, or at least half as much as the canine epicure Mr. Cecil Aldin brought in his train on another occasion and was compelled to leave outside, whither were dispatched the savoury remnants of the feast. The pudding, whatever it is, is not child's fare—not meat for babes, wherefore we assume the next drawing is not a likeness of a juvenile visitor to this Fleet Street resort, but merely an artistic tribute—"He's happy he's got it now!"



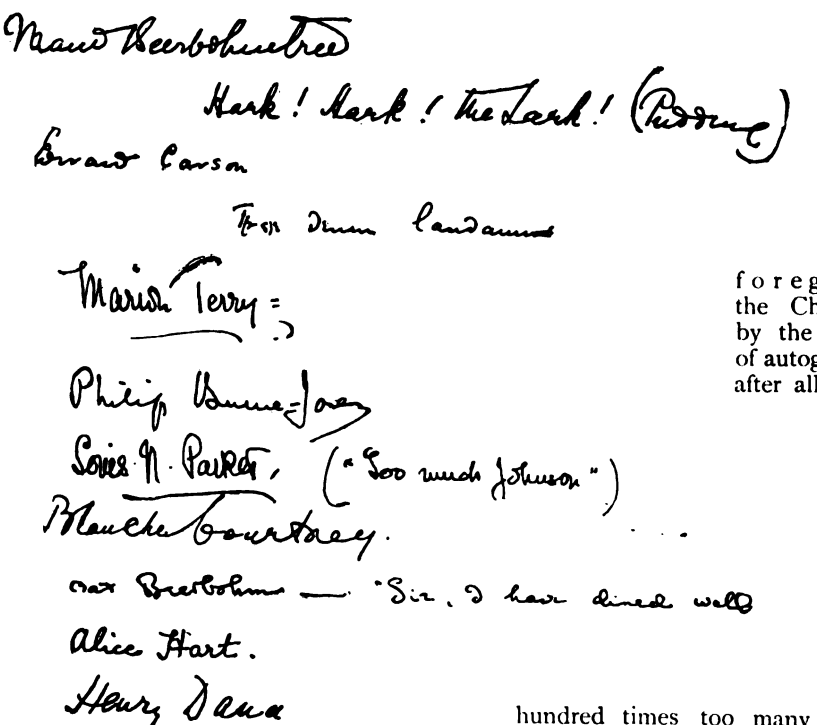
Close at hand is a little sketch by an American which is at once a tribute to Phil May and the old hostelry: "Came to London to see Cheshire Cheese, Petticoat Lane, and Phil May," three London institutions very popular with Transatlantic visitors. The artist, we believe, was Mr. Gelett Burgess.



The drawing below by Mr. Tom Browne, which represents a picture of contented happiness, offers a striking contrast with that demon of indigestion limned by Mr. Hebblethwaite, whose sketches are not infrequent in the album. But the regular *habitués* and diners off the pudding laugh to scorn the insinuation of any evil after-effects, especially if the diner has taken the precaution to prime himself or herself with plenty of ale and punch. We must not, by the way, omit to mention that on one occasion the pudding did not make its appearance, and the would-be feasters went empty away. For, alas! the then head-waiter, Tom, in assisting in the descent of the mighty dish from the kitchen above, slipped on the stair, the pudding wavered and then fell, its contents bursting and scattering wide upon the sawdust floor. Below old Mr. Moore, the landlord, according to one who was present, awaited solemnly the advent of the great dish. "It came too quickly, and his anguish was too keen for tears. Sore at heart he made his way as best he might to the wine-office, and, addressing in softened tones his son Charlie (the present landlord), said, 'The pudding's down!'

"'That's all right. Why aren't you carving it?'

"'Yes; but it's down on the floor. Tom has dropped it downstairs.'" Then sank

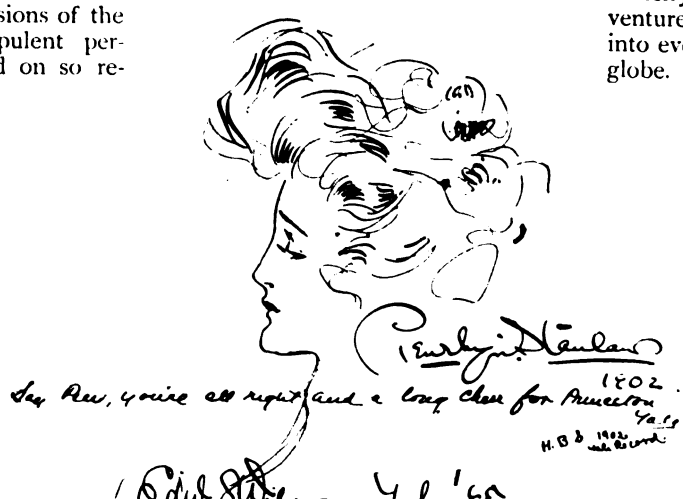


Mr. Moore into his chair, and the dining-room knew him not that day.

It is the younger Moore who, in Mr. Henry Meyer's amusing skit, is explaining to the short-sighted gentleman the exact spot where Dr. Johnson used to sit. With visions of the doctor's corpulent person balanced on so restricted a ledge, no wonder that he exclaims, "Wonderful! wonderful!"

A souvenir of one of the merriest parties which have lately foregathered at the Cheese is afforded by the adjoining series of autographs, which are, after all, only a portion of the page, for the host's—Mr. Beerbohm Tree—is absent. As time rolls on the book of the Cheese is sure to become filled to overflowing with pictorial tributes, and even now there are a hundred times too many for our limited space, so that at last we must come reluctantly to a close.

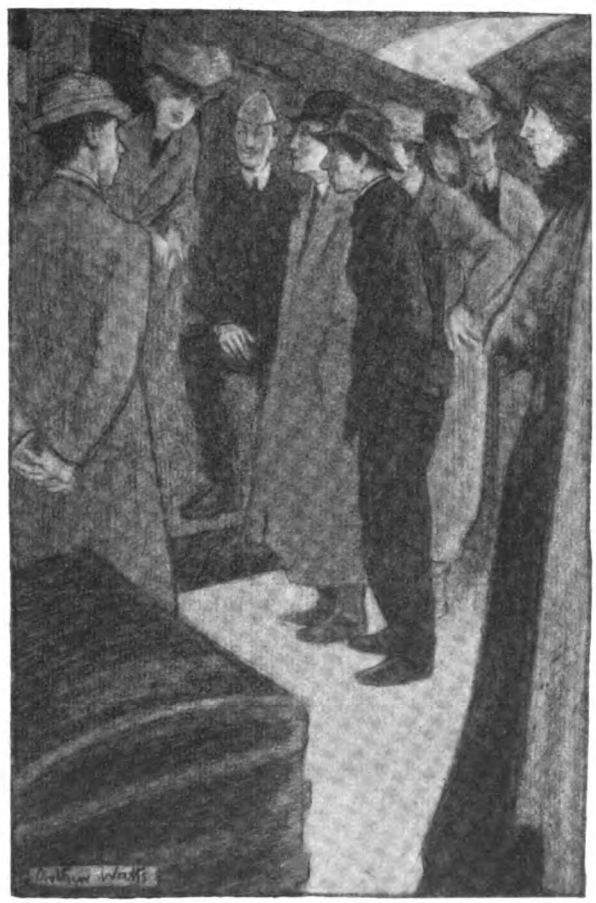
With a drawing by the American, Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the inventor of the "Stanlaws girl," we close this record of a thousand and one puddings eaten at a hostelry whose fame, we venture to say, extends into every corner of the globe.



The Power of Darkness.

By E. Nesbit.

IT was an enthusiastic send-off. Half the students from her atelier were there, and twice as many more from other studios. She had been the belle of the Artists' Quarter in Montparnasse for three golden months. Now she was off to the Riviera to meet her people, and everyone she knew was at the Gare de Lyon to catch the last glimpse of her. And, as had been more than once said late of an evening, "to see her was to love her." She was one of those agitating blondes, with the naturally rippled hair, the rounded rose-leaf cheeks, the large violet-blue eyes, that looked all things and meant Heaven alone knew how little. She held her court like a queen, leaning out of the carriage window and receiving bouquets, books, journals, long last words, and last longing looks. All eyes were on her, and her eyes were for all—and her smile. For all but one, that is. Not a single glance went Edward's way, and Edward—tall, lean, gaunt, with big eyes, straight nose, and the mouth somewhat too small, too beautiful—seemed to grow thinner and paler before one's eyes. One pair of eyes at least saw the miracle worked, the paling of what had seemed absolute pallor, the revelation of the bones of a face that seemed already covered but by the thinnest possible veil of flesh.



"'GOOD-BYE, ALL OF YOU!' SAID ROSE."

And the man whose eyes saw this rejoiced, for he loved her, like the rest, or not like the rest, and he had had Edward's face before him for the last month, in that secret shrine where we set the loved and the hated, the shrine that is lighted by a million lamps kindled at the soul's flame, the shrine that leaps into dazzling glow when the candles are out and one lies alone on hot pillows to outface the night and the light as best one may.

"Oh, good-bye; good-bye, all of you," said Rose. "I shall miss you. Oh, you don't know how I shall miss you all!"

She gathered the eyes of her friends and her worshippers in a glance, as one gathers jewels on a silken string. The eyes of Edward alone seemed to escape her.

"En voiture, messieurs et dames!"

Folk drew back from the train. There was a whistle.

And then at the very last little moment of all, as the train pulled itself together for the start, her eyes met Edward's eyes. And the other man saw the meeting, and he knew—which was more than Edward did.

So when, the light of life having been borne away in the retreating train, the broken-hearted group dispersed, the other man—

whose name, by the way, was Vincent—linked his arm in Edward's and asked, cheerily:—

"Whither away, sweet nymph?"

"I'm off home," said Edward. "The seven-twenty to Calais."

"Sick of Paris?"

"One has to see one's people sometimes, don't you know, hang it all!" was Edward's way of expressing the longing that tore him for the old house among the brown woods of Kent.

"No attraction here now, eh?"

"The chief attraction has gone, certainly," Edward made himself say.

"But there are as good fish in the sea——"

"Fishing isn't my trade," said Edward.

"The beautiful Rose!" said Vincent.

Edward raised hurriedly the only shield he could find. It happened to be the truth as he saw it.

"Oh," he said, "of course, we're all in love with her—and all hopelessly."

Vincent perceived that this was truth, as Edward saw it.

"What are you going to do till your train goes?" he asked.

"I don't know. *Café*, I suppose, and a vilely early dinner."

"Let's look in at the Musée Grévin," said Vincent.

The two were friends. They had been school-fellows, and this is a link that survives many a strain too strong to be resisted by more intimate and vital bonds. And they were fellow-students, though that counts for little or much—as you take it. Besides, Vincent knew something about Edward that no one else of their age and standing even guessed. He knew that Edward was afraid of the dark, and why. He had found it out that Christmas which the two had spent at an English country house. The house was full; there was a dance. There were to be theatricals. Early in the new year the hostess meant to "move house" to an old convent, built in Tudor times, a beautiful palace with terraces and clipped yew trees, castellated battlements, a moat, swans, and a ghost story.

"You boys," she said, "must put up with a shake-down in the new house. I hope the ghost won't worry you. She's an old lady in a figured satin dress. Comes and breathes softly on the back of your neck when you're shaving. Then you see her in the glass, and as often as not you cut your throat." She laughed. So did Edward and Vincent and the other young men. There were seven or eight of them.

But that night, when sparse candles had lighted "the boys" to their rooms, when the last pipe had been smoked, the last "Good night" said, there came a fumbling with the handle of Vincent's door. Edward came in, an unwieldy figure, clasping pillows, trailing blankets.

"What the deuce?" queried Vincent, in natural amazement.

"I'll turn in here on the floor if you don't mind," said Edward. "I know it's beastly rot, but I can't stand it. The room they've put me into, it's an attic as big as a barn—and there's a great door at the end, eight feet high, and it leads into a sort of horror hole—bare beams and rafters, and black as night. I know I'm an abject duffer, but there it is—I can't face it."

Vincent was sympathetic; though he had never known a night terror that could not be exorcised by pipe, book, and candle.

"I know, old chap. There's no reasoning about these things," said he, and so on.

"You can't despise me more than I despise myself," Edward said. "I feel a crawling hound. But it is so. I had a scare

"'YOU CAN'T DESPISE ME MORE THAN I DESPISE MYSELF,' EDWARD SAID."

when I was a kid, and it seems to have left a sort of brand on me. I'm branded 'coward,' old man, and the feel of it's not nice."

Again Vincent was sympathetic, and the poor little tale came out. How Edward, eight years old, and greedy as became his little years, had sneaked down, night-clad, to pick among the outcomings of a dinner party, and how, in the hall, dark with the light of an "artistic" coloured glass lantern, a white figure had suddenly faced him — leaned towards him, it seemed, pointed lead-white hands at his heart. That next day, finding him weak from his fainting fit, had shown the horror to be but a statue, a new purchase of his father's, had mattered not one whit.

Edward shared Vincent's room, and Vincent, alone of all men, shared Edward's secret.

And now, in Paris, Rose speeding away towards Cannes, Vincent said :—

"Let's look in at the Musée Grévin."

The Musée Grévin is a waxwork show. Your mind, at the word, flies instantly to the excellent exhibition founded by the worthy Mme. Tussaud. And you think you know what waxworks mean. But you are wrong. The Musée Grévin contains the work of artists for a nation of artists. Wax-modelled and retouched till it seems as near life as death is: this is what one sees at the Musée Grévin.

"Let's look in at the Musée Grévin," said Vincent. He remembered the pleasant thrill the Musée had given him, and wondered what sort of a thrill it would give his friend.

"I hate museums," said Edward.

"This isn't a museum," Vincent said, and truly; "it's just waxworks."

"All right," said Edward, indifferently. And they went.

They reached the doors of the Musée in the grey-brown dusk of a February evening.

One walks along a bare, narrow corridor, much like the entrance to the stalls of the Standard Theatre, and such daylight as there may be fades away behind one, and one finds oneself in a square hall, heavily decorated, and displaying with its electric lights Loie Fuller in her accordion-pleated skirts, and one or two other figures not designed to quicken the pulse.

"It's very like Mme. Tussaud's," said Edward.

"Yes," Vincent said; "isn't it?"

Then they passed through an arch, and beheld a long room with waxen groups life-like behind glass—the *coulisses* of the Opéra, Kitchener at Fashoda—this last with a desert background lit by something convincingly like desert sunlight.

"By Jove!" said Edward. "That's jolly good."

"Yes," said Vincent again; "isn't it?"

Edward's interest grew.

The things were so convincing, so very nearly alive. Given the right angle, their glass eyes met one's own, and seemed to exchange with one meaning glances.

Vincent led the way to an arched door labelled "Galerie de la Révolution."

There one saw—almost in the living, suffering body—poor Marie Antoinette in prison in the Temple, her little son on his couch of rags, the rats eating from his platter, the brutal Simon calling to him from the grated window. One almost heard the words: "Holà, little Capet! — are you asleep?"

One saw Marat bleeding in his bath, the brave Charlotte eyeing him; the very tiles of the bath-room, the glass of the windows, with, outside, the very sunlight, as it seemed, of 1793, on that "yellow July evening, the thirteenth of the month."

The spectators did not move in a public place among waxwork figures. They peeped through open doors into rooms where history seemed to be re-lived. The rooms were lighted each by its own sun or lamp or candle. The spectators walked among shadows that might have oppressed a nervous person.

"Fine, eh?" said Vincent.

"Yes," said Edward; "it's wonderful."

A turn of a corner brought them to a room. Marie Antoinette fainting, supported by her ladies; poor, fat Louis by the window looking literally sick.

"What's the matter with them all?" said Edward.

"Look at the window," said Vincent.

There was a window to the room. Outside was sunshine—the sunshine of 1792—and gleaming in it, blonde hair flowing, red mouth half open, what seemed the just-severed head of a beautiful woman. It was raised on a pike, so that it seemed to be looking in at the window.

"I say," said Edward, and the head on the pike seemed to sway before his eyes.

"Mme. de Lamballe. Good thing, isn't it?" said Vincent.

"It's altogether too much of a good thing," said Edward. "Look here—I've had enough of this."

"Oh, you must just see the Catacombs," said Vincent; "nothing gruesome, you know. Only early Christians being married and baptized, and all that."

He led the way down some clumsy steps to the cellars which the genius of a great artist has transformed into the exact semblance of the old Catacombs at Rome. The same rough hewing of rock, the same sacred tokens engraved strongly and simply; and among the arches of these subterranean burrowings the life of the early Christians, their sacraments, their joys, their sorrows — all expressed in groups of waxwork as like life as death is.

"But this is very fine, you know," said Edward, getting his breath again after Mme. de Lamballe, and his imagination loved the thought of the noble sufferings and refrainings of these first lovers of the crucified Christ.

"Yes," said Vincent, for the third time; "isn't it?"

They passed the baptism and the burying and the marriage. The *tableaux* were sufficiently lighted, but little light strayed to the narrow passage where the two men walked, and the darkness seemed to press, tangible as a bodily presence, against Edward's shoulder. He glanced backward.

"Come," he said; "I've had enough."

"Come on, then," said Vincent.

They turned the corner, and a blaze of Italian sunlight struck at their eyes with positive dazzlement. There lay the Coliseum —tier on tier of eager faces under the blue sky of Italy. They were level with the arena. In the arena were crosses; from them drooped bleeding figures. On the sand beasts prowled, bodies lay. They saw it all through bars. They seemed to be in the place where the chosen victims waited their turn, waited for the lions and the crosses, the palm and the crown. Close by Edward was a group—an old man, a woman, and children. He could have

"THEY WERE LEVEL WITH THE ARENA."

touched them with his hand. The woman and the man stared in an agony of terror straight in the eyes of a snarling tiger, ten feet long, that stood up on its hind feet and clawed through the bars at them. The youngest child only, unconscious of the horror, laughed in the very face of it. Roman soldiers, unmoved in military vigilance, guarded the group of martyrs. In a low cage to the left more wild beasts cringed and seemed to growl, unfed. Within the grating, on the wide circle of yellow sand, lions and tigers drank the blood of Christians. Close against the bars a great lion sucked the chest of a corpse, on whose blood-stained face the horror of the death-agony was printed plain.

"Good heavens!" said Edward. Vincent took his arm suddenly, and he started with what was almost a shriek.

"What a nervous chap you are!" said Vincent, complacently, as they regained the street where the lights were, and the sound of

voices and the movement of live human beings—all that warms and awakens nerves almost paralyzed by the life in death of waxen immobility.

"I don't know," said Edward. "Let's have a vermouth, shall we? There's something uncanny about those wax things. They're like life—but they're much more like death. Suppose they moved? I don't feel at all sure that they don't move, when the lights are all out and there's no one there."

He laughed.

"I suppose you were never frightened, Vincent?"

"Yes, I was once," said Vincent, sipping his absinthe. "Three other men and I were taking turns by twos to watch by a dead man. It was a fancy of his mother's. Our time was up, and the other watch hadn't come. So my chap—the one who was watching with me, I mean—went to fetch them. I didn't think I should mind. But it was just like you say."

"How?"

"Why, I kept thinking, 'Suppose it should move.' It was so like life. And if it did move, of course it would have been because it *was* alive, and I ought to have been glad, because the man was my friend. But all the same, if he had moved I should have gone mad."

"Yes," said Edward, "that's just exactly it."

Vincent called for a second absinthe.

"But a dead body's different to waxworks," he said. "I can't understand anyone being frightened of *them*."

"Oh, can't you?" The contempt in the other's tone stung him. "I bet you wouldn't spend a night alone in that place."

"'I SHALL BE BACK IN TEN DAYS. I'LL DO IT THEN,' SAID EDWARD."

"I bet you five pounds I do!"

"Done," said Edward, briskly. "At least, I would if you'd got five pounds."

"But I have. I'm simply rolling. I've sold my Dejanira; didn't you know? I shall win your money though, anyway. But *you* couldn't do it, old man. I suppose you'll never outgrow that childish scare."

"You might shut up about that," said Edward, shortly.

"Oh, it's nothing to be ashamed of; some women are afraid of mice or spiders. I say, does Rose know you're a coward?"

"Vincent!"

"No offence, old boy. One may as well call a spade a spade. Of course, you've got tons of moral courage and all that. But you *are* afraid of the dark — and waxworks!"

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?"

"Heaven in its mercy forbid. But I bet *you* wouldn't spend a night in the Musée Grévin and keep your senses."

"What's the stake?"

"Anything you like."

"Make it that if I do you'll never speak to Rose again, and, what's more, that you'll never speak to me," said Edward, white-hot, knocking down a chair as he rose.

"Done," said Vincent. "But you'll never do it. Keep your hair on. Besides, you're off home."

"I shall be back in ten days. I'll do it then," said Edward, and was off before the other could answer.

Then Vincent, left alone, sat still, and over his third absinthe remembered how, before she had known Edward, Rose had smiled on him more than the others, he thought. He thought of her wide, lovely

eyes, her wild-rose cheeks, the scented curves of her hair, and then and there the devil entered into him.

In ten days Edward would undoubtedly try to win his wager. He would try to spend the night in the Musée Grévin. Perhaps something could be arranged before that. If one knew the place thoroughly! A little scare would serve Edward right for being the man to whom that last glance of Rose's had been given.

Vincent dined lightly, but with conscientious care—and as he dined he thought. Something might be done by tying a string to one of the figures and making it move when Edward was going through that impossible night among the effigies that are so like life—so like death. Something that was not the devil said:—

"You may frighten him out of his wits."

And the devil answered: "Nonsense; do him good. He oughtn't to be such a schoolgirl."

Anyway, the five pounds might as well be won to-night as any other night. He would take a great-coat, sleep sound in the place of horrors, and the people who opened it in the morning to sweep and dust would bear witness that he had passed the night there. He thought he might trust to the French love of a sporting wager to keep him from any bother with the authorities.

So he went in among the crowd, and looked about among the waxworks for a place to hide in. He was not in the least afraid of these lifeless images. He had always been able to control his nervous tremors in his time. He was not even afraid of being frightened, which, by the way, is the worst fear of all.

As one looks at the room of the poor little Dauphin one sees a door to the left. It opens out of the room on to blackness. There were few people in the gallery. Vincent watched, and, in a moment when he was alone, stepped over the barrier and through this door. A narrow passage ran round behind the wall of the room. Here he hid, and when the gallery was deserted he looked out across the body of little Capet to the gaolers at the window. There was a soldier at the window too. Vincent amused himself with the fancy that this soldier might walk round the passage at the back of the room and tap him on the shoulder in the darkness. Only the head and shoulders of the soldier and the gaoler showed, so, of course, they could not walk, even if they were something that was not waxwork.

Presently he himself went along the passage and round to the window where they were. He found that they had legs. They were full-sized figures, dressed completely in the costume of the period.

"Thorough the beggars are, even the parts that don't show—artists, upon my word," said Vincent, and went back to his doorway, thinking of the hidden carving behind the capitals of Gothic cathedrals.

But the idea of the soldier who might come behind him in the dark stuck in his mind. Though still a few visitors strolled through the gallery, the closing hour was near. He supposed it would be quite dark. Then—and now he had allowed himself to be amused by the thought of something that should creep up behind him in the dark—he might possibly be nervous in that passage round which, if waxworks could move, the soldier might have come.

"By Jove!" he said; "one might easily frighten oneself by just fancying things. Suppose there were a back way from Marat's bath-room, and instead of the soldier Marat came out of his bath with his wet towels stained with blood and dabbed them against your neck!"

When next the gallery was deserted he crept out. Not because he was nervous, he told himself, but because one might be, and because the passage was draughty, and he meant to sleep.

He went down the steps into the Catacombs, and here he spoke the truth to himself.

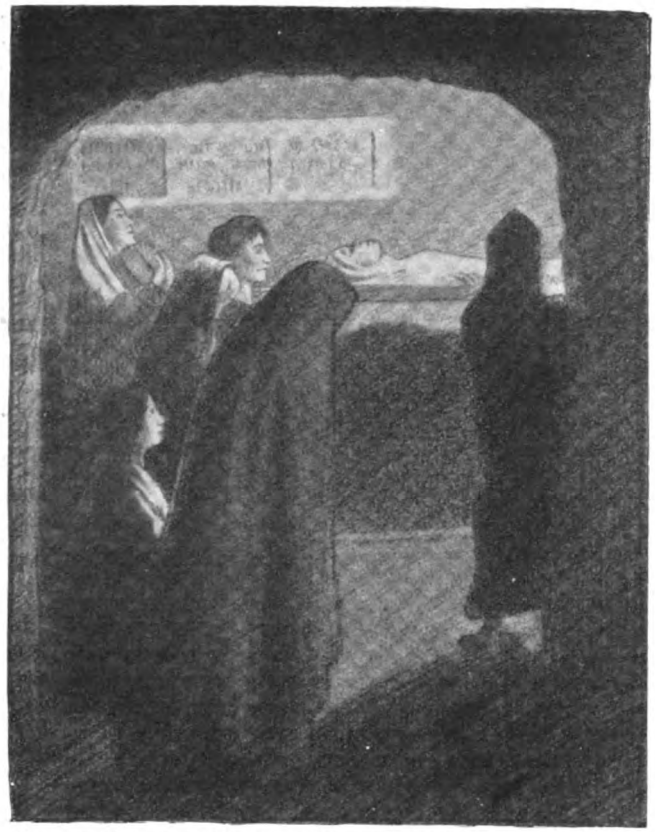
"Hang it all," he said, "I *was* nervous. That fool Edward must have infected me. Mesmeric influences or something."

"Chuck it and go home," said common sense.

"I'm hanged if I do," said Vincent.

There were a good many people in the Catacombs at the moment. Live people. He sucked confidence from their nearness, and went up and down looking for a hiding-place.

Through rock-hewn arches he saw a burial scene—a corpse on a bier surrounded by mourners; a great pillar cut off half the still lying figure. It was all still and unemotional as a Sunday-school oleograph. He waited till no one was near, then slipped quickly through the mourning group and hid behind the pillar. Surprising—heartening, too, to find a plain rush-chair there, doubtless set for the resting of tired officials. He sat down in it, comforted his hand with the commonplace lines of its rungs and back. A shrouded



"IT WAS ALL STILL AND UNEMOTIONAL AS A SUNDAY-SCHOOL OLEOGRAPH."

waxen figure just behind him to the left of his pillar worried him a little, but the corpse left him unmoved as itself. A far better place, this, than that draughty passage where the soldier with legs kept intruding on the darkness that is always behind one.

Custodians went along the passages issuing orders. A stillness fell. Then, suddenly, all the lights went out.

"That's all right," said Vincent, and composed himself to sleep.

But he seemed to have forgotten what sleep was like. He firmly fixed his thoughts on pleasant things—the sale of his picture, dances with Rose, merry evenings with Edward and the others. But the thoughts rushed by him like motes in sunbeams—he could not hold a single one of them, and presently it seemed that he had thought of every pleasant thing that had ever happened to him, and that now, if he thought at all, he must think of the things one wants most to forget. And there would be time in this long night to think much of many things. But now he found that he could no longer think.

The draped effigy just behind him worried him again. He had been trying, at the back of his mind, behind the other thoughts, to strangle the thought of it. But it was there, very close to him. Suppose it put out its hand, its wax hand, and touched him? But it was of wax. It could not move. No, of course not. But suppose it *did?*

He laughed aloud, a short, dry laugh, that echoed through the vaults. The cheering effect of laughter has been over-estimated perhaps. Anyhow, he did not laugh again.

The silence was intense, but it was a silence thick with rustlings and breathings, and movements that his ear, strained to the uttermost, could just not hear. Suppose, as Edward had said, when all the lights were out these things did move. A corpse was a thing that had moved, given a certain condition — life. What if there were a condition, given which these things could move? What if such conditions were present now? What if all of them —Napoleon, yellow-white from his death sleep; the beasts from the amphitheatre, gore dribbling from their jaws; that soldier with the legs — all were drawing near to him in this full silence? Those death masks of Robespierre and Mirabeau—they might float down through the darkness till they touched his face. That head of Mme. de Lamballe on the pike might be thrust at him from behind the pillar. The silence throbbed with sounds that could not quite be heard.

"You fool," he said to himself; "your dinner has disagreed with you with a vengeance. Don't be an ass. The whole lot are only a set of big dolls."

He felt for his matches and lighted a cigarette. The gleam of the match fell on the face of the corpse in front of him. The light was brief, and it seemed, somehow, impossible to look by its light in every corner where one would have wished to look. The match burnt his fingers as it went out. And there were only three more matches in the box.

It was dark again, and the image left on the darkness was that of the corpse in front

of him. He thought of his dead friend. When the cigarette was smoked out he thought of him more and more, till it seemed that what lay on the bier was not wax. His hand reached forward and drew back more than once. But at last he made it touch the bier and through the blackness travel up along a lean, rigid arm to the wax face that lay there so still. The touch was not reassuring. Just so, and not otherwise, had his dead friend's face felt, to the last touch of his lips. Cold, firm, waxen. People always said the dead were "waxen." How true that was! He had never thought of it before. He thought of it now.

He sat still — so still that every muscle ached; because if you wish to hear the sounds that infest silence you must be very still indeed. He thought of Edward, and of the string he had meant to tie to one of the figures.

"That wouldn't be needed," he told himself. And his ears ached with listening, listening for the sound that, it seemed, *must* break at last from that crowded silence.

He never knew how long he sat there. To move, to go up, to batter at the door and clamour to be let out—that one could have done if one had had a lantern or even a full match-box. But in the dark, not knowing the turnings, to feel one's way among these things that were so like life and yet were not alive—to touch, perhaps, these faces that were not dead and yet felt like death! His heart beat heavily in his throat at the thought.

No; he must sit still till morning. He had been hypnotized into this state, he told himself, by Edward, no doubt; it was not natural to him.

Then, suddenly, the silence was shattered. In the dark something moved, and, after those sounds that the silence teemed with, the noise seemed to him thunder-loud. Yet it was only a very, very little sound, just the rustling of drapery, as though something had turned in its sleep. And there was a sigh — not far off.

Vincent's muscles and tendons tightened like fine-drawn wire. He listened. There was nothing more. Only the silence, the thick silence.

The sound had seemed to come from a part of the vault where long ago, when there was light, he had seen a grave being dug for the body of a young girl martyr.

"I will get up and go out," said Vincent. "I have three matches. I am off my head. I shall really be nervous presently if I don't look out."

He got up and struck a match, refused his eyes the sight of the corpse whose waxen face he had felt in the blackness, and made his way through the crowd of figures. By the match's flicker they seemed to make way for him, to turn their heads to look after him. The match lasted till he got to a turn of the rock-hewn passage. His next match showed him the burial scene. The little, thin body of the martyr, palm in hand, lying on the rock-floor in patient waiting, the grave-digger, the mourners. Some standing, some kneeling, one crouched on the ground.

This was where that sound had come from, that rustle, that sigh. He had thought he was going away from it. Instead he had come straight to the spot where, if anywhere, his nerves might be expected to play him false.

"Bah!" he said, and he said it aloud. "The silly things are only wax. Who's afraid?"

His voice sounded loud in the silence that lives with the wax people.

"They're only wax," he said again, and touched with his foot contemptuously the crouching figure in the mantle.

And, as he touched it, it raised its head and looked vacantly at him, and its eyes were bright and alive. He staggered back against another figure and dropped the match. In the new darkness he heard the crouching figure move towards him. Then the darkness fitted in round him very closely.

"What was it exactly that sent poor Vincent mad—you've never told me?" Rose asked the question. She and Edward were looking out over the pines and tamarisks across the blue Mediterranean. They were very happy, because it was their honeymoon.

He told her about the Musée Grévin and the wager, but he did not state the terms of it.

"But why did he think you would be afraid?"

He told her why.

"And then what happened?"

"Why, I suppose he thought there was no time like the present—for his five pounds, you know—and he hid among the waxworks. And I missed my train, and, *I* thought, there was no time like the present. In fact, dear, I thought if I waited I should have time to make certain of funking it. So I hid there, too. And I put on my big black capuchon, and sat down right in one of the waxwork groups—they couldn't see me from the gallery where you walk. And

"HE STAGGERED BACK AGAINST ANOTHER FIGURE AND DROPPED THE MATCH."

after they put the lights out I simply went to sleep. And I woke up—and there was a light, and I heard someone say :—

"'They're only wax,' and it was Vincent. He thought I was one of the wax people till I looked at him ; and I expect he thought I was one of them even then, poor chap. And his match went out, and while I was trying to find my railway reading lamp that I'd got near me he began to scream. And the night-watchman came running. And now he thinks everyone in the asylum is made of wax, and he screams if they come near him. They have to put his food near him while he's asleep. It's horrible. I can't help feeling as if it were my fault somehow."

"Of course it's not," said Rose. "Poor Vincent! Do you know, I never *really* liked him."

There was a pause. Then she said :—

"But how was it *you* weren't frightened?"

"I was," he said, "horribly frightened. It—it—sounds idiotic, but I was really. And yet I *had* to go through with it. And then I got among the figures of the people in the Catacombs, the people who died for—for things, don't you know, died in such horrible ways. And there they were, so calm—and believing it was all right. So I thought about what they'd gone through. It sounds awful rot, I know, dear, but I expect I was sleepy. Those wax people, they sort of seemed as if they were alive, and were telling me there wasn't anything to be frightened about. I felt as if I was one of them—and they were all my friends, and they'd wake me if anything went wrong. So I just went to sleep."

"I think I understand," she said. But she didn't.

"And the odd thing is," he went on, "I've never been afraid of the dark since. Perhaps his calling me a coward had something to do with it."

"I don't think so," said she. And she was right. But she would never have understood how, nor why.

"LET everyone leave the court" was the order of one of the judges of the *Kammergericht*, or Supreme Court of Berlin.

"You need not remove the doll," said the usher to its owner; "I will prop it up against the rail of the desk here."

The court was cleared and the doors were locked, and facing the five judges, resplendent in their judicial robes—but wigless, and severe of face—stood the doll, the real plaintiff in the case. She was a dainty, life-size, but petite figure, costumed in the latest Parisian fashion—a real "Bébé Jumeau," with bead-like eyes and absolutely impassive features. The gradually dying soft whirr of machinery within, or without, her provided an out-of-the-way accompaniment to an important legal controversy.

The doll in court was an American, and her right and title had been usurped by a cheap imitation, "Made in Germany." Naturally no self-respecting doll could permit this; hence the case, which had already passed through three courts, where the verdict was given against her. Finally, the onus of decision as to patent between the American and German was left to the High Court.

The doll, impassive as she looked, was not happy, for she had been conveyed in a basket on the top of a cab in pouring rain to the court. She was feeling damp and depressed, and, adding insult to injury, the porters had dumped her upside down and carried her up flights of stairs in the same condition. Her *début* on this occasion was marred, but her manager soothed her feelings, straightened out her rumpled finery, and wound her up. Even then her troubles were not at an end; for two mortal hours she had to listen to the legal controversy of five judges, but their ten astute eyes failed to detect a wink or blink in the bead-like eyes of the lovely waxen plaintiff. Even when the verdict was given in favour of her "home-made" rival and imitator, she was still the doll, with every feature calm and reposeful. What mattered it to her that five hundred pounds had been swallowed up by these actions? Rumour with its thousand tongues only added fresh lustre to her name and wonderful, skill-baffling performance.

In less than a week her triumph was complete, for all Berlin was ringing with the news—that these solemn judges had been hoodwinked by a slim, "cute" little American girl, whose marvellous impersonation of a doll had puzzled half the world. Moreover, she could boast of the fact that she, and she only, had the unique experience of having been closeted with her judges while they were in solemn conclave, hearing and understanding every word they said, for her mother was a native of Berlin, and she herself had been educated at a German college.

To go back to the beginning of things, Miss Doris Chertney, the girl-doll—for she was an ordinary infant and precocious child before she became a doll—was descended from well-to-do parents, smart society people living within a stone's throw of Central Park, New York.

From her earliest girlhood little Doris delighted in amusing and startling her child friends with her marvellous impersonation

of mechanical toys. She had phenomenal facial control, and could assume at will the immobility or the peculiarity of movement of an automaton. So realistic were the impersonations that her companions often felt more awed than amused.

After the death of her parents she was adopted by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melville, and went to live with them at their home in Havana. While there she made her first appearance in public — an amusing incident which was the result of a wager.

A steam merry-go-round was one of the great amusements in Havana. It had an organ attached, the manipulator being a grotesque automaton nigger boy. It was necessary that he should have a new suit of clothes, which his tailor could not complete for two or three days; so young "Miggs" could not appear in public, and the merry-go-round without him was a failure. Miss Doris volunteered, for a wager, to fill his part at a moment's notice. She was coloured and clothed to resemble "Mr. Miggs," and fastened to the organ, wound up, and for the time being became a black boy. So mechanical and stiff were her movements that only those "in the know" dreamed that she was not the original figure.

MISS DORIS CHERTNEY IN ORDINARY DRESS.
From a Photo. by Klary, Brussels.

Her marvellous power of self-control and complete absorption of self became the talk of the place, and resulted in another wager—that she should tour the world as a doll, returning to America in three years' time with six thousand pounds clear profit.

The idea was at once taken up by her adopted parents, but the scheme wanted careful thinking out on their part and hard work for the embryo doll. She studied her *rôle* for ten hours a day for nearly a year. "And now," she says, "I feel my dual personality rather puzzling, for I find it hard to remember when I cease being a girl and become a doll, and *vice versâ*."

Her experiences had been varied, and sometimes alarming, before she made her *début* in Europe, and when she toured through America. The make-up was realistic in the extreme; she was a dainty doll, and no one who saw or even closely scrutinized her believed she was anything else.

Known as "The Motogirl," she attracted immense audiences wherever she appeared. Encased in machinery, charged with two hundred and fifty volts of electricity, she is an alarming little lady to meddle with; her copper-soled shoes, and the yards of tubing which she carries about her person, would frighten even a scientist.

Her toilette before a fifteen minutes' performance occupies a little over two hours—as long as that of a *débutante* preparing to appear at her first Drawing Room. On the stage, her manager winds—or allows anyone else to wind—the clockwork arrangement in her back; and the girl-doll makes spasmodic doll-like movements across the stage, and is finally carried about among the audience, who are allowed to touch and lift her; and who, one and all, agree that it is a wonderfully-constructed automaton. Not even the "Thank you, good-night, ladies and gentlemen" (and pretty smile) with which she finishes her performance alters their opinion. They are firmly convinced it is a phonograph, or something like that, which speaks.

I determined to interview the Motogirl and to stand no nonsense, so I called at the hotel

PACKED.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

where she was staying in London, and sent up my card. It did not seem to have much effect, for I waited about half an hour, then was shown into a sitting-room, where a tall gentleman met me and asked my business.

"To see the girl-doll, interview and have her photographed for THE STRAND MAGAZINE," I said. "I want to see her whole performance. Is it true that you pack her in a basket?"

"Yes, quite true. I am her manager, and shall be only too happy to show you anything in my power. I am sorry to say, however, that we were obliged to leave the Motogirl's basket in Germany, as it was too cumbersome to carry about. But would this do for a photograph, do you think?" getting up from a small laundry basket on which he had been sitting.

"Certainly not," I said, indignantly. "Why, you could not put a three-year-old child in that. I want facts, and not fiction, please."

BEING UNPACKED.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

From a Photo. by] IN HER BASKET OF TOYS. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

"I think you will find this large enough for her," he replied, and, lifting the lid, out sprang the girl-doll, beaming and smiling, real flesh and blood, but boneless, I am sure. Still almost incredulous, I measured the basket and discovered that it was only twenty-three inches long, by thirteen inches broad and thirteen inches deep. As I looked from the pretty girl to the basket, it seemed impossible for her to have been in it all this time without being suffocated. Still, there she was, and I agreed with Shakespeare (who had, perhaps, known a Motogirl or two) that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Every possible device has been tried to test the phenomenal immobility of the girl-doll, but she is still an enigma. Medical men have held séances over her, pins have been stuck into her, and handkerchiefs flicked in her face without disturbing her wonderful self control.

In New York a gentleman asked if he could put his finger into her eye to make sure it was a doll. "Certainly," said her manager. "But as each eye is very delicately made and cost me twenty-five dollars (five pounds), I shall require the deposit of that sum before you make the experiment." So the situation was saved, for the gentleman, either convinced or not willing to deposit that amount, went quietly back to his seat.

READY TO PERFORM.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

While dining at a restaurant in Boston with her adopted parents a party of six came up to their table and stared hard at Miss Doris. She looked up smilingly, and a gentleman of the party exclaimed: "Yes; I recognise that smile. You are a girl after all! It is the first time I have been foiled by any disguise. I have watched you four nights running, and been had!" He handed her his card, which bore the name of a well-known private detective.

On one occasion she might be described as an American "Sherlock Holmes." The detective before mentioned called at her hotel and asked her to assist him professionally. A large store in New York was being systematically and cleverly robbed, and no clue could be found to the burglars, nor how they gained their admittance, although the aid of several detectives had been sought. It was arranged that Miss Doris should be dressed as a fashion dummy, and spend a night amongst the other waxen figures at the store.

"It was very dull," she said, "and an hour seemed as long as a day; but presently I saw a faint glimmer of light, and the night-watchman came hurriedly up, helped himself from the shelves, then hastened with his booty to some place I could not see, and returned again for some more. On his last journey he came against me with such force that I fell, and upset three other figures."

"Confound these dummies," he muttered, setting one on its feet with a bang.

WALKING.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

The Motogirl lay low until he had disappeared, locking the doors after him; then she cautiously got up and with a pass-key let herself out and the police in waiting in, who captured the thief without trouble, with the stolen goods round him. Her reward for this nerve-trying ordeal was two hundred pounds.

"Well," said the detective, "you are wonderful. Join our profession and you will make a fortune." But the girl-doll prefers to win fame before the footlights.

In private life she is a shy little girl, pretty and refined, and when she can be dragged into conversation can say things worth listening to. She is devoted to her adopted mother,

who designs all her frocks and frills, and Mr. Melville guards her as the apple of his eye.

"I never feel pain," she told me. "I hardly know what it means; and I never drink tea or coffee, so I have no nerves." An attempt to extract any information about the preparation which Mr. Melville uses to convert the girl into a doll was ignored; but as girl and doll she is nearly perfect, and plays both *rôles* to the life.

From a Photo. by] AN UPSET. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

Perhaps the most startling of her experiences occurred in the bull ring at Monterey, Mexico, where, on a tiny platform about four inches high (the one on which she is photographed here), she stood waiting for the bull to be let out. A flourish of trumpets announced his liberation. Dazed at first by the sudden light and surging crowd, with lowered and quivering nostrils he came with a mad rush, bellowing in an ear-stunning fashion and wildly pawing the ground with his forefeet. Then he saw the little, smiling figure on a stand, and approached near enough for her to feel his hot breath on her face. The bull and girl made an enthralling study. The spectators held their breath, and so did the Motogirl, for the quiver of an eyelid spelt death. He stood still, but continued his blusterous solo; then, after what must have seemed ages to that little waiting figure, he turned tail and ran to try and find something he could understand better than a girl-doll.

AN APPARENTLY IMPOSSIBLE POSITION.
From a Photo.

The matador attracted his attention while she escaped from the ring, to be greeted by tumultuous rounds of applause and cries of "El Reina del Valor" (Queen of Valour), a title by which she is still known in Mexico.

"Of course," said her manager, "the bull had not then been teased or tormented, or — with all my belief in her power—I would not have dared to trust her in that ring. Mexico rang with her wonderful achievement, and well it might," he added, enthusiastically.

When the Motogirl first visited Spain her manager applied for permission for her to appear in the bull-ring at Madrid, but it was refused. On her next visit there they hope their application will meet with better success.

After a performance at Prague, Austria, when the doll was carried round for inspection by the audience, a man seized her by the jaw, and although she exerted all her strength he forced her mouth open; she had, however, the presence of mind to keep it open until her manager placed one hand on top of her head and the other under her chin, and closed it seemingly with great difficulty.

An amusing and unrehearsed turn happened one night at a crowded house, when Mr. Melville and his doll fell from the narrow

platform on which they cross to the audience into the orchestra and floored the flute-player, frightening him out of his senses and flattening him almost beyond recognition. Despite a fall of six feet the Motogirl never turned a hair, and was picked up with the same glassy, fixed stare and stiff limbs.

"You know," said the doll, "when I am wound up my joints are stiff and I stumble about considerably; at one part of my performance I sway forward over the footlights at what is said to be an impossible angle, and then become upright again; very frequently women in the audience scream when I do this, for they think I have lost my balance and am falling headlong into the orchestra. I once had my face soundly smacked by one of the audience to test me, and another time was dropped on my head by a sceptical American to see if I was breakable!"

"May we kiss the doll?" asked two young gentlemen in the audience on one occasion.

"Yes, if you do not mind an electric shock," said Mr. Melville. One of them thought better of his proposal, but the second meant business, and approached within two or three inches of the lips of the fair charmer; but, always on the alert, her manager jerked her off her feet and she fell forward suddenly, much to the amusement of the audience and the chagrin of the would-be wooer, who retired.

The Motogirl has appeared before the Emperor Francis Josef and the Austrian Court, and while in Paris was invited to the Automobile Club to meet and puzzle President Loubet; but the greatest test she has ever undergone was when she travelled in a box from St. Petersburg to Paris.

It was for a wager with a well-known theatrical manager, and Mr. Melville obtained permission from the authorities to travel with her, on the plea that she was a very valuable mechanical toy, impossible to replace. The critical moment came on crossing the frontier, when the doll was taken out and wound up for the satisfaction of the Customs officers, who were completely taken in and gave a receipt for the doll as a mechanical toy in perfectly good faith, and thus enabled Miss Doris and her manager to pocket a considerable sum of money. This feat has also been performed by her in America. But with the suspicious Russian authorities to contend against it was a much more formidable affair, and would probably have been a pretty serious matter if she had been discovered.

The following letter I copied from the original received by the Motogirl's manager:—

The Phototype Company,
Bombay, December 19th, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—We shall thank you very much by giving the full particulars of your motogirl. We wish to purchase one if you will be kind to sell like one you exhibit in London, Paris, etc. Kindly let me know the price and the accessories for same motogirl.

It is altogether a novelty to our idea.

Hoping to hear soon from you,

Yours faithfully,
M. K. THAKUR.

The accessories required for the figure are many. The wooden-looking gloved hands with their wires and strange adjuncts, the metal corset and collar, the copper-soled slippers and the wires meandering over her baby socks, are all necessary for the conversion of the girl into the doll.

FALLING.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Although she is only five feet high and about seven stone in weight, when her toilette is completed her weight would tax a Sandow.

She thoroughly enjoys a joke even at her own expense, and her pretty gestures and merry laugh prove that her dual personality does not affect her girlish spirits. Meeting a young and winsome feminine counterpart of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in real life is a very pleasant, if novel, experience.

A Cigar Cat.

By W. L. Alden.

ABOUT forty years ago, said Captain Foster, settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair and taking a long pull at his pipe, I came across one of the curiosist chaps that ever I was shipmates with. I was before the mast in the old *Hendrick Hudson*, of the Black X. line, and she was about the leakiest old tub sailing the Western ocean. This man I am speaking of came aboard about half an hour before we warped out of London Dock, clean and sober, which was an unusual thing in those days. He was a tall, lean, wiry fellow, with a shifty sort of look in his eye. He carried a big canvas bag of dunnage on his shoulder, and in one hand he had another bag that must have had some sort of frame inside of it, for it was pretty near square in shape. I was in the fo'c's'le when he came down and hove his bags into an empty bunk and sat down on my chest to rest a bit.

"What might you have in that there bag?" says I, in a friendly sort of way.

"I've got my best friend there," says the chap.

"Then," says I, "suppose we have the cork out of him before the other chaps notice it. I'm everlastingly thirsty this morning."

"My friend ain't no bloomin' bottle," says the fellow, "and he ain't no sort of use to a thirsty man. But if you want to see him, here goes."

With that he opened the bag and hauled out a tremendous big black cat, who licked his face, and then curled up in the bunk and went to sleep as sudden as if he had just come below after twenty-four hours on deck.

"That," says the man, "is an old shipmate of mine, and I never goes to sea without him. He's a cigar cat, that's what he is; and you'll see what he can do to make a man comfortable, if you keep dark about his being aboard, so that the old man and the mates don't get a sight of him."

"Well!" said I. "Having been to sea, man and boy, for twenty years, I've seen some queer things; but this is the first time

I ever knew a sailorman to carry a cat with him, and the first time I ever heard of a cigar cat."

"Live and learn," says the chap. "That's what Elexander the Great here has done. There was a time when he didn't know no more about tobacco than a baby, and now he knows where to find cigars, and how to bring 'em to me on the quiet. You keep mum about Elexander, and if the old man or either of the mates smokes cigars you'll have one of them now and again, and then you'll understand what a cigar cat is."

Well, we went on deck, leaving Elexander in the bunk, and as there was a lot of work to do I didn't see any more of him till we knocked off for supper. We'd chose watches by that time, and the fellow with the cat, whose name was Harry, was with me in the starboard watch. The men naturally noticed that there was a cat in Harry's bunk, but they didn't take any interest in him. Harry brought out a bottle and invited all hands to have a tot, and then asked them not to say anything about there being a cat in the fo'c's'le. He had a pleasant kind of way with him and the bottle was pretty near full, so we all promised not to let it be known aft that we had a cat for'ard.

For the next three or four days Elexander kept himself below all day, and didn't show up on deck until dark, or pretty near it. Then he'd come up for a little fresh air, and would generally sit on the lee cathead and meditate for an hour or two. I reckoned that he chose the cathead on account of the name of it, and fancied that it was meant for his convenience. Later on in the night he would take exercise by climbing up the fore-stay and having a little game with his tail in the foretop. He knew just as well as anybody that he wasn't to be seen by the officers, and he took such good precautions that not a soul outside of the fo'c's'le knew of his existence.

One evening, just after eight bells, when our side had gone below, Harry says to Elexander, "Now, old man, go and fetch me a cigar." The cat looked at him for a minute and then darted up the ladder out of the fo'c's'le, and we didn't see him for the next ten minutes. I would have turned in before that time, but Harry whispered to me to wait and see what Elexander would do. Pretty soon back comes the cat, and, if you'll believe it, he carried a big cigar in his mouth—just such a one as the old man smoked. Harry took it, and patted the cat, and lighted the cigar. He took three or four pulls, and then passed it on to me, and so we smoked it turn and turn about, and it was prime.

"How on earth," says I, "did you ever learn that cat to steal cigars?"

"Never you mind," says Harry; "I done it, and that's all about it. Elexander has got a nose for cigars that no regular tobacconist ever dreamed of having. Put him aboard a ship where cigars are smoked, and he'll find out where they are kept, and he'll steal 'em, provided, of course, they ain't locked up or kept in a chest with a lid too heavy for him to lift. He's found out where the old man's cigars are, and unless he has the bad luck to get caught he'll bring me a cigar every night till we sight Sandy Hook. I wouldn't go to sea without Elexander not if you was to offer me double wages and all night below. The only fault with him is that his mouth ain't big enough to hold more than one cigar at a time. If he only had a mouth like that Irish second mate, he'd bring me a dozen cigars a day—so long as the supply lasted."

Now, I'm telling you the cold truth when I tell you that Elexander brought Harry a cigar every night regular from that time on—that is to say, for the next three weeks or so. Nobody ever caught him on the quarter-deck during that time, and the officers never dreamed that there was a cat aboard. But one night, when we were coming up with the Banks, the old man caught a sight of Elexander bolting out of his room with a cigar in his mouth, and he called the steward and says to him: "Steward! What do you let the cat into my room for?"

"Cat, sah!" says the steward. "There ain't no sort nor description of cat aboard this vessel. Our cat fell overboard and was drownded just before we sailed, and I didn't have time to go ashore and get another."

"What do you mean by telling me that," says the old man, "when I see with my own eyes a black cat coming out of my room with a mouse, or something else, in his mouth?"

"Beggin' your pahdon, sah, all I can say is that there ain't no suspicion nor insinuation of a cat aboard here."

The steward was a nigger that was fond of using big words, but he always told the truth, except, of course, to passengers, and the captain couldn't very well help believing him. So he said no more about the cat, but went into his room, feeling considerable worried, as any man naturally would at seeing a black cat where he was sure that there wasn't any real cat. But he was a cool-headed man,

was old Captain Barbour, and the next morning he made up his mind that he had seen a shadow and mistook it for a cat.

The next night Harry was sitting on the windlass, smoking one of the old man's cigars, which was a risky thing to do, for it wasn't dark yet, and there was always a chance that the old man might happen to come for'ard and catch him. Elexander was sitting alongside of Harry, rubbing his head against the man's leg and purring like a steam winch. All of a sudden Harry catches sight of the old man about amidships, coming for'ard with his usual quick step. Now, Harry didn't want to waste that cigar by heaving it overboard, for he had only smoked about half an inch of it. So he shoves it athwartships into Elexander's mouth and tells him to go below. But Elexander either didn't understand exactly what Harry said, or else he preferred to stop on deck; so he runs out on the cathead, and sits there as usual with the smoke curling up from the lighted end of the cigar.

"Where did that cat come from?" says the old man, as soon as he caught sight of Elexander.

"Cat, sir!" says Harry. "I haven't seen no cat aboard this ship."

"Do you mean to tell me," says the captain, "that there ain't a cat sitting at this identical minute on the port cathead?"

"Very sorry, sir," says Harry, who could be particular polite when he wanted to be, "I can't see no cat nowhere."

Just then the captain caught sight of the smoke curling up from Elexander's cigar, and that knocked him silly.

Harry said that the old man turned as white as a cotton skysail. He said to himself in a curious sort of way, as if he was talking in his sleep: "A cat, sitting up and smoking a cigar!—a cat smoking a cigar!—

"'WHERE DID THAT CAT COME FROM?' SAYS THE OLD MAN."

smoking a cigar!" And then he turned and went aft, walking as if his knees were sprung, and catching hold of the rail to steady himself. If ever a man was scared it was Captain Barbour, and it was probably the first time in his life that he really knew what it was to be scared all the way through.

The captain went up to the mate, who was on the quarter-deck, and says he, "Mr. Jones! If I don't live till we get into port, I want you to see my wife and break it to her easy."

"Why, what's the matter, sir?" says Jones. "You're all right, ain't you?"

"I've had an awful warning," says the old man. "What would you say if you'd been

seeing cats, when there wasn't a cat within a thousand miles?"

"I should say," says Jones, "that it was time for me to knock off rum, and go slow in future. But then you ain't much of a drinking man, and you can't have been seeing things."

"Mr. Jones," says the captain, solemnly, "I've seen a black cat twice since we sailed from London, and the last time that cat was sitting up and smoking a cigar—a cigar as big as the ones I smoke myself. Now, there ain't no cat aboard this ship; and there never was a cat since cats were first invented that smoked cigars. And what's more, as you say yourself, I ain't a man as drinks more than is good for him, especially when I'm at sea. That cat didn't mean drink. It meant something a sight worse; and I know, just as well as I stand here, that I'm not long for this world."

"You go below, sir, and try to sleep," said the mate. "And if I was you I'd overhaul the medicine chest, and take a good stiff dose of something."

"There's medicine for a lot of things in that chest," says the captain; "but there ain't no sort of medicine for black cats that sits up and smokes cigars. Salts, and laudanum, and porous plasters wouldn't do me any good, not if I was to take them all at once. No, sir! I'm a doomed man, and that's all there is about it."

After the old man had gone aft Harry jumped up, and, being pretty mad at Elexander for stopping on deck after he had been told to go below, he lays hold of him by the tail and yanks him off the cathead and tosses him down the fo'c's'le ladder, giving him a few heavy cuffs over the head at the same time. Now, sir, I don't know if you are well acquainted with cats, but if you're not I can tell you one curious thing about them. You can hit a cat, and hit him hard, and you can kick him clean across a room, and you can heave cold water on him, and if he judges that it's good policy for him to keep friends with you he'll overlook it. But a cat always draws the line at his tail; he won't allow you to take the least liberty with his tail, and if you do he'll never forgive you. It hurts a cat's self-respect to have his tail meddled with, and a cat has a heap of self-respect.

Now, when Harry hauled Elexander off that cathead by his tail he made the biggest mistake of his life. Elexander couldn't have overlooked it with justice to himself, even if he had wanted to. When Harry went below there wasn't any Elexander in his bunk, and he couldn't find him nowhere. The next day he found him, but he found at the same time that Elexander wouldn't have anything to do with him. The cat had selected the boy Jim, who was in the port watch, for his new master, and he was snuggled up against Jim in his bunk, and letting on to be everlastingly fond of him. Harry tried to pick the cat up and take him over to his side of the fo'c's'le, but Elexander swore at him in a way that any second mate would have envied,

"WHEN HARRY PUT A HAND ON HIM HE BIT HIM CLEAN TO THE BONE."

and when Harry put a hand on him he bit him clean to the bone. It was all over between Harry and Elexander, and after a while Harry gave up all hope of ever making up the quarrel.

Of course, Harry and me didn't have any more cigars. Elexander wouldn't have brought one to Harry not if there had been hundreds of cigars lying about the deck. Jim said that Elexander didn't bring him any, and he pretended to be astonished that Harry should think such a thing possible as that a cat should sneak cigars; but then Jim was an able liar, and what he said didn't convince either Harry or me. We watched Jim pretty close, but we couldn't catch him smoking anything but his pipe, and we watched Elexander, but we never saw him bringing any cigars for'ard. All the same, he brought them, and Jim, of course, had the benefit of them.

I noticed after a while that Jim got into a way of being missing some time in the course of the dog-watches, and Elexander was generally missing at the same time. Neither of them could be found in the fo'c's'le, and when I spoke of the matter to Harry he calculated that Jim had been sent for by the mate to clean out his room, the mate having a way of putting Jim at that job at all odd times.

But one day I saw a little whiff of smoke sailing up from the foretop, and I naturally thought that I had caught Jim out. So I went aloft, and when I got into the top there I found Jim, sure enough, with Elexander sleeping by the side of him. But Jim had his pipe in his hand, and there wasn't any sign of a cigar to be seen. He let on that he had come up there so as to have a quiet half-hour while he read over an old letter from his mother, and that was all I could get out of him.

One of the men—a chap from Nova Scotia, and a pretty mean one even at that—said one day that he had found Elexander alone in the foretop with the ashes of a cigar sprinkled around the place where he was lying. The chap said that he believed the cat smoked cigars, and another chap—an Irishman—who told the truth every now and then when he was feeling good and fit, said that he had seen Elexander more than once with a cigar in his mouth, though he had always calculated that it was the quality of the rum that he drank at his boarding-house in the Highway that made him see such a curious sight. Gradually it got round among the crew that the cat was a smoker, and they used to try him with pipes. Of course, Elexander wasn't going to come down to a pipe. He was a sight too aristocratic for that, but the men stuck to their theory that Elexander smoked cigars, and the wonder was where he got hold of them.

Captain Barbour had been feeling very low ever since he saw Elexander sitting on the cathead. He hardly ever swore at the men, and when he did it didn't seem to do him any real good. Once on a Sunday, when I was at the wheel, I saw him overhauling a prayer-book, and when a skipper comes to doing that it looks pretty bad for him. The captain had made up his mind that he had had a warning, and that he wouldn't live to see New York, and, of course, he didn't feel very cheerful at the prospect, partly because he wanted to see New York and his wife and the other captains of the Black X. line again, and partly because he hadn't the least idea where he would bring up if he slipped his cable.

One afternoon, in the first dog-watch, the old man, who had been walking the quarter-deck with the mate, suddenly stopped, and catching the mate by the arm said, "There's that cat again! He's sitting up in the foretop and smoking, just as he was doing the last time I saw him. This is the end of me, Mr. Jones."

The mate looked aloft and there he saw Elexander, sitting on the edge of the top and looking down around as if he was looking for a sail on the horizon. He didn't have any cigar in his mouth, but there wasn't the least doubt that smoke was drifting gently out of the top, there being just a breath of wind from the southward.

"I see him, sir," said the mate. "He's a sure enough cat, and if he's smoking I'll learn him what the regulations of this ship are." So saying the mate jumps into the rigging and runs up to the foretop in next to no time, he being an active man and a first-class sailor. The next thing was a yell from the foretop, and then we could see the mate holding Jim by the scruff of the neck and lecturing to him on the evils of smoking, there happening to be a rope's end in the top that was just the thing for lecturing purposes.

You never saw a happier man than Captain Barbour when the mate came down from aloft with Jim and introduced him to the old man as the real smoker. The captain cussed Jim as cheerful as ever he had cussed in his best days, and before he had got through he made the boy confess that the cat had

been stealing cigars and bringing them for'ard. Jim swore that the cat never brought any to him and that they all went to Harry, who owned the cat and had trained him to sneak cigars, and he pretended that he had accidentally found one under a bunk in the fo'c's'le, and had gone into the top to smoke it on the quiet, thinking that it wouldn't be right to hand it over to Harry for fear of encouraging him and the cat in stealing cigars. Naturally nobody believed what Jim said, but, having already had his licking from the mate, the old man let him off with a cuff or two, and passed the word for Harry to come aft.

But he couldn't get anything out of Harry either. Harry swore that he had never laid eyes on the cat until four or five nights before, and that he never dreamed that Elexander stole cigars. "The cat belongs to that there boy Jim," said Harry, "and you can see for yourself, sir, that he won't have anything to say to me, if you call him aft."

The old man sent for Jim again and ordered him to bring the cat on to the quarter-deck, which Jim accordingly did, holding the cat in his arms and petting it while Elexander licked the boy's face. Harry went up to the cat and spoke to him fair and polite, but Elexander only swore at him and tried to hit him in the eye.

"You see, sir," said Harry, "how it is. Ain't it plain enough whose cat that is? As for me, I wouldn't allow no cat of no kind to come within a mile of me if I could help it. They're nasty, treacherous beasts, and I never see a cat yet who wasn't a thief."

Well, the upshot of it was that Jim got a first-class licking for lying about his cat, and another for training the cat to steal the old man's cigars, and he got thirty shillings stopped from his wages to pay for the cigars that Elexander had stole, and he was ordered to heave the cat overboard. He'd have done so then and there, but the mate being a sensible man, and as good a sailorman as ever trod a deck, sort of interceded for the cat, arguing that there was nothing in the world half so unlucky as drowning a cat.

"JIM GOT A FIRST-CLASS LICKING FOR LYING ABOUT HIS CAT."

So the old man finally agreed that the cat should be put down in the run, with a pannikin of water, and told that unless he worked his passage by catching rats he might starve. And starve he did—not because there weren't plenty of rats in the run, but because Elexander was that aristocratic and high-toned that he made up his mind to starve sooner than turn to and work his passage. When we got to New York I saw the steward come on deck with the remains of a cat in his hand, and then I knew that Elexander wouldn't never steal anybody's cigars no more.

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

II.—IN BETHNAL GREEN.

THERE have been mighty changes since Pepys went to Sir William Rider's gardens at Bethnal Green and found there "the largest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and very good." Strawberries may still be found there in the cheap season, but not in the gardens. But though vanished has the rural aspect of the district familiar as the home of "the Blind Beggar" of the famous ballad :—

> "My father," she said, "is soone to be seene,
> The seely blind beggar of Bednall Greene
> That daylye sits begging for charitee ;
> He is the good father of pretty Bessee,"

and the area is now one of the closely-packed poverty spots of the Metropolis, you will find more birds than in many a country lane. For here is Bird Fair, and here are the animals of the forest and the jungle—the lion, the leopard, and the tiger—and here on any Sunday of the year you may be invited to "step inside" and suit yourself with anything in the menagerie line that you may fancy—from a humming-bird to an elephant.

It was on a bright Sunday morning that my *confrère* and I passed the Standard Theatre, and, turning into the Bethnal Green Road, proceeded to edge our way through the most wonderful open-air market in the world.

At eleven o'clock in the morning you get only a hint of what to expect at noon. From twelve to one-thirty the market is at its height. But it is well to start your tour of exploration much earlier if you wish to study the strange and varied scenes with the attention they deserve.

At the top of the street by eleven o'clock there is already a religious service commencing. A man in a light suit is playing a cornet vigorously, and a little crowd gathers to listen to the performance. When the strains of the cornet cease, a quiet-looking gentleman in sombre raiment opens a black bag and takes out a hymn-book. This is the first hint you get that the cornet performance is not part of a secular entertainment.

A few paces away and the street begins to be closely lined with barrows and stalls, the stands of Cheap Jacks, the fancy carts of bird-sellers, refreshment stalls for the sale of eel jelly, apple fritters cooked while you wait, sweets, ices, and the favourite delicacies of the poor.

The talking machine is in evidence on stand after stand, and the voices of the popular favourites, serious and comic, mingle with the trills of a myriad canaries. Coming along you will note that there are several vacant spaces between the barrows in the thoroughfare that leads direct to the great market. But each vacant space is reserved by a long strip of wood laid on the ground.

Here the enterprise of the alien immigrant leaps to the eyes. These spaces have many of them been reserved as early as four a.m. by poor Jews newly arrived from the Pale of Settlement, driven by persecution or the calling out of the Reserves from the land of the Czar. These men will stand patiently guarding the spot which is theirs by right of "the first comer." They have nothing as yet to sell themselves, so they sell the space.

It is an object-lesson in liberty and equality under the Union Jack. An alien immigrant, within a few weeks of his arrival, may be found selling the right to a strip of British territory to a native. An alien immigrant, who a month or two previously was being harassed by all the disabilities imposed by Holy Russia on those of his faith, may be seen in the Bethnal Green Road early on Sunday morning selling to an English hawker who has lived all his life in the "Green" the right to a "pitch" by the kerbstone. But the alien has worked and watched since dawn and the native has slept till the sun was high.

There is this excuse for the native, that he would not have been able to do much business had he arrived before eleven, and an extra "lie in bed" on Sunday morning is such a regular habit with the true Briton that even in the common lodging-houses the inmates are allowed greater latitude in the matter of quitting their bunks and cubicles. In Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, its elbow-jostling neighbour, I have often gone over the common lodging-houses after twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, and found many of the lodgers still dreaming peacefully between the sheets—perchance of happier days.

Along this portion of the Bethnal Green Road, until you get to Sclater Street, the trade is of the variety, not to say "fair," order. A negro is selling a marvellous tooth-paste. He brushes the teeth of little boys and girls, who submit gaily to the operation. That he uses the same brush for all in no way detracts from the children's

evident enjoyment of assisting in the demonstration.

A magnificent and highly-decorated sarsaparilla cart stands in the middle of the roadway at the end of the thoroughfare, and is neighboured by several attractive "stands," at which gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves are holding forth on the merits of their wares.

And now we plunge into Sclater Street and wonder why the Birdcage Walk of the West, where never a bird-cage is visible, has not long ago surrendered its title to the Birdcage Walk of the East, where on Sunday nothing but bird-cages are to be seen from roofs to pavement in almost every house. At first you see nothing but the avenue of bird-cages. The crowd in the narrow street is so dense that you can gather no idea of what is in the shop-windows or what the mob of men crowding together in black patches of humanity are dealing in.

You press your way in and find that the shops are mostly packed with linnets, canaries, love-birds, Japanese nightingales, parrots, bird-cages and fittings, and all the necessaries and luxuries of pet land. There are shops of all descriptions, but the bird industry predominates. Here along the kerb are hawkers, too. A man with a "spiteful sister" pantomime wig on is doing a roaring trade in fancy articles; a man dressed as a jockey is selling tips for the races. He presumes so far on the gullibility of his hearers as to assure them that he has left a racing stable by an early train and is to ride in the big event for which he is selling the stable secret. Here are barrows with limed twigs, with clods of turf for skylarks, and all kinds of bird seeds set out for the fancy.

But it is in the roadway, in the densest part of the crowd, that you find the dominant note of the day's dealings. There you see everywhere little groups of men, each with a bird in a small cage tied up in a blue bird's-eye pocket-handkerchief. The tying is all to one pattern. One side of the cage is open to the light, and the bird within is being eagerly examined by quiet connoisseurs. The fanciers, who bring their own birds to the fair and compare notes with acquaintances, do not say very much and are not very demonstrative. There is a reserved, almost melancholy, look on their faces. They suggest the patient listeners rather than the

"BIRD FAIR."

eager talkers. Most of them spend their leisure listening to their own birds or other people's.

Here is a typical unemployed. The poor fellow stands, the picture of hopelessness, offering his empty bird-cage for a few pence. There is a suggestion of Dickensy pathos about the shabby, gaunt-looking, but clean-faced man trying to sell the cage of the pet poverty compelled him to part with. Here are men with pigeons, and canary-sellers innumerable. When you buy a canary of the road hawker he puts it in a little paper bag for you, and you carry it away as if it were a penny bun.

The main street of Bird Fair is narrow and flanked with dingy but picturesque-looking houses of a bygone age. Opposite one quaint, ramshackle house, that is hung to its roof with bird-cages and is entered through a grimy green door leading to a narrow, dark, mysterious-looking staircase, we may pause for a moment and gaze with interest. It was in this house that the men concerned in the great forged bank-note case used to meet and arrange the distribution of the "parcels of paper."

One of the principal culprits, immediately after being sentenced, shot himself in his cell at the Old Bailey. It was in this house that the beefsteak-pie was prepared in which a loaded revolver, carefully secured from damage, was concealed. The pie was taken to the prisoner, who, as usual, was allowed until conviction to have his food sent in. He managed to extract the revolver and shoot himself with it. One looks at the dingy little house and listens to the gay songs of the birds hanging outside it in every available foot of space, and the contrast between the sordid tragedy of one of its former tenants and the glad singing of the imprisoned birds suggests itself at once.

Close by is a famous bird shop, the proprietor of which has also, though not on view, a wonderful assortment of wild beasts always "on sale." On the little desk in his back room are invoices of lions coming from Africa and elephants on the way from India, a telegram announcing the arrival at Liverpool of a consignment of apes, and letters from clients inquiring the lowest price of various Noah's Ark specialties, from a boa constrictor to a giraffe, from a zebra to a Polar bear. It is Sunday, and the proprietor is in the thick of the bird trade and busy, but we shall come again another day and wander about the yard and the stables at the back of the premises and see a small Zoo in the heart of Bethnal Green.

Turning out of Sclater Street into Cygnet Street, we are at once in the midst of a crowd which is gazing with open-mouthed interest at the champion lady fowl-seller of the world. Perched on the top of a cart, the lady, who is buxom and comely and seemingly of the Chosen People, is taking live fowl after live fowl from the crates and baskets which are piled around her and disposing of them rapidly.

"THE CHAMPION LADY FOWL-SELLER OF THE WORLD."

The way in which the lady handles her birds has been shown in my *confrère's* sketch. But I cannot do justice to the eloquence of her patter or the daring originality with which she denounces the lack of pluck of the bystanders when bids are not forthcoming as readily as she could wish. This lady claims to sell more fowls in this market and at the Caledonian Market than any other street dealer in England. If her success is in proportion to her eloquence I can quite believe it.

Imagine a good-looking Jewess, plump and smiling, with dark, glossy hair, a man's cap on her head, a big kiss curl on her forehead, her arms bare to the elbows, dangling her fowls aloft, patting them, kissing them, describing them, shouting at them, shouting at the crowd, and selling her birds with marvellous rapidity, and you have the regular Sunday morning scene at the corner of Cygnet Street. In the crowd are one or two poorer Jewesses, apparently waiting for a slack moment to bid. The Jewesses buy their fowls alive and take them to a Kosher slaughter-house near at hand to be killed. In two of the neighbouring streets there is a live fowl market which lasts from early morning till late on Sunday afternoon.

Through a street where everybody seems to be selling scrap iron, old door-knockers, keys, bolts, brass plates, and goods of general rustiness, past another street where there is a busy trade in goats and goat-chaises, and where cats are also on sale, and we come to the great Sunday morning bicycle market. The stranger coming suddenly upon the scene would imagine that members of a big bicycle club out for a club run had suddenly stopped and dismounted. All along the kerb and down the centre of the road are lines upon lines of bicycles, and by each bicycle, supporting it, stands the owner.

"THE SUNDAY MORNING BICYCLE MARKET."

As a matter of fact, the bicycles have all been ridden here for the purposes of sale. There are hundreds of young fellows of limited means in search of a bicycle who flock to this market on Sunday morning in the hope of picking up a bargain.

Close to the bicycle market is the dog market. Against the closed shops and the houses are lines of men, each with a pet dog under his arm. The whole roadway is full of dog-dealers. On the kerb is a basket of puppies. We see mastiffs, retrievers, greyhounds, pugs, terriers of all descriptions, Dalmatians, Borzois, sheep-dogs, Blenheims, and some splendid specimens of the dog for which Bethnal Green was long famous, the toy bull-terrier.

One man one dog is the general rule, and when an omnibus comes along and the crowd divides to let it pass, it is as though a network of dog-leashes spanned each side of the way.

At the corner of a street leading out of the dog market a trap is drawn up and the tail-board is packed with cages of rats. The proprietor proclaims that he has the best rats in London, four a shilling. He has many customers amongst the doggy men. His method of "serving" the rats is this. He takes a stout paper bag, opens it, and holds it in one hand. He thrusts the other hand into the cage, grips a rat by the tail, pulls it out swiftly, swings it round, and drops it into the bag. He swings the rat round to prevent it biting him.

The Sunday trade of the busy area is at its height at one o'clock. After that the crowd gradually grows less and less, and shortly after two the streets begin to assume more and more their normal aspect, though the bird-cages remain in evidence during the greater part of the day.

If we wandered round Bethnal Green on a week-day we should find it a busy working centre. Here the bootmaking industry flourishes, and a portion of the furniture trade is carried on. There are many home industries here, some peculiar to the neighbourhood, and the most interesting of these is the hand-loom industry of the old Spitalfields weavers, which is still to be found in Bethnal Green.

"ONE MAN ONE DOG IS THE GENERAL RULE."

But before we visit a Spitalfields handloom in Bethnal Green let us pass through Sclater Street, now sleepy-looking and almost deserted, and accept the courteous invitation of the dealer in every kind of animal "from a humming-bird to an elephant" to go over his stock-yard.

We enter cautiously what is apparently an ordinary yard with sheds and stables. The reason for our caution is that a local friend who accompanies us tells us that one day he went in casually and was alarmed to find that a small leopard had got loose and was gambolling in the sunshine. The leopard made friendly advances by putting his paws on the visitor's chest. The leopard is not loose to-day, but we find one in a cage in a stable, and close at hand a young lion fast asleep. In the same stable are a number of monkeys, and the proprietor of the wild beast depôt obligingly catches one of them in a net to show us how they are "handled" when a customer comes in and wants one. These monkeys are "guaranteed" as pets for a lady, and the price is about three pounds apiece.

Sometimes there are baby monkeys here on sale, and there is a pathetic story of how a wicked tiger one day managed to secure a dear little baby monkey for its lunch.

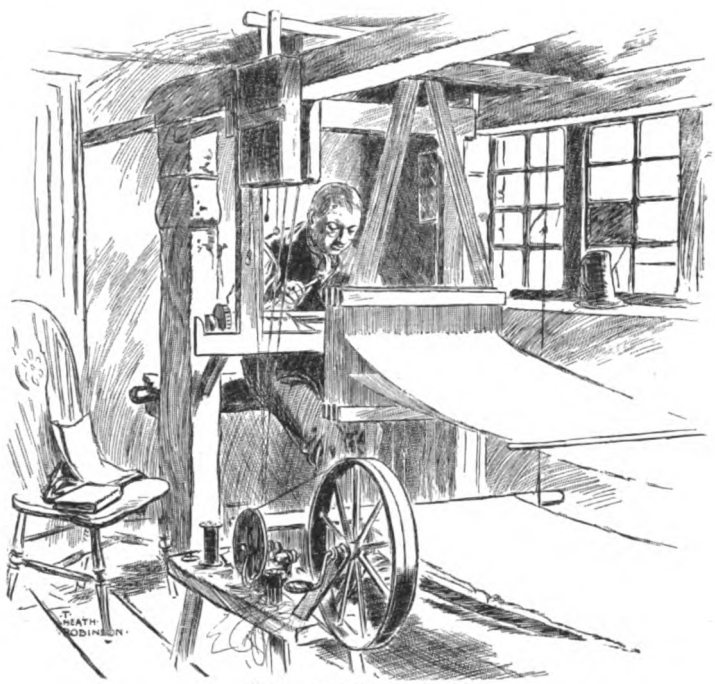
In another shed are some curious wild asses and some pretty little ponies intended for the circus market. It is not the season yet for the big beasts, who are generally timed to arrive in the summer, the English winter and spring not being favourable to four-footed alien immigrants from the tropics. But this

"A MENAGERIE IN A BACK-YARD."

menagerie in a back-yard in Bethnal Green is a surprise to the stranger, even as it appears in the slack season.

I have said that one of the staple industries of Bethnal Green is bootmaking, and the trade is carried on in great warehouses and by small makers innumerable. But the most interesting industry of the district is the hand-weaving, which has survived from the old days of the Huguenots. As you wander about the Green you will notice in almost every street a long landscape window, which you find in no other part of London except Spitalfields. These windows are the famous "weavers' lights," and have been specially constructed that the light shall fall on the whole of the loom while the weaver is at work.

Many of these rooms are now occupied merely as living rooms, and in some the old window has been greatly altered and modernized, but we shall find weavers still at work in rooms that have remained as they were in the days when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent the French refugees flying to London, and they formed a little colony in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green. There are many descendants of the original Huguenots still living about here, but they are so English now that they cannot speak a word of French, or even pronounce their own names in the French fashion.



"SILAS MARNER AT WORK."

We climb up a rickety staircase in a little side-street, push up a trap-door in the floor, and we are in a weaver's room. Here we find Silas Marner at work at a loom which he tells us is one of those originally brought from France. He has his written instructions from a City firm before him and is making a wonderful combination of orange and blue. The old weaver is garrulous and glad to give information. I look at the loom and mention that the beam is suggestive of capital punishment, and he informs me with a grim smile that on this very loom a weaver hanged himself. "It wasn't at all uncommon for a weaver to do that," he says; "I suppose it was because the beam was so handy."

Most of the few weavers who are still to be found here have come from Braintree or the neighbourhood, for the industry went there after it left Spitalfields, and has now come back to London.

In another house, where I fancy the "Spitalfields weaver" did a little dog-fancying as well, I remarked on the shape of the window. "Ah!" said the weaver, "that's why there's been nothing but weavers in a house of this sort for hundreds of years. A weaver will pay more for it than anybody else because o' the light. But you wouldn't believe it that when I first come here my landlord wanted to make me pay the light-tax because it used to be in the old agreements. But I knew that 'ad all been abolished long ago, and I told him so. I dare say there's weavers paying it still, through ignorance."

Many of the old looms have gone, though the weavers' lights still remain in the houses. The trade has become slacker and slacker, the old weaver has taken the last journey or gone to the poor-house, and the loom has frequently been broken up and used as firewood in the days of winter chill and destitution.

Leaving the old Spitalfields weaver of Bethnal Green, and passing through a street of industrial dwellings now occupied principally by Russian Jews who work at the bootmaking and furnishing trades, we enter a house in a street which has also fallen to the alien immigrants. Here again the inhabitants are Russian Jews. We enter one of the rooms and find several Jewish women at tailoring work. In one of the back rooms is a bed with the mattress pushed up against the wall and hidden by a brilliant Eastern covering that suggests the "Arabian Nights" at once. This curious arrangement gives the room the appearance of an apartment in the harem, and the bed divan might be the Sultana's lounge.

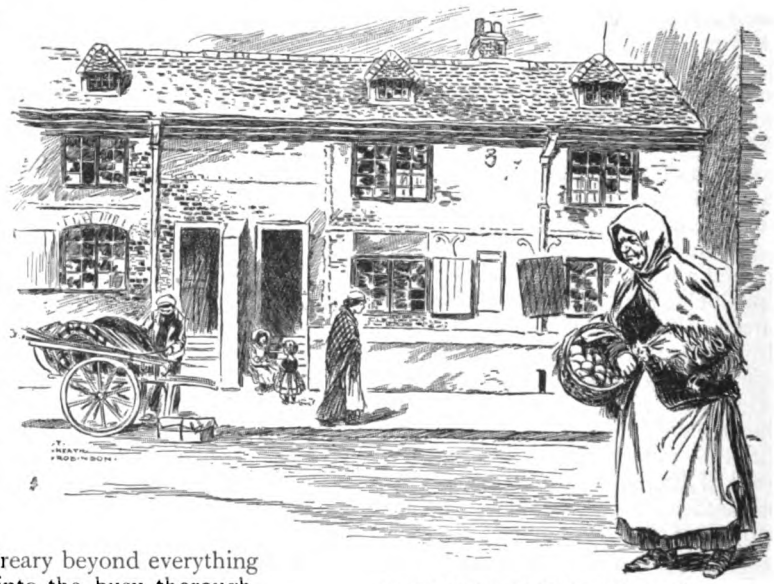
But the occupants are hard-working alien immigrants, and the women can scarcely speak a word of English. One of them tells me in German that she came from Kishineff after the massacre. I ask her if she likes London, and she tells me that all she has seen of it is the street in which she lives and the Ghetto market in which she buys her provisions. Many of these people, unless they carry work home to the manufacturers, live for years in London and never go beyond the Jewish quarter.

From the alien quarter we make our way through squalid side-streets almost without a sign of life—long, monotonous, alike in every detail, and dreary beyond everything—and we come out into the busy thoroughfare of the Cambridge Road.

Here at the corner stands a row of old houses rich in historic interest, the existence of which is probably unknown to the majority of Londoners.

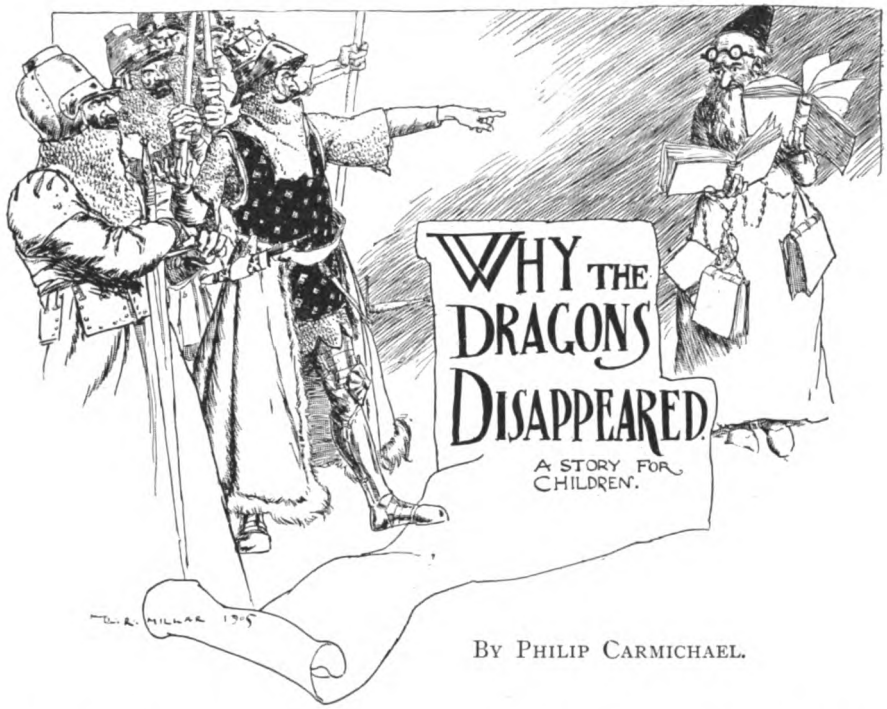
For this quaint little row of old-world houses constituted the kennels of King Charles II. The rooms above in which his kennelmen and the huntsmen lived are as they were in the Merry Monarch's day. Thirteen years ago you could look from the street into the actual kennels in which the dogs of His Majesty lay. A glance at the sketch made by my *confrère* will show where the dogs entered. The kennels have been built in by a brick bank, which was necessary to sustain the structure, which was becoming so dangerous that the end house had to be taken down and a modern building erected in its place. But all the others stand as they were, and it is only thirteen years ago that the kennels themselves were hidden by the brick bank.

This part of the Cambridge Road was known until quite recently as Dogs' Row, and old Bethnal Greenites still sometimes call it by that name. The King's kennels were established here because of their convenient situation, Dogs' Row being on the road to Epping Forest, where the Merry Monarch used to hunt.



"THE KENNELS OF KING CHARLES II."

A few steps from the old-world houses that still stand as a record of England in the days of the Restoration and we are in the high tide of modern London's seethe and roar. The Mile End Road lies before us, running through Alien Land to the quick-beating heart of the capital of the British Empire.



By Philip Carmichael.

ONCE upon a time there was an Emperor who was in a very bad temper. He was not a bad Emperor always, and he was only in a bad temper because a dragon had just arrived in his country and was eating up all his people. So, after this had been going on for some time, the Emperor went off to consult an old magician, who lived all alone in a cave, and who had made a vow that he would never sit down.

Now, the magician was kept by the Emperor on purpose to prevent dragons from getting into the country, and he looked very glum when the Emperor came and told him that one had not only got in, but was enjoying himself by eating the people.

"That is very annoying," said the magician. "I cannot understand how he got in at all. And the worst of it is that it will be very hard to get him out again."

"He *must* be got out," said the Emperor. "It will be very annoying for you if he stays, mind that."

"There is only one way," said the magician, after consulting his books; "you will have to take a boat and go to the island where the King of the Dragons lives, and tell him one of his dragons has come here and is eating up all the people."

"That sounds rather a dangerous thing to do," said the Emperor.

"Oh, no," said the magician; "so long as you find the King of the Dragons in a good temper there is no danger."

"But he might be in a bad temper," objected the Emperor.

"Of course he might," agreed the magician; "then he would probably eat *you*."

"Well," said the Emperor, after he had thought the matter out carefully, "I think you had better go instead of me. I ought to stay here and see that the dragon does not eat too many of my subjects."

"But the King of the Dragons would not listen to me," said the magician. "He only receives other Kings or Emperors like yourself."

"Well, I'm not going," said the Emperor.

"Then there is only one thing to do," said the magician. "We must all of us get into a big ship and sail away somewhere where the dragon cannot find us."

So, after a little more talk, it was decided to do this, and the Emperor and the magician and all the people who had not already been eaten up got into a big ship and sailed away.

They sailed on for a good many days, until at last they reached a large island, and as they got near they saw a number of baby dragons paddling and playing together on the beach.

"Why," said the magician, "this is very curious. This *is* the Dragons' Island. As we are here, we might as well land and see if the King of the Dragons will help us."

The Emperor did not like the idea, but he could not refuse, especially as all his subjects were on board, and they would certainly think him a coward if he did not go. Even the baby dragons were rather large, and the Emperor felt very nervous about landing at all. However, he sent the magician on shore first, and when the baby dragons went on playing without trying to eat the magician up he thought it was safe for him to follow.

They could see the Dragon-King's palace on the top of a hill not very far away, but when they got there they found that the King of the Dragons himself was in a terrible rage.

"HE SENT THE MAGICIAN ON SHORE FIRST."

"Where's my son?" he roared, as soon as he caught sight of the Emperor and the magician.

"We — we didn't know your son was lost," murmured the Emperor, nervously.

"Of course he is lost," said the King of the Dragons; "he has been missing for days. There is a reward out for finding him."

Here the magician nudged the Emperor's elbow.

"This is a great piece of luck," he whispered, hurriedly. "Don't you see that the dragon who has been annoying us must be the King's son? So we will restore him to his father, get rid of him, and earn the reward, all at the same time."

"I see," the Emperor whispered back, and then he turned to the King of the Dragons again.

"May we ask what is the reward for finding your son?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the King of the Dragons; "the reward is that if you don't find him you will be eaten for supper."

Here the magician nudged the Emperor's elbow again.

"Leave it to me," he whispered; "I will

pretend to find his son by my magic—that will impress him."

So the magician stepped forward and made a very low bow.

"I am only a poor magician," he said, "but I *think* I could find out where your son is by my wonderful magic arts, if you will let me try."

"Try away," said the King of the Dragons. "I should advise you to try very hard, if you want to win the reward I told you about."

The magician made another low bow and began his magic spells and charms.

He did it very well, and the Emperor would have been quite amused to see the way the magician pretended to draw magic circles on the carpet and waved his wand in the air, only the thought struck him that, if the magician could deceive the King of the Dragons like this, it was very likely that he was a fraud altogether. So the Emperor privately decided to have him executed as soon as they got back to their own country.

"Well?" said the King of the Dragons, impatiently, after the magician had gone through a great deal of muttering and other nonsense. "Have you found out where he is?"

"I have," replied the magician, very solemnly.

"Is he quite well?" asked the King of the Dragons. "Is his appetite good?"

"Very good," the magician answered. "He eats at least a dozen people every day."

"Pretty fair," said the King of the Dragons; "pretty fair."

"But," went on the magician, "the people of the country where he is would be very glad if he would go away. He is eating them all up."

"What sort of people are they?" inquired the King of the Dragons.

"They are very good people," said the magician.

"But are they good eating?" said the King of the Dragons. "Are they nice, fat, wholesome people?"

"They were once," answered the magician, "but they are all getting thin and bony now—through anxiety, you know."

"Just what they would do," said the King of the Dragons, indignantly. "It's mere spite; they ought to be only too pleased to think a King's son was taking any notice of them at all."

"I don't suppose they knew he was a King's son," said the magician.

"Pooh!" said the King of the Dragons; "anyone can tell a King's son anywhere."

Just then a tremendous fluttering and whirring of wings was heard outside, and the next moment in came the King's son himself! The Emperor and the magician both started as they looked at him. He was their dragon right enough, but he was looking very thin and haggard, and his flesh scarcely covered his bones.

"Halloa!" roared the King of the Dragons; "so you have come back. We were just talking of you."

"Yes, I have come back," said the son, discontentedly. "It was all I could do to get back, too. I have had an awful time, I can tell you."

The King of the Dragons turned and glanced angrily at the magician.

"Then what do you mean by your cock-and-bull story about his eating such nice, fat people?" he demanded,

The Emperor and the magician shivered, and the dragon's son turned also to look at them.

"Halloa!" he cried, in his turn. "Why, these are the people who played me such a shabby trick.'

"Ah, indeed!" said the King, frowning. "What was that?"

"Well," said his son, "it was to their country that I went."

"Oh!" growled the King. "I begin to understand how that magician found you so easily."

"Don't interrupt," said the son. "I came to their country, as I told you, and at first everything was very comfortable—plenty of good, fat people to eat and no one to bother me at all. In fact, it was so comfortable that I thought of staying there some time. But one morning I woke up, and what do you think had happened?"

"How should I know?" said the King.

"Why," went on the son, "everybody in the country had gone, and there I was all by myself with nothing to eat for breakfast, tea, or dinner. At first I thought they would be sure to come back, and I waited and waited, getting thinner every day. But they never came, and then I found out what they had done—all gone, without saying a word to me, mind you—to me, who was their guest. I was so weak and thin that I only just managed to fly back here."

"What have you got to say to this?" said the King, looking at the Emperor and magician very fiercely.

"All I have to say," said the Emperor, "is, 'Good-bye, and many thanks.'"

And before anyone knew what he was

"I WAS SO WEAK AND THIN THAT I ONLY JUST MANAGED TO FLY BACK HERE."

about the Emperor had darted out of the palace and was running as hard as he could towards his ship.

"Stop him!" roared the King, and in the confusion the magician thought he might as well run off too. Both he and the Emperor ran faster than they had ever run in all their lives before. It is wonderful how fast you can run with a lot of hungry dragons at your back.

But dragons cannot fly very fast—they are much too heavy for that—and so the Emperor and the magician got to the beach long before any of the dragons who were trying to catch them. The baby dragons were still playing about very happily on the sands, and as the magician saw them a splendid idea came into his head.

"Stop a moment!" he panted, as the Emperor began to scramble into the boat that was waiting for them. "I have just got time to put an end to our dragon friends for good and all. It is lucky I remembered to bring my anti-giant mixture with me."

There was an enormous pail of milk standing on the beach, all ready waiting for the baby dragons' dinner, and in an instant the magician had taken from his pocket a small bottle filled with what looked like water, and in another second he had emptied the liquid into the milk.

"What is the good of that?" grumbled the Emperor, when the magician was safely beside him in the boat; "we are only just in time to get away."

"Your Majesty," replied the magician, with a satisfied smile, "this is the finest day's work I have ever done in my life. The wisest men of all ages have tried to solve the problem of how to get rid of dragons, and

"HE AND THE EMPEROR RAN FASTER THAN THEY HAD EVER RUN IN ALL THEIR LIVES BEFORE."

have failed, every one of them. Luckily for us, we happened to come upon all the baby dragons together just going to have their dinner, and that liquid which I had the presence of mind to put in their milk has the extraordinary effect of reducing every one who drinks only a drop of it to the size of a pin. Look! they are drinking it now."

So they were, and as the Emperor and the magician reached the ship they saw the baby dragons gradually getting smaller and smaller and tinier and tinier, till by-and-by they could not see them at all.

"But they will grow again," the Emperor objected.

"Certainly," said the magician; "they will grow about another inch and then they will stop. And they will be no more harmful than flies."

"I see," said the Emperor, more genially; "dragon-flies, eh? Rather a good name for them. But what about the other dragons—the ones that are grown up?"

"Ah, well," the magician answered, "we must wait for them to die off. We can hardly do everything at once, you know. At any rate, we can be quite sure that the next generation of dragons will not hurt anybody."

"That is something, to be sure," agreed the Emperor. "But," he added, looking at the magician thoughtfully, "why did you not give that stuff to the King's son when he came worrying us and eating all the people?"

"That is just it," answered the magician, readily. "Grown-up dragons only eat people, and I couldn't ask anybody to swallow the liquid and then walk into the dragon's mouth, could I?"

"Certainly not," said the Emperor; "but you might have done it yourself."

"Nothing would have pleased me better," replied the wily magician, "than such a noble death. But doesn't your Majesty think I have done better as things have turned out?"

Well, the Emperor could not say anything to that, and so they sailed away back again to their own country. And this is the true history of how and why the dragons that used to exist have all disappeared and only left the dragon-flies, to show us that there ever really were such monsters.

Admiral Haihachi Togo as a Youth.

By the Rev. A. D. Capel, M.A.

SOME two or three years after the revolution which restored the Mikados of Japan to their former power a considerable number of youths were sent to Europe and America to learn Western languages, customs, and manners. These were distributed over the different countries, some at schools and other elementary training establishments, while others were sent to private tutors. Of these last three or four were sent to Cambridge, of whom one was sent to me, another to a brother clergyman who is now a dignitary of the Church, and the other two, if there were two, of which I have some doubts, to other private tutors. The youth sent to me was Haihachi Togo, known now to all the newspaper-reading folk in all the world.

TOGO, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY,
With his signature in English and in Japanese.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

When Togo came to me he spoke but very little English, and two huge quarto dictionaries, with which we conversed, became a regular adjunct at the table at dinner and other meals. If a word was used which he had not heard, or something he had not seen appeared on the table, I showed him the word in the English - Japanese dictionary, and he would look out the word in the other volume, where he would find a fuller description of the thing in question.

His progress in English during the time he was with me was by no means great, but owing to his illness, of which I shall have to speak later, his stay with me was only one of two or three months. In these months, however, few as they were, he made rapid strides in elementary mathematics, about which we were soon able to converse with a fair amount of ease; whereas in the ordinary conversation of everyday life he seemed to have great difficulty, and this must have lasted for some time after he left me, as shown by his letters to my wife.

But it is rather of the youth himself, than of him as a student, that I wish to speak. As I said at the beginning of this article, he, with many others, came to learn Western manners. Whilst he was in my house I was constantly urging my pupils and others to learn Eastern manners. He had, I thought then, and I think now, more consideration for the feelings of his fellows than anyone I have ever had much to do with. On two occasions, which I remember vividly, he was certainly annoyed, but, at the same time, he showed no resentment. One of my pupils had copied as well as he could on a post-card some Japanese writing and sent it to him, without having an idea of what it was supposed to mean. When the postman brought it Togo looked at it and at first was evidently puzzled, but after a time realized it was a hoax and threw it away with the one word, "Silly." A small son of mine, whose only idea of Japanese was that they were all wonderful acrobats, was the other cause. About the time that Togo lived with me there was, as many will recollect, a celebrated troupe of Japanese jugglers, including a wonderful boy who was called "All Right." My boy was very anxious as to whether he knew him. He was certainly, for the moment, vexed; but succeeded in explaining that jugglers and public entertainers belonged to a different

class of society, and that therefore he knew nothing about little "All Right" or any of his companions.

One of the most striking features in his character was his love of children and his excessive kindness to them. One day, on entering the room where he was amusing two of my little girls, one of them greeted me with shouts of "Look, look, papa! Look at my fly!" On following her eyes I saw a little piece of paper moving about the room, and on further investigation I found, to my intense astonishment, that this little piece of paper, on which I eventually found written "Ella's Fly," was attached by a hair of her own head to a fly. This Togo presently caught, and most deftly—so clever was he with his fingers—removed the hair from the fly, which flew away seemingly none the worse for its semi-captivity.

As I hinted before, while with us he had a very serious attack in his eyes, which necessitated very stringent and painful measures to cure; in fact, so harsh were the methods necessary that on more than one occasion my wife found out that he had had no sleep whatever during the night. His patience and quiet endurance of all this suffering were quite a revelation to us. Had I not had this personal acquaintance with the way in which Japanese can endure and bear, I should almost have doubted the truth of many of the stories told of them during this present war, whereas with the remembrance of Togo so indelibly printed on my memory I could believe them all.

When he was with me he had, so far as I could understand, no intention of becoming a sailor. One day I asked him what he was thinking of being, when he said he was going to be a sailor on dry land, which after many questionings, to say nothing of references to the big dictionaries, we discovered to mean that he hoped to go into the office which would correspond with our Admiralty.

ADMIRAL TOGO AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the Topical Press Agency.

Owing to his illness, however, I had, to my great disappointment, to lose him as a pupil. The leading surgeon of Cambridge, whom we felt constrained to call in to consult with our family practitioner, felt it his duty to tell me it would be cruel to keep him in Cambridge, so I wrote to the Embassy, who removed him to Portsmouth, or its neighbourhood, from where he went to join the *Worcester*.

During his stay at Portsmouth he wrote my wife a few short letters, which, in his ignorance of English, were most funnily expressed and even addressed. I have no doubt these letters are most carefully preserved somewhere, but I cannot lay my hand on them. One sentence I can quote as a specimen of many others of the same kind. Writing of his progress in English, he says: "I shall be conversation to understand when next we meet."

When he was with me he always went to the church where I was officiating, as he liked to hear the singing and to follow the service with a Prayer Book, but I was distinctly given to understand that no proselytizing was to be attempted.

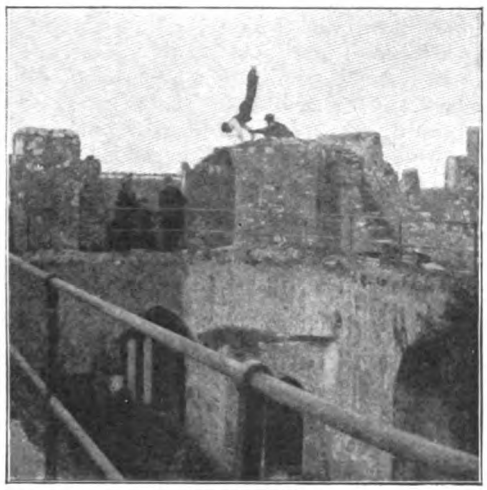
I know that my admiration for my Japanese pupil was very much what was experienced by the other tutors in Cambridge who had received Japanese students into their houses for their pupils. The two tutors that I knew both spoke of them in the highest terms.

I shall ever have the most pleasing recollections of the kindness, the thoughtfulness, and, above all, the marvellous patience of Haihachi Togo. Little indeed did I think then that I had under my care one who was destined to make history that all the world would read, not only now, but in distant ages.

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

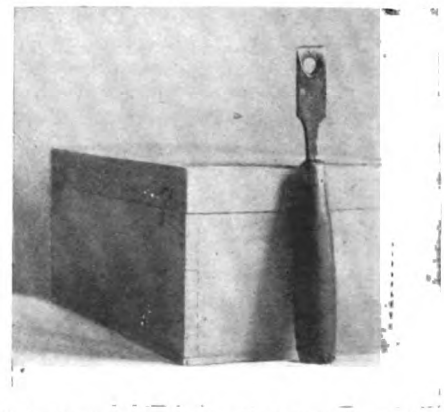


A DARING FEAT.

"These photos., taken while in Ireland, are both of Blarney Castle, one showing the height of the castle and the other the top of the highest part. After we had all kissed the Blarney Stone my friend thought he would do something more daring, so he took off his coat and got on the top of the wall just over the Blarney Stone and stood on his hands with his legs straight up in the air. His wife was terrified, and held him all the time while we got the snap-shot. I don't know the height of the castle top from the ground, but I should think it must be close on a hundred and fifty feet, and the wall was only about six inches wide. The black cross at the top of the second photo. shows where my friend accomplished this remarkable feat of daring."—Mr. A. Phanto, 5, Herne Hill Road, S.E.

THE POWER OF AN ELECTRIC WIRE.

"It will be noticed that the blade of the chisel reproduced here, which, by the way, is over an eighth of an inch in thickness, has a hole clean through it, caused in a rather extraordinary manner. The owner was working in a building lighted by electricity, and whilst cutting through part of the woodwork suddenly came upon a live electric wire, which fused up on contact with the blade and drilled



a hole through it, also leaving a particle of the wire embedded therein. The man had his hand badly scorched, and narrowly escaped losing his life."—Mr. J. A. Honeybone, 50, Alsen Road, Holloway, N.

"DOUBLE-FACED."

"The remarkable thing about the above portrait is that it contains two distinct and entirely opposite expressions. By covering the shaded side of the face a most cheerful look from the subject is obtained, but on covering up the lighted side a most decided scowl is the result."—Mr. J. G. Ancell, 71, High Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

L'attention de chacun est attirée sur le fait que MM. les étrangers sont priés de s'assurer que leurs chaussures sont bien transmises à la cordonnerie et non pas ferrées par les portiers qui les abiment et demandent tout aussi cher. Le mieux est de les apporter soi même.

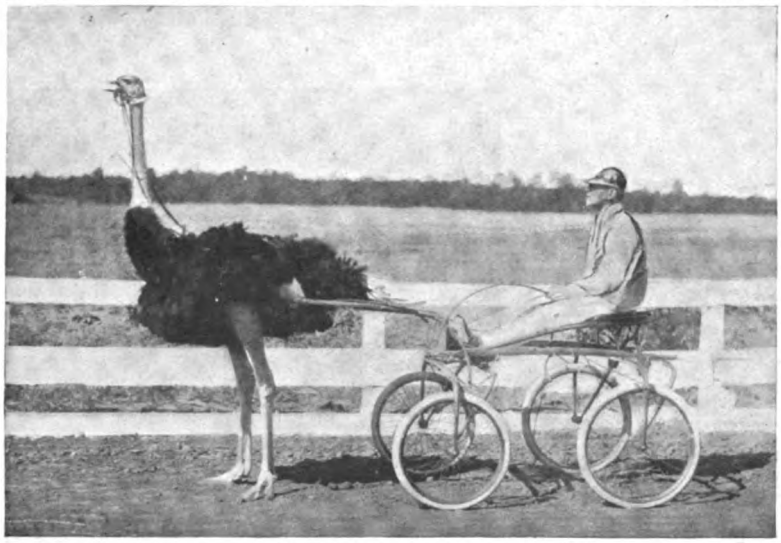
Pay attention to this Visitors are kindly invitea to brought your boots self to the schoemaker, then they are frequently nagled by the Portier and that is very dammageable for boots and kosts the same price.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS ——"

"Some time ago you published an article on the curious English of certain Japanese advertisements. It is, however, unnecessary to go so far afield to find excellent examples of the same kind of thing. The card reproduced was given to me by a Zermatt cobbler, who was under the impression that he could speak and write four languages. I hope you will give readers of THE STRAND the opportunity of seeing to what extent he was mistaken."—Miss Alan Custance Baker, 14, Quai des Eaux Vives, Geneva.

OSTRICH-RACING.

"The idea of a bird being used for hauling a carriage is decidedly novel, but, as the accompanying photograph shows, the ostrich can be employed for this purpose. The bird shown in the picture runs so rapidly that he will haul the 'sulky' and its driver a mile in less than three minutes, and has actually beaten trotting horses in a race. The ostrich was raised in the United States, and is one of several which have been trained in this way. He is guided by a peculiar bit, which is fastened into his bill and attached to reins which are grasped by the driver."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.



PUZZLE—FIND THE FACE.

"I took the photograph of a child shown at the top of this page, and, greatly to my astonishment, I noticed afterwards that the ruffling of the child's sleeve had formed the perfect face of a bearded man."—Mr. F. G. Ingram, 84, Rupert Street, Nechells, Birmingham.

A REMARKABLE BUSINESS CARD.

"I send you a curiosity in the shape of a business card which I obtained in July during my travels in Canada. In Quebec the cottage which formerly was General Montcalm's headquarters is now occupied by a barber, whose professional card, couched in synonymous terms, is eagerly sought after by tourists in old historic Quebec."—Miss L. Yearwood, c/o Mr. J. H. Hall, 106, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

J. WILLIAMS,

PROFESSOR OF

Crinicultural Abscision and Cranilogical Tripsis,

TONSORIAL ARTIST, PHYSIOGNOMICAL HAIR DRESSER, FACIAL OPERATOR,

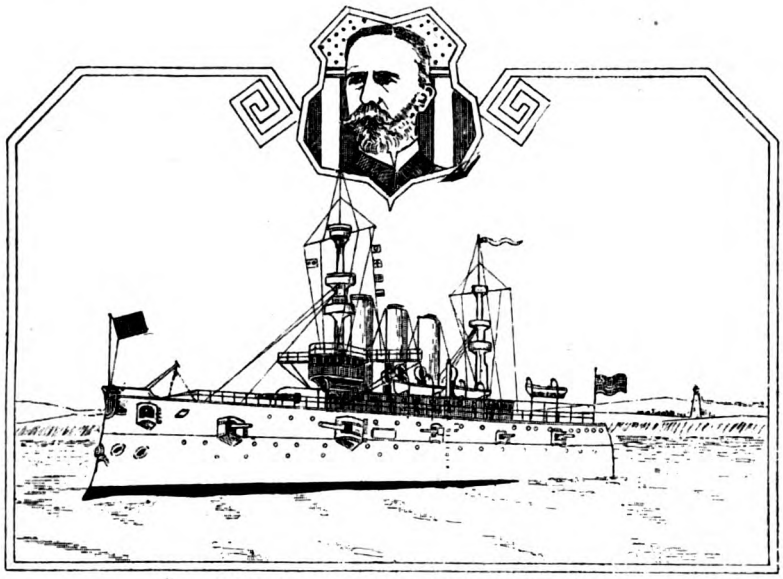
Cranium Manipulator and Cappillary Abridger, &c., &c.

GENERAL MONTCALMS' OLD HEADQUARTERS,

Cor. St. Louis & Garden,

Private Parlor for Ladies & Children's Hair Cutting.

Entrance on Garden Street.



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND HIS FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK"

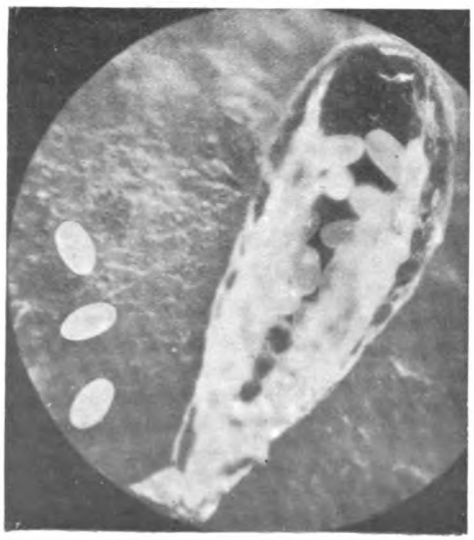
Drawing made entirely on the BALL BEARING DENSMORE TYPEWRITER.

DRAWING BY TYPEWRITER.

The accompanying illustration depicts an interesting and skilful piece of work, done entirely on a Densmore typewriter by a patriotic enthusiast about the time of the Spanish-American War. Special attention is due to the striking likeness of Admiral Sampson.

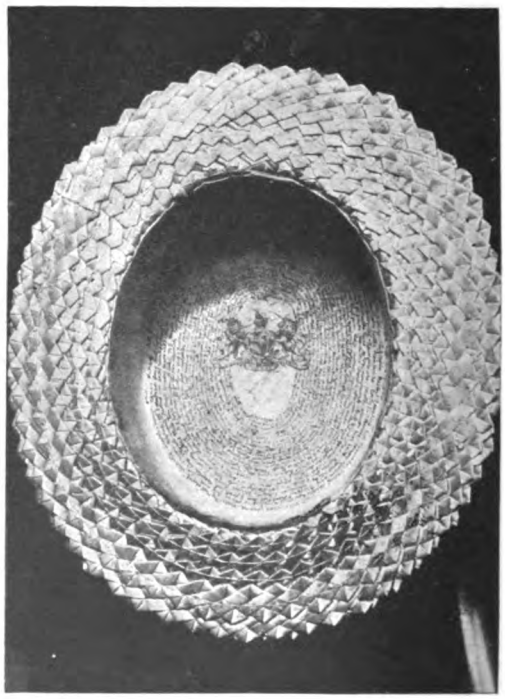
PEEL YOUR FRUIT!

"Many readers of THE STRAND will have noticed, when eating an apple, pear, or orange, little black specks on the skin thereof. The following is one of these, turned over, photographed, and highly magnified. The three eggs fell out when turning the insect over, but they could not be detected with the naked eye. The publication of this photograph should cause people who generally eat fruit with the skin on to peel it in the future."—Mr. R. H. Bradley, Wellington Foundry, Newark-on-Trent.

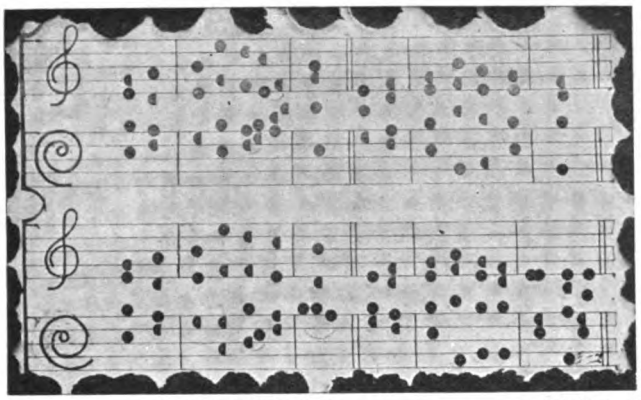


A STRANGE DIARY.

A gentleman recently incarcerated in a gaol for debt was allowed as an "unconvicted prisoner" to keep his own clothes. He was nevertheless stripped twice and searched four times. His fountain pen, which was simply standing upright in his watch-pocket, was entirely overlooked, and for the first day or two forgotten by himself. When discovered he at once proceeded to keep a diary with it, and for lack of manuscript paper began on the outer margin of the crown of his hat inside, and wrote round and round. The result, which is, singularly enough, less distinct in the hat than in the photo., looked like an ornament, and though the hat was itself in the hands of two or three



warders, at a time when the diary was well begun, nothing was said and the writing presumably escaped notice. We withhold the names of the owner and the gaol for obvious reasons.



COLOURED MUSIC.

"I send you the photograph of a piece of music composed by myself in a rather novel manner. The stave is made of black wool, the notes of gun-wads of different colours; the sharps and flats are denoted by a piece being cut out of one side of the notes that are to be made sharp; the sign for the treble or bass clef is a piece of black glazed paper cut to shape. The different colours of the notes give the duration of the sounds."—Mr. J. Wayman, Cottenham, Cambridge.

NOT A PAINTED FISH.

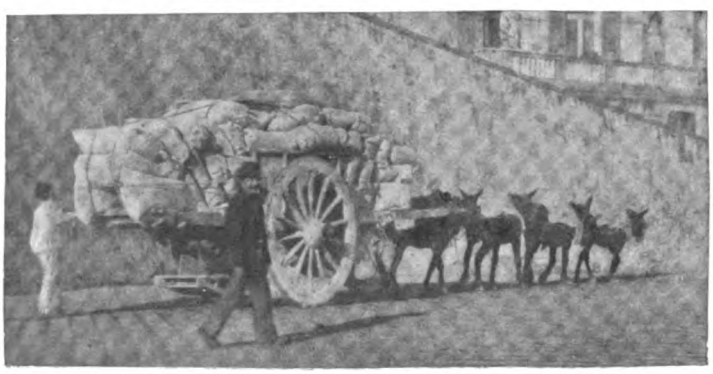
"The accompanying photograph is that of a very curious fish recently caught on the coast of the Arabian Sea by one of the local fishermen, who prized it as a quaint and rare specimen and had to be liberally remunerated before he would part with it. If I knew the secret of 'photography in natural colours,' I could have given the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a more correct idea of this prodigy in all its motley beauty, which, unfortunately, the ordinary photographic picture can but poorly translate. The longitudinal stripes and the ringlet close to the eye, appearing white in the reproduction, were, in fact, of a brilliant blue colour, and wonderfully resembled, even in their rough regularity and symmetry, thick paint-brush daubs. All who saw it (including myself) took it at first for an ordinary fish painted over, the lines seeming so distinctly drawn in relief on the scaly coat of brownish-grey, which terminates with methodic abruptness at the root of the snow-white tail. To add to the novelty of the thing, Nature had favoured it also with a sharp-pointed, fang-like bone protruding from one extremity of the gill on either side—intended probably as a weapon of defence against the unwelcome advances of other denizens of the deep, who might naturally be attracted by its gaudy petticoat. I must add that the fish lacked in relish what it made up in beauty; or, to be more explicit, it spoilt a dinner as it had erewhile charmed the eye." — Mr. T. Sivasankaran, "Puthan Paramb," Talai, Tellicherry, Malabar, India.

NATURE'S CARVING.

"This curious piece of wood is from a tree that grew near Grand Forks, B.C., on the north fork of the Kettle River. It was brought with a bundle of pitch pine into a mining camp there, and this 'freak face' was discovered by Don Hillyer. The picture is an exact photograph of the wood, not a line having been traced upon it that was not engraved there by Nature's own hand. The gnarl is now owned by Mr. Herman Hillyer, of this city, and will be lent to the city museum to be displayed at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, where it is sure to attract a great deal of attention."—Mr. David W. Hazen, Portland, Oregon.

AN EXCELLENT OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"If the thumb is placed so as to cover the head of the leading mule in this photograph there appear to be three mules facing the cart."—Mr. P. A. Hillhouse, Busby, Scotland.

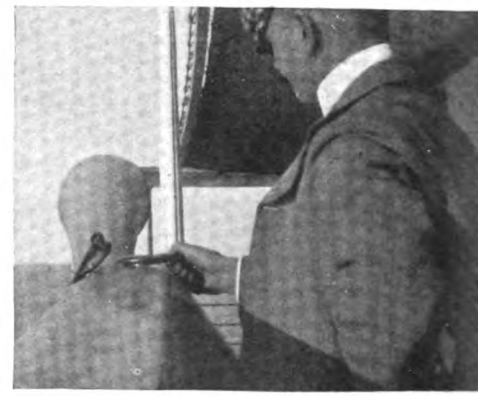


THE MOST CURIOUS CHEQUE EVER DRAWN.

"'Walt' McDougall, the American humorist and cartoonist, recently drew a cheque on a clam shell. The cheque was duly presented and honoured by the bank, the officials of which probably thought it worth twice its face value as a curiosity. The odd cheque was placed on exhibition in the bank and attracted a great deal of attention, until one of the depositors stole the shell. A reward has been offered for its return, but at the time of writing the purloiner of the cheque has not returned it to the bank."—Mr. H. D. Jones, 906, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW SWALLOWS GET LOST AT SEA.

"The swallow shown in my photograph had been flying about on Messrs. P. Henderson's ss. *Martaban* for about three days, and was nearly dying of thirst owing to there being no fresh water about. It pitched on the rail by the smoking-room, and a passenger took it a saucer of water. It promptly began to drink, and



remained within a few inches of him for about five minutes." — Lieutenant A. D. Day, Shwebo Battalion, Burma Military Police.

NOT A HUMAN FREAK.

"This amusing photograph is one of myself seated in an elevated chair in a barber's shop in Texas, and a nigger polishing my boots. The remarkable blending of the two figures was the result of a photographic accident."—Mr. H. C. Robinson, 72, Chester Road, Southport.

A CHARMING JAPANESE CUSTOM.

"This sketch depicts a scene which is very common in nearly all the villages and towns of Japan since the outbreak of war with Russia. A female relation of a soldier or sailor at the front goes about the streets with a strip of flannel or cotton, inviting passers-by to put a stitch in each dot marked, at the same time asking them to express a wish for the safe return of her loved one. When all the stitches have been put in, the strip is forwarded to the soldier or sailor before mentioned, and is worn by him as a talisman on going into battle."—A Japanese Friend.

"THE INDIANS SPRANG UPON ME WITH THE AGILITY OF PANTHERS."

(*See page* 483.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. MAY, 1905. No. 173.

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

CHAPTER X.

OLD KAYOULA.

IT was very dark in the woods, and I kept the path with difficulty. Old times spent in the West had made a bit of a pioneer of me, and I knew the forest sounds and could answer them when the need arose. A good horse carried me bravely through the tangled brushwood and heavy crops of new-grown grass. There were the straight poles of the silver birches, ripe blossom of May, sweet-scented lilac for my sentinels. I listened with the trained ear of a woodlander, and often paused to be sure of the stars, which must be my compass.

Who would be with General Lafayette first — Zaida Kay, his friend, or the little Quaker girl, inspired Heaven knows by what page of an old French romance to ride to the help of this fine gentleman of France? And would our warning, if we could deliver it, reach him in time to save two thousand honest Americans from the bayonets of Clinton's Grenadiers? Fate alone could answer that riddle. But my heart warmed at the prospect of meeting my dear friend once more; and I thought of all the hundred things I had to speak of, the news to tell and hear, and the hopes to share. It may be that I fell into a reverie of old France, dwelling upon her splendid cities, her gay Court, and many a pair of dark eyes I had looked into there. I cannot tell you, for, however it was, my boasts of a woodlander's ear came home to roost soon enough, and I was down on the grass and half-a-dozen painted Indians atop of me before a man could have cried "Whist!" or as much as clapped a hand to his holsters.

They had me, sure enough, those great lithe arms, in which I could but struggle as a fretful child; and, for a truth, I thought it was all up with Zaida Kay, and that one of the shining hatchets would find what brains I had without so much as a word or question put to me. Such had been their cunning that I had not even heard a twig snap, nor seen a blade of grass rustle, before the Indians sprang upon me with the agility of panthers, one clapping a hand over my mouth, another catching my bridle-rein, a third lifting me from the horse as though I had been a baby and no more concern to them. Down upon the grass they held me flat, an axe at my temples and their hot breath blowing upon my astonished eyes. A movement would have cost me my life! I lay as still as a mouse and waited for them to kill me.

We were in a little clearing of the woods, with lilac and laburnum all about us, and new green grass for a May-day carpet. I counted ten Indians dancing about me, and I doubted not that others were hidden in the bracken. Why they did not make an end of it I know not to this day, but such my destiny was to be; and suddenly, at the bidding of an impulse I can in no way account for, I uttered a word which no sorcerer's magic could have bettered.

"Kayoula," I gasped; "old Kayoula."

Now "old Kayoula" had been the name which the Oneida Indians had given the Marquis de Lafayette when he visited them last winter. He had mentioned it often in his letters, and had spoken of the great love they bore toward him—both the Oneidas and the Tuscaroras. Being sure that any Indians posted in the woods by the Schuylkill River must be the friends of the American cause, I understood that I had but to make my business known to them to win their goodwill upon the instant. And so it befell. Hardly was the magic out of my mouth than they all jumped up together, and, raising their hands in the air in the attitude of men who prayed, they shouted, 'Kayoula! Kayoula!" At the same moment a Yankee scout, bearded and brown as a berry, came running out of the thicket and asked in a tempest of rage what

Copyright, 1905, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

the noise meant and who the fool was who made it.

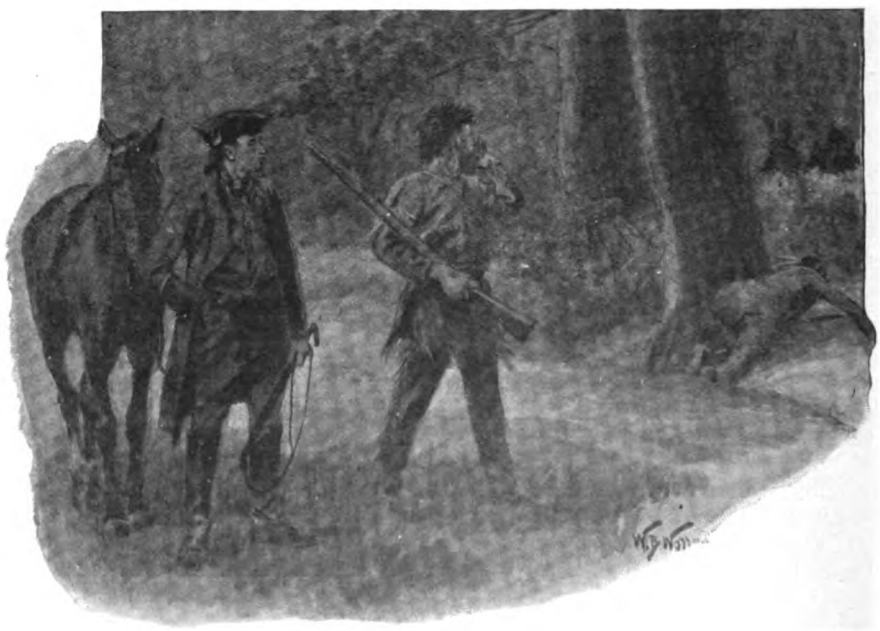
"Why, it's old Joe Starling!" cried I. "And how in thunder did you get here?" I asked him, for I had last seen him at Reading, where he had found an escort for the Valley Forge supplies. For a moment he looked as astonished a man as ever was; then he slapped me on the shoulder and said in a whisper, which was comical to hear:—

"I reckon I floated! You'll be from Philadelphia, ain't you? Waal, the woods is full of bearskins, and the less of Zaida Kay that's above the mealies the better. Cuss those grinning paint-pots. They'd murder their mothers for old Kayoula, if he asked them. Whist! whist! white man coming!" he cried to them, with a sudden gesture of alarm, at which they all fell flat upon the grass and were hidden in a twinkle. We two remained together in the glade and I had caught my horse again.

"My road's to Barren Hill," I said, quickly. "Old Kayoula has got to be informed that the bearskins are moving. Why, there'll be Grant and Clinton abroad just now with five thousand men. If they catch the Marquis, I wouldn't be the one to carry the news to General Washington to-morrow. We must get the message through, Joe, and lose no time about it."

"That's so," said he—and I perceived that he had been expecting the tidings. "Old Fireworks isn't going to dance the white squaws all the time, I reckon; and that's what I told them at Valley Forge. 'He'll chew venom and march out now that Clinton tops him,' I said, and here he is by your showing. Waal, boy, if we get through, our star's shining, and that's white man's truth. The woods are full of them. You could eat bearskin if your fancy's that way."

"Not while there's good beef," said I; and I added upon it, "Full or empty, we're going by them, Joe. The man's my friend, and I don't leave him in the ditch while there's a spade to dig him out. A mere lad," I said, "with a girl-wife at home. We can spare a few before we let him down. Give me three of those red demons, and I'll answer for the meat and the message. The clock's galloping, and that's what we should be."



"'WHIST! WHIST! WHITE MAN COMING!' HE CRIED."

I turned to mount my horse, never doubting that he would answer me as I wished, but hardly had I set a foot in the stirrup when there came a low whistling from the grass behind us, and instantly he caught my arm and dragged me back.

"The English!" he cried, and he ducked down and began to creep toward the thicker undergrowth.

Here, then, was a pretty place to be in. If I followed him and lay low, good-bye to the

warning which would save General Lafayette. If I made a dash for it, the British would shoot me as I went. Perplexed beyond bearing, I did what none but a fool would have done, and just stood there scratching my head and asking myself what next. It may be that indecision saved my life. I cannot be sure of it. The Grenadiers, it appears, beat the brushwood and did not advance in the open. I stood out on the sward, and before they perceived me they had trodden upon a redskin, and he leaped up, axe in hand, to begin the drollest battle that ever was fought in all that great and memorable war.

Let there be no misunderstanding about the manner of this. Here, upon the one side, you had a regiment of Grenadiers just marched out of a city where they had been living kings' lives for two months or more —drinking, dicing, dancing with the girls. These lads, plucky enough in a common way, believed that they would find American soldiers in the woods and meet them man to man as soldiers should. Some of them had never seen an Oneida Indian in all their days. What must they think, then, when, beating the undergrowth as hunters beat it for game, up springs a painted demon, all red ochre and feathers, and shrieks out a war-song that would have scared the Pope? What could they think of it? I ask—and I answer myself that they didn't stop to think. Perhaps they set it down to the strong drink they had taken in Philadelphia. I heard a sergeant shouting to them that the figures were alive; but no sooner had he said it than he turned and ran like a lad; and as he ran he bawled to those behind him that the top was off the pit and the ould divil himself let loose. As for the Oneidas, take it from me or not as you will; but when they saw the bearskins dodging behind the trees they believed that some new kind of wild beast had been let loose upon them, and they leaped backwards in as abject a state of terror as ever I beheld. Pell-mell, headlong, one atop of the other, they fled through the woods, away toward the west and a known enemy. I was left alone in the glade, for old scout Joe had long since disappeared; and while I could long hear the wild shouts from both parties—the English dashing for Philadelphia, the Indians for any port quit of devils—these too died away at last, and the sweet silence of the woods came back unbroken.

"And now," said I, "with all speed to Barren Hill."

For I remembered my mission and M. de Lafayette's danger; and putting spurs to my horse I galloped on through the wood, and the white moon shone upon me full and glorious in bewitching majesty.

CHAPTER XI.

BARREN HILL.

THE path through the thicket was not easy to find, and I lost it more than once when the moonlight played me false. But for this mishap fortune had no more tricks in store for me. Thrice I rode by stragglers from the British forces, but managed to be quit of them. A young cavalry officer who stopped me, as bold and handsome an English lad as it has been my pleasure to meet, took to my plausible tale so kindly that I felt almost ashamed to tell it. "You honest farmers," said he, "are the very men King George loves. Here's a guinea to drink my health at the first inn you pass by. Fore Gad," says he, "we have a pretty grudge against Grant for bringing us here at this time of night."

I put it to him that he would be at Sir William Howe's party to meet the Marquis de Lafayette in irons to-morrow night; and at that he laughed and protested that he had no stomach for it.

"We'll put him in a cage and show him at a guinea a peep," says he; "if the fellow is a bit of a milliner, he'll make his fortune. Faith, sir, I was to have been at the South Street ball as Apollo to-night—a golden Cupid with the nattiest pair of wings that ever carried rouge to Venus. I made 'em from an old pair of mosquito curtains, got in Carolina. Lafayette may be able to cut out the sleeves. Egad, it's the sleeves that beat me and what the women call the overlay."

I told him that he would learn it all in good time, perhaps make a gown for his mother when the war was over. Why should I have laughed at him more than at the others? Did not Major André tell the world afterwards that he had learned to be a dressmaker during that winter in Philadelphia? And this poor boy did no more than imitate his betters. When I left him it was with a promise to "keep a weather eye open for the Yankee outposts"; "and be sure," said I to myself, "that's just what I will do." Half an hour afterwards, at the dawn of a lovely summer's day, I rode out of the wood at last; and the very first man I met was General Lafayette himself, and with him the little Quaker girl who had gone on to warn him last night.

"Thank Heaven for this," I cried, leaping from my horse; "and, man," says I, "my

heart is too full to speak all that the heart would say."

I found him but little changed, though his figure had somewhat filled out and his General's uniform gave him a manly air above his years. His greeting to me, even then, in a moment of peril which no words could overstate, was that of brother to brother, parted awhile and now come together to bear witness to the truth of their affection. He embraced me tenderly and told me how often he had regretted the mischance which separated us.

"But we have had our duty to do and must not complain," says he; "and, Zaida, if this news be true and Clinton has trapped me, I could find the heart to say that I wish the dragoons had taken me at St. Jean de Luz. Oh, think of it, old friend; two thousand of our best men ambushed here, and none knows if a man of us will get out alive. To no other would I say it, but you have ever shared my most secret thoughts. We are lost, Zaida; lost for all that the courage and skill of men can do."

"WE TOOK THE TEA IN THE PORCH OF THE OLD CHURCH."

What could I say to this? My soldier's eye had already approved the position he had taken up. His men were bivouacked upon a bare hill. A ridge of rock lay before them, and upon that the guns had been placed. The river ran upon his right, deep and without a ford, so far as I knew. A wood and some old stone houses sheltered him upon the left hand. If he could not race against the English for a crossing called Swede's Ford, all were lost indeed. Trapped in that hole, his two thousand men must perish to a man. And I, should I insult him by telling him so? By no means, for his clever head had taken it all in as surely as General Washington himself might have done.

"The first step is the only step," I said, quickly. "How far is Clinton off, and by what road is he coming?"

"The scouts are out to tell us," he rejoined; "we shall know before the clock strikes again. You have ridden far, old Zaida. Come and warm yourself with a dish of tea and help me to think—for never have I needed your help more surely."

We took the tea in the porch of the old church, which he had made his headquarters. I was glad to drink warm drink; but the anxious faces all about me, the ragged clothes of my brave countrymen, the smiling face of M. de Lafayette and the lie it covered so surely—these were a poor breakfast enough, even though a man got it with an old friend's voice ringing in his ears and the prettiest sprig of a Quaker girl to fill his cup and chide him for spilling it. The General left us for a time, and that Jessie and I spoke of him when his back was turned goes without telling. Few found any other subject when the Marquis was near by.

"He's barely twenty-one, Jessie," said I; "and what man of fifty could carry himself in a better way? You'll have to be up and off presently, my girl, for this is not a morning for the ladies to be abroad. Take my advice and ride away to Valley Forge. You've a clever tongue and can answer the English questions, I'll be bound. Tell them that General Lafayette is at breakfast and will be very pleased to see them if they have a mind to visit him. I shall not forget to

speak to General Washington about this. There's been no braver thing done since the war broke out."

The vixen laughed at this (for vixen she was), and not a glass bead did she care, I am sure, whether General Washington heard of it or not.

"I came because I had to, and I hate the little gold soldier man who laughed at me," says she. And then she asked, "What American girl would not have been glad to do it, Mr. Kay? Suppose that I was his child-wife over in France, should I not expect American girls to help me? Oh, there was fun on the road, too; and one great man with an animal on his head, he called me a sniffling ranter, 'and,' says he, 'I'll come to your meetings, lad, and dance the fandango too, if you'll bring the pretty girls with you.' I'm sure that none of them thought of General Lafayette when they spoke to me. I looked so innocent."

"It's a way your sex has got," I rejoined; "daisies could not match them for whiteness —but mind the thorns when you'd pluck them. And I'll take leave to tell you that the tea's boiling and you are spilling it on my fingers, miss. Now, do you ride to Valley Forge or do you not?"

"I would not leave General Lafayette for a golden crown," says she; and while, for spilling the hot tea upon my fingers, I could have boxed her ears willingly, this reply left me wishful to be alone upon the road with her once more.

"I'll keep your secret," said I, teasing her; "and here's the General coming back for a little of that same tea you're so free with. Be serious, Jessie, for an older man might wear a sadder face, and less wisely."

"Why," says she, "you are a pair of boys together"—and this was true enough, though the war had seemed to make a sober man of me. A pair of lads together indeed we were upon a day which should write history for England and America, though you would never have guessed it by the General's smiling face.

"I must apologize for trespassing," said he, taking the cup from her hands. "It may be a very long time before I drink tea again, Miss Fenn. The memories of this will be as sweet as — no, I will not say sugar, for I never use it. But it will be sweet enough," he added, gallantly, "and just the half of a minute to drink it."

He sat beside us upon a great boulder of stone, and I had no two opinions about his mood.

"The riders are in, then?" I asked him.

"There is but one to come," said he.

"Do they speak of bearskins, General?"

"Of nothing else, Zaida. We are quite surrounded. Miss Fenn here wil do wisely, I think, to get a cloak from one of the cottages. At least they will respect the women."

He looked at her meaningly; but she shook her vixenish head and would not hear of it.

"I'm off by Matson's Ford," says she. "No English soldier will follow there. I heard them plan it all in Philadelphia; but no one spoke of Matson's Ford. You'd go that way yourself, General, if you were as wise as I am."

He regarded her with astonishment; then turned to me no less amazed.

"She speaks of something new," he said, rapidly, in French. "There is great danger, undoubtedly. The English are in the woods—Grant and Clinton with five thousand, as they told us. I do not believe anyone will get away alive. What is this Matson's Ford? Why have I not heard of it?"

I stood to my feet and questioned the girl sharply.

"It's a matter of life or death," said I, very solemnly; "and the woods are full of Englishmen. If we can get out by this Matson's Ford, we'll have the laugh of Clinton yet. Let it be yes or no, my girl. Can troops pass or can they not?"

"My brother goes every day," said she, as cool as any Indian; "the road lies over there, at the back of the thicket. I will show General Lafayette where, if he wishes it!"

The Marquis, grown serious in an instant, answered her by a gesture of the hand which said, "Take me to the place." Together the three of us strode toward the wood, and in five minutes we had come upon the road she spoke of. But a waggon track, the tracks of a waggon were new upon it; and where a waggon may go, there, surely, may troops follow. So much at least General Lafayette told himself while he stood there and debated a resolution which might save two thousand lives or lose them.

"I trust this child," says he to me in French.

"With reason," said I; "she risked more than life to come to you."

"There is no other way, Zaida. This unknown road, or yonder on the grass! Which shall it be?"

"The road," said I, "and Heaven send shallow water."

He pressed my hand upon it and was about to speak to the girl again, when two or three of his officers came running up in as crazy a state as honest men could be, and cried out all together that the English were upon us. No sooner was it said than we heard the crack of rifles in the woods, and understood that the pickets were firing. Now could a man believe that a true soldier led him. Calm as in his own splendid house in Paris, greatly dignified in his bearing, the Marquis addressed these frightened gentlemen and won them to him.

"'THE ROAD, SAID I, 'AND HEAVEN SEND SHALLOW WATER.'"

"The bravest men among us will stand to the guns," said he. "I name you, Captain Fennimore, first among them. Our comrade Allenton here will help me to throw out false heads of columns; I think that Mr. Kay can be of service there. The others will march by this road to Matson's Ford. I beg leave to introduce you to Lieutenant Fenn, who knows the way and will help our men to keep it. Not a moment is to be lost, gentlemen, if you please. At once."

His manner, his winning smile alike compelled them. They saluted and ran to their posts. For my part, I understood his plan almost before he had done speaking. A score of men were to enter the woods to deceive the British while our troops escaped by Matson's Ford. Upon me it lay to see that this part of it was well done; and taking a few likely fellows with me, I ran away to the thicket upon our left hand and waited for the attack. It was my first good blow for America, and none could tell whether it were not also to be the last.

Amid the trees I could perceive the red-coats here and there, with the sun flashing upon their bright accoutrements and their bayonets already fixed. The musket I snatched up from a bivouac came heavily to my hands as I raised it to fire upon a fellow-creature; aye, and upon one I would still have called brother. But duty spoke loudly and must be heard. I pulled a trigger and a monstrous, red-faced man, creeping up between the oaks, reeled back and sank from my sight; and, boy that I was, I thought upon his staring eyes, now looking upward to the skies whither the spirit had fled. I remember a great hope that he had suffered no pain in his death. There were bullets beginning to sing about me by this time, and I think that they put self-accusation from me and fired my blood with devilish desires. I had a lust to kill—I knew not why. Loading my piece as quickly as powder-horn and wads would let me, I fired again and cursed the bullet because it went astray. Thus the madness of battle goes.

So there knelt I, by a silver birch, shooting at the red-coats as a boy may throw stones at the swallows. Behind me, as fast as might be, the main body of General Lafayette's army marched under cover of the woods to Matson's Ford and the river. The General himself, still smiling in that pretty way none will ever forget, stood upon the ridge of rocks, helping the gunners to get the cannon away. The woods themselves were full of wild shouting and men gripping the throats of men, bayonets driven into beating hearts,

screams and cries, and the charnel of war. Had I been as prudent a man as some have thought me, then I should have held to my place no longer than the trick required. We had to get the British to believe that we intended to cut our way through them. I have no doubt that they did believe it directly we began to fire upon them. What should I do then—mad as any Indian on the war-path—but run amok among them, clubbing at this one with the butt end of my musket, hitting that one with my fist, and so behaving that my very rashness struck terror into them. The guns, meanwhile, were right away—I could hear voices halloaing after me, "Zaida Kay! Zaida Kay!"—and yet, madman that I was, I did not turn back.

Now came I as nearly to my end as any that have lived to tell a tale. There were three Grenadiers before me, one coming at me upon my left hand, and others near by to help him. I had broken the stock of my musket clubbing at a tree where I thought to find a head. My pistols were both empty. A lusty soldier aimed a fearful blow at me, and struck a comrade behind him as he raised his sword a second time. "Done for!" said I, and yet, God knows, the fear of death was less upon me than the desire to kill these men. I hit the sergeant so full a blow upon the forehead that he fell seemingly stone-dead. A bullet in my thigh stopped me no more than a pea would stop an eagle. Down went the fellow who fired it, his jaw cracking to my fist. A second, a third leaped upon me. I felt that I could lift mountains from my shoulders; and then—for men are but grown children after all—I caught sight of the blood on my boots, and, sick and faint in an instant, I went down below them, and "This is the end of Zaida Kay," said I.

"I HIT THE SERGEANT."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACE FOR THE FORD.

IT is a wonderful thing to write, and yet the true story of the day has put it beyond all dispute that those who saved me from the English were the English themselves.

There I lay, faint and sick upon the ground, bearskins all about me and my own friends powerless to help me. What, then, could save me from the muskets upraised to beat my brains out? I'll answer, for the second time, the English themselves, coming out of the woods pell-mell and falling, as Heaven is my witness, upon the heated Grenadiers. In a twinkling now all was confusion. The men round about me shouted to one another that the redcoats amidst the trees were Washington's dragoons—for we had red-coated cavalry at Valley Forge. I heard young officers commanding the bugles to sound the charge. Horsemen here, foot-soldiers there, went tearing by to rout—their own countrymen. A sounder man than Zaida Kay would have held his sides with laughter. I was too far gone for that, and, crawling like a babe, cursing my lameness and thinking only of the Marquis and the guns, I made what way I could to escape the press. Herein fortune helped me

strangely for the second time that day. Gad Grimshaw, of Philadelphia, hearing that I had ridden to warn General Lafayette, raced out of the city with the English troops to learn, at Honor's bidding, what luck attended me. He found me wriggling like a snake in the grass. His strong arms lifted me up; his mad speech told me that all was well with him.

"Oh, vile log!" cried he, "oh, barbed serpent!" for he believed at first that an Englishman lay in the grass.

I cut him short by staggering to my feet and clutching at his throat in a way that went near to choking him.

"Aye," said I, "a barbed serpent and a ranting fool upon the top of it. I m hit, old Gad. Help me to walk, man. Take me to the General. Can't you see how it goes with me?"

He came to his senses shortly, blinking wonderingly at me, then at my wound, and again at the church wherein General Lafayette had bivouacked last night.

"They have hurt thee, Zaida?"

"A ball in the leg—honest flesh and no bones, by the feel of it."

"Praise God thou hast two legs. Says Honor upon our parting, 'Go, frighten the English.' I am here, Zaida."

He did not cease to talk while we limped through the coppice together.

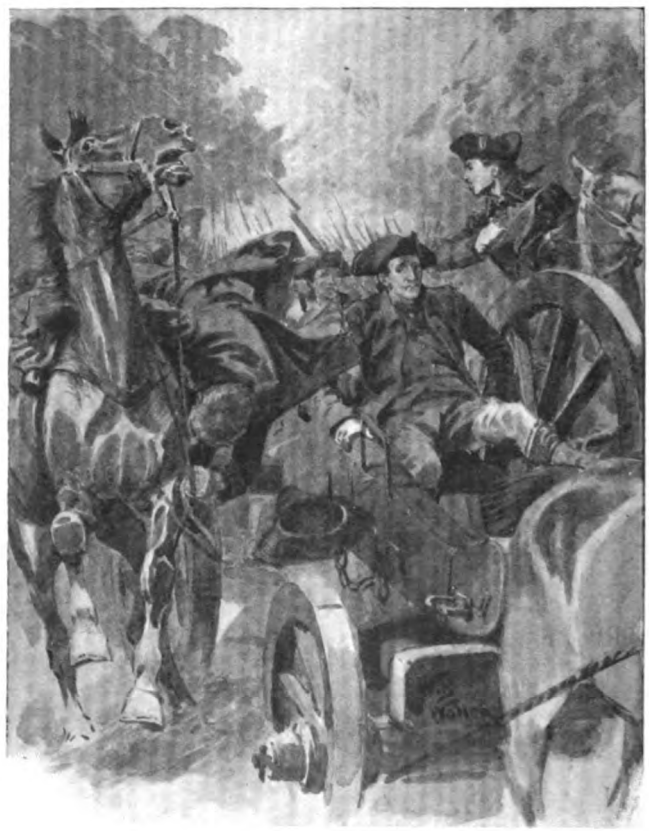
I answered him to bid him be silent and make haste. His story was true enough, and no man could deny the humour of it. Here were Clinton's men cutting the throats of Grant's men, as he said. Debouching from two sides of the wood, and believing that General Lafayette lay between them, they rushed upon each like niggers gone mad. I could perceive them, amid the trees, chasing their own comrades at the bayonet's point; their words, when they discovered each other, surpassed all decency of speech. And more wonderful still, not one bethought him of asking by what road the Marquis had escaped, or whether any unknown ford would let him cross the river. They were content to fight each other like men wild in drink; and while they fought Gad brought me to the coppice by the church, and there I found General Lafayette himself. To him I told my story in the briefest word, and begged him not to encumber himself with any such baggage.

"You have enough to do with your own," said I; "let me take my luck. I do not fear them. They are just to their prisoners."

He regarded me with blank astonishment.

"You shall ride upon a gun until we catch the waggons up," said he, firmly. "What, leave you, Zaida! I would sooner leave my own right hand."

So they lashed me to a gun-carriage, and,



"OUR LITTLE FORCE LUMBERED ON TOWARD THE RIVER."

one of them staunching and binding my wound as we went, our little force lumbered on toward the river, upon whose far bank lay safety. To say that the peril had been averted would be to give no true account of our situation. Here we were, some five hundred silent men (for the others were

across the Schuylkill by this time), marching down a narrow path with an enemy upon either hand, and only their silly mistake between us and annihilation. We knew that they must discover the trick sooner or later, and could but pray that it would be later. For my part, I confess that I have never come so near downright cowardice as in the minutes of that terrible flight.

Consider how it went with me, roped to a cannon, helpless, sick, and wounded. Had I been able to take a sword in my hand, not all the British in America would have frightened me; but, compelled to be an onlooker, I had the fear of death at my heart, and it seemed to me that hours were passing and we still in the heat of it. Then, at last, they began to fire at us. Some of them, less foolish than the others, had discovered the ruse. Their bullets came pattering through the leaves like rain in August. A man fell dead from his horse almost at my feet. I perceived them everywhere, climbing into the trees to spy upon us, racing like prairie ponies at our side, but dreadfully afraid of our muskets, as it appeared, and not sure of their own purpose. These things affrighted one who took no part in them. General Lafayette they could not affright, nor did that kindly smile once pass from his face.

"Courage!" he would cry from time to time, and, falling into the French tongue, he spoke words of hope which few beyond myself understood. I asked him if the ford across the river were distant. He answered, still smiling, "So near that we shall all sup with General Washington to-night."

"Then," said I, "give me a musket, and let me have a slap at them."

The reply amused him, and I could see that he was well pleased with it.

"Someone give Mr. Kay a musket," says he to those about him; "he would fire a salute in our honour. Come, my brave lads, there is the river and yonder lies safety. Oh, we shall laugh together at Clinton to-night. What will General Washington say if he hears we have not done our duty? Courage, friends! I will lead you across; I will show you the way."

So his brave words put heart into them. The scene itself will never pass from my memory: the river and the little hills upon the far side of it; the troops splashing across the ford, the lumbering cannon, the grave faces, the red-coats in the woods. I had a musket in my hand and old Gad Grimshaw to ask after my welfare. The brave company of men which hauled the guns across the water marched with teeth clenched and hands upon their triggers. From time to time a comrade went down and did not rise again. We had no right to delay, and so we left them to the English. Why not, since the English were brothers in humanity, a noble enemy man for man, fighting not for a nation's honour, but for a statesman's folly! This I thought upon as I watched the combat and heard the bullets singing above me. Not for right or wrong, justice or law, did these poor fellows reel and fall upon the grass. They had no quarrel with us. In cool blood I would have grasped the hand of any one of them as a comrade. And this I write down, once and for all: there are no braver men on any continent, and their boast at home, that each is as good as three Frenchmen and a Portugee, has truth behind it.

"Friend Gad," said I, speaking my thoughts aloud, "they fight like demons, surely?"

"Aye, and they come red-hot from the pit."

"If we go no faster, Gad, they will be at the river before us yet."

"'Tis the strong drink in them that works the wickedness. What shall I say to Sister Honor if we be lost?"

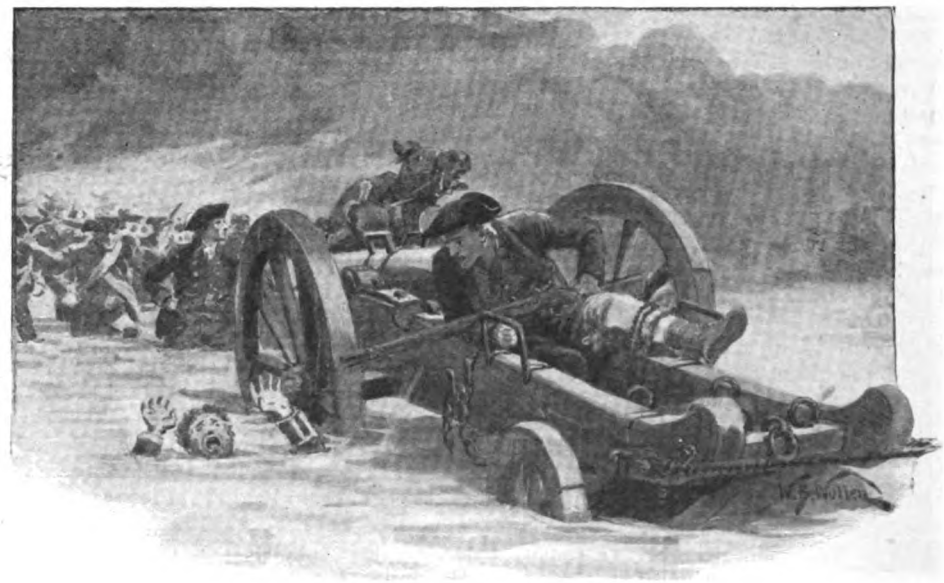
"Tell her that you died like a good American. Nay, Gad, in truth, there's more than jesting to be done. Here's one from the pit that will have something to say to you."

A heavy man leaped down upon us from the bank above at my words; and, being followed by three yelling Grenadiers, came headlong toward the cannon upon which I rode. General Lafayette stood some twenty paces from us at the moment. My situation forbade me to see clearly all that happened, but I heard a great clamour and shouting; and then I beheld the Marquis himself, fencing, as adroitly as a *maître d'armes* in Paris, with a mighty young swell of a British officer, who cut and thrust, and laughed and leaped like some great joyous lad let suddenly out of school. None interfered with these two; none stood between them. I watched their blades with a great weight at my heart, knowing that any unlucky chance might make of me the saddest man in America that day. Nor could I keep from my eyes the picture of a baby girl away in France and of a child-wife with a brave man's letters in her hands. "God guard him," said I, and then I could see no more, for the red-coats swarmed about the cannon like wolves and such an outcry arose, such a brawling, such a din, that the pit might have been opened even as old Gad Grimshaw surmised.

Of all the perils of that astounding day,

none set a man's heart beating as wildly as that affair about the gun. Locked together, claw and tooth, man up, man down, muskets sending good teeth flying, swords running through men's bodies as though they had been pumpkins, English and Americans alike forgot that they were Christian men and fought in the manner of redskins. Nor had I been wiser if all my limbs had been given back to me. The ropes which lashed me to the gun cut my flesh as I strained to be up and among them. Upon me no less than upon the others the fever fell, and I discharged my musket blindly as a child might have done. The noise rang in my ear like a voice of thunder. I cried aloud, "Lafayette! Lafayette!" while the powder-smoke half blinded me and there was sulphur in my throat. What my shot had effected, whether it had killed friend or foe, Heaven alone could tell me; and yet presently a great hairy man bawled to them that I had shot "Blade Rory" and that he would have the life of me. I recollect his grizzly beard, stubbly as the quills of a porcupine, when he thrust it into my face and bent over me; I can see his blood-shot eyes and hear his foul oaths upon what I had done—and yet he did not kill me as he threatened; but, possessed of some mad notion to get the musket from me, he seized the stock of it in both hands and wrestled with me for it. My resolution was not less proud than his. I clung to the musket as to life itself—clung to it when I believed that all was lost—clung to it as the gunners raced for the river—clung to it while the wheels of the carriage splashed in the water—and was clinging to it still when the poor fool's strength gave out; and dropping back with a loud cry he sank before my amazed eyes.

Reaction came upon me then as a cloud.



"HE SANK BEFORE MY AMAZED EYES."

I fainted at the sight of that death-stricken face peering at me from the green waters. And the next thing I knew of it is that I lay in M. de Lafayette's arms in our camp at Valley Forge, and that General Washington stood by my side to tell me I had done well.

"A miracle of a musket," says he, "and fired in God's good providence, Mr. Kay. You shot the Irish colonel that led the Grenadiers. I doubt not that my dear friend owes his life to you."

I would not answer it, but, pressing the Marquis's hand, I told him that when next we called a coach together it should be in his own beloved France, "and," said I, "there shall be children's voices to cheer us on."

To this his emotion forbade a rejoinder, and I perceived the tears gathering in his kindly eyes. Nor did I know that he had lately received news from Auvergne, and that his beloved daughter Henriette was dead.

END OF BOOK I.

Which is the Best Painting of a Child?

By Adrian Margaux.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PICTURES SELECTED BY LEADING LADY ARTISTS.

OVER men no subject in art exercises a greater fascination than the beauty of womanhood; to women probably none makes a stronger appeal than the beauty of childhood. In an article in The Strand Magazine some time ago an attempt was made to ascertain the prevailing artistic conception of feminine loveliness as expressed in the opinions of leading painters of the day. A similar inquiry, confined to lady artists of distinction, has been conducted by the present writer as a test of womanly feeling, accompanied by artistic knowledge respecting ideal children in painting.

It has been said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, although a childless man, "of all artists painted children best." As the result of my inquiry this opinion receives strong confirmation. A majority of the ladies consulted made reference to his work in this respect, and three of them definitely chose products of his brush as best exemplifying their conceptions of childish beauty.

"CHERUBS' HEADS." By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Mrs. Seymour Lucas's Selection.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.)

"I think Sir Joshua," says Mrs. Seymour Lucas, the wife of the R.A., who has herself produced some charming studies of young life, "in his 'Age of Innocence' and 'Cherubs' Heads' has given us the most perfect types of child beauty because of their simplicity and the—to me—ideal child-face in the delicate *unformed* form of the features—a kind of 'state of budding,' like a flower not yet fully opened. Elaborated and finished features are—to my thinking—very unpleasing in a very young face."

Mrs. Seymour Lucas had been anticipated as regards "The Age of Innocence" by "Henrietta Rae" (Mrs. Ernest Normand), whose own work as a painter of classical themes has, for the most part, been in quite a different sphere. This picture how hangs in the National Gallery, to which it was presented with the rest of the Vernon Collection in 1847. Three years previously Mr. Robert Vernon had bought it at the sale of Mr. Jeremiah Harman—the original purchaser—for one thousand five hundred and twenty guineas, which in those days was a very large price for a canvas which measures only thirty inches by twenty-five.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a childless man, but he had the good fortune to have a pretty little grand-niece, Miss Theophila Gwatkin, who came to town with her parents from their country house in Cornwall for the London season of 1788, and spent a good deal of time romping about the great artist's studio in Leicester Square. It was this little girl of six, or thereabouts, with the fresh country bloom upon her cheeks, who, in the intervals of her romps, was painted by Sir Joshua as "The Age of

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."
By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Miss Henrietta Rae's Selection.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.)

Innocence." Her mother as Miss Theophila Palmer—"Offy," as the artist affectionately called her—had been for some years Sir Joshua's devoted housekeeper, who was herself the original of "The Strawberry Girl," and he could doubtless pay her no more grateful compliment than to make "Offy" No. 2 the subject of a picture. The President of the Royal Academy was personally so well satisfied with the work that he painted two replicas, which are now in the possession of Lord Wantage and Mr. J. H. Ismay.

"Cherubs' Heads," Mrs. Lucas's alternative selection, can also be seen at the National Gallery, in whose catalogue the picture is described as "Heads of Angels." In point of fact, the beauty of the five faces, although there is a suggestion of wings in the picture, is distinctively neither cherubic nor angelic, but simply human. They were studies in the varying aspects of one little girl—Miss Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, the only child of Lord William Gordon, and niece of the notorious Lord George Gordon of the "No Popery" riots. Lord William, who was Deputy Ranger of St. James's Park, commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his five-year-old daughter in this way for the sum of one hundred guineas. The picture was executed in July, 1786, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year. Miss Gordon died unmarried at the Ranger's house, Green Park, in 1831, and her quintuple portrait was given to the nation by her mother ten years later. It is exactly the same size as "The Age of Innocence," to which, in style, it forms so effective a contrast.

Miss Theophila Gwatkin, the model for "The Age of Innocence," sat to "Uncle Joshua" for another less known picture, "Simplicity," and this is the choice of Miss Edith Scannell, a lady who has made for herself a reputation in painting English children of to-day. She nominates it as the best representa-

"SIMPLICITY." By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Miss Edith Scannell's Selection.

tion of English childhood, a second place being given to Millais's "For the Squire," and the drawings of Kate Greenaway being admiringly mentioned.

In "Simplicity" little Theophila is about a year older than in "The Age of Innocence." The picture, although it has been several times engraved, and in this form has been much admired, has not escaped criticism. In his notes upon the Academy Exhibition of 1790, Horace Walpole remarks in reference to it: "Pretty, but hands bad"; and by later writers the upturned tips of the little one's knit fingers have been compared to "prawns placed in a dish." Sir Joshua Reynolds was himself apparently conscious of some defect, because he made two other versions of the subject—which, like the original, are both in private ownership — and in one of these the hands are painted clasping flowers. It is doubtless the extreme innocence and purity of the child's expression — so strongly appealing to Miss Scannell—which, notwithstanding any artistic shortcoming, has given the picture its enduring fame.

"MADONNA DELLA SEDIA." By RAPHAEL.
MRS. PERUGINI'S SELECTION.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by Brogi, Florence.)

At the time these subjects were painted Sir Joshua Reynolds was at the apex of his career. For twenty years he had been President—the first President—of the Royal Academy and for four years had held the position of Painter to the King, George III. But the amiable old bachelor, immersed in his fascinating work and the pleasures of a brilliant society which delighted to honour him, had not lost his life-long interest in the sayings and doings of little children. According to his biographers, he was ever ready for a chat or a game with his niece or any other child that happened to visit his studio. Without this sympathy with child-nature the foremost painter of his age could assuredly never have given us such pictures of childhood as "Simplicity," "Angels' Heads," and "The Age of Innocence."

"If I were taken into a garden," replied Mrs. Perugini, when I put my question to her in her studio at Victoria Road, Kensington, "full of beautiful flowers, and were told that I must choose from among them one which I considered more perfect than the rest, it would take me a very long time indeed before I could decide upon the flower that seemed to me more lovely than the others growing there.

"And so it is with the difficult question you propose and the choice you would have me make. I have seen, admired, and loved so many beautiful and admirable pictures of children — holy children, laughing children, quaint children; children by great artists and children by little artists—all interesting and appealing to one's sympathy for so many delightful reasons, that I would shrink from naming this or that particular work of art as being the best embodiment of the beauty of childhood."

"But as to the one which has given you personally the most pleasure?"

"Well, without naming my favourite picture, which is somewhere in the background of my thoughts, I can speak of two reproductions of Raphael's works that I am in the habit of seeing every day of my life, and which I never tire of looking at. These are the famous San Sisto Madonna in Dresden and the 'Madonna della Sedia' in the Palazzo Pitti, Florence. The child in the San Sisto picture surely completely realizes the idea of the Divine Child, with its far-seeing eyes and the nobly-wise expression of its thoughtful face, while in the 'Madonna della Sedia' we see Christ represented as a dear human child nestling in its mother's arms, affectionate, kind, and winning, as we would all love our children to be."

The child in Raphael's San Sisto Madonna proved to be likewise the choice of Lady Stanley, who, as "Miss Dorothy Tennant," has her name even more closely associated than Mrs. Perugini with the painting of children, her children, however, being for the most part of the slum, rather than of the nursery. "I feel," declared Lady Stanley, "that the infant Christ in the San Sisto measuring two feet by four feet and three-quarters. As regards the Sistine Madonna, however, the complete picture, which is nine and a quarter feet by seven, contains four other life-size figures.

"Many of the great artists," remarked Mrs. Marianne Stokes in the course of her reply to my question, "have only touched the most difficult subject of childhood, but

"MADONNA DI SAN SISTO." By RAPHAEL.
Lady Stanley's Selection.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

picture is the most beautiful being, human and Divine."

Of this celebrated work some particulars were given in THE STRAND MAGAZINE of August, 1900, when it was chosen by the late Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., as "one of the finest, if not the finest picture in the world." The other Madonna picture mentioned by Mrs. Perugini is believed to have been painted about the same period in Raphael's life (1510-1513), the same child possibly serving as model for both works. The "Madonna della Sedia," or Seated Madonna, has a second child by her side, the infant St. John, the whole canvas never made a speciality of it. Velasquez I would like to mention first in his portraits of children. His admirable little Prince Baltasar is unequalled, I believe.

"As for the conception of child-life in general," continued the gifted wife of Mr. Adrian Stokes, "three French artists come to my mind—Chardin, Jean François Millet, and Bontet de Mouvel, with his admirable picture books. I feel sure that many do not occur to me who painted admirable children once and again, but those I mention are foremost in my mind because all of them saw in children the pure and touching innocence which appeals so much to our hearts."

"DON BALTASAR CARLOS." By VELASQUEZ.
MRS. MARIANNE STOKES'S SELECTION.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.)

Velasquez painted several portraits of Don Baltasar Carlos, the son and heir of his patron, Philip IV. of Spain, who is said to have been "dignified and lordly," even in his childhood. The portrait reproduced in these pages was acquired by the late Sir Richard Wallace, and is now in the national collection at Hertford House. Assuming the child in this picture to be five years old it must have been painted about 1634, when Velasquez was thirty-five years of age and midway in his career.

"When you ask me to name," wrote Mrs. Stanhope Forbes from her home at Newlyn, Penzance, "one single picture which embodies all my ideal of the beauty of childhood, the one thing which springs to my memory is not a picture at all, but the bronze bas-relief of the little St. John, in the Bargello Museum at Florence, by Donatello. Otherwise than this I cannot generalize."

The piece of sculpture which Mrs. Stanhope Forbes thus prefers to any picture has been much admired by other artists for its representation of "the loveliness of a child's delicate physiognomy." Much less than justice is doubtless done by photography to this work of the great Florentine of the fifteenth century—one of forty creations of his chisel which have survived in perfect authenticity until our own day. It must be seen in its honoured place among the Italian national collection if there is to be the opportunity for its full appreciation. Mrs. Forbes would doubtless have qualified her choice by this explanation had she been able to make it in the course of a personal interview.

Mrs. S. E. Waller's choice fell very decisively upon Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures of childhood, "The Calmady Children" being particularly mentioned.

"The two children in this picture," remarks the well-known juvenile portrait-painter, "are full of life and gaiety — both

"ST. JOHN." By DONATELLO.
MRS. STANHOPE FORBES'S SELECTION.
(Reproduced from the Photograph by Brogi, Florence.)

beautiful and with all the natural grace of childhood in their attitudes. No one paints waving curls like Lawrence, and they are half the beauty of a child, and he renders so well their rich colouring and brilliant eyes."

Of another picture by Lawrence which Mrs. Waller described, although she could not remember its title, she observed: "It is full of the life and movement which is so characteristic of children, and yet so difficult to treat naturally—in this Lawrence is more successful than any painter, it seems to me."

The painting of "The Calmady Children," which, in its engraved form, is sometimes entitled "Nature," has a very interesting little story attached to it. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Calmady, of Langdon Court, Devon, were anxious to have their two beautiful little girls painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, but they were in some doubt as to whether they could afford his terms, the artist then being at the height of his renown in portraiture. Lewis, an engraver, who was a friend of the family, declared that when Sir Thomas saw the children he would not be able to resist the appeal which their beauty would make to his art. One July day in 1823 they were taken, on the engraver's introduction, to Sir Thomas's studio in Russell Square, and the monetary difficulty was at once overcome. Mrs. Calmady had only to hint at the difficulty when the distinguished artist immediately offered to reduce his usual charge of two hundred and fifty guineas to one hundred and fifty guineas for "two little heads in a circle."

"THE CALMADY CHILDREN." By SIR T. LAWRENCE.
MRS. S. E. WALLER'S SELECTION.

The work was begun the very next morning at 9.30, Mrs. Calmady reading stories to Emily and Laura whilst Sir Thomas made his first sketch in chalk. Before the sittings had proceeded far the painter had got on such excellent terms with the two little girls, and was so eager in the fulfilment of his task, that in the middle of the day he would wash and feed them himself in order that they should not be interrupted. When the picture was finished, although he had been more than once disheartened in the progress of it, Lawrence declared:—

"This is my best picture. I have no hesitation in saying so—my best picture of the kind, quite—one of the few I should wish hereafter to be known by."

The picture was actually taken to Windsor Castle in order that the King might see it. George IV. offered to buy it for two thousand pounds, but Mr. and Mrs. Calmady valiantly refused to sell it. The canvas remained in the possession of the Calmady family until 1886, when it was sold at Christie's for one thousand eight hundred guineas and subsequently taken to America, where, through engravings, it had been long known and admired.

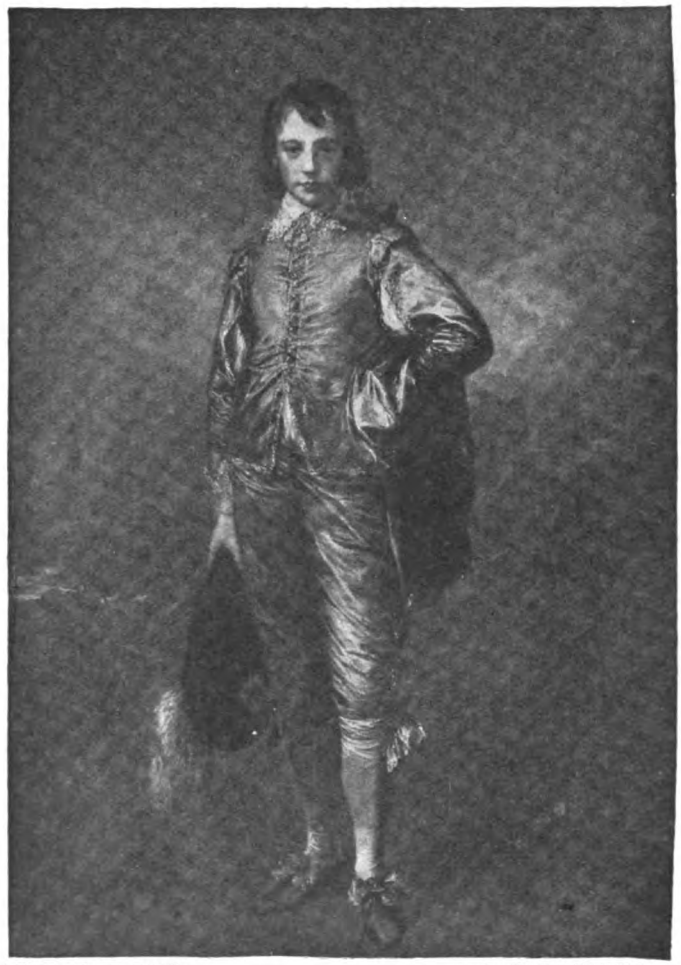
"The Age of Innocence" was the first choice of both Mrs. Jopling and Miss Jessie Macgregor. As the "second best" Mrs. Jopling gave "The Blue Boy" of Reynolds's great rival, Thomas Gainsborough, "Caller Herrin'," by Millais, being also mentioned.

"The Blue Boy" is believed to have been the outcome of the rivalry between Gainsborough and Reynolds. In one of his discourses as President of the Royal Academy Sir Joshua had laid down certain restrictions upon the use of blue in painting, and "The Blue Boy" was produced—so the story goes—to prove their fallacy. The subject of the picture, thus painted in a rich blue costume, was the son of an ironmonger living in Greek Street, Soho, who was presumably selected as the most suitable model for Gainsborough's daring experiment. When the picture was

exhibited in 1779 critical opinion was on the whole favourable, and by it Master Jonathan Buttall has been immortalized if Sir Joshua Reynolds has not been put to shame. "There is a spirited glow of youth about the face," wrote Hazlitt, in summing up its merits, "and the attitude is striking and elegant." The work was purchased by a private gentleman from Gainsborough, and it subsequently passed through the hands of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), Hoppner, the artist, and the Earl of Grosvenor. "The Blue Boy" is now one of the treasures of the Duke of Westminster's collection at Grosvenor House.

Miss Jessie Macgregor—on learning that she had been forestalled in her choice of "The Age of Innocence," and discussing the matter further—reminded me that the question could be regarded from two standpoints — "the artist's and the adoring mother's."

"We have in our exhibitions," said the painter of "The Room with the Secret Door," "In the Reign of Terror," and other striking subject pictures, "many examples of daintily-dressed and charming childhood, with little else to recommend them than their prettiness. The world-famed pictures of childhood may be counted on one's fingers almost; but I would suggest as charming from both points of view the little daughter of Lord Rosebery, by Millais. If I remember rightly, she has a white rabbit in her arms or in the skirt of her frock; but it is a long time since I have seen the



"THE BLUE BOY." By GAINSBOROUGH.

Mrs. Jopling's Selection.

(Reproduced from the Photograph by A. Rischgitz.)

"LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE."
By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
Miss Jessie Macgregor's Selection.

picture. This portrait of 'Lady Peggy Primrose' is an exquisite piece of work, as well as a delightful study of a beautiful child."

Lady Peggy Primrose, who is now the Countess of Crewe, was painted by Sir John Millais during the summer of 1884 at his Kensington studio. She was then a child of three years and a half, and it is recorded in the "Life and Letters" of the painter that she and Sir John became fast friends. Some time afterwards Lady Peggy was obliged by illness to have her pretty curls cut off, and at her own special request one of them was sent to Sir John Millais as a forget-me-not. The picture was a popular feature in the Academy Exhibition of 1885. An etching has since been published by Messrs. Agnew and Sons, but the original canvas remains in the possession of Lord Rosebery, and it is by his kind permission that "Lady Peggy Primrose" appears in these pages.

Millais might almost be said to have inherited the mantle of Reynolds as a painter of children, and in conversation or correspondence several of the lady artists whose opinions I sought made reference to one or the other of his pictures of childhood. Mrs. Earnshaw promptly picked out a Millais as an embodiment of her ideal. "I was at first inclined to mention," she admitted, "some of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures of children as best embodying my conception of the beauty of childhood, but I remembered the 'Souvenir of Velasquez,' by Millais, in the Diploma Gallery, and I think I give it the palm."

To a public which can never forget "Bubbles," the "Souvenir of Vel-

"SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ." By SIR J. E. MILLAIS.
Mrs. Earnshaw's Selection.
(By permission of the Art Union of London, Owners of the Copyright.)

asquez" is one of the least familiar of Millais's child-pictures. It is buried away in the upper regions of Burlington House, although two engravings of the work have been published. Although the artist received his diploma as a member of the Royal Academy in 1863, his contribution to the Diploma Gallery was not painted till five years later, Millais's first choice of a picture to serve this purpose being declined by the Council. The model was a pretty child who sat by him in church one Sunday. Her parents were strangers to him, but on a tactful application being made to them they allowed the little girl to sit to him for the picture. Having regard to its title, the subject, it must be confessed, presents a strange contrast to the little Prince of Spain.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, whose picture, "Love Locked Out," in the Tate Gallery, must be familiar to many readers, at first spoke warmly in general terms of the children of Reynolds, Romney, and Millais as giving "the charm of childhood with much insight." "Millais," she added, "painted several, especially from his own children, which surpassed the earlier masters."

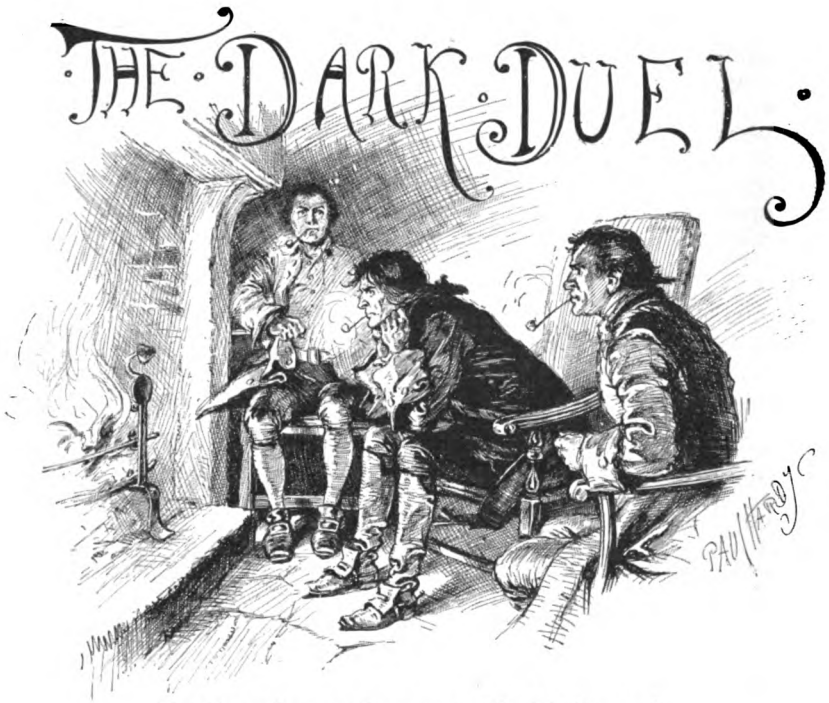
The only picture definitely named by Mrs. Lea Merritt, however, is the work of a living artist, Mr. J. McLure Hamilton, an American settled in London, upon whom France has conferred the honour of purchasing his portrait of Gladstone for the national collection at the Luxembourg.

"In quite a new and personal handling," said Mrs. Lea Merritt, "were the small pictures by Mr. McLure Hamilton in which a little boy with fair curls often appeared. Especially 'The Knitting Lesson,' where the child was so admirably in contrast to the grandmother who gave the lesson."

"The Knitting Lesson," as I saw it at the artist's studio in St. John's Wood, is quite a small canvas, which was first exhibited at the Paris Salon, and has since been shown at one or two London exhibitions. The child in the picture is the artist's son, now an undergraduate at Cambridge. When it was painted in 1892 he was about eight years old. The subject arose quite spontaneously one day, Mr. McLure Hamilton making a sketch of his little son as he sat by the old lady's side, taking a lesson in knitting. In its way the picture may be said to fitly emphasize the theme of this article by bringing the charm of childhood into sharp contrast with the dignity of age.

"THE KNITTING LESSON." By J. McLURE HAMILTON.
MRS. ANNA LEA MERRITT'S SELECTION.

THE DARK DUEL



By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds (G. M. Robins).

HALIBURTON sat brooding in the inner parlour of the Three Counties Inn.

He was not a good-tempered man at best, but that night his mood was positively evil. Had there been anyone who took enough interest in him to study his moods, it would have been remarked that his spirits were a kind of Jacobite barometer; they rose and fell with the cause of the King over the water.

He was the younger son of a Wessex squire of long pedigree, who had travelled in the North in his younger days—in the stormy days that followed the accession of William III. What he had done there none knew; but he brought back as his wife a Highland woman, black-browed, sullen-tempered, silent. It was a miserable house for boys to grow up in; the parents quarrelled, the mother was unhappy. The elder son went, as soon as he was his own master, to the Court of St. Germain, where he took small-pox and died. The shadow of the death of the first-born, brooding over the melancholy house, clouded and embittered the youth of Nigel, the younger. Now, still young, his father's death left him master of all; but the breach between him and his mother needed some exceptional experience to heal it. He was a long, lean, dark man, shy of women, quarrelsome with his own sex; a fine companion if you rode late and feared footpads, but not the man you would wish to present to your mother and sisters.

The night was a wild one in the latter half of November in the year 1715. News of Forster's surrender at Preston had just filtered down to the South.

Nigel Haliburton had but that day completed his arrangements, and had purposed to set forth next morning, with ten picked men, well provisioned and equipped, to meet the Duke of Ormonde, when he should land in Devon and raise the standard of revolt. But what was to become of a cause whose leader, with more than three thousand men, surrendered to nine hundred with scarce a blow struck?

He brooded over it, clenching and unclenching his powerful hands. He sat forward, his elbows on his divided knees, staring at the glowing heart of the great fire.

The inn parlour was his haunt. There was always a good fire, with a well-cooked meal; in his desolate home he was sure of neither.

And here his dominion was seldom in dispute, for the Three Counties Inn did not lie on a main road, and it was rarely that travellers came there.

Two of the men who were to have ridden with him on the morrow sat also beside the hearth: Spence, a brawny yeoman, and Nat Sawyer, by trade a blacksmith—a big, rather brutal fellow, as quarrelsome as Haliburton himself. Soon one or two others would drop in and there would be cards.

"Wheels," said Nat Sawyer, suddenly, and he pushed back his chair.

They all lifted their heads. Muffled voices and calls, as of men encouraging tired horses to a desperate effort, were heard. Then a succession of bumps or jerks, followed by the voice of the landlord, who, to judge by the draught to their feet, had just set the door wide Then, above other sounds, the accents of a high-pitched, clear voice, arrogant and confident. In another minute the door into the warm parlour was pushed open, and there entered a young couple who might have stepped off a painted fan.

The young man wore his hair *en queue*, with powder. His suit of delicate fawn cloth with silver buttons was almost hidden by a long, dark-green driving cloak, with manifold capes, which, however, allowed his blue, rose-embroidered vest to peep out. The lady who accompanied him was a good deal shrouded in her voluminous travelling cloak, of which she had not lowered the hood; but her little, dainty face was just the sight to act as a last straw to the evil humour of Nigel Haliburton. The clean-cut profile, short upper lip, small aquiline nose, belonged to the type of woman with whom he had never come in contact. As she advanced his sense was conscious of perfume, such as might travel on a gale of warm air from a bed of mignonette.

"A wheel off the gentleman's travelling carriage," said the landlord, effusively. "He will stay the night here—Mr. Poindexter; Mr. Haliburton, sir, I know you will allow the lady to warm herself here until her own room is ready."

It is not easy to explain the feelings that fought in Haliburton as his smouldering, dark eyes roamed from one to the other of this elegant pair. He was still young; he was proud. He had never in his life been so close to a young lady of the patrician class as he was to this young girl who accompanied Mr. Poindexter. He knew himself out of his element—hated himself for knowing it—hated her for making him feel it.

He rose, unwilling, from his great chair, with a snarl as of an ill-conditioned dog disturbed. The young lady, taking for granted his grudging courtesy, swept into the seat he had occupied, and held her tiny hands to the fire. The warmth brought a smile to her face; she shook the hood from her unpowdered mass of brown curls, and looked happily at her companion, as if to reassure him on her behalf.

He stood erect, as it were on guard beside her, glancing warily at the three somewhat ill-favoured occupants of the room. His eyes were brilliant, flashing hazel, his short upper lip stiff with pride. His chin was firm, and he carried himself with a subdued swagger

"THERE ENTERED A YOUNG COUPLE WHO MIGHT HAVE STEPPED OFF A PAINTED FAN."

that made all three men want to box his ears. His sword stuck out behind, through the cloak which he made no attempt to remove. He bent slightly and exchanged a few words with the girl in an undertone; then, raising his head, "Gentlemen, my sister will intrude upon you only for a few minutes," he said, in the high, clear voice which emphasized his youthful appearance.

Sawyer let out an ill-bred chuckle and muttered "Sister," as if the idea amused him.

The boy cocked his proud head like an alert bird, but finally decided to take no notice. His study of the three had decided him that Haliburton was a cut above the rest, and he now pointedly addressed him, with the evident desire to be sociable.

"Our carriage broke down on the heath a quarter of a mile back," he said. "The roads there are monstrous bad."

Haliburton stood ungraciously leaning against the side of the chimney, which projected into the room. "What were you doing there?" he asked, abruptly.

"Sir!" bristled Mr. Poindexter.

"Rotten Heath does not lie in the road to anywhere that I know of," growled Haliburton.

"If you wish to know our destination, sir, we come from Salisbury and are bound for Colonel Agnew's house at Thorsley, about fifteen miles from here."

Haliburton, who had not had the common politeness to cease smoking, continued to puff for a moment; then, taking his pipe from his mouth, "That's no answer to my question," he remarked. "I asked what you were doing on Rotten Heath. It doesn't lie in your road."

"Then, sir, you must quarrel with my coachman, to whom the roads hereabouts are not well known," said the young man, with a sudden tolerant, contemptuous good temper which seemed resolved to humour a surly rustic.

"When I quarrel, I don't quarrel with coachmen," retorted Haliburton, taking out his pipe and looking the ornamental youngster full in the face. As his own eyes met the flashing glance of the brilliant hazel ones, he was conscious of a most unexpected, unwelcome emotion. He felt his heart go out to this tall, clean-limbed, healthy boy, who carried himself so proudly.

"Oh, pray, sir," said the young girl, softly, "let there be no talk of quarrelling here."

"I ask pardon," said young Poindexter at once. "I was first to use the word."

Nigel hated them both afresh for their ready sweetness, which he could appreciate, but not hope to imitate. His bitterness was like to choke him; who were they, to make him feel his inferiority?

"My meaning was a kind one," he said, with a grim sneer. "I desired to convey to this young gentleman the hint that, before reaching his next inn, he had best compose a more likely story. He has been driving pretty well due west from Salisbury, but with a trend southwards; and now, on the short-cut road to Axminster, tells us he is making for Thorsley."

The other two men burst into a roar of laughter.

"Never lie unless you can lie successfully," finished Haliburton, replacing his pipe and leaning back against the wall, his whole manner one contemptuous taunt.

The boy turned crimson. Without a word he swung round, his sword clattering, strode across the room, flung the door wide, and shouted for the landlord, who came hastily running from the kitchen.

"Whether or no the room above be warm, be pleased to show my sister upstairs," he cried. "You do ill to ask a lady to endure the company of these rascals, one of whom has just called me a liar to my face!"

The host's face was a picture of consternation. He looked appealingly from Haliburton, his constant customer and steady patron, to the furious stripling, whose hand was clenched upon his sword-hilt.

"There must be—your honour must have misunderstood," he faltered. "Mr. Haliburton is a gentleman."

"If that is so, then I never saw a gentleman until to-night," cried Mr. Poindexter, vehemently.

The girl ran up to him, hanging about his neck.

"Oh, come, leave them, leave them!" she cried. "Oh, Gerald, for my sake don't quarrel with them! Come upstairs and leave them their fireside; we no more desire their company than they ours. Landlord, make him come away."

The landlord, at his wits' end, began to stammer incoherent pleas.

But Haliburton strode across the room to where they stood by the door. His face had grown perfectly white. Young Poindexter had used the one insult which could tempt him to murder.

"A word, sir, before you slink away under the lady's petticoat," said he, very smooth and calm. "I think I heard you say that I am no gentleman."

The landlord waved him back with a shaking hand. "Away, away!" he implored. "Don't disgrace my house, sir, I beseech you! This young gentleman wouldn't hurt a fly."

But young Poindexter had lost his head completely. "I think I heard you say that I am a liar," he said, passionately. "If you take back your word, then I take back mine."

Haliburton's lip curled. "Unfortunately, facts are too strong for me there," he said; and almost before he had spoken the boy had struck him on the mouth.

A curious change came over Haliburton. Shaking back his long, disordered hair, he put both hands behind him and smiled. "Advise me, Dickon," he said to the landlord; "does one resent the insults of a child?"

"Coward and cur!" cried the boy, mad with rage. "Don't trouble to consider the question—you must fight me! I challenge you, if you are afraid to challenge me!"

In an instant his rapier was out, and flashing in an evidently practised hand. The girl, who during these few palpitating moments had been clinging to the landlord's wife, at this point uttered a loud cry, staggered forward a little, and fainted away. The boy, beside himself with excitement, barely seemed to notice her fall.

"Come on!" he cried. "Don't think that I do not know you for the spy and traitor that you are! I know you, and why you are here, and who has bribed you to insult me! As for you," turning upon the landlord, "there'll be the deuce to pay for this, I can tell you! You'll be called to account for harbouring cut-throats and bullies, and showing a lady into their foul company."

"But, sir, sir!" gasped the landlord; "your honour is wholly mistook. The thing can be explained, I assure you. Squire Haliburton I know like my own son. He's no spy——"

"Hold your tongue!" said Haliburton, brusquely. "This young fool has challenged me, and I mean that he shall have his lesson. His hot blood wants letting. But I am no butcher, and 'twould be murder to fight with swords. As the challenged party—— You all bear witness that I am the challenged party? He struck me on the mouth, and I did not challenge him."

There was a murmur of assent.

"I say, as the challenged party, I have the choice of methods, and I choose—the dark duel."

There was dead silence.

The audience had increased since the beginning of the short altercation; several more of Haliburton's adherents had arrived in the bar. The servants of young Poindexter were none of them present; they were all in the stable, intent upon the broken axle. And the young lady, much to the surprise of the landlord's wife, seemed to be travelling without a waiting-woman.

"IN AN INSTANT HIS RAPIER WAS OUT."

It was well known to everyone present that Nigel Haliburton had actually been through one dark duel, and emerged—the survivor. The boy himself was the only person who did not know what was meant by it. He could see that everybody else did. Putting one hand on his hip with an incomparable swagger, he asked: "And what are the rules of the game hereabouts?"

"The same as elsewhere," said Haliburton, icily. "We are placed at opposite corners

of the room with our rapiers and left in the pitch dark. It is then no question of swordsmanship, but merely of striking first."

Mr. Poindexter laughed boisterously. "You make a wise choice," he said; "no doubt you see that I am a good swordsman."

The impertinence of his manner and the freedom of his tongue were making all present feel that he was bringing his fate on his own head. They had not heard the beginning of the dispute. But they all knew Nigel Haliburton for a gentleman and no coward; and, being also aware of the inflammable nature of his temper, were inclined to wonder that the boy was still alive.

He turned to his unconscious sister, over whom the landlady was solicitously bending. As he looked at her white face he seemed to waver, but his indecision was only for a moment. He shook back his hair, with the movement of one who feels himself newly emancipated and free to taste adventure. Plainly, he did not know fear.

"You will take the lady upstairs at once, out of reach of further insult," he said; "and you will be responsible for her safety to the gentleman who is expecting us. If I am murdered in the dark by this ruffian bully, my servants will escort Miss Poindexter on her journey to-morrow."

They carried the girl away, amid a deep silence; and when they had disappeared her brother tossed his wilful head and emitted a sigh of relief. He was evidently much excited and animated by the reckless kind of daring which is sometimes inspired by unusual circumstances. Everyone believed his statement that the girl was his sister to be a mere blind, and that they were an eloping couple, making for the coast by a devious route to throw off pursuit. The odd contrast between his headlong courage, his cool assumption of responsibility, and his extremely youthful aspect would have been comic but for its pathos. He was manifestly not out of his teens. Spence, the young yeoman, contemplated him with pitying admiration.

"I'll hold the bottle for ye, lad," he said, with a grin; "but doan't be afraid of foul play. Haliburton fights fair."

Mr. Poindexter shook hands heartily. "I am obliged to you," he said. "Please take care of my valuables; and if I fall, see that my sister is sent forward on her journey."

Nat Sawyer took up a lamp and led the way to a large room which lay at the back of the inn, and was used only on the rare days when a considerable number of people assembled there to celebrate some local occasion. It held little furniture, with the exception of two long, narrow trestle-tables, with benches ranged alongside.

The whole party crowded in, looking curiously around. There was a musty odour and the place struck cold. The wind swept by with a shriek, and the superstitious Westcountrymen looked at one another. For they say that a soul goes by with a cry on the bosom of such a wind. Nat held the light high.

"In ten minutes exactly the door is unlocked and a light brought," he said. "So"—to Poindexter—"if you can dodge him for ten minutes you are safe, my popinjay."

The boy flashed a glance at his adversary, and their eyes met. A second time Nigel was sensible of a most unwilling admiration for the splendid candour and fiery spirit of that young face. The thought of the contrast between them wrung his heart with a fresh access of cruel rage. Spence, looking pityingly on the slight proportions of the fire-eating youngster, had it in his heart to say a word to dissuade his captain, but the look on his lowering features was so malignant that he held his peace.

Poindexter now proceeded to divest himself of his heavy cloak, his coat, and flowered vest. He did this slowly and with seeming reluctance, his eyes fixed on Haliburton, who, at the other end of the room, was going through the same process. As the boy handed his vest to Spence and stood forth in his snowy shirt, the diamond sparkling in his lace stock, his colour failed for the first time. He grew red, then very white. But he spoke no word. Spence, watching him anxiously, saw him flash a keen glance all around, set his lips tightly, toss back his hair, and draw his rapier from its sheath with deliberation.

"All ready?" cried Nat.

He took up the light, and the audience withdrew. The shutters had been put up, and a heavy cloth hung without the door, that no ray of light might filter through. The receding lamp wavered on the blackened ceiling, and grew distant. The key was heard to turn in the lock, and there fell a great silence.

Haliburton left his corner at once. He was not going to allow his fury to cool. He—like his antagonist—had taken off his boots, and he moved forward without a sound, passed between the two tables, down the outer side of the one to his right, round and up the outer side of the one to his left. Then, with one hand on the wall, he started to make the tour of the room.

He did all this with incredible speed, and almost without noise. When he had been all round the room fruitlessly, he came to a dead stop; it was time to use his ears. His adversary, who had seemed so foolhardy, was evidently under the table or behind the window curtain.

He listened with all his might; for a moment the silence was unbroken; then, suddenly, it was broken in the one way he would have deemed impossible — by the voice of young Poindexter, not very near, but distinct, though subdued.

"In the name of Heaven," said the voice, with solemnity, "I must speak to you. Will you stay just where you are for a minute without moving?"

Surprise wiped out every other feeling. "Can you see me?" he cried, aghast.

"No; but I can hear you breathe. Have I broken the rules by speaking? I don't know what I ought to do. There is something you ought to know before you kill me. Swear not to run me through and I will come close to you, so that you may not suspect treachery. Then, when I have spoken, if you should still wish to kill me, you will have me at your mercy, and there will be time, if you are quick."

Haliburton stood in the grip of various emotions. He believed the boy to be playing a trick to gain time; but if that were so he would have him in his hand, and at present he had not the shadow of an idea as to where the voice came from. Something in the accent or quality of this voice gave him a curious, quite indescribable, feeling.

"But will you trust yourself to me?" he sneered.

"Yes," was the immediate answer "I will now. I would not five minutes ago; but now, though you are a bully and I hate you, I will take your word of honour."

"Then come here at once, if what you wish to say can be said quickly. I give my word of honour not to lift hand against you till you have spoken."

Promptly he heard a soft thud, which told him that the active youth had jumped down from the mantelpiece. There followed a few creepy moments while he groped for Haliburton in the gloom. Haliburton came as near feeling fear as ever in his life during those seconds. It was all he could do to control a start when soft fingers clutched his sleeve, slipped down his left arm, clasped themselves round his hand. He thrilled unaccountably.

"HE DREW HIS RAPIER FROM ITS SHEATH WITH DELIBERATION."

"It was when you took off your coat and vest," whispered the boy. "I saw the White Rose. You are a Jacobite. So I know you cannot be a spy. I'm for King James too. That is why Kitty and I are running away."

"That makes a difference, certainly," muttered Haliburton, but he was hardly thinking what he said, for wonder at the extreme trembling of the slim form beside him, whose vibrations he could feel in the shaking of the hand which grasped his.

"But that is not all; oh, that is not all!" gasped Mr. Poindexter. "The rest is much harder to say. I know not how I am going to say it, even in the dark. It is that I—I should say that I am not—I don't know how to say it! Oh, can you not hazard a guess? I am—I am—a *girl!*"

Haliburton's heart jumped like a ball. His trembling was all at once more violent than that of the girl who clung to his hand. In a flash he saw what it had meant—that poignancy of emotion which had stirred within him when he met her eyes! She

was a woman, and he had had the intention, if not to kill her, at least to beat her with the flat of his sword for her insolence! That divinely pretty insolence! It went to his head like wine and he felt his senses reel. Only the knowledge that his deeply embarrassed companion was staggering in actual need of support restored his balance. Awkwardly he extended his arm and felt her weight rest against him, while for a moment he had the foolish idea that the beating of his heart, or hers, or both, could be heard by those without.

"A girl!" he gasped. "A girl! Good Lord!" And with a spasm of pity and tenderness he recalled the slow reluctance with which she had removed her coat and vest, and which he had taken for a failure of courage.

She twisted round in his hold so as to face him and laid her disengaged hand earnestly on his chest. "I didn't tell you because I am afraid," she panted. "Mind that! Mind that! I'll fight you now, if you like! I can fence well; I have always been a hoyden, Sir Joseph says. I should be Gerald, and not Geraldine! I only thought it was unjust to let you kill a Jacobite girl without knowing it. But now—now—I am ready, if you wish it."

She heard the sound of his rapier falling to the ground with a crash that seemed loud enough to bring the public in. She let her own fall beside it. Haliburton strove in vain for words, snatched the hand she had laid upon his heart, and kissed it humbly.

"We were going to the Duke of Ormonde," she whispered, urgently. "He is Kitty's godfather. We are orphans; Sir Joseph is our guardian. He desires Kitty to marry someone whom she dislikes vastly. I thought if we could join the Duke he would protect us, but Kitty could not travel without a cavalier, so I—masqueraded. And, oh, I have been so amused! I have liked it so well! But this adventure best of all!" She laughed so exquisitely, upon so rich a note, that it thrilled Haliburton almost more than her pathos had done.

He had retained in his own the little hand which he had kissed. The fact that it rested confidingly in his hold, the contact of its delicate softness, awoke all the dormant nobility in him to keen life.

His brain, always able, grew preternaturally alert. He saw a way to prolong the exquisite adventure which Geraldine found so congenial—to guard the amazing secret.

"Listen," he whispered; "we have only a moment! I am also taking the road tomorrow, to join the Duke of Ormonde. If you will ride with me I can bring you both safely to him. But for your life, for your safety, madam, your secret must not be known."

His serious tone made the heedless girl realize the gravity of the moment. She trusted him. "Yes, you are a Jacobite gentleman; we will go with you," she answered, steadily.

His head swam. He wanted to speak, to find words suited to his newly-prized gentility in which to assure her that he would spill the last drop of his blood in her service. But he was stayed by a sudden access of tumult from without.

There was a rush, a scream, a furious battering at the door, and wild cries in a girl's voice.

"It's Kitty," cried Geraldine, vexed. "She has come out of her swoon, more's the pity! Another moment and she will be shrieking my secret to the whole household."

"They will open the door!" gasped Haliburton, pulling himself together with an effort. "Be quick! Those men must not know what you have just told me! Everything depends on that! You and I must sup together and arrange our plans."

The noise on the door increased. Kitty apparently was now in hysterics, and, it was to be hoped, incapable of making coherent revelations.

"Quick!" urged Haliburton. "Up on the mantel with you again!"

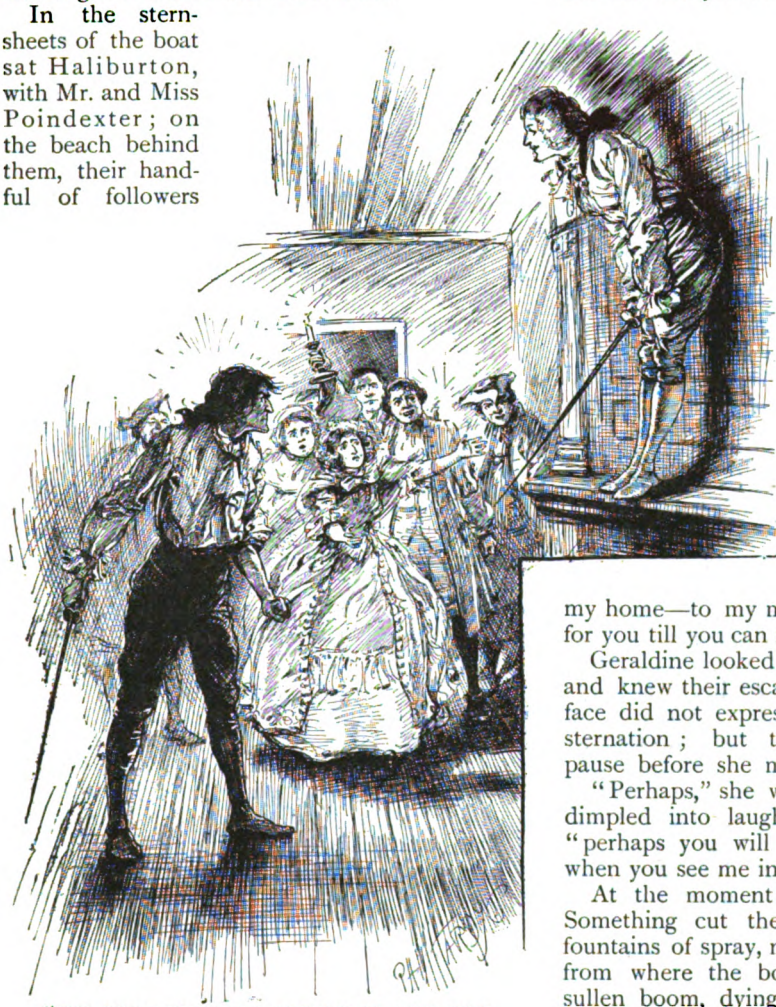
The girl was full of mischievous laughter and delight. He caught her in his arms, held her up, and she had swung herself back to her perch in an instant. The key was actually being fitted into the lock as he fumbled about on the floor for their discarded weapons; and he had just handed up one of them to her when the door was flung wide, and the whole household, including the young Poindexters' servants, streamed in upon them with lamps and candles.

There they stood, Mr. Gerald Poindexter alive and safe, shaking with merriment upon the mantelpiece, his adversary prowling sulkily below. Amid Kitty's tears of wild thankfulness, and the laughter and applause of the whole concourse, only Nat Sawyer had time to notice one peculiar detail—namely, that the young spark was grasping Haliburton's rapier.

Two days later, in the grey November dusk, a boat pushed off hastily from between

the red screening cliffs of a Devon bay, and made towards the dimly-seen, graceful outline of a French man-o'-war which for the past twenty-four hours had lain off the coast, awaiting a welcome that never came.

In the stern-sheets of the boat sat Haliburton, with Mr. and Miss Poindexter; on the beach behind them, their handful of followers



"THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD STREAMED IN UPON THEM WITH LAMPS AND CANDLES."

awaited the upshot of the adventure. Haliburton's eyes were fixed in some anxiety upon the ship, and the signs of activity aboard her. All sail was being set, apparently in haste, and there was commotion on the deck; evidently the Duke, disappointed of the expected rising, was making preparation for immediate departure. As he strained his eyes through the gathering night, he saw the dim bulk brought round to the wind.

"By the Lord, they're off!" he cried, in indignation. "I thought they saw our signal and would await our coming."

The man at the tiller gave a short laugh. "They dare not! Look behind you!"

The boat was just emerging from the bay; and behold, as they shot beyond the headland which had sheltered them, behind them on the water glimmered the billowing sails of three majestic King's ships, sweeping down channel with the freshening wind.

Then Haliburton knew that it was still his to guard and befriend Geraldine Poindexter. He stooped, and spoke low in her ear.

"Trust me still. I will take you to my home—to my mother. We will care for you till you can rejoin your friends."

Geraldine looked out over the dark sea, and knew their escape was cut off. Her face did not express any very great consternation; but there was a lengthy pause before she made reply.

"Perhaps," she whispered at last, and dimpled into laughter as she spoke—"perhaps you will not like me so well when you see me in my maiden's dress."

At the moment a sound was heard. Something cut the water, sending up fountains of spray, not two hundred yards from where the boat lay; there was a sullen boom, dying away over the sea. The foremost of the pursuing ships had fired upon them.

"Back to shore!" cried Haliburton at once, and the boat was put about. A sailor stood up and hauled down the sail, which, glimmering in the gloom, made a target for the ship's gun, and for a minute or two the distance was obscured from their sight by the falling mass of canvas.

When again the purple-black horizon came into view, there was the Duke's ship far away, evidently gaining upon her pursuers.

The threatened French invasion was over, and Haliburton's life had just begun.

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

III.—ROUND LITTLE ITALY.

THE strange and, all things considered, picturesque colony of Italian peasants in the heart of London is called "Little Italy" by its own inhabitants, and though described as in Clerkenwell it is, as a matter of fact, situated principally in Holborn.

Two iron posts at the bottom of Eyre Street Hill mark the spot where Holborn ends and Clerkenwell begins. The old boundary was the Fleet Ditch, which is now covered in and rarely asserts itself here, as it does occasionally nearer the Thames.

In the old days this district was largely inhabited by Irish, who, having a common faith with the Italians, formed the congregation of the Italian church in Hatton Garden. The Irish colony has gone from Little Italy, and the Italian colony itself has been robbed of many of its once famous streets by modern building schemes. The glories of Saffron Hill have departed, and Eyre Street Hill is now the busy centre of the area in which the dialects of Naples, of Venice, of Piedmont, and of Ticino may be heard all day long and far into the night, accompanied by that wealth of gesture for which Italians are renowned.

Sunday morning is the best time to make the Little Italian trip, because not only are most of the inhabitants at home, but the poor Italians scattered about in other parts of London make the main street of the colony their rendezvous.

Coming through from Holborn one gets the first note of Italy in the busy market of Leather Lane. Here, where the toilers of Holborn and Clerkenwell are buying their day's provisions and perhaps investing in some of the bargains in the shape of dress material and the odds and ends of domestic requirement offered for sale at the shops or on the hawkers' barrows which line both sides of the thoroughfare, picturesquely clad Italian women wander in and out. The Italians are not great patrons of the Leather Lane market, because they are clannish and buy of their own people in their own streets. But they come to the Lane for fish, fruit, and vegetables, and occasionally stop to bargain for a gay handkerchief or a bright-coloured shawl.

Totally different from the other "Lane"—the one at the East End—is this. The hawkers are mostly Irish and English, and only here and there is a Jewish trader to be seen. The crowd, too, is quieter. It does not push eagerly forward. It strolls and lolls. The dominant note is the peculiarly shapeless bonnet of the middle-aged and elderly Irishwoman. The Italian woman with the gay head-dress and the Irishwoman with the battered bonnet have probably that morning worshipped side by side in the church close by, but it would be impossible to find a stronger contrast in "type."

You look at one woman and you think of the song and dance of the Fair scene in an Italian opera. You look at the other and you think of the tragedies of eviction and exile and the wail of the Keener at an Irish wake.

There is one note of brightness in the market besides the Italian women, and that is a pyramid of flowers deftly arranged in white and blue bunches which an Italian boy carries about on a long stick. The pyramid is formed by bunches of flowers stuck into a wooden stand, and the whole is surmounted by a faded flag. In the drabness of Leather Lane it looked as incongruous as would a columbine at a funeral service, or—to take an actuality—as the theatrical photograph of a dead dancing-girl in Loie Fuller costume, which is exhibited among the wreaths and coffin-plates in an undertaker's window in the Lane itself.

You have only to pass out of the Lane into some of the side streets to know that the Irish hawker is largely represented in the district, though he has departed from Little Italy itself. Turn into Union Buildings and you find a large yard filled with barrows and costermongers' carts, and here and there a naphtha lamp taking its rest after the busy Saturday night flare.

Round the yard are rough sheds and stables, in which a pony or two are accommodated. Above the stables is a two-storied building, each story with an ironwork gallery running round it. Wooden doors open on to these galleries, and from them, from time to time, emerge ragged and unkempt little girls, who come down the iron stairway that leads into the yard.

Some of the children who come out of these buildings are almost barefooted. Their naked toes are visible through boots which a tramp would not take from a dust-heap. I have dwelt upon this note of poverty because it is the last we shall see during our trip, and it is in striking contrast to the "comfort" of the Italian quarter which lies across the road from Leather Lane.

There is a general idea that the distinguishing features of Little Italy are poverty and dirt. I have even seen it stated in print that it is not a safe place for the stranger. It will astonish many to learn that the Italian quarter, the home of the organ-grinders and the ice-cream and roast-chestnut venders, is clean and well-ordered, and that it is under far better sanitary control than many districts of London in which the dreaded alien immigrant has found no foothold.

"THE MAIN STREET IS FILLED WITH A LOUNGING CROWD."

Let us visit it first on Sunday morning. The main street is filled with a lounging crowd. At the tops of the courts groups are gathered together in animated conversation. Many of the men are models of virile symmetry, and the children are clean, well-dressed, and good-looking.

In the streets that lie off the main thoroughfare there are houses painted in bright colours in the Italian style, and when the window of one of these opens and an Italian woman in her native head-dress looks out the eye of the artist is charmed. London has vanished. It is a spring morning in some southern Italian town. The people may be poor, but the note of squalor which makes our English poverty so terrible is not to be found here. The men and women who stroll about the streets or gather at the corners have inherited the proud carriage and the clean-cut features of the citizens of the great Italian States. Here in Little Italy the Romans of Michael Angelo, the Venetians of Titian, the Florentines of Raphael walk again.

We will come again on a week-day and enter the houses of the padrones and go from cellar to garret. We will pass through the courts and alleys of Halfpenny Iceland, and see the homes of the ice venders and the organ-grinders. We will see the people at the trades they follow, at the occupations by which they earn the rent of their rooms. To-day, as it is Sunday, we will follow the inhabitants from the street in which they love to lounge to the church, from which few of them are absentees.

The ten o'clock Mass is the one which draws the largest congregation. As you stand outside the Church of St. Peter's waiting for the congregation to emerge, the Irish suggestion is stronger than the Italian, for under the portico against the wall is a temporary stand at which a small boy is selling newspapers. You stroll up the steps and look at the journals, and you find that they

are principally the Catholic Church papers and the Irish secular ones. On the day of our visit we did not see any Italian papers; probably they had been sold.

But when the congregation emerges it is the Italian note that predominates. There is no mistaking the nationality of the bulk of the worshippers. The brigand hats, the black capes—one old Italian wears a Garibaldi cloak with an astrachan collar and silver buckles and clasps—the exaggerated "peg-top" trousers the Italian asphalters have familiarized us with, and the striking features of the women, even if they had laid aside the peasant dress of their native land, would suggest Italy to the least-travelled observer.

The Sisters of Charity, in their quaint white head-dress, which had its origin in a folded dinner napkin placed jokingly on a lady's head by a king, break up the crowd into picturesque patches. The one jarring note is a tall, slim, elderly Englishman, who, in high hat and frock-coat, limps down the steps of the church with a pair of field-glasses slung across his shoulders.

"WHEN THE CONGREGATION EMERGES IT IS THE ITALIAN NOTE THAT PREDOMINATES."

What Little Italy is like on Sunday night we shall see when we visit it again. Let us meanwhile stroll through it on a week-day and see something of the life of the people. Our first visit shall be to the schools attached to St. Peter's Church. As you walk through the class-rooms, in each of which there are a Sister of Charity and a lay teacher, you find it difficult to believe that here are mostly the children of the Italian immigrants whom public opinion associates with a lower standard of comfort than that of the English poor. The painful note of poverty and child neglect which is so evident in many of the "Board schools" in our poorer districts is here entirely absent. Only here and there do you see a torn frock and a pinched, pale face, and then they do not belong to an Italian child.

The boys are dark-eyed, sturdy little fellows, with smiling brown faces, good boots, and warm, well-fitting clothes. The little girls seem to have stepped out of a nursery picture-book. Most of them are good-looking, some of them are beautiful. Some have their hair prettily arranged and tied up with coloured ribbons, others wear plaits that suggest the early Italian painters.

My *confrère* as he begins to sketch the scene, which appeals to him artistically, is enthusiastic. "They are models of charming childhood," he says, and as we leave the school-room, the musical English farewell of the children ringing in our ears, we think of the schools we have visited together where the poor children of our slums come starved and ill-clad, and we wonder why these immigrant hawkers and organ-grinders are blessed with such well-built, healthy little ones, and how they manage on their earnings to dress them so neatly and keep them so well.

"These," said the kindly priest, who accompanied us over the school, "are the mothers of the future. There is no fear of their race degenerating."

He pointed with genuine pride to the well-built, wide-hipped little girls, Southern roses who bloom and flourish in the back courts of Eyre Street Hill.

These little Italians are almost as quick at English as the little Jewish children who come from the Pales of Settlement speaking only Yiddish, and in six months are reading

"A CLASS-ROOM."

aloud passages of Shakespeare. The little Italian girls are quicker than the little boys. Many of them come to the school a few days after they have arrived from Italy with their parents. And in a short time they are speaking English with hardly the trace of an accent. The elder girls who have been a few years in the schools speak it fluently and write it correctly, but their fathers and mothers rarely acquire more than a few words.

In many of the houses on Eyre Street Hill there are men and women who have been here for years, and the English landlord and the municipal officers have to communicate with them through an interpreter if the children are at school. But when the children are at home no assistance is needed. The children are the interpreters of the Italian colony.

Come down one of the courts—Eyre Court or Fleet Court—in which groups of stalwart Neapolitans are standing about. They will look at you keenly with their fierce, dark eyes, and you may have some doubt about your welcome, but there is nothing to be afraid of.

These people are law-abiding and good-humoured. Their characteristic crimes, it is said, are stabbing and abduction. They are always ready with the knife, but that is their way of settling disputes among themselves. They do not stab for the purposes of robbery, and unless you are sufficiently versed in Italian to quarrel with them in the Neapolitan dialect they are not likely to stab you.

The Neapolitans, who keep mainly to the courts, are principally ice-cream sellers, roast-chestnut hawkers, and organ-grinders. The square yards into which the courts open are packed with ice-making machines and barrows and baked-chestnut cans, and occasionally you see a knife-grinder's wheel. The Italian drinks wine where an Englishman drinks beer, and here are plenty of wine-casks. In the corner of one court is a house with a green bush stuck in a lamp above the doorway. The "bush" is still the sign of an Italian wine-house.

In one corner of the yard, which is clean and well drained, there is a handy supply of water, and the court is washed and swept daily. The owner of the bulk of this property is an Englishman, and in conjunction with the authorities he has made it a model to many districts which pretend to higher things. All the notices of the sanitary authorities are printed in English and Italian and boldly displayed in every direction. With thirty years' experience of the slums and poverty areas of London, the cleanliness and good sanitary order of the houses in Little Italy were, when I first made a thorough inspection of the district, startling revelations to me.

Let us visit the houses. We are told that the standard of comfort is low, but every room we enter is clean, and the walls are papered and are frequently hung with religious pictures, portraits of the King and Queen of Italy, and sometimes with portraits of the King and Queen of England.

Here and there the ceilings are prettily painted and decorated by the men themselves, and almost everywhere there are knick-knacks, little straw-plaited baskets with raised flowers upon them, and photographs and souvenirs of the home-land far away.

Most of the asphalt paviors lodge in Little Italy in the houses of the padrones, and the standard of comfort is, perhaps, higher with these people, who are mostly Piedmontese, than with the South Italians. If we look into a padrone's house we shall find a group of healthy, well-clad men sitting in front of a great fire in the common kitchen. A long table in the centre of the room is newly scrubbed, waiting for the serving of the meal, which will probably include macaroni and a salad, in addition to something from the big saucepan which is giving out such a savoury smell. In the covered passage outside the kitchen is a great wooden wine-rack. The scores of empty bottles standing on the ground show that the Italian of the common lodging-house takes wine with his dinner and his supper. This is a feature of the colony that somewhat astonishes the English intruder. One does not associate a baked-chestnut hawker or an organ-grinder with wine at meals. Yet the drinking of wine is general. The Neapolitan hawkers of ices and chestnuts and baked potatoes take their wine as regularly as the paviors and the artisans. Between the Neapolitans and the Piedmontese there is no great love lost. When you speak to them of the stabbing, the pistol-shots, and the abductions, which are supposed to be common in the colony, the Piedmontese say at once, "Oh, yes, the Neapolitans! Sometimes that *will* happen with them."

"THE SQUARE YARDS INTO WHICH THE COURTS OPEN ARE PACKED WITH ICE-MAKING MACHINES AND BARROWS."

These people lead industrious and frugal lives, and a good many of them save money and go back to their native land with it. The freeholders of the Clerkenwell portions of Little Italy are Italians, and one of them is in the peripatetic ice-cream business. Rents are paid with the greatest punctuality, even by the poorest tenants. The predominant note of the community is a light-hearted contentment, and even in the kitchens of the padrones, when the guests gather at night round the great fire, there is an air of genial domesticity and good comradeship you would look for in vain in the common kitchens of our English licensed lodging-houses.

Little Italy is changing. The ice-cream trade is not what it was and recent regulations have hampered the home manufacturer. Plaster-cast vending and monkey exhibiting are industries which have almost departed. German competition has killed the one and the other has been replaced by a baby in a cot, which is now a conventional feature of the organ-grinding business. The boys and the monkeys have given place to the family group. There are, at the present moment, only four boys with monkeys in the colony, and the organ-grinding trade is by no means flourishing with the Italians, a great many Englishmen having gone into the profession.

If you turn into one of the streets where the applicants for organs make their bargains,

"THE GUESTS GATHER AT NIGHT ROUND THE GREAT FIRE."

you will find several instruments conspicuously labelled "Out of work."

The big firm of Chiappa Brothers is a prosperous concern, which turns out not only the piano-organs of the streets, but the big and highly ornamented show organs, many of them in white and gold, which are used by the proprietors of big fair attractions. Here a large number of workmen are employed, and it is curious to see a small army of them sitting in long rows putting the popular airs of the day on to the cylinders.

The composers and the music publishers frequently send their "latest success" to the firm, for to be "on the organs" is considered the hall-mark of popularity.

In one of the little courts a modeller still carries on business in the single room that serves him for workshop and dwelling. He is a quiet old fellow who left his native Pisa forty years ago. His specialty is "dogs," and he sells them to the hawkers, the small size for one penny and the large size for threepence. The dogs are intended to represent Newfoundlands, and the Italian Caleb Plummer makes them as near to Nature as he can at the price.

A year or two ago an official of the Inland Revenue knocked at the modeller's door and interviewed him. It had reached the ears of the authorities that the old gentleman had a number of dogs and paid no license.

When the Italian, having stated that he had at that time fifty dogs on the premises, invited the official to come in and see them, and the official went, a shout of laughter arose from the neighbours—always curious about each other's business—who had gathered to see the fun. Whoever it was who sent the letter of information to Somerset House played a practical joke which is recounted to this day with great gusto in the colony.

There is another industry carried on in Little Italy which is peculiar in its way—that is, the importation of gold-fish. The principal dealer in these pets of the home aquarium has large premises and carries on an extensive business in gold and silver fish, green tree-frogs, and land and water tortoises.

The fish are bred in Bologna by farmers, and are sent to this country in tin tanks with a perforated lid. The tanks are protected by basket-work. From four to five hundred gold-fish are packed in each tank. Sometimes the fish go up tremendously in price. That was the case recently when all the fish-ponds of Bologna were frozen over. The fish are quite safe under the ice, but it must be broken to get them out. In getting them out they would be injured by the broken ice and either die or be unfit for sale. At a time of scarcity gold-fish run to three and four times the normal market price. Green tree-frogs are bred in Bologna and sent in large quantities to the establishment in Little Italy. The water tortoise also comes from Bologna, but the land tortoise is imported from Oran, Algeria.

Night in Little Italy! It is on Sunday night that the colony is fullest, and yet, so far as the outer world can judge, quietest.

Little groups here and there are in the streets. The small restaurants and wine-shops are full, but the bulk of the people are indoors. The kitchens of the padrones are packed and the lighted windows on every floor of the houses in Summers Street and Baker's Row tell of family or friendly gatherings.

On a dark winter's night there is a weirdness in the streets of Little Italy that would have appealed to Doré. Here and there you see an open way through the narrow passage of a house and the dull yellow light of a lamp in a street perched high up at the back and approached by a flight of stone steps.

There are grim, gloomy, narrow streets and turnings, only made grimmer and gloomier by the dim lamp-light, that suggests at once the stabbing or abduction of which we have heard.

And this is the hour for both. It is the hour of the dance in the underground room, and it is the dance that generally leads to abduction. For among the dancers are frequently Irish or English girls who have been captivated by the dark eyes and glossy hair of a young Neapolitan whom they have met at one of the places of amusement in Clerkenwell, and whose invitation to the dance they have accepted.

Sometimes these girls do not return to the parental roof, but follow the Italian Romeo, and that is what is meant by "abduction."

The stabbing is not, as a rule, an international affair. It is between Italians only. Many of the cases when the affray is not fatal do not get into the papers.

A little while back a man was shot and his assailant walked off. When the wounded man was taken to the hospital he was asked by his friends if he wasn't going to denounce his assailant, whom he knew very well by name.

"Oh, no," he replied; "I'll wait till I can have a pop at *him*."

But all is quiet to-night in Little Italy as we wander about its winding ways and watch in the dim light, not the movement of a London street, but the stealthy coming and going that characterize a southern Italian town.

There is a cab outside the Italian Club in Laystall Street, and people are pouring in. Inside there is a dramatic performance; "Il Lupo di Mare" and "Pulcinella, Maestro di Ballo," are the plays billed in the windows of Little Italy for to-night.

Instantly as I read the bill of the play I am in Naples, for Pulcinella is the clown of Naples, dear to every Neapolitan heart.

Sunday is also the night of the "Gran Ballo," which lasts from eight p.m. till one a.m. "Prezzo del Biglietto per ogni persona, 6d."

This is the "Grand Ball," held under club regulations. There are others. Every now and then in the side streets the sound of the mandoline or the accordion floats up from below the grating, and looking down you can see that the room beneath is lighted up, and there are indications that the lads and lasses of Little Italy are treading the gay measures of their native land.

"ITALIAN LOVERS."

Along the quiet streets come presently a pair of Italian sweethearts. They walk with clasped hands, looking into each other's eyes and heedless of all the world. The look that is in their faces is the look that an artist puts in his pictures of "Love's Young Dream," with a southern sky above and a blue sea in the background.

The man is dark and young and handsome, and bronzed with the sun of the plains; the girl pale with the pallor of the city. But they make a living picture of "Italian Lovers" framed in the mirk of a London night.

The Man Who Lived Backwards.

By Allen Upward.

I DO not know what to think of this story, which was told to me by a friend. I cannot give it in his own words, because he did not tell it connectedly, but bit by bit—in fact, I had almost to drag it out of him—and he was frightened at the time.

He came into my room late at night—we live on the same staircase in the Temple—after first going past my door on his way upstairs. I did not notice anything peculiar in his tread as he went up, but a minute or two after the door had banged overhead I heard it open again suddenly, and he came clattering down the stone steps as if he were running away from something, and burst into my room. He was quite pale, and trembling all over, and his first words were to ask me for some brandy.

I had no brandy in the chambers, but I gave him some whisky neat, and he drank I should think half a tumblerful without stopping. Then he sat down in his usual chair, and I asked him what was the matter.

He said, "I've had a kind of fright. I expect you'd think it was all a trick, or a delusion, or something. I know you don't believe in these things."

"What things?" I said.

"Well——" he seemed to have a difficulty in finding the right word—"psychical things, perhaps I ought to say. Not occult, exactly; not anything to do with spirits or that sort of nonsense — you know what I mean."

"Hypnotism, perhaps?"

"No. At least, I don't think so. That's the trouble. That's what upset me so just now. I thought it was hypnotism — at least, some powerful new kind of it. But now——" He broke off and seemed to wince under his own thoughts

"Is it anything private?" I asked. "Can you tell me what's happened? Never mind whether I believe it or not."

"It's so difficult," he said. "I hardly dare tell it to anyone. It sounds like a sort of—well, either a yarn, or else as though I had been made a fool of."

"Well," I said, becoming impatient, "either tell it to me or leave it alone. It's irritating to listen to mysterious hints that you don't explain."

He seemed to see the force of this, and I could see that he was trying to think of some way of beginning his story. At last he broke out into it somehow, but only after so many false starts, and with so many interruptions and doublings, that it was all I could do to follow him distinctly and keep him to the point.

I must tell you first (he said), though it has nothing really to do with the story, that I had a farewell visit from Beatrice to-day. I told you that her mother was trying to separate us, because she saw that Bee was fonder of me than of her, and she was jealous. She worked on Bee's feelings of duty to make her ask me to let her mother live with us after we were married. You know what that means. I believe there are some mothers who would rather murder their children than see them happy away from themselves.

I did not want to quarrel with Bee, and we

"I'VE HAD A KIND OF FRIGHT."

kissed each other as usual when she came in —I have got to tell you that—but as soon as we got on to the subject of her mother I lost my temper and spoke out, and the result was we had a quarrel and she went away declaring she would have nothing more to do with me.

I was frightfully cut up, of course. I believe that if she had put her head back through the door and asked me I should have agreed to take her mother, though I had sense enough to see that it would only mean an endless lot of scenes of the same kind right through our married life. But, anyhow, I was in that sort of miserable state when a man doesn't care what happens to him.

I went and dined in Hall. There were two Indians in our mess, and one of them was that chap who goes about in a huge white turban, and keeps it on even in Hall. The Yogi, they call him; I can't remember his name, it's one of those interminable strings of Hindu gibberish. Neither he nor the other man, who was a Mohammedan, took any wine, so the captain and I had a double share.

I don't care to talk to strangers as a rule, but I was in that excited state that I felt I must do something, and there was something about the Yogi that attracted me, I can hardly explain how. I asked him some questions, and we got on to the subject of metaphysics and Hindu occultism and the rest of it.

He said some awfully queer things, and I got so interested that after we had had our coffee and the Benchers had gone out I agreed to go round with him to Gray's Inn, where he said he lived.

I found he had a set right at the top of a house in that row overlooking Gray's Inn Road—Verulam Buildings, I think they are called. The rooms were very queer inside, almost absolutely bare, with no carpet on the floor, and a sort of divan going round the wall of the room he took me into. There was one chair, which he gave me, and a little table, and he made me a cup of coffee, black and fearfully strong, something like the Turkish coffee you get at the Trocadero.

He did not take any himself, but he sat down on the divan and we went on talking. I told him about Kant, and the ideas of time and space being innate, and he did not deny they were, but he said a Hindu adept was able to free himself from laws like that, and, in short, to control them. I can't remember half he said, or how it came about, but the long and short of it is that he asserted it was possible to reverse time, like an engine, and live backwards.

It sounds quite mad, I know, but he made it out quite plausibly, and finally he offered to prove it, if I would consent. As I said, I was feeling desperate and excited, and—I can hardly tell how I came to imagine such a thing possible—it struck me as a sort of supernatural chance to undo my quarrel with Bee, and get back to the point at which we met.

"THE YOGI HANDED ME A SMALL BRASS RING."

I pulled out my watch, and saw it was twenty minutes past ten. I knew Beatrice must have come to me just about four o'clock, because that was the time she had fixed, and she was never late. So I said I should like to live back through six hours and a quarter.

The Yogi handed me a small brass ring like a wedding-ring and told me to put it on my finger, and take it off again as soon as I wanted to come back into what he called

Progressive Time. I put it on my finger, and at the same moment I had a slight feeling of dizziness. I instantly took the ring off again, without being able to stop myself, just like a man in a dream, and handed it back to the Yogi, saying as I did so—*Le-w' yrev.*

As the words left my mouth I realized that I was living backwards, and that the last thing I had said in taking the ring was—*Very well.* You see, don't you, that the sounds weren't altered, only the order of time in which they were spoken!

I can hardly describe to you the extraordinary mental state I seemed to be in. The part of me that does things was going backwards, the part that looks on and criticises was perfectly unaffected, so that I was conscious all the time of my position. I understood my own backward language, and yet I was keenly alive to the weird, unnatural character of it all.

It was the same when the Yogi spoke, repeating his instructions backwards—*Emit Evissergorp*, and so on. But it is hopeless to try and make you understand how I felt, if you have never had a similar experience.

After I had talked backwards with the Yogi for some time, I slowly pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, disarranged it, and passed it backwards across my lips, leaving a wet stain. I then jerked the handkerchief back into a few neat folds in my pocket, and stretched out my hand to the empty coffee-cup. I lifted it to my mouth and tilted it up; and as I did so I felt the warm coffee rising up my throat and flowing out of my mouth into the cup, which I gradually lowered to receive it.

The *taste* was exactly as if I had been drinking, and, of course, there was no resistance on the part of the muscles of the throat, but the whole *sensation* was entirely novel. I can only describe it by saying that I felt as though I were being turned inside out, while experiencing all the pleasure of the original draught.

As soon as the cup was refilled I set it down again, and the moisture on my lips disappeared. My host at once rose up, turned round, and walked backwards to the table. It was like watching the movements of someone in a looking-glass. As he backed out of the room with the coffee, I felt myself jerked, as it were, out of my chair, and walking backwards without trying to see where I was going.

As I walked I found myself *thinking backwards.* I laughed at the folly of the laws of an extinct Italian tribe being taught to natives of modern India, brought across the sea, in London. Then I turned round at the fireplace and found myself reading backwards a paper which stood on the mantelpiece, headed *noitacudE lageL fo licnuoC*, and which announced a forthcoming examination in Roman law.

I was looking round the room, and resuming my first impressions of surprise and curiosity, when the Yogi returned, and I thanked him and said I should be glad. He then moved towards me, offering to go into the next room and make me a cup of coffee. After that we both backed out through the door.

I went straight to where I had left my hat and stick in the little corridor, while the Yogi picked the end of a wooden match off a tray, blew it alight, lifted it to the gas-jet, and turned off the flame. He then applied the match to a box, which instantly put it out, and went on scratching several times before he restored the match to the box. These needless scratchings struck me as more unreasonable than any of the rest.

Meanwhile I had gone up to my hat and stick with perfect confidence, but when it came to taking them from where they were I fumbled and hesitated, while my host told me to put them where I liked.

At last we got outside, and my companion closed the door, locked it, and asked me to walk in.

We went down the stairs backwards, pausing to get breath on the landings. On the way we passed a stranger who was running lightly up. As we approached each other back to back I remembered that he was an actor who had once talked over a play with me. We exchanged nods as we passed, and then I began wondering who he was and thinking his face was familiar to me. The motion of his legs as he ran back from me up the stairs was a most curious sight, and yet it did not affect me as impossible.

On my way down the stairs I reflected that the Benchers did not admit men as students without some credentials.

As we reached the ground floor and passed out on to the pavement the Yogi told me that this was where he lived, and I wondered if it was rash on my part to venture into his den.

As soon as we got into Holborn I had the spectacle of all the carts and omnibuses going backwards in the same bewildering fashion. I soon got used to the general sensation of backward motion, but every now and then some trifling incident attracted my

attention. For instance, we passed two carts standing opposite each other, and I saw the drivers seize their horses' heads and proceed to entangle them deliberately, as it looked. Then they began to swear and grumble at each other, and then they rapidly drew apart.

I noticed one man take an evening paper out of his pocket, mutter an oath, glance at it, partly unfold it, and give it with a half-penny to a boy, who handed him a penny in exchange and began running in front of him and teasing him to buy a paper. All along Holborn there were other boys shrieking "*Z'rni-w' ĕth lr-aw l*" I might have been walking in some foreign capital listening to strange Slavonian or Magyar cries.

The most weird part of the whole experience was that while in all my actions and some of my thoughts I took Retrogressive Time as a matter of course, that part of my mind which remained free from the condition—whatever it was—was all the time trying to accommodate itself to the experience, and failing. Thus I could not get it out of my head that there was some risk of colliding with the people who were approaching me from behind, whereas, of course, that was *impossible*. The only risk was from the people I could see, one of whom, just after we had backed past each other in perfect safety, stopped to apologize, and then suddenly flung himself against me. He then drew back, lifting a paper before his eyes, and slowly receded.

When we got back to the Temple we put on our dinner gowns and re-entered the half empty Hall, in which the waiters were clearing away the dinner. As we approached our own table we said good-bye and bowed to the captain of our mess, who had sat down just before. Shortly after we had taken our seats, and I was just setting down my glass filled with wine from my lips, the Benchers appeared, marching backwards up the Hall, and followed by their mace-bearer. The senior Bencher then returned thanks, and we sat down to un-eat, if I may so express it, the dinner.

The singularity of this process seemed increased rather than lessened by the number of those who took part in it. Mouthful by mouthful we restored our food to our plates, and from them to the dishes, which the waiters came and carried away. It was very odd to hear them ask a man if he would like beef or mutton as they took his refilled plate and carried it off. All the time, moreover, our napkins were becoming smoother and cleaner the oftener we raised them to our lips.

But what struck me as most singular was the spectacle of the bottles being refilled with wine. As I saw the liquid running up from the glass and ascending the neck of the bottle, I realized that my present experience was a complete refutation of the metaphysical system of Kant. So far from the notion of time being a mere abstraction of the mind, I saw that it was intimately related to the physical constitution of the universe. *Its reversal involved the reversal of the law of gravity.* I had no doubt that a similar test would dispose of the metaphysical doctrine of space, with its suggested fourth dimension.

As we set down our full glasses for the last time the members of the mess exchanged bows in the usual way, and we ascertained each other's names. The conversation, of course, had retrograded through all its stages, till I found myself gazing at the Yogi and wondering whether I should speak to him.

A waiter now came up, recorked the bottles, and carried them away. Shortly afterwards the butler came to take our wine order; and then the captain proceeded to collect the suffrages of the mess, and we became ignorant for the first time that our companions were teetotalers.

The soup having been carried out of the Hall, the senior Bencher read the grace before meat and retired with his brethren. A short wait followed, after which I found myself backing down the Hall wondering where I had better sit. After getting back my dinner money I reached the dressing-room, and in due course unwashed my hands, the soapy water becoming clear in the process.

Sad at heart, for my recent parting with Beatrice was now engrossing my thoughts, I made my way back to my own chambers. At this stage I had a fresh shock, for as I came up to the door, which, as you know, is fastened by a spring lock, it made a bang and flew open of its own accord, coming into contact with my outstretched hand. This further and still more decisive refutation of the Kantian metaphysics threw my ideas into utter confusion, and I simply resigned myself to whatever might happen.

I sat in a chair for some time recalling the incidents of the quarrel which was about to take place. At last I rose up, walked to my desk, unlocked it, and took out the engagement-ring which I had given to Beatrice a

year ago. I placed it on the table with indignation, and shortly after went to the door, outside which I heard her footsteps.

It was with a feeling of the bitterest regret, almost despair, that I opened the door for her. She swept in past me, keeping her eyes steadily averted. I closed the door, and we returned together to my sitting-room. A few brief bitter words—how well I remembered them!—were unsaid, and she picked up the engagement-ring and restored it to her finger.

As she slipped it on, or let it slip itself on, which ever is the right way to describe it, I had a moment of sharp pain, followed by a distinct lessening of the suffering I had experienced during the last few hours. As we went back through all the stages of our quarrel, my sensations were exactly as though we were being reconciled. The gulf between us narrowed every minute; our words became by degrees indignant, then only serious, and then friendly, and in the end almost tender.

At last we had got back to the beginning of the interview. Bee rose from the chair in which she had been seated and moved towards me, and I advanced with the sensation of her kiss fresh on my lips.

As I did so I was suddenly conscious of something like a paralytic stroke. I felt as though I were a clock which had suddenly run down. I struggled and fought against the awful sensation, but in vain. Like a man cased in lead and unable to move, I swayed slowly towards Beatrice, whose own movements had been stricken with the same ghastly torpor. Our faces bent one towards the other, our lips approached within three inches — two — one— and then stopped.

The period of Retrogressive Time had expired!

As my poor friend uttered these words he nearly broke down, so strong was the effect on his mind of the torturing experience he had gone through —dream, hallucination, mesmeric trance, or whatever it might be called. He resumed, slowly:—

At this hideous moment my other consciousness, the part of me that had been looking on, asserted itself, and reminded me of the ring I had received from the Yogi.

I cannot explain how it happened, but I found myself able to tear it off and dash it on the floor. As I did so I had a momentary return of the dizziness I had felt in putting it on, and I heard the Yogi, who was seated on the divan in front of me, tell me to look at my watch.

I pulled it out again. It was twenty minutes past ten.

I had not looked very closely the other time and I cannot swear that there had not been a few seconds lost, but the minute-hand did not appear to have moved. My first impulse was to look round for the brass ring, but I could not see it.

"I FOUND THIS THING LYING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR."

I asked the Yogi where it was, and he replied, "It is where you left it in Retrogressive Time."

I did not believe him, of course. I professed to treat the whole thing as a marvellous piece of hypnotism. I was determined not to let him know what a shock I had had. However, I came away as soon as I could.

I came straight home. As soon as I was inside my chambers and had lit the gas, I found this thing lying in the middle of the floor.

As my friend ceased speaking he took out of his pocket a small brass ring like a wedding-ring and laid it on the table between us.

SILVERSTRAND.

A FORECAST OF ENGLAND'S SEA-CITY.

By E. S. Valentine.

THIS is the story of a dream. When the dreamer, who was an able and successful civil engineer, disrobed for his night's rest at a Brighton hotel the impulse came to him, just before he switched off the lights, to raise the blind and glance out of the window. What did he see? He was spending a few days at one of the most popular seaside resorts in the United Kingdom, and not only the most popular, but the largest, the richest, and most luxurious.

It was a beautiful night; there were stars above and a noble moon, riding high in the heavens; but below, in this large, rich, luxurious "watering-place," there was no more beauty than he had left behind in Pimlico. An agglomeration of roofs, a vista of rectangular streets, of dull, flat façades, of smoking chimneys, stony pavements studded at mathematical intervals with staring electric lights. Heaving a disconsolate sigh, our civil engineer lowered the blind and in another moment his head was on the pillow. He lay there for a brief spell, thinking of how beautiful England was by Nature and how ugly it was by art, full of regrets for Venice and Naples and Bruges and Monte Carlo, and then he drifted off into slumber.

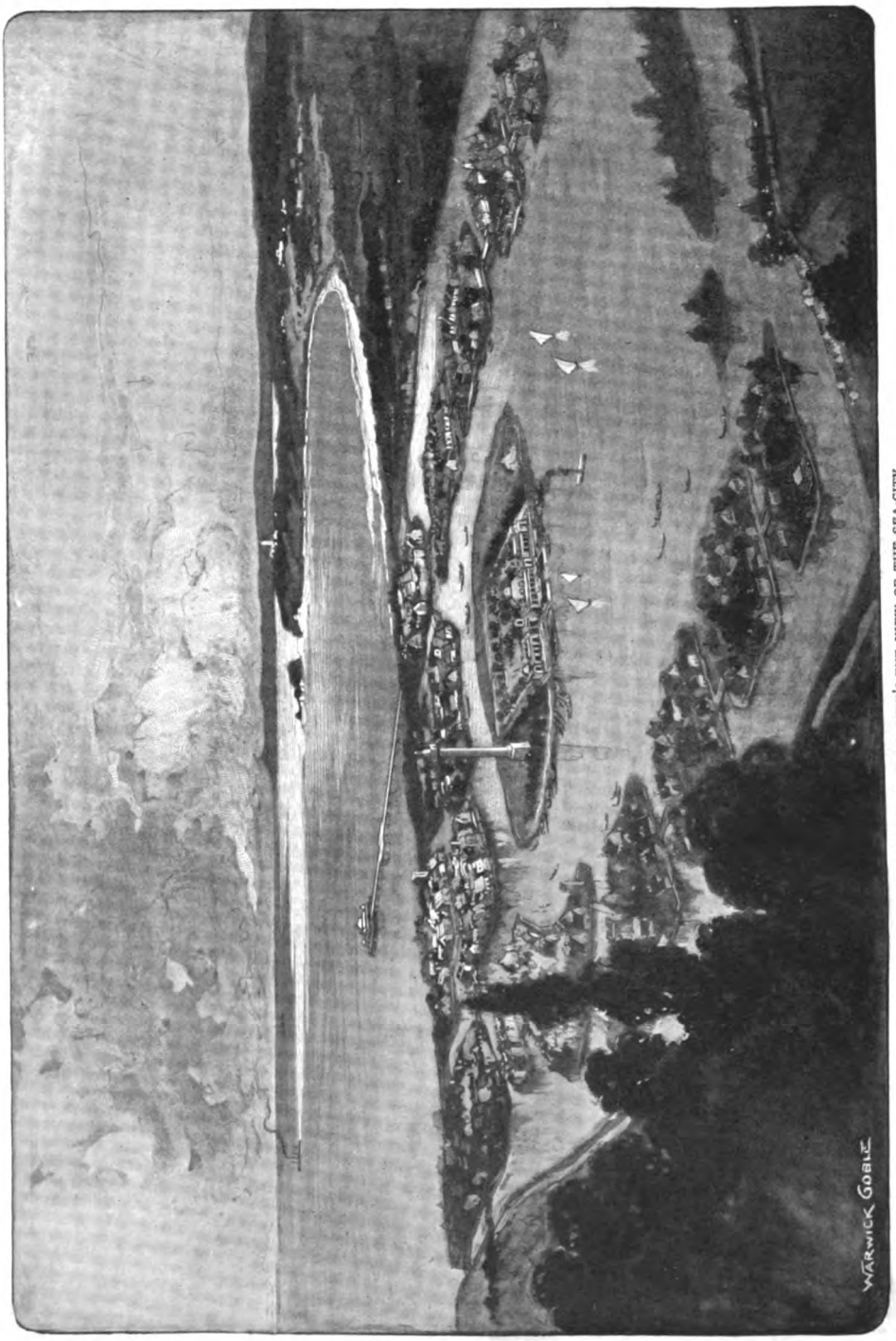
He had not been asleep, as it seemed to him, very long, when he was awakened by the cry of "Silverstrand! All change here for Silverstrand." He sat up and rubbed his eyes, perceived he was in a beautifully-upholstered parlour-car, and that a porter had already entered and was laying hands on his portmanteau, his sticks and umbrella.

"Silverstrand, sir?"

"Eh, what?" murmured the engineer, rubbing his eyes again and staring at the man. "No, no; certainly not. I'm booked to Brighton."

"Brighton," returned the man, incredulously. "Dear me, you're on the wrong line, sir. You should have changed at ——"

At that moment the passenger looked out of window and an exclamation of amazement and admiration escaped him. At some distance below, close to the seashore, was spread one of the most lovely panoramas he



SILVERSTRAND: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SEA-CITY.

had ever beheld. He had never seen anything quite like it before, although it strongly suggested Venice, but it was Venice with a difference — a wholesome, clean, green-

"SUNSET CANAL," SILVERSTRAND

embowered, forest-surrounded Venice, with delicate white sails skimming the surface of a translucent Adriatic.

"Why, what place is that?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Silverstrand, sir. Boat will be leaving in fifteen minutes for the Casino. But you can get a launch or gondola any time, sir."

"Very odd I never heard of the place before. How long has it been here?"

"Not very long, sir. That's the only thing against it. If it had been built a few hundred years and was a little dirtier many folks who are mighty particular about such things would like it better. But all that will come."

During this colloquy the porter had, unresisted, removed the passenger's effects, and he now stood on the platform and eyed the distant prospect wistfully.

"SUNRISE CANAL," LEADING ON THE RIGHT INTO "ALEXANDRA CANAL."

"Do you think I could get accommodation there?" he asked.

"I'll telephone, sir, and inquire. Accommodation is very limited because the authorities won't allow the place to be overcrowded."

While the official was gone on his errand the passenger stood and counted twenty islands in the lake, nearly a mile wide, which sat at the very edge of the sea. Each of these islands, with two or three exceptions, was built over with dainty villas and cottages of picturesque pattern, set amidst willows, alders, and larches. The great central lagoon, between the mainland and the central island, was dotted with pleasure-boats and small craft, amongst which could be distinguished the swift-gliding gondola of Venice.

himself on the verge of the lagoon, stepping into an electric launch which was to bear him to a pleasant, perfectly managed inn—the Rose and Crown—on Sunrise Canal. It reminded him of the quaintest and best of the old-fashioned English inns—at Norwich, at Oxford, at Yarmouth—and he was shown to a room which overlooked a miniature bridge crossing the canal to the adjoining island. Opposite, a large shady elm threw its shadows into the water, and sounds of distant music and laughter broke the dreamy stillness of the summer air.

"Shall I order a gondola for you, sir, after luncheon?" asked the waiter—not a Swiss or German, by the way, but a cheerful, noiseless, alert, intelligent native waiter.

ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE BRIDGES CONNECTING THE ISLANDS.

On the inland shore of this lagoon men, women, and children were playing, paddling, and bathing; for though the sea outside happened to be rather rough that morning, here the waters, although of freshest salt, were calm, clear, and tranquil as those of a pond.

Fifteen minutes later our civil engineer was

"If you please, Henry. I should like to make a tour of inspection." The man bowed with a smile of real pleasure, for the guest's unprompted recognition of his Christian name instantly established a cordial bond between them. Not every traveller nowadays is aware that a self-respecting English waiter is invariably a Henry.

A VIEW OF THE LAGOON FROM THE CASINO ON THE MAIN ISLAND.

Sunrise Canal separated Silverstrand from the mainland on the east; at its northern bend it joined Alexandra Canal, which, in turn, effected a junction with Sunset Canal on the west. As he made the circuit of this delightful marine town—in the best and truest sense a watering-place—the civil engineer could not help wondering, first, why he had never heard of it before, and, secondly, whether it was to art or to Nature that Silverstrand owed its existence; and it was while he was busily revolving this in his mind that he woke up—the sun was streaming in through the interval between blind and window-frame, and he realized that Silverstrand was all a dream. He was in Brighton after all, and not all the crowds, and carriages and motor-cars, and shop-windows and itinerant musicians, could quite console him for the loss of the ideal strand-city and its lagoon, its canals and bridges, and its dainty red and white villas embosomed in larches—to say nothing of the charming Rose and Crown and its assiduous Henry.

The civil engineer was a practical man, and on going over the proposition he saw no insuperable reason in either physics or finance why England should not boast of such an ideal strand-city. Why should not we, an island nation, who have the sea-salt in our very blood—why should we not have our own sea-city? The ancient Venice is falling into

THE SHORE ON THE INLAND SIDE OF THE LAGOON, WHERE BOATERS AND BATHERS FIND, IN ALL WEATHERS, A CLEAR AND TRANQUIL SEA.

ruin and decay. Why should we not have *our* Venice—no servile copy of the old one, but one in architecture and design entirely English? He even went so far as to construct a realistic model of Silverstrand, which model being seen and admired by the present writer fired him with the notion of ascertaining from competent sources just how far the scheme would commend itself to the public. How could it be realized? What would it cost? Clearly, in order to answer these two questions satisfactorily, the first persons to consult were contractors accustomed to engineering works on a large scale. There could be no better authority than the firm responsible for the great new harbour works at Dover, the Blackwall Tunnel, and other enterprises, and accordingly they were asked to prepare a rough plan and estimate of the cost of the work, a request with which they courteously complied. The well-known builders who are now constructing the new Government buildings in Whitehall were also consulted. A clever artist, Mr. Warwick Goble, was called upon to delineate the ideal city from the model in its various aspects, and several other artists and architects of repute were asked to give their opinion of the project.

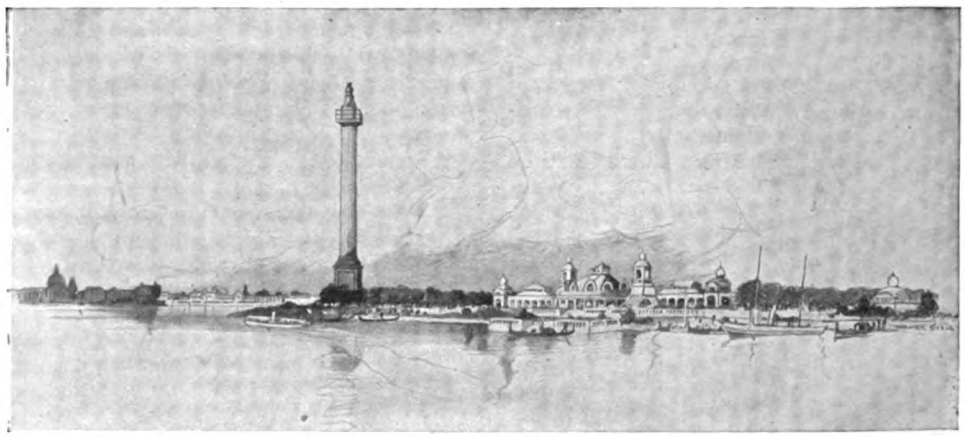
It is difficult to keep Venice out of mind in considering such an undertaking, and in the course of the letters we have received on the subject of the sea-city Venice is perpetually recurring. "In considering this scheme," writes Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, "you must remember that a certain amount of current is necessary for that sort of thing. The Adriatic, with its insignificant tide, provides it. Our Atlantic provides a difference of level in its tides which prohibits the forming of a Venice in England." This difficulty, however, is overcome by the system of locks and inlets proposed for the projected city.

A celebrated architect, who wishes to be here anonymous, writes: "There is no reason, in an age of so much opulence as this, when millions are raised for trifles, why enough capital should not be forthcoming to realize your scheme. It is very beautiful and very ingenious."

A VIEW FROM THE CENTRE OF THE MAIN ISLAND.

Again, another Royal Academician, Mr. David Murray, observes: "I am always interested in the beautification of our country. I have no doubt that a scheme on the lines of your sketch, carried out by thoroughly capable men, would result in a most interesting and picturesque locality being added to the variety of our landscape attractions. But if carried out as an imitation 'Venice,' or any other form of imitation, it would only be ridiculous and

contemptible. It would require to be a scheme with perfect design and perfect architectural charm on sound building principles, where absolute sanitation would be secured. It would need to be the result of conviction and taste on the part of its founders, and no speculative fad of the jerry-builder."



A VIEW FROM ONE OF THE SMALLER ISLANDS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MAIN ISLAND, WITH THE TOWER AND THE CASINO.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones says: "The ideal representation of the island colony which you have sent me looks extremely attractive, and the town or village, or whatever it should be called, constructed upon such a plan would be very quaint and interesting. Precautions would have to be taken to prevent the water from becoming stagnant, but if this were guarded against, and if also there were a defence against unusually high tides, the community, if it could ever be formed, should be a very happy one, quite unlike anything else in England. Of the practical side of the experiment I am unable to give an opinion; as it exists at present, upon paper, it seems to me a most pleasant vision, and I hope one day it may take material form."

Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., writes as follows: "The bird's-eye view of your proposed English Venice you are kind enough to send me suggests a very charming idea. I believe if it could be carried out so that it appeared to be quite natural and in keeping with its surroundings, and if you could get rid of any idea of its being artificial, so that it appeared to be a natural situation, 'as if it grew there,' then it might be very beautiful, having a charm of its own without any attempt to rival the beauty of its famous prototype."

THE SHORE OUTSIDE THE SEA-CITY AT LOW TIDE, WHERE VISITORS CAN ENJOY THE MORE ORDINARY PLEASURES OF THE SEASIDE.

On the other hand, in the opinion of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., "There seems to be no possibility of realizing the 'poet's dream.'

All the conditions that make Venice what it is would be absent."

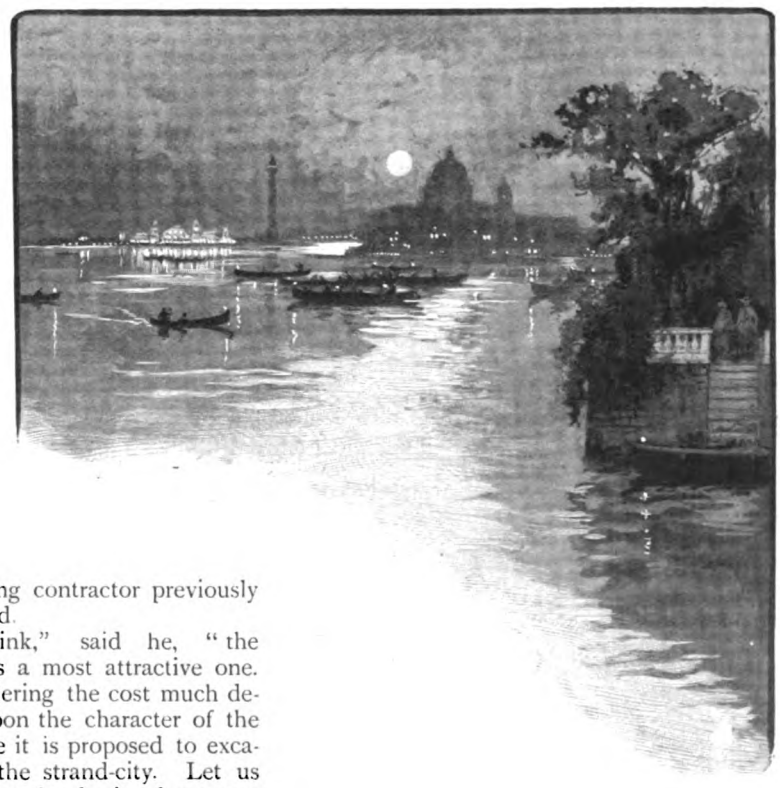
But why, it may again be asked, why Venice? Why should not England have a sea-city of her own, and leaving the manifold charms of antiquity to develop of themselves, to rely only upon the silvery lagoon, the cleanliness, the picturesqueness, to make it that thing of beauty which is a "joy for ever"?

Having presented the views of painters and architects, let us now turn to the famous engineering contractor previously mentioned.

"I think," said he, "the scheme is a most attractive one. In considering the cost much depends upon the character of the soil where it is proposed to excavate for the strand-city. Let us take it on the basis of an area seven-eighths of a mile square, as is shown in my rough plan. The depth of the water would be three feet. Generally speaking, such excavation would cost from two shillings to half a crown a square yard. Assuming that the ground level rises three feet from A to B, the distance covered, the cost would be about two hundred thousand pounds. That would be our estimate for the work. Then, as to the character of the soil. If it is clay or sand it would not be necessary to concrete or protect the bottom, but you could hardly build without taking precautions to ensure the stability of the islands. This could be done by a concrete wall or by piles. On the other hand, the water of the town would be stationary, and if there was a thorough system of drainage neither might be necessary."

"What would a drainage system cost?"

"Roughly speaking, twenty-five pounds a house. The outlet ought to be at some distance westward along the coast, as shown in the bird's-eye view. Then there is the water supply. This would run to another twenty-five pounds a dwelling, or, for a town of two thousand dwellings, fifty thousand pounds."



SILVERSTRAND BY MOONLIGHT.

"You have not mentioned the expense of the sea-wall and the locks."

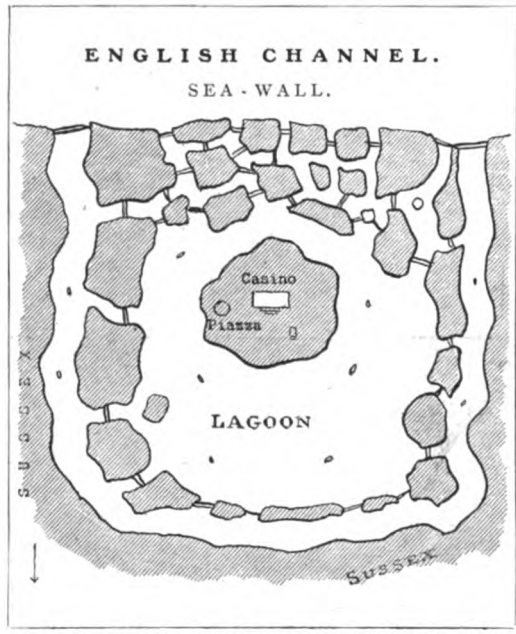
"An embankment of the height here shown might run to any figure, from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand pounds. It would have to be faced with stone or concrete. On the whole, I should say the expense of preparing the ground—that is to say, making the islands, building the sea-wall, constructing the locks, and a system of drainage and water supply—would not be less than six or seven hundred thousand pounds, and might be more."

"Should the building of the houses precede or follow the dredging?"

"It really doesn't matter. They could go on concurrently."

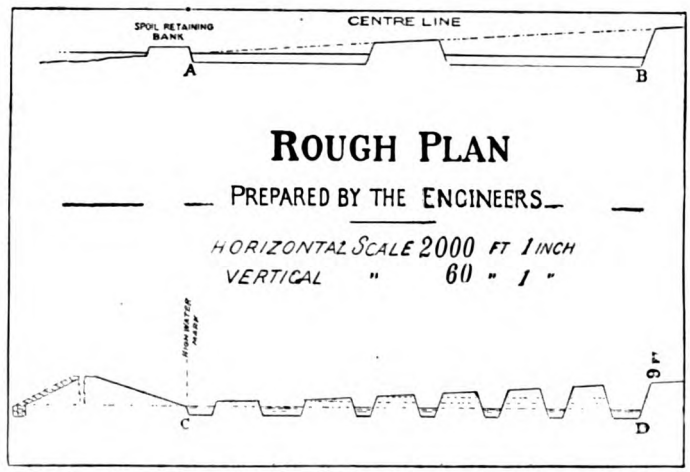
And now, lastly, we come to the builder, and here we have the opinion of one of the leading firms in the kingdom.

"The construction of such a seaside resort appears to us quite practicable. It would mean extensive locks at each inlet to the town, high enough to hold back the water and prevent the place being flooded at high tide. That being so, it would undoubtedly be necessary to pile the ground for each island, and these islands should be faced with a concrete wall, and we also think you will find it necessary for the bed of the waterways to be concreted as well. With reference to an estimate of the cost, this would greatly depend upon the finish and the internal requirements, but we should think from your sketch that the class of house intended to be built should be put up at a cost of from five hundred to eight hundred pounds apiece, including the piling, and in our opinion the dredging should not be done until the buildings are erected."



A PLAN OF THE CITY, SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE CANALS AND ISLANDS.

This, then, is the dream of an ideal strand-city; and as such we give it to THE STRAND'S readers. Who knows how soon or how truly, like the late Sir Walter Besant's dream of a People's Palace, it may be realized?



A ROUGH PLAN OF THE ENGINEERING WORKS, WITH THE SEA-WALL AND THE LOCKS WHICH REGULATE THE DEPTH OF WATER IN THE CANALS.

Finger-Prints Which Have Convicted Criminals.

By G E. Malleti.

IT will probably be of interest, not only to the majority of police forces in the country, but to the public at large, to know that the use of finger-prints has been employed by the Bradford police force now for some eighteen months not only for the identification of criminals, but for the detection of crime The system has been adopted most extensively in India. It was so successful there that its utilization was recommended for this country. Mr. E. R. Henry, now at the head of the London police, is the chief authority on the subject. Mr. Henry has done much to make the science familiar, and he has had many followers. In a sense Scotland Yard is the head-quarters of the finger-print department. The finger-prints of all persons remanded to, or incarcerated in, gaols for certain offences are taken, and records of the impressions are sent to Scotland Yard, where they are registered and preserved. Of the more technical and drier aspect of the matter there is no necessity to treat in detail. Mr. Henry's well-known standard work, "The Uses and Classification of Finger-Prints," which has been translated for Continental use, speaks for itself

In Mr. Joseph Farndale, the chief of the Bradford police force, Mr Henry has had an ardent disciple, and of the provincial forces that in Bradford has done pioneer work of striking effectiveness. The present article, however, is written with no intention of giving special commendation in this direction. Mr. Joseph Farndale has a name which is in itself a certificate of competency, and in the intelligence and alertness of his administration he does not belie the reputation of his uncle, who presided with such distinction over the Birmingham corps. The least said of Mr. Farndale, the better he will like it, and the praise which pleases him most is anything good that can be written of the men under him, whose merits he is always glad to recognise. This short introductory

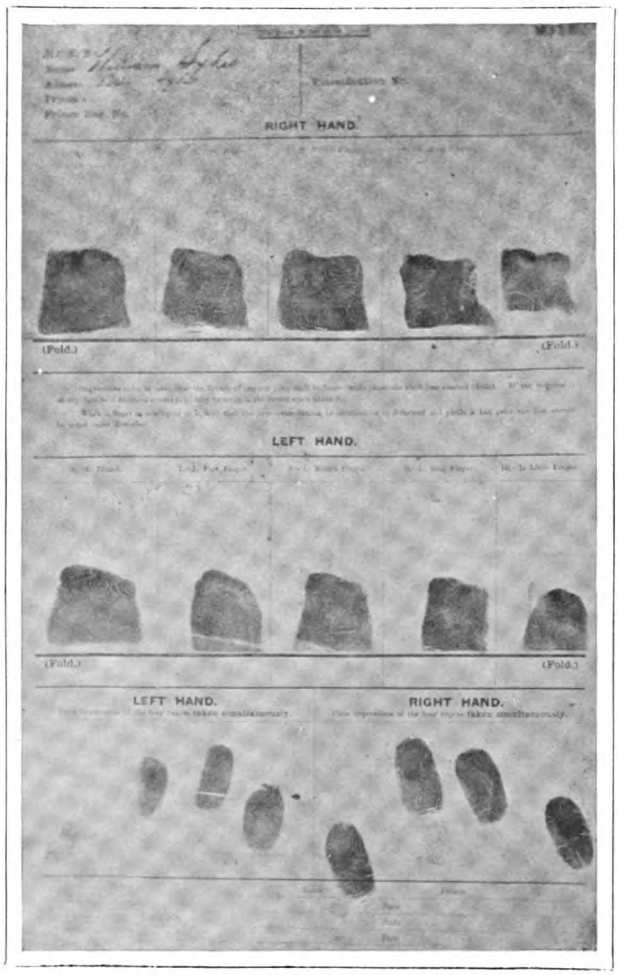


FIG. 1.—AN OFFICIAL CHART OF FINGER-PRINTS.

paragraph may be just closed with the statement — necessary probably for the enlightenment of a good many readers— that finger-print impressions are indexed and described on lines laid down in the admirable work of Mr. Henry already referred to. Finger-print impressions can be roughly divided into four classes—loops, arches, whorls, and composites. After these there are a number of sub-divisions, with which it is not necessary to deal here. Illustration No. 1 shows the form of chart used, and this really forms its own description. No two persons have yet been found to afford similar finger impressions in complete detail.

During the comparatively short period the registration of finger impressions has been carried out at Bradford there have been five cases in which the system proved of undoubted value, not only in the identification of criminals, but in the detection of crime.

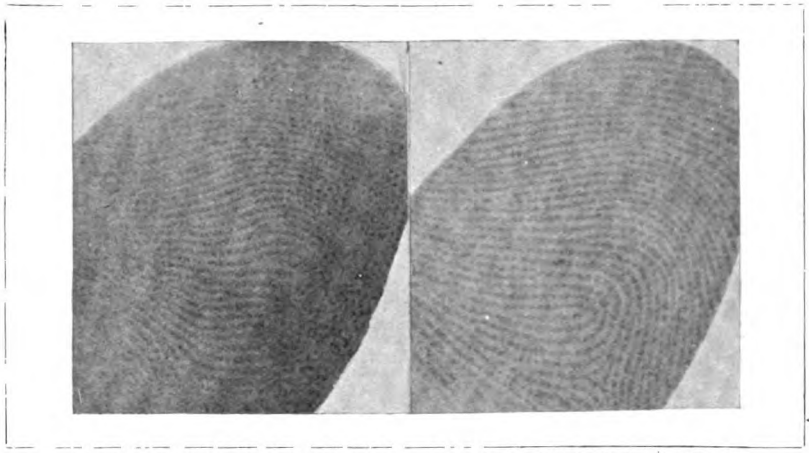


FIG. 2.—ENLARGED PHOTO. OF THE IMPRESSION FOUND ON THE PIECE OF GLASS.

FIG. 3.—THE REGISTERED IMPRESSION OF PRISONER'S LEFT THUMB.

The first case was in the early part of last year. An office off the chief street of the city was entered by means of breaking a glass panel in the door, and money and stamps were stolen. In pulling out the glass from the door the thief left a finger-print. Mr. Talbot, the chief of the Bradford Detective Department, who, like his chief, is nothing if not

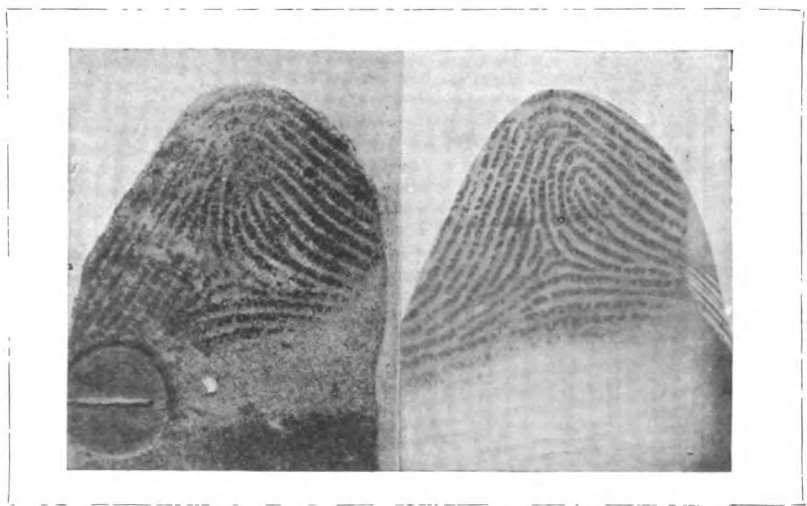


FIG. 4.—THE FINGER IMPRESSION FOUND ON THE BOX-LID.

FIG. 5.—THE REGISTERED IMPRESSION OF PRISONER'S RIGHT MIDDLE FINGER.

thorough, has always laid special stress on the importance of any clues which may be involuntarily afforded by the criminals in the course of their work. For this purpose he has found the finger-print system of the greatest help. In the case under notice a piece of glass was brought away on which there was a finger-print. This was photographed and enlarged. In investigating the case, suspicion fell on a person whose finger-prints had previously been taken. On the file being searched his left thumb was found to be identical with the impression on the glass. Illustration No. 2 is the thumb impression on the glass. No. 3 is the impression of the thumb of the man who was duly apprehended, charged, and convicted. The reader will see how precisely similar the impressions are, and he will be interested, with the aid of a microscope, in seeing how exactly the almost countless ridges and characteristics of the thumb are faithful doubles. The design, as it may be called, is of the "loop" pattern.

FIG. 6.—THE IMPRESSION LEFT BY A BURGLAR ON A BEER-BOTTLE.

The next case shows the value of the registration of finger impressions. Several burglaries had been committed in the district. The property stolen was of a kind which could not be readily identified—chiefly cash. After some of these robberies had been committed, there came at length an instance where a small polished-wood box, used for homœopathic medicines, had been removed from its customary position. In consequence this box was carefully examined, and the lid was found to bear a finger impression, which was photographed. A person was suspected of the offence who had previously been in custody, and it was natural, of course, at once to proceed to enlarge the finger impression on the medicine-box and compare it with the registered impression. No. 4 illustration is the finger impression on the lid of the box, and No. 5 is the registered impression. The offence was committed during

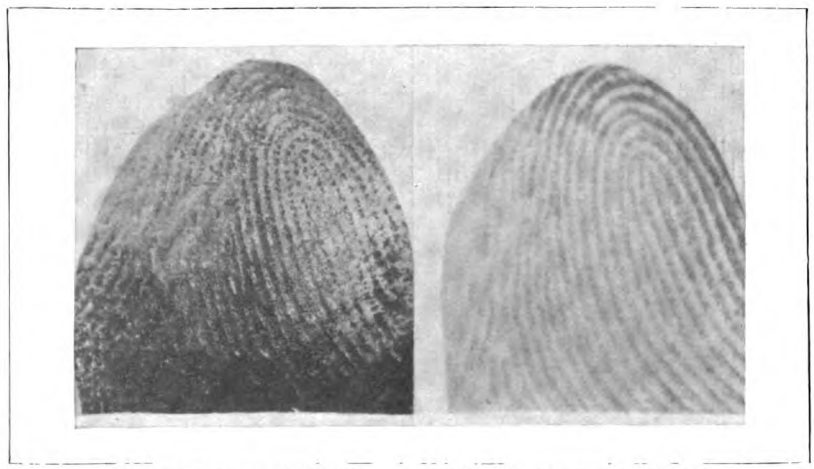


FIG. 7.—THE ABOVE IMPRESSION ENLARGED.

FIG. 8.—THE REGISTERED IMPRESSION OF PRISONER'S RIGHT MIDDLE FINGER.

a Saturday night. When it was found that the impression on the box was that of the suspected person, orders were issued for a search to be made. The delinquent could not be traced until the following Friday. There were

FIG. 9.—ENLARGED COPY OF THE IMPRESSION FOUND ON THE DOOR.

FIG. 10.—ENLARGED COPY OF PRISONER'S RIGHT MIDDLE FINGER.

a number of incriminating circumstances against him and he was convicted. It may be noted that the circular mark in No. 4 illustration is the top of a screw which was in the medicine-box. This finger is another form of loop, and it shows, as is always the case with impressions of the same finger, that the number of ridges between various characteristic points is the same.

In a case last September a beer-bottle (No. 6) played an important part. Cash was stolen from a club in Bradford. The thief got in through a window, and had helped himself to a bottle of beer. Apparently he had drunk the beer out of the bottle, as the glasses did not bear any impressions. The finger-print on the bottle was very obscure indeed, but after being chemically treated and photographed and then enlarged it

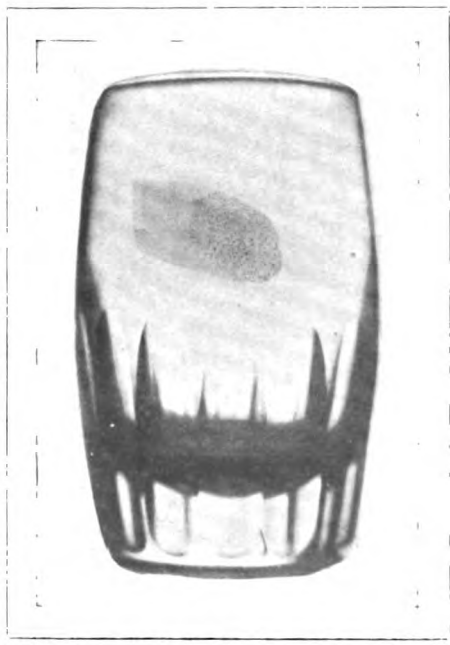


FIG. 11.—THE IMPRESSION ON THE DRINKING-GLASS.

came out as in No. 7. Suspicion fell on a sailor who had been observed by the police in the district. Circumstances led to his arrest and he failed to account for some money. He was remanded and his finger-prints were taken. Illustration 8 was his right middle finger, which will be found to correspond exactly with the impression on the beer-bottle. As has been said, the impression on the bottle was far from being clear, but those familiar with the method of comparing finger impressions will soon find that the various characteristics of the two impressions are precisely the same. In passing it should be noted with regard to this case that without the finger-print it would have been impossible to obtain a conviction.

The next case is not without its humorous element. Two men were found in possession of a quantity of stolen property. They were arrested on suspicion. Their explanation was that the property had been given to them by a man unknown to carry away. Inquiry was made, and it was found that the

articles had been taken from the house of a minister who was away on his holidays. The thieves had got into the minister's residence by removing the slates over the bathroom. After getting through the ceiling of the bathroom they let themselves down on to the floor below by means of the bathroom door, which stood open. In doing so some finger-print impressions were left on the top of the door. One impression was a very plain one. Mr. Talbot had the bathroom door taken bodily but very carefully from its post. The door (seven feet high) was treated with the utmost respect, and, protected by papers, was conveyed on a cart to the town-hall, where it was carried up to the detective to whisky. Apparently only one vessel had been used—a small tumbler of thin glass. On this there was a finger-print, very faintly discernible. The finger-print was chemically treated and then appeared as in No. 11. It was photographed and enlarged, and No. 12 was the result. Considering that the impression was upon glass, it is wonderful how clearly the ridges of the finger were eventually reproduced. The impression is evidently of the "whorl" type. By this time the register in the Bradford detective office had grown to contain about one hundred and twenty charts, comprising, of course, twelve hundred impressions. There was no clue of any kind in this case. Mr. Talbot first of all, as a matter

FIG. 12.—ENLARGEMENT OF THE IMPRESSION ON THE DRINKING-GLASS.

FIG. 13.—ENLARGEMENT OF IMPRESSION OF PRISONER'S RIGHT INDEX FINGER.

studio and photographed. No. 9 is the impression found on the door, and No. 10 is a finger-print of one of the persons who, as has been said, had been remanded in custody. The reader will be able for himself again to see the similarity of the broad characteristics in each impression.

The last case to be dealt with is perhaps the most remarkable of all. It was reported to the police on a Sunday that the premises of a well-known bowling green club in Bradford had been entered on the Saturday night, and some five hundred bottles of whisky and other liquor had been carried away to an adjacent wood. A customary careful examination of the premises showed that the thieves had been helping themselves of course, took the register and looked up several regular offenders who were known to be at large and to have resumed business, so to speak, since their last discharge. This yielded no result. There was no course left but to go carefully through the file, and there eventually was found No. 13. This was the impression of a man who had been remanded some time previously for another offence, but had been discharged. In this case the man whose finger-print was on the glass was at once arrested, and when he was charged with the robbery confessed to being guilty; and he gave information to the police which enabled them both to arrest another man implicated and to recover part of the stolen property.

Pap Spooner.

BY

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

PAP SPOONER was about sixty-five years old, and the greatest miser in San Lorenzo County. He lived on less than a dollar a day, and allowed the rest of his income to accumulate at the rate of one per cent. a month, compound interest.

When my brother Ajax and I first made his acquaintance he was digging post-holes. The day, a day in September, was uncommonly hot. I said, indiscreetly: "Mr. Spooner, why do *you* dig post-holes?"

With a queer glint in his small, dull grey eyes he replied, curtly: "Why are you boys a-shootin' quail—hey? 'Cause ye like to, I reckon. Fer the same reason I like ter dig post-holes. It's jest recreation—to me."

When we were out of earshot Ajax laughed.

"Recreation!" said my brother. "Nothing will ever recreate him. Of all the pinchers——"

"Shush-h-h!" said I. "It's too hot."

Our neighbours told many stories of Pap Spooner. Even that bland old fraud, John Jacob Dumble, admitted sorrowfully that he was no match for Pap in a horse, cattle, or pig deal; and George Leadham, the blacksmith, swore that Pap would steal milk from a blind kitten. The humorists of the village were of opinion that Heaven had helped Pap because he had helped himself so freely out of other folks' piles.

In appearance Andrew Spooner was small, thin, and wiry, with the beak of a turkey-buzzard, the complexion of an Indian, and a set of large, white, very ill-fitting false teeth, which clicked like castanets whenever the old man was excited.

Now, in California, "Pap" is a *nom de caresse* for father. But, so far as we knew, Pap had no children; accordingly we jumped to the conclusion that Andrew Spooner got his nickname from a community who had rechristened the tallest man in our village "Shorty" and the ugliest "Beaut." The humorists knew that Pap might have been the father of the foothills, the George Washington of Preston, but he wasn't.

Later we learned that Pap had buried a wife and child. And the child, it seems, had called him "Pap." We made the inevitable deduction that such paternal instincts as may have bloomed long ago in the miser's heart were laid in a small grave in the San

Lorenzo Cemetery. Our little schoolmarm, Alethea Belle Buchanan, said (without any reason): "I reckon Mr. Spooner must have thought the world of his little one." Whereupon my brother Ajax replied gruffly that as much could be said, doubtless, of a—vulture.

The word "vulture" happened to be pat, apart from the shape of Andrew Spooner's nose, because we were in the middle of the terrible spring which succeeded the dry year. Even now one does not care to talk about that time of drought. During the previous twelve months the relentless sun had destroyed nearly every living thing, vegetable and animal, in our county. Then, in the late fall and early winter, we had sufficient rain to start the feed on our ranges and hope in our hearts. But throughout February and March not a drop of water fell! Hills and plains lay beneath bright blue skies, into which we gazed day after day, week after week, looking for the cloud that never came. The thin blades of wheat and barley were already frizzling; the tender leaves of the orchards and vineyards turned a sickly yellow; the few cattle and horses which had survived began to fall down and die by the empty creeks and springs. And two dry years in succession meant black ruin for all of us.

For all of us in the foothills except Pap Spooner. By some mysterious instinct he had divined and made preparations for a long drought. Being rich, with land in other counties, he was able to move his stock to green pastures. We knew that he was storing up the money sucked by the sun out of us. He was foreclosing mortgages, buying half-starved horses and steers for a song, selling hay and straw at fabulous prices. And we were reeling upon the ragged edge of bankruptcy! He, the beast of prey, the vulture, was gorging on our carrion.

Men—gaunt, hollow-eyed men—looked at him as if he were an obscene bird, looked at him with ever-increasing hate, with their fingers itching for the trigger of a gun. Pap had his weakness. He liked to babble of his own cuteness; he liked to sit upon a sugar barrel in the village store of Preston and talk of savoury viands, so to speak, and sparkling wines in the presence of fellow-citizens who lacked bread and water, particularly water.

One day, in late March, he came into the store as the sun was setting. In such a village as ours, at such a time, the store becomes the club of the community. Misery, who loves company, spent many hours at the store. There was nothing to do on the range.

Upon this particular afternoon we had listened to a new tale of disaster. Till now, although most of us had lost stock, and many had lost land as well, we had regarded health, the rude health of man living the primal life, as an inalienable possession. Our cattle and horses were dying, but we lived. We learned that diphtheria had entered Preston.

In those early days, before the anti-toxin treatment of the disease, diphtheria in Southern California was the deadliest of plagues. It attacked children for the most part, and swept them away in battalions. I have seen whole families exterminated.

And nothing, then as now, prevails against this scourge save prompt and sustained medical treatment. In Preston we had neither doctor, nor nurse, nor drugs. San Lorenzo, the nearest town, lay twenty-six miles away.

Pap shambled in, clicking his teeth and grinning.

"Nice evenin'," he observed, taking his seat on his sugar barrel.

"Puffec'ly lovely," replied the man who had brought the evil news. "Everything," he stretched out his lean hand, "everything smilin' an' gay—an' merry as a marriage bell."

Pap rubbed his talon-like hands together.

"Boys," said he, "I done first-rate this afternoon—I done first-rate. I've made money, a wad of it—and don't you forget it."

"You never allow us to forget it," said Ajax. "We all wish you would," he added, pointedly.

"Eh?"

He stared at my brother. The other men in the store showed their teeth in a sort of pitiful, snarling grin. Each was sensible of a secret pleasure that somebody else had dared to bell the cat.

My brother continued, curtly: "This is not the time nor the place for you to buck about what you've done and whom you've done. Under the present circumstances—you're an old man—what you've left *undone* ought to be engrossing your attention."

"Meanin'?"

Pap had glanced furtively from face to face, reading in each rough countenance derision and contempt. The masks which the poor wear in the presence of the rich were off.

"I mean," Ajax replied, savagely—so savagely that the old man recoiled and

"THE OLD MAN RECOILED AND NEARLY FELL OFF THE BARREL."

nearly fell off the barrel—"I mean, Mr. Spooner, that the diphtheria has come to Preston, and is likely to stay here so long as there is flesh for it to feed on."

"The diptheery?" exclaimed Pap.

Into his eyes—those dull grey eyes—flitted terror and horror. But Ajax saw nothing but what had festered so long in his own mind.

"Aye—the diphtheria! You are rich, Mr. Spooner; you can follow your cattle into a healthier country than this. My advice to you is—Get!"

The old man stared; then he slid off the barrel and shambled out of the store as little Sissy Leadham entered it. The child looked curiously at Andrew Spooner.

"What's the matter with Pap?" she asked, shrilly.

She was a pretty, tow-headed, rosy-cheeked creature, the daughter of George Leadham, a widower, who adored her. He was looking at her now with a strange light in his eyes. Not a man in the store but interpreted aright the father's glance.

"What's the matter with pore old Pap?" she demanded.

The blacksmith caught her up, kissing her face, smoothing her curls.

"Just that, my pet," said he. "He's old, and he's poor—the poorest man, ain't he, boys?—the very poorest man in Preston."

The child looked puzzled. It would have taken a wiser head than hers to understand the minds of the men about her.

"I thought old Pap was rich," she faltered.

"He ain't," said the blacksmith, hugging her tight. "He's poorer than all of us poor folks put together."

"Oh, my!" said Sissy, opening her blue eyes. "No wonder he looks as if someone'd hit him with a fence rail. Pore old Pap!" Then she whispered some message, and father and child went out of the store.

We looked at each other. The storekeeper, who had children, blew his nose with unnecessary violence. Ajax said, abruptly: "Boys, I've been a fool. I've driven away the one man who might help us."

"That's all right," the storekeeper growled. "You done first-rate, young man. You tole the ole cuss in plain words what we've bin a-thinkin' fer a coon's age. Help us? Not he!"

Outside our saddle horses were hitched to the rail. We had managed to save our horses. Ajax and I rode down the valley, golden with the glory of the setting sun. Beyond, the bleak, brown hills were clothed in an imperial livery of purple. The sky

was amber and rose. But Ajax, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. He was cursing his unruly tongue. As we neared the big, empty barn, he turned in his saddle.

"Look here," said he, "we'll nip up to Pap's after supper. I shall ask him to help us. I shall ask for a cheque."

"You expect me to go with you on this tomfool's errand?"

"Certainly. We must use a little tact. I'll beg his pardon—the doing of it will make me sick—you shall ask for the cheque. Yes, we're fools; otherwise we shouldn't be here in this forsaken wilderness."

Pap lived just outside the village in an adobe built upon a small hill to the north-west of our ranch. No garden surrounded it, no pleasant live-oaks spread their shade between the porch and the big barns. Pap could sit on his porch and survey his domain stretching for leagues in front of him, but he never did sit down in the daytime—except on a saddle—and at night he went to bed early so as to save the expense of oil. Knowing his habits, we rode up to the adobe about eight. All was dark, and we could see, just below us, the twinkling lights of Preston. After thundering at the door twice, Pap appeared, carrying a lantern. In answer to his first question, we told him that we had business to discuss. Muttering to himself, he led us into the house and lighted two candles in the parlour. We had never entered the parlour before, and accordingly looked about with interest and curiosity. The furniture, which had belonged to Pap's father-in-law, a Spanish-Californian, was of mahogany and horsehair, very good and substantial. In a bookcase were some ancient tomes bound in musty leather. A strange-looking piano, with a high back, covered with faded rose-coloured silk, stood in a corner. Some half-a-dozen daguerreotypes, a case of stuffed humming-birds, and a wreath of flowers embellished the walls. Upon everything lay the fine white dust of the dry year, which lay also thick upon many hearts.

"Sit ye down," said Pap. "I reckon ye've come up to ask for a loan?"

"Yes," said Ajax. "But first I wish to beg your pardon. I had no right to speak as I did in the store this evening. I'm sorry."

Pap nodded indifferently.

"'Twas good advice," he muttered. "I ain't skeered o' much, but diptheery gives me cold feet. I calc'late to skin out o' this and into the mountains to-morrer. How about this yere loan?"

"It's not for us," said I.

"I don't lend no good dollars on squatters' claims," said Pap. "Let's git to business."

We explained what we wanted. Upon the top of Pap's head the sparse grey hairs bristled ominously. His teeth clicked; his eyes snapped. He was furiously angry—as I had expected him to be.

"You've a nerve," he jerked out. "You boys come up here askin' me fer a thousand dollars. What air *you* goin' to do?"

"We've no money," said Ajax, "but we've leisure. I dare say we may dig graves."

"You're two crazy fools."

"We know that, Mr. Spooner."

"I'm a-goin' to tell ye something. Diptheery in this yere country is worse'n small-pox—and I've seen both." The look of horror came again into his face. "My wife an' my child died o' diptheery nearly thirty-five year ago." He shuddered. Then he pointed a trembling finger at one of the daguerreotypes. "There she is—a beauty! And before she died—oh, Heaven!"

I thought I saw something in his eyes, something human. Ajax burst out:—

"Mr. Spooner, because of that, won't you help these poor people?"

"No! When she died, when the child died, something died in me. D'ye think I don't know what ye all think? Don't I know that I'm the ornariest, meanest old skinflint atween Point Sal and San Diego? That's me, and I'm proud of it. I aim to let the hull world stew in its own juice. The folks in these yere foothills need thinnin' anyway. Halloa! What in thunder's this?"

Through the door, which we had left ajar, very timidly, all blushes and dimples, and sucking one small thumb, came Sissy Leadham. She stood staring at us, standing on one leg and scratching herself nervously with the other.

"Why, Sissy?" said Ajax.

She removed her thumb, reluctantly.

"Yas—it's me," she confessed. "Popsy don't know as I've comed up here." Then, as if suddenly remembering the conventions, she said, politely, "Good evening, Mr. Spooner."

"Good evening," said the astonished Pap.

"You wasn't expectin' me?"

"I didn't think it was very likely as you'd call in," said Pap, "seein', Missy, as you'd never called in afore.'

"My name's Sissy, not Missy. Well, I'll

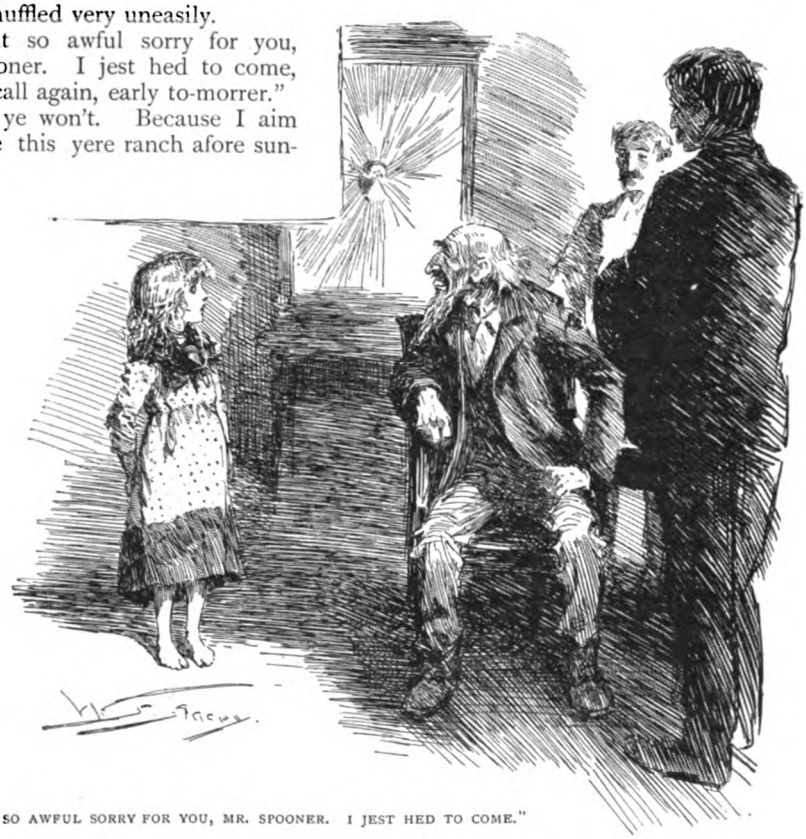
call again, Mr. Spooner, when you've no comp'ny."

"Jee-roosalem! Call again—will ye? An' s'pose I ain't to home—hey? No, Missy—wal, Sissy, then—no, Sissy, you speak out an' tell me what brought you a-visitin'—*me?*"

She shuffled very uneasily.

"I felt so awful sorry for you, Mr. Spooner. I jest hed to come, but I'll call again, early to-morrer."

"No, ye won't. Because I aim ter leave this yere ranch afore sun-



"I FELT SO AWFUL SORRY FOR YOU, MR. SPOONER. I JEST HED TO COME."

up. Jest you speak up an' out. If yer folks has sent you here"—his eyes hardened and flashed—"to borrer money, why, you kin tell 'em I ain't got none to loan."

Sissy laughed gaily.

"Why, I know that, Mr. Spooner. It's jest because, be-cause yer so pore—so very, very pore, that I comed up."

"Is that so? Because I'm so very poor?"

"I heard that in the store this evenin'. I was a-comin' in as you was a-comin' out. I heard Popsy say you was the porest man in the county, porer than all of us pore folks put together."

She had lost her nervousness. She stood squarely before the old man, lifting her tender blue eyes to his.

"Wal—an' what are you a-goin' to do about it?"

"I can't do overly much, Mr. Spooner, but fer a little girl I'm rich. The dry year ain't hurt me any—yet. I've three dollars and sixty cents of my own."

One hand had remained tightly clenched. Sissy opened it. In the moist pink palm lay three dollars, a fifty-cent piece, and a dime. Never had Pap's voice sounded so harsh in my ears as when he said: "Do I understan' that ye offer this to—me?"

His tone frightened her.

"Yas, sir. Won't you p-p-please t-take it?"

"Did yer folks tell ye to give me this money?"

"Why, no. I'd oughter hev asked 'em, I s'pose, but I never thought o' that. Honest Injun, Mr. Spooner, I didn't—and—and it's my own money," she concluded, half defiantly, "an' Popsy said as how I could do what I liked with it. Please take it."

"No," said Pap.

He stared at us, clicking his teeth and frowning. Then he said, curtly, "Wal, I'll take the dime, Sissy—I kin make a dime go farther than a dollar, can't I, boys?"

"You bet," said Ajax.

"And now, Sissy, you run along home," said Pap.

"We'll take her," I said, for Sissy was a sworn friend of ours. At once she put her left hand into mine. We bade the old man good-night, and took leave of him. On the threshold Ajax turned and asked a question :—

"Won't you reconsider your decision, Mr. Spooner?"

"No," he snapped, "I won't. I dunno as all this ain't a reg'lar plant. Looks like it. And, as I say, the scallywags in these yere foothills need thinnin' — they need thinnin'."

Ajax said something in a low voice which Sissy and I could not hear. Later I asked him what it was, because Pap had clicked his teeth.

"I told him," said my brother, "that he needn't think *his* call was coming, because I was quite certain that they did not want him either in Heaven—or in the other place."

"Oh," said I, "I thought that you were going to use a little tact with Pap Spooner."

Next morning, early, we had a meeting in the store. A young doctor, a capital fellow, had come out from San Lorenzo with the intention of camping with us till the disease was wiped out; but he shook his head very solemnly when someone suggested that the first case, carefully isolated, might prove the last.

There were two fresh cases that night!

I shall not attempt to describe the horrors that filled the next three weeks. But, not for the first time, I was struck by the heroism and self-sacrifice of these rude foothill folk, whose great qualities, seemingly, only shine in the darkest hours of adversity. My brother and I had passed through the great boom, when our part of California had become of a sudden a Tom Tiddler's ground, where the youngest and simplest could pick up gold and silver. We had seen our county drunk with prosperity—drunk and disorderly. And we had seen also these same revellers chastened by low prices, dry seasons, and commercial stagnation. But we had yet to witness the crowning sobering effect of a raging pestilence.

The little schoolmarm, Alethea Belle Buchanan, organized the women into a staff of nurses. Mrs. Dumble enrolled herself amongst the band. Did she take comfort in the thought that she was wiping out John Jacob Dumble's innumerable rogueries? Let us hope so.

Within a week yellow bunting waved from half a score of cottages in and about Preston. And then, one heavenly morning, as we were riding into the village, we saw the hideous warning fluttering outside George Leadham's door.

Sissy was down with it!

Poor George, his brown, weather-beaten face seamed with misery, met us at the garden gate.

"She's awful bad," he muttered, "an' the doc says she'll be worse afore she's better."

Next door a man was digging two graves in his garden.

Meantime, Pap Spooner had disappeared. We heard that he had gone to a mountain ranch of his about twenty-five miles away. Nobody missed him; nobody cared whether he went or stayed. In the village store it was conceded that Pap's room, rain or shine, was better than his company. His name was never mentioned till it began to fall from Sissy Leadham's delirious lips.

The schoolmarm first told me that the child was asking for Andrew Spooner, moaning, wailing, shrieking for "pore old Pap." George Leadham was distracted.

"What in thunder she wants that ole cuss fer I can't find out. She's drivin' me plum crazy."

I explained.

"That's it," said George. "It's bin Pap an' her money night an' day fer forty-eight hours. She wanted ter give him—*him*, by Jing!—her money."

The doctor heard the story half an hour later. He had not the honour of Andrew Spooner's acquaintance, and he had reason to believe that all men in the foothills were devoid of fear.

"Fetch Pap," said he, in the same tone as he might have said, "Fetch milk and water!"

We made no remark.

"I think," said the doctor, gravely, "that if this man comes at once the child may pull through."

"By Heaven! he shall come," said George Leadham to me. The doctor had hurried away.

"He won't come," said Ajax.

"If he don't," said the father, fiercely, "the turkey-buzzards'll hev a meal, for I'll shoot him in his tracks."

Ajax looked at me reflectively.

"George," said he, "shooting Pap wouldn't help little Sissy, would it? You and I can't handle this job. My brother will go. But

—but, my poor old George, don't make ropes out of sand."

So I went.

When I started the south-east wind, the rain-wind, had begun to blow, and it sounds incredible, but I was not aware of it. The pestilence had paralyzed one's normal faculties. But riding due south-east I became, sooner or later, sensible of the change in the atmosphere. And then I remembered a chance remark of the doctor's. "We shall have this diphtheria with us till the rain washes it away," and one of the squatters had replied, bitterly, "Preston'll be a cemetery an' nothin' else before the rain comes."

Passing through some pine woods I heard the soughing of the tree-tops. They were entreating the rain to come—to come quickly. How well I knew that soft, sibilant invocation! Higher up the few tufts of bunch grass that remained rustled in anticipation. On the top of the mountain, in ordinary years a sure sign of a coming storm, floated a veil of opaline sea mist. . . .

I found Pap and a greaser skinning a dead heifer. Pap nodded sulkily, thinking of his hay and his beans and bacon.

"What's up?" he growled.

"It's going to rain," said I.

"Ye ain't ridden from Preston to tell me that. An' rain's not a-comin', either. 'Twould be a miracle if it did. How's folks? I heard as how things couldn't be worse."

"They are bad," said I. "Deakin's sister-in-law and two children are dead. Judge Rice has lost four. In all about sixteen children have gone and five adults. That's Preston alone; in the foothills——"

"What brings you here?"

It seemed hopeless to soften this hardened old man. I had thought of a dozen phrases wherewith to soap the ways, so to speak, down which might be launched my petition. I forgot them all, confronted by those malicious, sneering eyes, by the derisive, snarling grin.

"Little Sissy Leadham is dying."

"What d'you say?"

"Little Sissy Leadham is dying."

For my life I could not determine whether the news moved him or not.

"Wal?"

"And she's asking for you."

"Askin'—fer me?"

At last I had gripped his attention and interest.

"Why?"

"She wants to give you her money."

"Then it wa'n't a plant? 'Twa'n't fixed up atween you boys an' her?"

"ASKIN'—FER ME?"

"It was her own idea—an idea so strong that it has taken possession of her poor wandering wits altogether."

"Is that so?" He moistened his lips. "And you—ye've come up here to ask me to go down there, into that p'isonous Preston, because a little girl who ain't nothin' to me wants to give me three dollars and a half?"

"If you get there in time it may save her life."

"An' s'pose I lose mine—hey?"

I shrugged my shoulders. He stared at me as if I were a strange animal, clicking his teeth and twisting his fingers.

"Look ye here," he burst out, angrily, with a curious note of surprise and petulance in his voice, "you an' that brother o' yours know me, old Pap Spooner, purty doggoned well. Hev ye heard anyone ever speak a good word fer me?"

"No one except—the schoolmarm."

"An' what did she say?"

"She reckoned you must have thought the world of your own little girl."

He paid no attention. Suddenly he said, irrelevantly:—

"That dime little Sissy give me is tl e first gift I've had made me in thirty-five year. Wal, young man, ye must ha' known—didn't ye now?—that you was takin' big chances in comin' after ole Pap Spooner. I'll bet the hull crowd down in Preston laughed at the idee o' fetchin' *me*—hey?"

"Nobody laughs in Preston now, and nobody except my brother, the doctor, and Sissy's father knows that I've come after you."

"Ye'll ride back and say the old man was skeered—hey?"

"Well, you are, aren't you?"

"Yes; I've enough sense to know when I am skeered. I'm skeered plum to death, but all the same I'm a-goin' back with you, because Sissy give me that dime. There's a sack o' crushed barley behind that shed. Give yer plug a half feed, an' by then I'll be ready."

We rode into Preston as night was closing in. The south-east wind was still blowing, and the thin veil of mist upon the mountain had grown into a cloud. In front of George Leadham's house were a couple of eucalyptus trees. Their long, lanceolate leaves were shaking as Pap and I passed through the gate. A man's shadow darkened the small porch. To the right was the room where Sissy lay. A light still shone in the window. The shadow moved; it was the doctor. He hurried forward.

"Glad to make your acquaintance," said he to Pap, whom he had never seen before.

"Air ye? You wa'n't expectin' me, surely?"

"Certainly," replied the doctor, impatiently. "What man wouldn't come under such circumstances?"

"Is there much danger?" said Pap, anxiously.

"The child is as ill as she can be."

"I meant fer—me."

"Great Scot! If you feel like that you'd better not go in." His tone was dully contemptuous.

"Wal—I do feel like that, on'y more so; an' I'm goin' in all the same. Reckon I'm braver'n you, 'cause you ain't skeered."

We entered the room. George Leadham was sitting by the bed. When he saw us he bent over the flushed face on the pillow, and said, slowly and distinctly: "Here's Mr. Spooner, my pretty; he's come. Do you hear?"

She heard perfectly. In a thick, choked voice she said: "Is that you, Pap?"

"It's me," he replied; "it's me, sure enough."

"Why, so 'tis. Popsy, where's my money?"

"Here, Sissy, right here."

She extended a thin, wasted hand.

"I want you to have it, Pap," she said, speaking very slowly, but in a clearer tone. "You see, it's like this. I've got the dip-theery, an' I'm a-goin' to die. I don't need the money—see! And you do, you pore old Pap, so you must take it."

Pap took the money in silence. George Leadham had turned aside, unable to speak. I stood behind the door, out of sight. Sissy stared anxiously at Pap.

"Popsy said you wouldn't come, but I knew you would," she sighed. "Good-bye, you pore old Pap." She closed her eyes, but she held Pap's hand. The young doctor came forward with his finger upon his lips. Quietly, he signed to Pap to leave the room; the old man shook his head. The doctor beckoned the father and me out on to the porch.

"Miracles sometimes happen," said he, gravely. "The child has fallen into a natural sleep."

But not for three hours did her grip relax of Pap's hand, and he sat beside her patiently, refusing to budge. Who shall say what was passing in his mind, so long absorbed in itself, and now, if one could judge by his face, absorbed at last in this child?

When he came out of the room he spoke to the doctor in a new voice.

"If she wants anything—anything, you understan'—you get it—*see?*"

"Certainly."

"And look ye here; I shall be stayin' at my old adobe, but if the others want fer anything, you understan', get it—*see?*"

"Certainly, Mr. Spooner. I shall not fail to call on you, sir, because we want many things."

"That's all right; but," his tone grew hard and sharp, "if—if she—dies, this contrack is broke. The rest kin die too; the sooner the better."

"But she won't die, Mr. Spooner," said the young doctor, cheerfully. "I feel in my bones, sir, that Sissy Leadham won't die."

And it may be added here that she didn't.

"'I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT, PAP,' SHE SAID."

At the ranch-house that night Ajax and I sat up, watching, waiting, praying for the rain that would wash the diphtheria from Preston and despair from our hearts. The south-east wind sang louder and louder in the cotton-woods by the creek; the parched live-oaks crackled with fear that the gathering clouds should roll by, the willows shivered and bowed themselves low in supplication. From the parched earth and every living thing thereon went up the passionate cry for water.

One by one we saw the stars fade out of the sky. The Dipper disappeared first; then the Pole Star was extinguished. Orion veiled his triple splendours. The Milky Way ceased to be. . . .

"It's coming," whispered Ajax.

Suddenly the wind died down; the trees became mute; only the frogs croaked a final Hallelujah Chorus, because they alone *knew*. And then, out of the Heaven which had seemed to have forsaken us, coming slowly at first, as if with the timid, halting step of a stranger; coming quickly and gladly afterwards, as an old friend comes back to the place where he is sure of a welcome; and lastly, with a sound of ten thousand pattering feet, with a whirring of innumerable wings, with a roar of triumph and ecstasy, Prosperity poured down upon Preston.

From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

WITH ADVICE TO AMBITIOUS ASPIRANTS.

By Basil Tozer.

IT was one day recently at her charming South Kensington residence, Park House, that Madame Albani very kindly spoke to me at considerable length on what may best be described as the study of singing and the interpretation of words. No artist is in a position to speak with greater authority upon this most important subject than Madame Albani, and every sentence set down in the following pages is, therefore, of inestimable value to all students of singing and to many others besides.

"What I would impress very forcibly upon the student," said the famous soprano, "is that he, or she, should study not merely the notes, as so many are tempted to do, but in addition the words, the intention, the meaning of everything that has to be learnt. So emphatic am I upon this point that I go so far as to urge that the words and the intention, in addition to the meaning, of everything that has to be learnt should be thought out with the utmost care and precision, and that when they have been thus thought out they should, as it were, be gathered up into one consecutive whole. I may not express myself quite so lucidly as I should like to do, yet I think you will be able to follow what I wish to imply. When all this has been gathered up, knitted together, so to speak, then, and then only, let the student add to it any personal genius that he may possess, and in doing so let him be careful not to become discouraged, as he is, quite unwittingly, very liable to do. For instance, he may fail, at first, to obtain the result he is striving for, and that failure may tend to discourage him. In all probability, indeed, he will fail at first if he is not by nature a prodigy, and you may believe me when I tell you that it is not necessarily the prodigy who eventually reaches the pinnacle of Fame. Perseverance, if not everything, has at any rate a very great deal to do with success in the musical as well as in most other professions, and very certain it is that the student who does not persevere, and who does not make up his mind at the outset that he is going to work at high pressure almost incessantly, is not going to succeed in coming to the front, no matter how highly gifted with talent by Nature.

"Again, from the very outset I have tried to impress upon all who have asked me for advice on the subject of studying singing how advantageous—indeed, how absolutely necessary—it is that they should study *slowly*. I believe I am right in saying that no singer of great repute has ever admitted to studying otherwise than slowly, though persistently. Another point of importance to the young artist is this: let him rigidly refrain from adopting peculiarities of any kind whatever—'mannerisms' I think they are sometimes called. Affectation of any sort is inartistic, and everything inartistic must be shunned by the aspirant to fame as well as fortune. Moreover, the public, as a body, has a rooted and very sensible antipathy to anything in the least resembling affectation—at any rate, affectation while on the platform. In

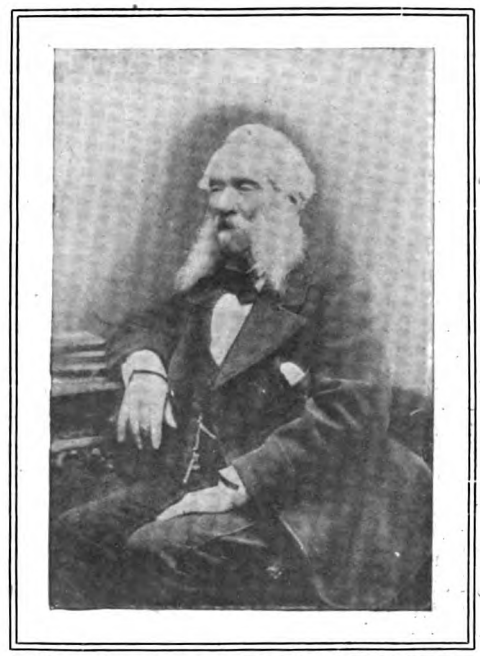
addition to this I strongly advise both men and women of naturally weak constitution, even though endowed with talent, to give up at once and for ever all idea of attempting to adopt either the musical or the dramatic profession as a career. The wear and tear alone of travelling is often sufficient to play havoc with highly-strung natures that have not sound constitutions to compensate them, and no artist properly so called has ever yet been born whose nerves were not more or less highly strung.

From a Photo. by] MADAME ALBANI. *[Lafayette.*

" It was Signor Lamperti who first explained to me the absolute necessity of breathing properly. There is only one true school of singing, and that is the Italian school, and the Italian method is Lamperti's. His method, indeed, is the only one which enables the student to sing as he should sing, the only method that teaches the right and true way to produce the voice and the correct way of breathing ; the only method, in short, that I, personally, believe in at all. Never under any circumstances should the student sing for more than twenty minutes at a time. Then, many of our great singers will tell you they spent, in the early days of their tuition, an entire lesson over the mastery of a single phrase of four bars. Think of that! And yet there are masters to-day who tell their pupils that more than six or eight minutes spent over a phrase of four bars is merely time wasted! Signor Lamperti—how well I remember it—kept me studying a single opera, 'La Sonnambula,' for three months, for he said: 'Once sing that well and you will be able to sing anything ; and being once able to *sing*, all music comes easily.' With regard to Wagner's music being injurious to the vocal organs—as plenty of seemingly enlightened persons still firmly believe it to be—I can only say that such supposition is pure fallacy. For if the student's *method* be good, then nothing, nothing at all, will injure his voice.

When the interpretation of Wagner's music has wrought havoc with a voice, the harm has been caused solely by the young artist's attempting Wagner before he had learnt the right way to sing. Indeed, to explain more clearly what I mean, I will mention that the first time Hans von Bülow ever heard me in 'Lohengrin' he said to a friend of mine: 'If Mlle. Albani ever goes to Germany she will prove to the Germans that Wagner can be *sung*.'

"A misconception only too prevalent among students of singing is that the improvement they make should be clearly perceptible, or, rather, audible, from week to week, if not from day to day. Yet progress so phenomenal ought not to be expected or even looked for. For improvement that is going to prove thoroughly sound and lasting is made, as a rule, only step by step, and each step is a very small one. Phenomenally rapid progress in singing, from what I have seen of it, seldom leads far, in the same way that education of any kind that is what has come to be called 'crammed'—namely, forced and hurried—seldom takes a firm hold either of mind or memory; and I think I shall not be overstepping the mark when I say it really is not possible to gauge even from month to month the exact amount of progress that has been made by a student of average ability. At the end of five or six months' hard work, and not before, let the student contrast the amount of knowledge he then possesses with the amount possessed when he began. Even then he will not necessarily find that he has improved by leaps and bounds. Time must be set aside, first, in which to acquire knowledge; secondly, in which to digest it. I have heard of students who endeavoured to master two or more opera parts within a period of two or three months or less, when they had been learning singing perhaps only a few weeks! Naturally, the strain the voice is put to in such cases is terrible, and I should say eight out of ten voices thus forced must become, in consequence, prematurely and permanently impaired.



SIGNOR LAMPERTI, MADAME ALBANI'S SINGING-MASTER.
From a Photo. by Barrett.

"Then, English students almost always experience considerable difficulty when they first come to sing in a foreign tongue, or, rather, when they begin to attempt to do so. This is not to be wondered at, for the simple reason that a clear pronunciation of Italian, and in particular of the Italian vowels, would appear to lie quite beyond the grasp of the student of average ability who is accustomed to speak only English, and to speak it, as often as not, very carelessly. It should always be borne in mind, though quite commonly it is not, that in the Italian language there is but a single vowel which has two sounds, namely, the 'o,' which is pronounced on some occasions 'oa,' as in 'moan'; on other occasions 'o' simply, as in 'got.' Again, syllables ending in 'e' and in 'i' need considerable attention in pronunciation. Sometimes I hear English singers add, or, rather, pronounce, an 'i' after the 'e' or the 'i' that should by rights end the syllable. Thus they pronounce 'bene' as though it were 'bei-ne'; 'Di-o' like 'Di-io,' and so on. These and similar slips, also the false quantities you hear so frequently, naturally jar upon the ear of the native Italian even more than they jar upon the ear of the Italian linguist or scholar, and cause considerable irritation. The Italian 'u,' in like manner, is pronounced as often as not by English singers as though it were the 'u' in 'curious,' rather than 'oo.' Yet some rather distinguished English singers have made these and a dozen similar mistakes every time they sang in Italian, merely through ignorance. I draw attention to these blunders in order that the student may guard against them from the outset.

"And yet, incredible as the statement may

MADAME ALBANI ABOUT THE TIME OF HER DÉBUT IN LONDON.
From a Photo.

sound, there are to-day British vocalists of this description who will tell you quite frankly that they 'prefer to sing in Italian.' I remember once asking a young student, who had thus expressed his preference, to give me his reason for preferring to sing in Italian. He did so at once. 'It is so much easier,' he said, 'to sing in Italian than English; don't you think so yourself?' Mr. Santley, for whose talent and opinion I have a very great regard, will, I am sure, bear me out in these assertions. He, too, has much to say upon this point that is likely to be of interest. For instance, 'It may be pleasanter for them,' he remarks in his interesting volumes of recollections, when speaking of singers of this stamp—'it may be pleasanter for them to sing in Italian, and to some of them it may come easier to sing in Italian than in English; but to those of their audience whose ears are attuned to the beauty and delicacy of the Italian tongue the gibberish they utter mars entirely any effect they might make with their vocalization. Without the words there is no accent, and without the accent there is no singing.' As I once heard Mr. Santley cleverly observe, 'Attention to detail distinguishes the artist from the artisan.'

"Again, a fatal mistake made by many students is that of studying under incompetent maestri. Far from improving students in any way, plenty of these indifferent teachers leave their pupils' voices in a worse condition than they found them. In Italy nearly everybody can sing a little, while a very large proportion of the people are gifted by Nature with comparatively good voices. Very few, however, are capable of teaching. It is essential, too, that the pupil should go to a qualified singing-master at the very outset, no matter what the pupil's age may be. Often you hear parents remark that they are sending their children whom they wish to learn singing to So-and-so—naming some quite incompetent teacher—'in order to have them grounded,' adding that they mean to send them, when they get older, 'to some really good master.' I wonder how often within the

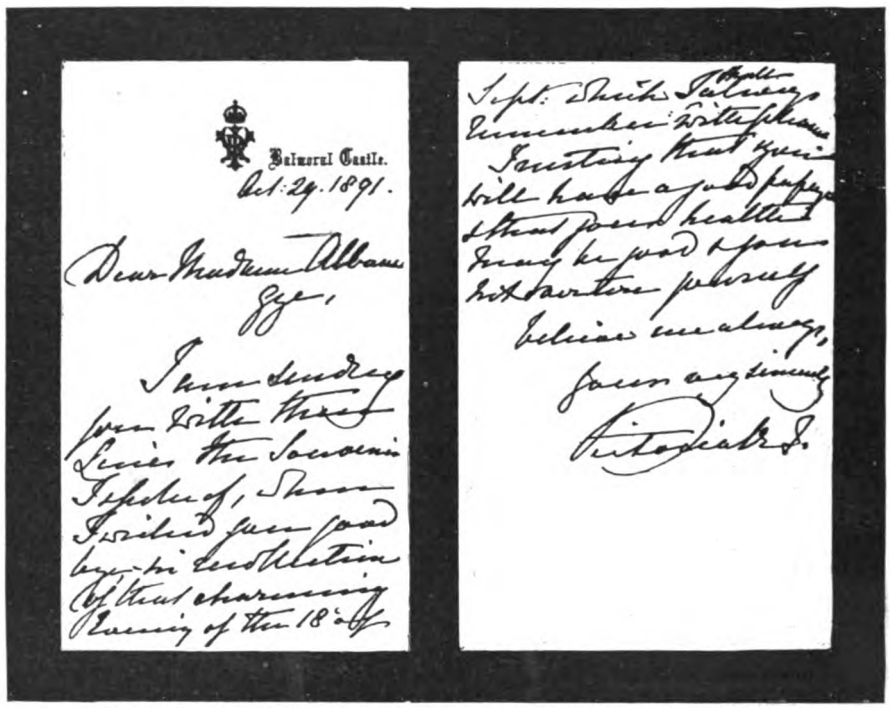
MADAME ALBANI ABOUT THE TIME OF HER DÉBUT IN PARIS.
From a Photo. by Le Jeune.

last twenty years I have begged parents or guardians of children with good voices, and apparently talented, not to do anything so unwise as to 'ground' pupils with an incompetent teacher? The invariable result of a faulty 'grounding' is that when at last the pupils are sent to a finished teacher the first thing the latter has to do is to teach them to forget as quickly and effectually as possible almost everything they have been taught, and, having accomplished that feat, to begin with them at the beginning again on entirely different lines; and precisely the same remark is applicable to instrumentalists. Yet I suppose the idea will ever remain prevalent among a vast section of the community, especially of the unmusical community, that a child can be taught music and singing 'anyhow' until well in its teens, and that then, and then only, it will be advisable to send the pupil to a capable teacher.

MADAME ALBANI AS MARGHERITA ("FAUST").
From a Photo. by Heath & Bullingham, Plymouth.

"Comparatively few people, I think, realize thoroughly the mistake parents and guardians make in praising their own and their friends' children to their faces, when in reality the children so praised have little or no musical talent to speak of. Children thus unfairly treated—for, say what you will, it is unfair, and, indeed, cruel, to lead children and young people devoid of talent to believe they are geniuses—are almost bound to become puffed up and eventually to suffer from what the French call *tête montée*. I think there are few things more pitiable, more pathetic, than to see young people working, often very hard, to become, as they inwardly feel convinced they are going to become, great singers or instrumentalists, when any *bonâ fide* musician with enough moral courage to do so could tell them at once that all their efforts were in vain and that they would do much better to turn their attention to something else. Personally I make it a rule always to tell the honest truth to young people who ask me to hear them sing; and though, when the honest truth is unpleasant to hear, they very likely temporarily dislike me for having told it to them, I console myself with the reflection that in years to come they will probably wish to thank me for my seemingly cruel candour.

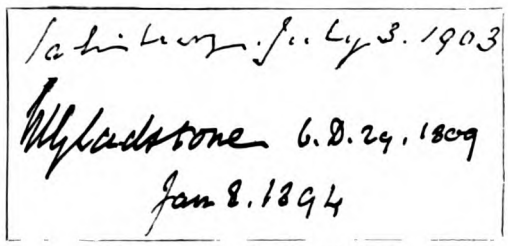
"I have already said that one essential qualification for a successful artist is a sound, if not a robust, constitution. I think I will add that in these days of strife and competition it is almost equally important that aspiring artists, even artists endowed with considerable talent and who have been carefully and correctly trained, should have enough money to support themselves upon while they are working to establish a reputation. Some of our greatest artists — singers, violinists, pianists, and so forth—of the last twenty years would very likely have remained in obscurity but for the fact that they had at least a competence or else were temporarily supported by friends or relatives, and I dare say there are to-day young men and women of considerable talent who have never been heard of, and in all probability never will be heard of, simply because cruel Fate has so ordained. For that some are born fortunate and some unfortunate I do believe most implicitly, though, of course, a vast proportion of the persons one hears incessantly complaining that 'luck' is against



REPRODUCED FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM QUEEN VICTORIA TO MADAME ALBANI.

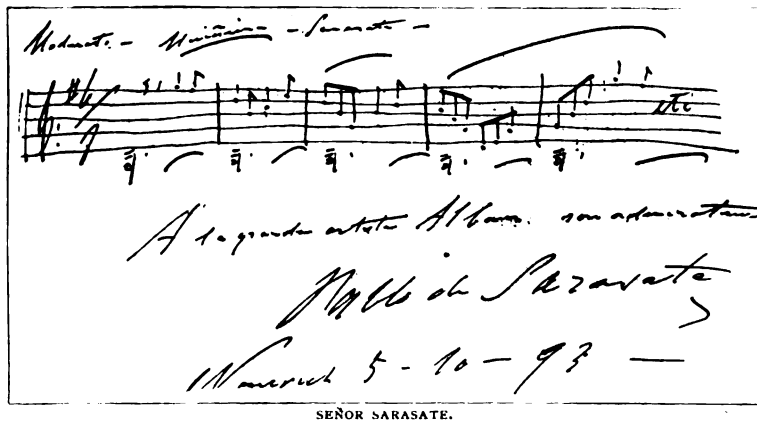
them have only themselves to blame for their apparent inability to succeed in life.

"Another point the aspirant should at all times bear in mind is that, no matter how great a reputation he or she may end by establishing, no reputation is so high that it cannot rise still higher. The artist who considers himself or herself quite at the top of the ladder is already beginning to climb down it. For self-complacency is fatal to any artist who indulges in the feeling habitually. It must be remembered, too, that though an artist must most emphatically be 'born' — must be, that is to say, endowed by Nature with the artistic temperament as well as with exceptional talent and several other qualifications — the artist who is going to succeed must quite as emphatically be 'made.' For this reason I repeat my assertion that early musical tuition is of very great importance—I repeat it in spite of all that is urged to the contrary by certain modern faddists — but that early tuition, remember, must be of the very best quality obtainable. At the age of eight I was able to read and play at sight the principal works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Gluck, and so forth. I could not have done so had I been taught by an incompetent teacher. Any child possessing an ear, a true talent for music, and a voice should be made familiar very early in life with some of the fine works of the best masters, works whose melodies and breadth of composition accustom the young student to love intuitively all that is best in music—works that gradually raise his or her taste to the elevated level beneath which no true artist is ever content to remain. These early studies, moreover, widen the perceptions, and in after-life they will prove to be of incalculable value.



LORD SALISBURY AND MR. GLADSTONE.
These and the following autographs are reproduced from Madame Albani's album.

"I have already said that, if a voice be used properly, use alone will not injure it; that it is abuse, and not use, that does harm. Voices, like artists, are 'born.' Unlike artists, however, they are not 'made.' A really fine organ is a precious gift of Nature and cannot be formed. On the



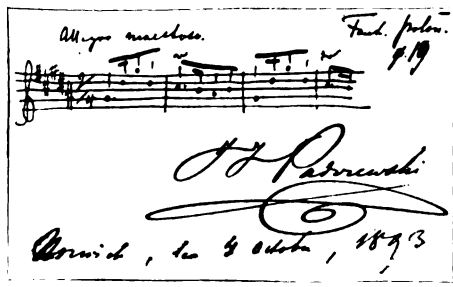
SEÑOR SARASATE.

alone. Almost all our great artists, irrespective of sex, go, whenever possible, to listen to fine singing. Many are to be seen constantly at the theatre when clever and artistic pieces are being played by our leading actors and actresses. Some are interested in painting, some also in literature; so that the majority may be said to exist in an atmosphere of art and intellect. Personally

other hand, the actual voice may be considerably improved, and, if the organ is to be utilized to its utmost capacity, the voice must be improved by training. No amount of study, however, will prove really beneficial if the organ be not a fine one by nature.

"I know it is a common belief in certain circles that an artist's life is a very easy one; that a great singer in the zenith of her career has only to sing two or three simple songs, which last, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, and that then she has the rest of the twenty-four hours in which to do as she pleases. Such a halcyon existence would indeed be delightful. Unfortunately, it is not the life that an artist who in the least values her reputation can

RUBINSTEIN.

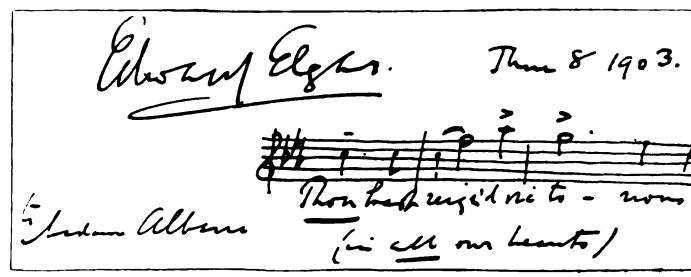


M. PADEREWSKI.

I derive intense pleasure from reading the biographies of living celebrities and of great historical characters. For I am firmly convinced, and have been for many years, that the mere fact of living in this kind of atmosphere assists the artist in his or her career far more than the majority of artists may themselves be aware of or even believe to be possible.

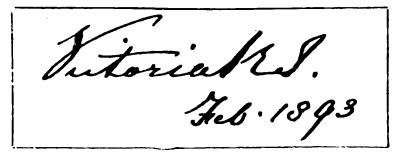
"Another word of advice that I would give to all aspirants to operatic honours is this: Let

afford to lead. For almost every day of the year she must practise if she wish to maintain her position, and on many days she is compelled also to rehearse. Then she must, as far as possible, live as an artist—live, that is, for her art

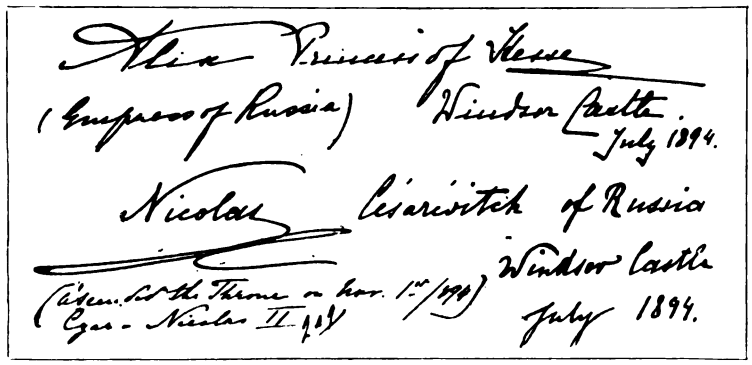


SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

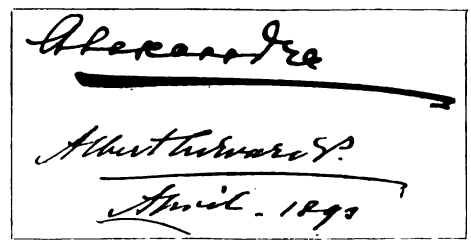
them study carefully and in every way possible each oratorio, opera, or piece of music they may be preparing, and let them learn all the traditions obtainable concerning the intention each composer had in his mind at the time he wrote the work under consideration. When I was preparing 'Mignon' and 'Hamlet,' for instance, I went all the way to Paris merely in order to study both operas with their composer, and every time I had to prepare a Wagner opera I went over to Germany and there studied with the best Wagner disciple I could find. Sometimes even now I study when in bed, and occasionally I go so far as to sleep with the book under my pillow. Often I have dreamt of the character I was studying, and have pictured it in all sorts of possible as well as fantastic shapes. On those occasions I have seldom obtained much rest until I felt I had thoroughly mastered the part and the character. Of course, I do not, at those times, actually sing the part, but in imagination I do act it. Yet I have never, so far as I can remember, learnt a character so well but that I have felt it could in some way be improved upon. I think, however, that the only way to come as near as possible to perfection is to seize an inspiration the moment you feel it upon you, and at once strive your uttermost to put it into practice. The dramatic parts of a character, the intonations of the voice, the attitudes, the facial expressions—all these are among the points the most troublesome to master thoroughly. Every day that I am occupied in learning a part of this kind I practise in the morning, with an accompanist, the words and the music. The score then acts as a guide, and with comparative ease the whole can generally be mastered. Again, effects have to be studied, and what may appear to be quite a trivial action when you see it performed upon the stage may have needed hours of practice for days beforehand. Joy, sorrow, emotion, laughter, despair, frenzy—each has its appropriate expression, each differs with each character. The walk on to the stage, the dropping of a handkerchief, perhaps even the simplest of gestures, may have been fully studied and rehearsed. I have often been considerably helped, too, by carefully reading the works from which the plots of the operas had been taken, also by studying artistic paintings that represented the actual characters. One failing liable to prove detrimental to an artistic career is the failing known as introspection. I am not sure but that introspection, which causes one's thoughts and ideas to centre entirely in 'self,' may not prove more disastrous, in the long run, than the habit of spending many hours among persons unmusical, inartistic, and colourless. For it must be remembered that in order to act well one should understand human nature well, and that in order to sing so as to touch the hearts of others one must be in sympathy with those hearts oneself. He or she who can appreciate all that is best and beautiful will perhaps find in that very capability the power to become the greater artist, for, if I may slightly alter a well-known line, 'They sing best who love best all things both great and small.'"



QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND KING EDWARD.

The Adventure of Monica.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

PRESENTIMENTS were nonsense. There was nothing in them; she didn't believe in them, and she was merely a little restless, Monica said to herself. It was the rain on the window and the ticking of that fussy little American clock on the mantelpiece that had got upon her nerves.

She would have stopped the clock, but if she did she couldn't tell when it would be time for Hugh to come home. He might be expected in half an hour or so now, or it might be longer—ever so much longer. One could never tell about rehearsals for a new play; she had learned that since she married Hugh, though he had had but two engagements in the whole year, poor boy, and those had been disappointing.

What a lucky chance this present one was! Instead of letting her nerves run away with her, making her fear all sorts of silly things—quite impossible to happen now that the engagement was settled—she ought to be singing with joy.

An engagement at last, and at a big London theatre, in a play by an author who had made a great reputation! Yes; let her think happily of the future, and so help the time to pass till Hugh should come to tell her all the news of the day at the theatre. No need to lie awake o' nights any more, wondering how the horrid bills were to be paid: such legions of them, though Hugh and she never seemed to buy anything, and Hugh's boots were a disgrace to the best-looking and cleverest young actor in London.

Only think of the joy of paying the landlady—paying her in a matter-of-fact way, as if they had suddenly remembered her bill among all the other more interesting things they had had upon their minds!

But ugh! that rain! How could one help feeling dispirited, and as if something dreadful were going to happen, while those gusts swept wailing against the window-panes?

Poor Hugh would be very wet, for he would walk home from the theatre. It was a long distance, but pennies had grown so big, so important, that one didn't fling them away for mere omnibus fares. Thank goodness, though, his overcoat was good; an actor's overcoat must be good, even if there be a hollow place somewhere beneath it; and as she had saved up the coals all day there would be a cheery fire to warm him when he came in.

If this engagement hadn't fallen from the sky soon there might have been no more coals, for Mrs. Smithbury was growing a little restive; but now all was safe—quite safe—so where was the use in brooding over disagreeable, frightening "ifs"?

Monica Beresford turned her back on the storm-beaten window and busied herself about getting ready the tea, which was presently to cheer that best-looking and cleverest of London actors on his return to the bosom of his family. She filled the tea-kettle (a battered veteran of Hugh Beresford's Oxford days, before he had gone on the stage) and balanced it over the fire in the grate, which was just beginning to glow red under a dull layer of black. Then she curled up on the faded hearthrug, with arms clasped round her knees, thinking hard and waiting for the water to boil.

But it had only begun to hum dreamily when the door opened, and a tall young man in a wet overcoat came quickly in.

It was Hugh, of course; there was no other young man in Monica's world, and she sprang up joyfully, with a little cry of "Oh, Hugh, dearest boy! How nice that you should be here before I expected you, after all, and——"

She stopped abruptly, the happy ring struck out of her voice by the look on his face.

"Something's happened?" she said, helping him mechanically to take off the wet coat.

"Yes, darling, something very bad has happened," he answered. "How I hate to have to tell you! But it can't be helped. You must know."

"Would you—shall I give you tea first, before we talk seriously?" she faltered, trying to be brave, but remembering the presentiment.

"Would you rather?"

"No. If I'm to choose, tell me now. I can bear anything better than suspense. But sit here in the big chair, close to the fire."

He drew her down on his knee—the sweet-faced little girl whom he loved better than anything else on earth; the girl he would have died to cherish, but now must grieve.

"Manton won't have me in the part," he said, blurting out the words that hurt them both as if with the same blow.

"Won't have you in the part!" she echoed. "But you were engaged. You——"

"'SOMETHING'S HAPPENED?' SHE SAID."

"There's no contract. And now he insists that the engagement was to depend on my giving satisfaction at rehearsals."

"I'm sure you rehearsed splendidly—better than anyone."

"I wasn't bad, really. But there's nothing to do about it, I'm afraid. We're not rich enough to go to law, and, anyhow, such cases are too uncertain. The real truth is—I had it in confidence from Everton, the stage-manager, who overheard a conversation—that a man called Kennedy, a beastly amateur with loads of money, has offered Manton five hundred pounds for a chance to play Lord Harry Brent. Perhaps I oughtn't to call names, seeing that I was an amateur myself two years ago, and fool enough to think myself a genius with a vocation. But, anyhow, I never tried to take a part away from another chap, and would sooner go without one to the end than do it."

"Of course you would, dearest," said Monica, sympathetically. "What horrible people there are in the world! But couldn't you appeal to the author? He's a gentleman, at least, and must have a voice in casting his own play. Surely he wouldn't let such an injustice be done; and, if he has any sense, he'd much rather have you playing an important part in his piece than some raw amateur."

"Lord Harry *is* an important part, though he hasn't very much to say," Hugh answered. "But Pendred isn't the sort of man to bother about it. He and Manton are great pals at present. It's all 'old man' and 'dear old chap' between them. If he'd cared to keep me in the part in spite of Manton he would have said something to-day."

"Didn't he say anything at all?" asked Monica.

"Not a word. Took not the slightest notice of me."

"I wish you'd just *spoken* to him. Perhaps he didn't understand what was going on."

"Darling, it wouldn't have done the slightest good, or, for your sake, I'd have put my pride in my pocket and begged to stop on. I can tell you I was pretty sick to have to come back to you with such news, after all you've gone through, you brave little mortal, since we began to see the bottom of our money-box."

"So long as we have each other nothing

else really matters," said Monica. "We shall get on—somehow."

"Oh, yes," Hugh echoed, trying not to speak drearily, "we shall get on—somehow, one way or another. Heaven knows how."

"Heaven *does* know how, I'm sure, dear."

"And knows I ought never to have married you and dragged you down to these depths of misery, girlie."

"Don't say that. Why, in spite of all our troubles, I'm perfectly happy—with you. As if it were your fault that it's been an unlucky year in the theatrical world! I married you to share your burdens and try to help lighten them if I could, didn't I? Oh, how I do wish I could! If I could only do *something!*"

"Don't pucker your precious little white forehead, anyhow," said Hugh, making an effort to laugh. "There are other engagements in the world, maybe, though they don't seem to grow on blackberry bushes. Everton's a good fellow. He's given me a card to a man he knows who is engaging some people for a special performance. There would be a pound or two to pick up, perhaps, if I could get in. The man is at a club near the Strand between half-past four and six, and Everton's card may induce him to see me. I came home first, for fear you'd worry, but after I've bolted a cup of tea I'll trot out again and see if I can't bring back better news next time."

When Hugh had kissed her lovingly, for consolation to both, and had gone out once more into the rain, Monica sat still for a few moments in the big chair where he had told his story.

"I can't but think Hugh made a mistake in not just speaking to Mr. Pendred," she thought. "Perhaps if he'd known—but men are so proud. I've heard people say that Mrs. Pendred is a nice, kind woman, and that her husband takes her advice about his plays and everything. What if—what if I should go and call on her, to tell her all about the dreadful injustice that has been done, and beg her to use her influence with Mr. Pendred before it's too late to have Hugh put back into his part?"

The bare idea of so momentous an undertaking made the girl cold with fear, but she faced it. She could do anything for Hugh. The only question was, "Would it do any good to see Mrs. Pendred, a perfect stranger to her?"

"It might," she answered herself; and at least no more harm could be done than was already done.

So thinking, she impulsively sprang up, certain words repeating themselves in her head. "*Before it is too late.*" Oh, if she were to go, she must not let it be too late!

She looked at the clock, which had ticked against her nerves a little while ago, when she had not half so much to worry about as she had now. It was already close upon half-past four. The weather was so dreary that very likely Mrs. Pendred would be at home. This would be a good time to find her there, and to-day matters might not yet be definitely settled with the horrible amateur.

Without waiting to chill her mood by reflection, Monica rushed like a small whirlwind to her cold bedroom, put on her hat and coat, and almost ran into the street. What if she should be able to get home before Hugh, and have something hopeful to tell with the confession of what she had done?

She had read in an "interview" in a weekly paper some months ago about the beautiful house in Portland Place which the Pendreds had lately taken. The playwright had been making a great deal of money these past two or three years, and was—as irreverent contemporaries put it—"cutting a splurge," no doubt on the principle that nothing succeeds like success.

Monica remembered the number, and also that the paper had said it was a corner house, therefore she had no difficulty in finding it; but when she saw what a grand mansion it was, the courage she had been storing up felt as if it were being slowly sifted away through a sieve. Still, nothing would have turned her back now, and she was thankful for one thing at least; in spite of the rain, she had put on her only pretty hat and coat, to call upon the wife of the playwright.

Had she but seen herself as she timidly touched the electric bell, she need have had little concern for her appearance. Cold wind and warm excitement had whipped the colour to her cheeks, which glowed like roses; and, small though she was, she had an air of distinction inherited from ancestors who would once have looked down on the upstart playwright she so much feared. Her clothes, though simple, had been "built" for her by a good tailor, when she was to be a bride, and the splendid person who opened the door had no reason to look upon the pretty, golden-haired girl in grey with snobbish disapproval.

Nevertheless, his magnificence overawed her. She had never seen anything quite so dignified, except perhaps in the park or in a play at the theatre. He seemed to be something even grander than a footman, and when she had murmured an inarticulate word

or two he ushered her into a large hall. On a table there lay an open book, and to her astonishment she was asked to write her name in it. Perhaps, Monica said to herself, this was a new fashion, so she showed no surprise, but did as she was requested, with a calm face that hid a beating heart. Then

"Oh, I'm so sorry if you expected someone else of my name, for then you will be disappointed," broke in poor Monica. "I'm afraid when you know why I have called you will think I ought not to have come. But I couldn't help it. I *had* to try and see you."

The lady looked rather startled. "You

"SHE DID AS SHE WAS REQUESTED, WITH A CALM FACE THAT HID A BEATING HEART."

presently she was given in charge of a tall footman in purple and white livery and borne away to a door. Her name was announced, "Mrs. Beresford"—it had sounded sweeter but never so important before—and the girl found herself in a large, beautiful room, where several ladies were sitting near the fire. The first startled glance she gave showed this to Monica, and dazzled her eyes with the yellow glitter of gold plate on a small tea-table.

One of the ladies rose and came forward; a tall, sweet woman with a soft smile in her grey eyes, and a peculiar grace that charmed half Monica's fear away before her hostess spoke a word.

"Mrs. Beresford," the lady said, kindly. "You are not the Mrs. Beresford I expected to see when I heard your name, but you——" are not from a newspaper, I hope?" she exclaimed. "It isn't for—an interview, or anything of that sort, is it?"

"Oh, no," answered Monica. "I have come for myself, or rather for my husband, to ask you the greatest favour. You see, it is almost life or death for us."

"And you think I can help you?"

"I am sure you could, if you would."

"Then tell me what I could do. We will sit down together over there, in that corner, and nobody will hear what we say to each other."

She led Monica to a sofa, and motioned the girl to sit down beside her, smiling so pleasant and patient a smile that her visitor almost forgot to be frightened. And yet there was something extraordinary about her

manner. Monica could not have described in what lay the difference between it and that of other women whom she had met, but she knew that there was a difference. Without the slightest affectation, without the slightest desire to be patronizing, Monica's hostess impressed her young guest as being a very great lady. "She is almost like what a queen ought to be," the girl said to herself; but aloud she began her story. Hurrying into it, breathlessly, she did not realize that a stranger could not understand, until her hostess had stopped and questioned her.

"Mr. Manton?" The lady echoed her mention of the name. "The actor-manager? What has he to do with your troubles?"

It seemed odd to Monica that Mrs. Pendred should not comprehend more readily, but she set herself to explain in detail.

"SO YOU CAME HERE TO CALL ON THE AUTHOR'S WIFE, AND ASK HER TO DO WHAT SHE COULD FOR YOUR HUSBAND?"

"Oh!" echoed her hostess. "Your husband is an actor; he was engaged to play a part in the new play which will be produced at the Prince's Theatre, and now Mr. Manton has suddenly discharged him, at a rehearsal, ostensibly because he was not satisfactory in the part, really because another man, an amateur, offered to pay a large sum of money to appear in it?"

"Yes; and I thought if only you would speak to Mr. Pendred he would tell Mr. Manton he wanted Hugh to keep the part."

"But, my child, what makes you think I have any influence with Mr. Pendred?"

"I know you must have. You could influence anyone you liked, I think. Besides, I read about it in a paper."

"You read——"

"How good and kind you were, and how much influence you had with your husband."

"My—— Oh, I see. So you came here to call on the author's wife, and ask her to do what she could for your husband with hers?"

"Yes," answered Monica. "I do hope I haven't offended you?"

"Not at all. You have interested me very much. I have been glad to see you, and I should like to see your husband."

"I wish you could see him act!" exclaimed Monica. "He does act beautifully. Really and truly, he has splendid talent. You see, his father lost all his money and died of a paralytic stroke brought on by grief, while

Hugh was in his third year at Oxford; so Hugh went on the stage, because he had acted a great deal with amateurs and been highly praised. He was lucky at first and got quite a good engagement. We were married on the strength of it, for I was companion to a rather unkind old lady, and Hugh couldn't bear to see me unhappy. But the play wasn't as great a success as Hugh was in it, and it came to an end in the midst of the season. Hugh refused a couple of offers for tour rather than leave me alone in town. Oh, I'm afraid I've been a drag on him, though I've tried hard not to be, ever. I couldn't bear that he should come to regret marrying me. I've tried to help. I hoped I might give lessons in music, but nobody seemed to want any, so all I could do was to pawn my rings. If only Mr. Pendred would make Mr. Manton keep Hugh in this part——"

"I think Mr. Manton *will* be made to keep him, my dear. Certainly he will if I have half the influence you fancy, for I will use it all to make you happy. You are a charming child and deserve happiness. As for your husband, you make me take it for granted that he is all you say."

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" cried Monica, almost afraid that she was dreaming her good luck.

"Don't try to thank me until I have done something more for you than promise. But I hope that the something will be done this very afternoon."

"Mr. Manton, Mr. Pendred," announced a gorgeous person in livery, while another held open the door.

Monica started, even in her alarm thinking how odd it was that the playwright should have his name announced to his wife in his own house, as if he were a visitor. She would have hurried away, but her hostess detained her, with a gentle touch upon her arm.

"Does Mr. Manton or Mr. Pendred know you?"

Monica shook her head. "They've never seen me."

"Stay, then, and wait. I have been expecting them, and I must go to them now. You shall hear all that passes, and know the best or the worst before you go home."

There was no time for Monica to answer, even if she would, for the tall figure had swept away from her to meet two men who had just entered the room.

Though Mr. Manton, the actor-manager, had never seen her, she had seen him many times on the stage, and recognised him easily now. His companion's face was strange to her; but she told herself that the little dark man was not worthy of so noble a wife.

"Can they have had a quarrel?" she asked herself, in a puzzled way, as her hostess greeted the new-comers. "She shakes hands with him exactly as she did with Mr. Manton; but perhaps it is part of some joke they have between them."

The two men were not taken to the group of ladies near the fire. Instead, they were led to seats not so far from Monica's sofa but that she could hear all that was said.

"Dear Princess," began Mr. Pendred (so he called his wife "Princess"!—a pretty pet name, Monica thought), "I have availed myself of your most kind permission to bring Mr. Manton to-day." (How punctiliously polite he was! Monica was glad that Hugh's manner to her wasn't like that, even before people.)

"I am very pleased to meet Mr. Manton," was the answer, given with a charming smile. Then, to the actor-manager, who held the Beresfords' fate in his hands: "Mr. Pendred has told me there is some question of a charity performance at your theatre, in which you wish me to be interested."

"The matter is very near my heart," said Mr. Manton. "And the charity is a most worthy one. The performance would be in aid of St. George's Free Hospital for actors and actresses. And we thought, if we could have your Serene Highness's name at the head of our list of patronesses, it would add a thousandfold to our success. We hope that two or three very prominent ladies and gentlemen will appear on the stage after the first short play we propose to give, and say a few words concerning the charity. Subscriptions would then be asked for, which might be expected to bring in as much again as we had obtained from the sale of tickets; and your Serene Highness's noble work in aid of the hospitals in your own country is so well known in this. You are also, if I may say it, so immensely popular in the highest society of London that your co-operation would be more valuable to us than any other."

("Her Serene Highness!" What did Mr. Manton mean?)

But the lady did not seem surprised. "You are too kind," she said, a little coldly. "I can hardly think that my help is of so much importance. Still——"

She paused.

"If you would promise to give it to us," breathed the great Mr. Manton, all humility now. "Such an inestimable favour!"

"Well, I will promise—on one condition. You must promise me a favour in return."

"I should feel myself too much honoured if it were in my power to do you one."

"You promise, then?"

"Without doubt. He will play it charmingly. A most promising young fellow."

"I thank you, for myself and for Mrs. Beresford. If that is settled, then, it is also settled that whatever I can do for your charitable performance I will do. But you will write to Mr. Beresford to-night?"

"I will wire him on leaving here."

"WELL, I WILL PROMISE—ON ONE CONDITION. YOU MUST PROMISE ME A FAVOUR IN RETURN."

"Only too gladly. Your Serene Highness has but to speak."

She laughed. "I will speak, then. I have a young friend, the wife of a clever actor, who considers that her husband has not been quite fairly treated by you. Understand me, the young man himself has made no complaint to me; what his wife has said is privileged, as from one friend to another. You gave Mr. Hugh Beresford an important part in a new play which you are rehearsing, I believe?"

"I did. But——"

"Surely you are not going to tell me that my dear young friend's clever husband, whose art I so much appreciate, is not satisfactory to you?"

"Oh, certainly not—not for a moment," stammered Mr. Manton. "I had no idea that Beresford—it is all quite a misunderstanding, I assure you. I——"

"And *I* may assure his wife——"

"Of course, madam, of course."

"That the part he was to act is still his?"

"That will be even better. I depend upon you, and you may depend upon me."

Monica was so bewildered, so happy, that she felt more than ever as if she were deep in a dream, and feared that she might wake up to find her happiness breaking like a rainbow bubble.

She saw them rise. She saw the two men bow themselves away, and the door opened by something tall in purple and white. Then the lady came to her, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Well, my dear, are you satisfied?" she asked.

"Satisfied?" the girl echoed. "Oh! Are you a fairy?"

The lady laughed out. "Yes; you may call me your fairy godmother. And I shall have a box on the first night to see your husband act. Would you like to come and sit in it with me? Now—now! no tears; that will never do. You must have a cup of tea."

A hand on her shoulder guided Monica towards the group by the fire, who all rose as

the fairy godmother approached. They, too, called her "Princess"; and Monica had her tea from a Sèvres cup with a gold tea spoon in the saucer, and finally left the house without having learned any name for the wonderful lady (who could not be Mrs. Pendred) except the one invented by herself, "Fairy Godmother."

So she went home, still in the dream; and Hugh had just arrived, and was wondering where she was. He had not seen the man he had gone out to see, and there were hard lines of disappointment round his mouth, which Monica knew that she could smooth away. But before she began her story she asked, abruptly: "That splendid house of Mr. Pendred's in Portland Place, which we read so much about in the papers when he took it, two years ago; has he sold it?"

"Let it for the season, I believe, to a very great personage, Princess Halm-Dynn, whose husband—dead now—was a nephew of the Austrian Emperor. She is English; a daughter of the Duke of Midfordshire, very good and charitable, very much beloved everywhere she goes," Hugh answered, wearily. "But what made you think of it, darling?"

"Because I've just been there and had a long talk with her, and she's persuaded Mr. Manton to let you keep the part after all. Oh, Hugh, isn't it wonderful?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"I'll tell you all about it." And she was beginning to tell when a telegram came. It was from Mr. Manton. So that made explanations easier. Monica hurried them over, her trembling hands in Hugh's. "You're not angry with me?" she asked at the end.

Hugh did not answer. But he looked. And Monica was more than satisfied with her adventure.

"SHE WAS BEGINNING TO TELL WHEN A TELEGRAM CAME."

By C. J. Cornish.

IN the latest orders for the distribution of the British fleets the Admiralty announced that their guiding principle was the fact that "the sea is all one."

Ages ago the birds made the discovery that "the air is all one," and that, by creatures so wonderfully endowed with the power of flight, distance might almost be disregarded. The result was that as the year waned most of the familiar bird companions of the summer learnt to fly to countries so remote as to be absolutely unexplored and unknown, until the Central African discoveries of the last reign.

The old English naturalists, like White of Selborne, Pennant, and Montagu, were, as a rule, content merely to note the times of the coming of these birds in spring, and sometimes the date of their assembling for their journey over "the wine-dark sea." Further they did not seek to follow them, any more than if all these myriads of intelligent creatures had flown off to another planet. White, indeed, rather inclined to believe that the swallows remained torpid in the country in the mud of lakes, like frogs, or in holes in caverns, like bats.

Now there is the keenest curiosity to know whither the birds go and how they return. Travellers in the remotest lands on or beyond the Equator, or on nearer, but seldom-visited, coasts, such as those of Morocco or Mogador; explorers on the Niger, and English sportsmen and travellers going up the Nile to Khartoum; soldier-naturalists in garrison by the Straits of Gibraltar—one of the great bird crossing-places to the south—or ornithologists like the late Mr. Seebohm and Mr. Harvie Browne in the far north on the edges of the frozen tundra, or the ice-bound flood of the Petchora, have made it their object to note whither the birds go, and how they find their way back to the shores of the little islands in the West Atlantic.

The result has been to show that in many cases they travel to almost incredible distances. It has also thrown some light on the routes by which they return.

The easiest to identify in other lands than those in which they are bred are the large birds, because they are readily seen and not easily mistaken for others. Of these the two kinds the migration of which has attracted attention for ages are the storks and the cranes, neither of which, unfortunately, are now more than very rare and stray visitors to England. But they are very widely distributed elsewhere. From the plains of Troy to the marshes of Holland one or other or both of these fine birds are found. In Turkey the regularity of the storks' arrival is such that the hours of labour in the fields, which are there divided into "long days" and "short days," in summer and winter respectively, are fixed by the date of the coming of the storks; the "long days" beginning when they arrive and the "short days" after their departure.

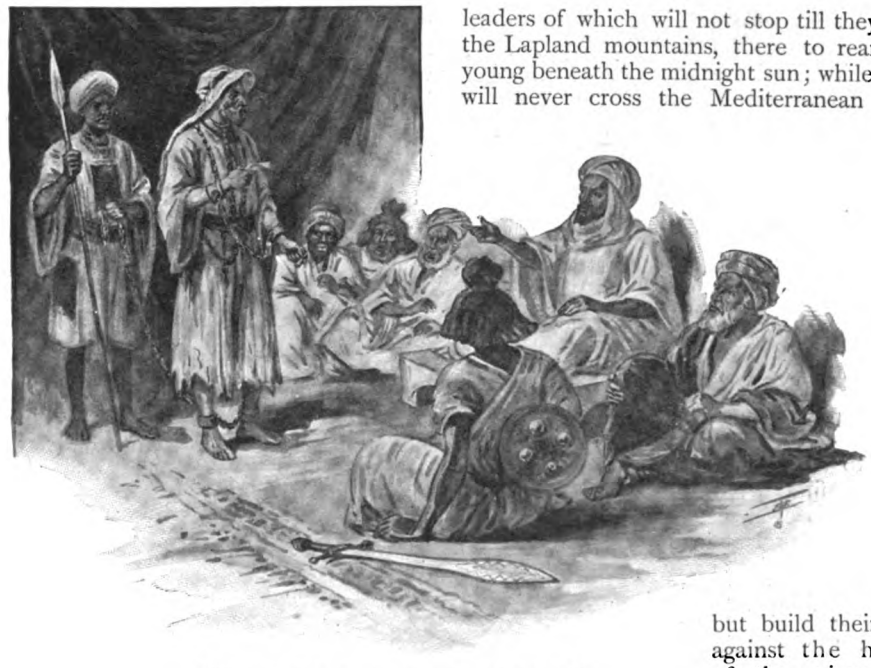
It was known in the days of Troy that the cranes went to Africa, and the tradition of Eastern Europe held that the storks did too. Homer said that the former went to the deserts to nest, and that they fought with the pigmies to defend their eggs. Time has shown that he was right about the pigmies, but that it was ostriches' eggs, not cranes', that they stole. But it was only the exploration of the Upper Nile in the last reign that disclosed not only where the cranes and storks went

in winter, but also that millions upon millions of other birds of Europe pass up that wonderful and solitary highway, where alone water and food can be found, through the burning deserts of Nubia, to the untraversed swamps of the Upper Nile, the sunny plains of Kordofan, or the groves and forests under the Abyssinian mountains.

Certain British birds, like the hobby and the wryneck, may make their way eastwards across by the Euphrates Valley to India, as well as southwards. But Equatorial Africa may be taken as the main goal of the greater number of the migratory birds of Europe. In order to reach it they must avoid the enormous barrier, a thousand miles broad, of the great Sahara Desert, where there is neither food nor water, and the greater part of which is as devoid of the life of feathered things as the sulphurous mouth of the under-world which the Romans called Avernus, or the "birdless" land, because nothing that flies could cross it and live. But in the case of the Sahara Desert "there is a way round," far, far towards the west and the waves of the Atlantic. By this route another great host of birds, after passing by the shores of Southern Spain and the Pillars of Hercules, flies to the still more remote and little-known lands in the valley of the Niger. The distances to which the migratory birds travel are so vast that until quite lately it was almost impossible to have a watcher at either end of the journey. Had some curious European attached a mark or token, or even a written message, such as a pigeon carries, to a departing bird, the chances were a million to one that if it fell into the hands of another human being at the southern limit of its journey the captor would be an Ethiopian savage or a Nilotic negro of Equatoria. Yet there is one instance in which a message was actually sent, received, and deciphered under such dramatic circumstances that this absolutely authentic story can scarcely be omitted. When Slatin Pasha was a close prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi—chained, and daily expecting death—he was suddenly summoned to appear before the council of the Emirs and their prophet at Omdurman. He found them sitting squatted on the ground in their council chamber, with the Mahdi presiding. Evidently something serious had occurred, and Slatin's apprehension grew keener the more he gazed on the scowling countenances round him. After some muttered conversation among the Emirs, he was handed a small brass case—which had been opened—about the size of that enclosing a pistol cartridge, and was told to examine it. He was next given a small piece of parchment, containing writing in three languages—Russian, German, and French—and told to interpret the message. This he was easily able to do; and, to his great relief, read it. After the writer's name and address followed the words: "This crane was hatched on this estate in Taurida, in Southern Russia. Anyone into whose hands the bird may fall after it leaves this country is requested to notify me."

"FROM THE PLAINS OF TROY TO THE MARSHES OF HOLLAND STORKS AND CRANES ARE FOUND."

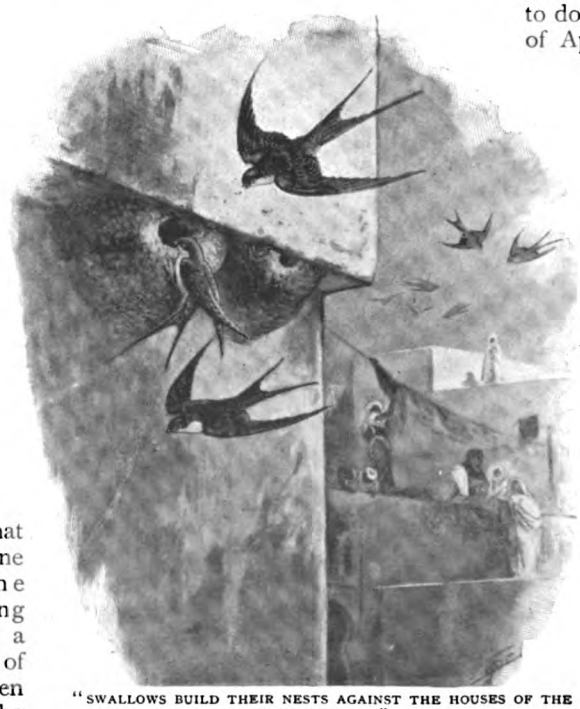
The crane had been killed at Dongola in December, and, the message being found, it was brought to the Mahdi. It had been liberated in South Russia in September. Consequently we may infer that its "winter base" was at Dongola, about three thousand miles away from the place where it was hatched.



"HE WAS TOLD TO INTERPRET THE MESSAGE."

The Mahdi and his friends had to be contented with this very unique explanation, though they really could not understand the motive for taking so much trouble, except on the assumption that "it was one of the many devilries of the unbelievers."

If we follow the English swallows, as we are now able to do, from their winter home, possibly at the head of the Niger or on the coast of Guinea, back to England, it must first be noted that these are only one section of the western-breeding swallows, part of a long procession of these pet children of the zephyrs, the leaders of which will not stop till they reach the Lapland mountains, there to rear their young beneath the midnight sun; while others will never cross the Mediterranean at all, but build their nests against the houses of the pious Moslems of North Africa, in Fez or Tangier. The swallows coming from West Equatorial Africa cross the Straits of Gibraltar about the middle of February, and continue to do so until the middle of April. According to Colonel Howard Irby, the first to arrive at Gibraltar begin to build at once, so that one section of the swallow host is nesting there before any of those going farther north have reached England. The others move on in this leisurely way across Spain, dropping at each village as they pass the birds which, by the wonderful knowledge possessed by the race, know the



"SWALLOWS BUILD THEIR NESTS AGAINST THE HOUSES OF THE PIOUS MOSLEMS."

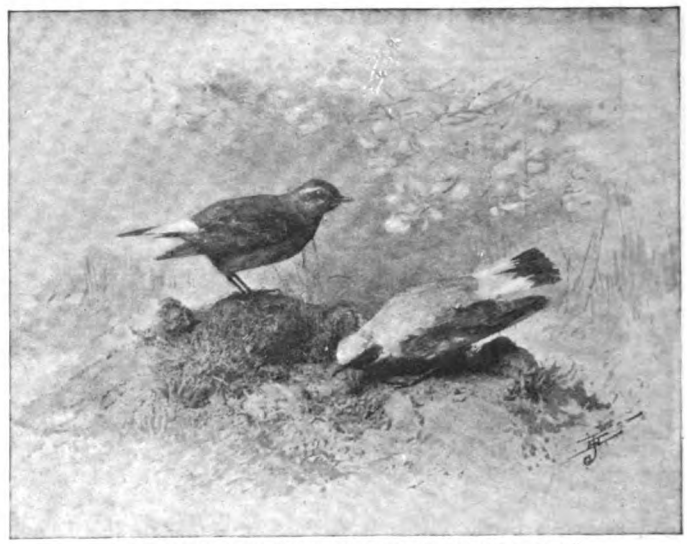
spot for their ancestral home. In Seville the nestlings are hatched by April 16th, though in England the greater number have only arrived by April 10th, and the eggs are not laid until after the middle of May. The nightingales cross the Straits about the middle of April, which corresponds with the date of their arrival in Great Britain. But as these sweet singers winter as far to the south-west as the Gold Coast, it must be inferred that, unlike the swallows, they journey straight on across Spain without lingering by the way.

That "vagrom bird" the cuckoo would seem to go almost to the ends of the earth to find a winter home. It is even seen as far south as Natal in winter, yet its wings carry it back to England with unerring flight at the same time as the nightingale. Some cuckoos pass on even to the North Cape! If the remembrance of the locality of a nest and a home is marvellous among honest birds, how much more wonderful is the perversion of memory by which a fraudulent cuckoo recalls the hyperborean wilderness where it foisted its greedy changelings on the care of weaker birds!

Though the winter base from which most of the British migrant birds come is in Africa, it is not likely that when going there many of them would take the trouble to coast all the way up the Mediterranean to Egypt and go down the Nile Valley, when the far nearer and less dangerous route *viâ* France, the Bay of Biscay or its shores, and Spain, is open, with the narrow crossing of the Straits of Gibraltar ready to hand.

A favourite route for the English birds after crossing the Straits of Gibraltar is up the Ebro valley and across the Pyrenees, near Pampeluna. They then follow the shores of the Bay of Biscay till they reach Cape Finisterre, and cross the Channel to the Lizard or the Start. Selsey Bill is the alighting-place for birds from the valley of the Seine.

The earliest of these migrants is the wheat-ear, which appears in the second week in March. But as these birds do not cross into Spain in any numbers till rather later, it seems probable that, though some winter south of the Equator, others return home *viâ* one of the Central European lines of migration, and not through Spain. The chiff-chaff is the next to arrive. This merry little warbler comes across the Straits in February and March, but many chiff-chaffs remain throughout the year in the cork woods near the Rock.



"THE EARLIEST OF THESE MIGRANTS IS THE WHEAT-EAR."

Of the wrynecks, which are among the most interesting of all visitors, some return to us from Kordofan on the east and from Senegambia on the west. The weak-winged land-rail has been found in winter as far south as Cape Colony, yet the birds are creeping and calling in the mowing-grass by the middle of May, even as near to London as the Thames meadows by Hampton Court. The turtle-dove, a beautiful and increasing species, crosses the Straits of Gibraltar in vast numbers in April and May, more usually in the beginning of May. The bird arrives late in England, though, as it moves with wonderful speed, probably a couple of days would see the end of its further flight hither.

It must strike everyone as something like a natural miracle that the birds, coming from such great distances, should know, apparently to a day, when the land to which they are coming will be ready to receive them. It is not enough that they should be able to fly there unimpeded by great storms or cold on the way. There must be a stock of food ready and warmth sufficient not to chill their

"THE LANDRAILS ARE CREEPING AND CALLING IN THE MOWING-GRASS."

bodies, and a reasonable continuance of both, otherwise when arriving tired and hungry they would die. Yet, in the absence of Marconigrams, how are the birds coming from across the seas to know that their summer quarters are properly warmed and provisioned, that provision being in most cases newly-hatched insects?

The way in which the birds time their arrival is quite astonishing. It is wonderful even in the case of their coming to British shores, but more wonderful still when their goal is the great fringe of northern "tundras," the region of treeless swamp, along the ice-rim of the Arctic Ocean, where the transition from the desperate cold of the foodless regions of winter snows and ice to the heat and forcing growth of the Arctic summer is one of the "quick changes" of Nature. For eight months out of the twelve this strange region, covered with mosses, lichens, scrub, dwarf birch, tussocks, and berry-bearing plants, is wrapped in snow, and for part of that time is shrouded in darkness day and night. Yet it has been found that in its four months of summer and forcing sunlight the tundra drains the Old World of half its bird population in the most enchanting hours of the spring and summer of Central and Western Europe. Some of the English birds, the grey plover, for instance, deliberately leave England to fly three thousand miles to nest in this Arctic wilderness. The number of birds that rush there to nest is "quite beyond conception." Many of them come there from winter quarters spent in Equatorial Africa, or far up the Nile valley. The vast snow-covered plains of Russia give them no alighting ground for the soles of their feet until the arrival of spring, which is almost as sudden there as it is farther north. Yet the birds come to the far-distant tundra as if summoned by telegraph almost as soon as the snow begins to melt.

The most striking account of how they come and when they come is in the late Mr. Seebohm's "Siberia in Europe," in which he describes what he saw when waiting for spring at Ust Zylma, three hundred miles from the mouth of the river Petchora, which flows from the Ural Mountains into the Arctic Ocean opposite to Novaya Zemblya. When he got there in April the whole land was in the grip of the northern winter. Not a migrant bird was to be seen, and very few others except a few ravens, snow-buntings, crows, and magpies. The total number of species seen was only nine. The country and its features were vast. The Petchora itself was fifteen times as broad as the Thames at Hammersmith Bridge; but it was desolate of life. After a few temporary thaws, followed by frosts, summer came; and with it, within a few days, often within forty-eight hours, the birds came too. "The ice on the Petchora split and disappeared, the banks steamed in the sun; geese, swans, gulls, ducks, redstarts, wagtails, pipits, chiff-chaffs, willow-wrens, dotterels, snipes, and hawks pursuing them, arrived in forty-eight hours after the first warmth. The cuckoo sang all day long, and the Siberian forests became a paradise peopled with birds and stocked with last year's fruits, preserved by seven months' frost and snow." This last fact, one of the perfect instances of the miraculous economy of Nature, had never been pointed

out before, neither did Mr. Seebohm greatly emphasize the importance of the fact which he noticed. It has been said before that the arriving birds must find two conditions, warmth and food, when they come to their journey's end. Given the warmth, how are they to find food on ground which has for months been covered by many feet of snow, and where the frost goes deep into the ground? The answer is that the "tundra" is covered in summer with millions upon millions of acres of cloudberries, cranberries, and whortleberries, which fruit profusely under the all-day and all-night sun. Just as the berries are ripe winter comes on, down falls the snow, and preserves the whole crop. So soon as it melts the whole of last year's summer yield of berries is ready in the form of "crystallized fruits" for the birds. There is not a more beautiful fact in Nature than this. The same heat which uncovers the fruits also hatches enormous swarms of gnats and flies, the larvæ of which seem to have existed safe and sound through the winter, and the birds can supplement their fruit diet by the most prolific insect life in the world, the gnat swarms of the tundra.

It is this instantaneous food supply that summons the birds from the Mediterranean, the Nile, and even the Equator, to the far north directly after the melting of the snow.

But to go back to our first question: How is it that the summons reaches them so swiftly and at such vast distances, as if someone had sounded a bell, rung up the curtain, and showed them the feast laid and Nature's dining-room ready warmed and aired?

Some great authorities deny that there is any answer. To others it would almost seem as if it were a question not worth asking. But no one who appreciates the whole of the wonders of the birds' journey can fail to deem it one of the most marked features of the whole problem. No doubt on many routes of migration the approach of the birds is gradual and tentative, though their departure is usually simultaneous and sudden. But where there is a great natural barrier, like the wide, cold, snowy plains of North Russia, between their starting-place and their summer quarters, or a considerable interval of sea, they cannot send out "prospectors," like the raven and the dove from the Ark. No delicate little fruit or insect eating bird would ever live to return if it found the ground frozen and foodless. Nor do they make such mistakes. They come when their place is ready. There must be a cause for their success, and this cause must probably be some form of warning which extends for great distances over the earth's surface and travels very rapidly. To the present writer it seems obvious that there is such a form of intimation—swift and enormously far reaching, intangible yet felt. It is the changes of temperature.

If anyone looks over the cosmopolitan weather reports for Europe, or even the small *Times* weather maps at times of change, it will be seen that the changes of temperature (not necessarily exactly the same in the number of degrees, but upwards or downwards) are wonderfully sudden and cover enormous areas. It is highly probable that birds can discern pretty accurately whether the change is only passing or permanent. Accurate observations of the correspondence between the times of permanent and far-reaching increase of temperature and the movements of the birds would be difficult, but not at all impossible, to make, for a good deal of the necessary machinery exists. But one very striking, because very minute, observation may be cited. Some years ago, when the lighthouse-keepers on and round the English and Scotch coasts were enlisted to make observations on the migration of birds, the keeper of a lighthouse on a rock to the south of Ireland noted that two migrants had been seen there at an unprecedentedly early date. The reference to the meteorological chart showed that the temperature registered at the lighthouse, which was also a meteorological station, was the highest recorded in Western Europe in that particular week.

Among the most strange facts of the last part of the birds' journey, which is across the sea, is that they invariably undertake this by night, with the exception of a few very strong species such as crows and hawks. It is the rarest thing possible to see migrating birds on arrival coming in from the sea. This choice of darkness when it might be supposed that they would need every possible aid of light and sight to guide them can perhaps be accounted for by the extreme danger to which they are exposed when nearing the wished-for land, tired and exhausted, from the predatory birds which haunt the coast.

During the observations made for Mr. R. Barrington by the lighthouse-keepers round the Irish coast it happened pretty often that flocks of birds trying to make the extreme south-west of the island were overtaken by daylight before reaching the shore. Then the light-keepers saw a scene of savage

slaughter. Blackbirds, larks, and other small migrants (it was in the winter, when these birds make for Ireland under stress of frost in England or France) were seen and pursued by the numerous seagulls which beset the shore. They were seized and devoured in the air, or the gulls, after catching them, settled on the waves and tore them to pieces. Gulls, which are omnipresent round the coasts, but are not night-flying birds, would almost exterminate the smaller migrants were it not that they land under cover of night.

The quickness with which they move inland is very remarkable. Perhaps it is because the flight across the Channel is very short and they are not tired. Also there are few people on the watch at the great "piers" of the birds, such as the Start, the Lizard, and Selsey Bill. The only obvious instance of a newly-arrived flight being seen which the writer has ever heard of was a great arrival of wrynecks on the high land between Hythe and Lympne Castle, in Sussex. The hedges and roads were full of them. This is very different from the scenes on the east coast when the birds which pass on over England and up to Norway and Lapland are returning across the North Sea, when the shore and bushes near Wells and Blakeney are simply "crawling" with pied fly-catchers and redstarts on the morning after a migration night.

"THE LIGHT-KEEPERS SAW A SCENE OF SAVAGE SLAUGHTER."

Yet the spring migrants are often extremely weary when they have pushed on and reached their ancestral or family nesting-place in England. Some few years ago the writer went with one of the keepers into the Penn Ponds Wood at the back of the upper lake in Richmond Park, on one of those perfect days of early spring such as poets sing of. The wood, and especially that part which touches the water-side end, where there is a small marsh with tall rushes and grasses, was full of little birds freshly arrived. There were scores of them — sedges, warblers, wood-warblers, black-caps, willow-wrens, and a few redstarts. The little warblers were too tired to sing and almost too tired to fly, but were just creeping about among the bushes and rushes as if half asleep with fatigue. It is now announced that a further and more thorough observation of the coming of the birds is to be undertaken, in which the committee of the British Association previously interested in obtaining these records will not only employ the lighthouse-keepers to signal and enter the time of their arrival, but will also try to discover how and when they move onward inland to their hereditary nesting-places.

To sum up the known phenomena of the return of the birds in spring. It is now certain that in nearly all cases, except those of a few species, such as the willow-wren and the chiff-chaff, stragglers of which are believed to linger in Cornwall through the winter, the great bulk of the birds do not winter nearer to England than the African shore of the Mediterranean or the most southern groves of Spain or Italy. Most of them have

THE STORKS—"COMING DOWN THE NILE FROM KHARTOUM."

their "winter base" at a vastly greater distance—probably not far from the line of the Equator in Africa. Other species go much farther south than this, and start on their return journey from South Africa, in Natal or Cape Colony. When returning, contrary to their habit when leaving Britain's shores, they do not as a rule travel in large flocks, nor do they assemble on the coasts of France or Spain, and then travel in sudden "rushes" across the sea. Their approach over the land is gradual in most cases, and generally, as the birds pass over the lands in which they nest, those "belonging" by heredity to that country drop out and stay there. Coming down the Nile from Khartoum the stork has been noticed to make the journey by short stages, settling each night on a sandbank to roost, and leaving shortly after sunrise. The land migrations are often, if not generally, by daytime. But in crossing the sea, the last stage before they reach England, the passage is invariably made by night. The reason for this is believed to be found in the danger to which they are exposed from rapacious birds, such as the seagulls, when crossing the sea, and on arriving very tired on the shores. Their passage from the coast inland is almost unknown, but it appears to be very rapidly made. There is no evidence whatever that the birds on passage fly at any abnormal rate of speed. If the wind is behind a bird it adds to the speed of its flight in a calm the whole speed of the wind, and this in a moderate breeze is twenty-five miles an hour, and in a high wind forty or more. What the effect of a side wind may be is not known, but it must be easy for most birds, after selecting a favouring wind, to travel at a speed of fifty miles an hour. As they have only the Channel to cross, there is no need to suppose that they even require to fly faster than their normal speed.

Of the three "mysteries of migration," rightly so-called, two remain mysteries still. The so-called "impulse to migration" has never been explained. Neither have we the least certain clue to the means by which the birds find their way for the first time, when they return to the country where last year they were hatched from the egg. A possible explanation of the means by which the birds know, as if by aerial telegraphy, when the weather in a distant land is such as to make it reasonable for them to expect to find a store of food upon their arrival has already been suggested. The vast and wide extension of area of a rise of temperature, and the birds' own hypersensitiveness to such changes, coincide with most of the requirements for a natural means of conveying the needed information to a great distance, and almost in a few hours. Should it be found by observation that the advance of the coming hosts corresponds with the extension of these meteorological warnings, the means of their knowledge will be placed beyond doubt.

THE WHITE CAT

THE traveller stood looking from the tap-room window of the Cauliflower at the falling rain. The village street below was empty, and everything was quiet with the exception of the garrulous old man smoking with much enjoyment on the settle behind him.

"It'll do a power o' good," said the ancient, craning his neck round the edge of the settle and turning a bleared eye on the window. "I ain't like some folk; I never did mind a drop o' rain."

The traveller grunted and, returning to the settle opposite the old man, fell to lazily stroking a cat which had strolled in attracted by the warmth of the small fire which smouldered in the grate.

"He's a good mouser," said the old man, "but I expect that Smith the landlord would sell 'im to anybody for arf a crown; but we 'ad a cat in Claybury once that you couldn't ha' bought for a hundred golden sovereigns."

The traveller continued to caress the cat.

"A white cat, with one yaller eye and one blue one," continued the old man. "It sounds queer, but it's as true as I sit 'ere wishing that I 'ad another mug o' ale as good as the last you gave me."

The traveller, with a start that upset the cat's nerves, finished his own mug, and then ordered both to be refilled. He stirred the fire into a blaze, and, lighting his pipe and putting one foot on to the hob, prepared to listen.

It used to belong to old man Clark, young Joe Clark's uncle, said the ancient, smacking his lips delicately over the ale and extending a tremulous claw to the tobacco-pouch pushed towards him; and he was never tired of showing it off to people. He used to call it 'is blue-eyed darling, and the fuss 'e made o' that cat was sinful.

Young Joe Clark couldn't bear it, but being down in 'is uncle's will for five cottages and a bit o' land bringing in about forty pounds a year, he 'ad to 'ide his feelings and pretend as he loved it. He used to take it little drops o' cream and tit-bits o' meat, and old Clark was so pleased that 'e promised 'im that he should 'ave the cat along with all the other property when 'e was dead.

Young Joe said he couldn't thank 'im enough, and the old man, who 'ad been ailing a long time, made 'im come up every day to teach 'im 'ow to take care of it arter

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

he was gone. He taught Joe 'ow to cook its meat and then chop it up fine; 'ow it liked a clean saucer every time for its milk; and 'ow he wasn't to make a noise when it was asleep.

"Take care your children don't worry it, Joe," he ses one day, very sharp. "One o' your boys was pulling its tail this morning, and I want you to clump his 'ead for 'im."

"Which one was it?" ses Joe.

"The slobbery-nosed one," ses old Clark.

"I'll give 'im a clout as soon as I get 'ome," ses Joe, who was very fond of 'is children.

"Go and fetch 'im and do it 'ere," ses the old man; "that'll teach 'im to love animals."

Joe went off 'ome to fetch the boy, and arter his mother 'ad washed his face, and wiped his nose, an' put a clean pinneyfore on 'im, he took 'im to 'is uncle's and clouted his 'ead for 'im. Arter that Joe and 'is wife 'ad words all night long, and next morning old Clark, coming in from the garden, was just in time to see 'im kick the cat right acrost the kitchen.

He could 'ardly speak for a minute, and when 'e could Joe see plain wot a fool he'd been. Fust of all 'e called Joe every name he could think of—which took 'im a long time—and then he ordered 'im out of 'is house.

"You shall 'ave my money when your betters have done with it," he ses, "and not afore. That's all you've done for yourself."

Joe Clark didn't know wot he meant at the time, but when old Clark died three months arterwards 'e found out. His uncle 'ad made a new will and left everything to old George Barstow for as long as the cat lived, providing that he took care of it. When the cat was dead the property was to go to Joe.

The cat was only two years old at the time, and George Barstow, who was arf crazy with joy, said it shouldn't be 'is fault if it didn't live another twenty years.

The funny thing was the quiet way Joe Clark took it. He didn't seem to be at all cut up about it, and when Henery Walker said it was a shame, 'e said he didn't mind, and that George Barstow was a old man, and he was quite welcome to 'ave the property as long as the cat lived.

"It must come to me by the time I'm an old man," he ses, "and that's all I care about."

Henery Walker went off, and as 'e passed the cottage where old Clark used to live, and which George Barstow 'ad moved into, 'e spoke to the old man over the palings and told 'im wot Joe Clark 'ad said. George Barstow only grunted and went on stooping and prying over 'is front garden.

"Bin and lost something?" ses Henery Walker, watching 'im.

"No; I'm finding," ses George Barstow, very fierce, and picking up something. "That's the fifth bit o' powdered liver I've found in my garden this morning."

Henery Walker went off whistling, and the opinion he'd 'ad o' Joe Clark began to improve. He spoke to Joe about it that arternoon, and Joe said that if 'e ever accused 'im o' such things agin he'd knock 'is 'ead off. He said that he 'oped the cat 'ud live to be a hundred, and that 'e'd no more think of giving it poisoned meat than Henery Walker would of paying for 'is drink so long as 'e could get anybody else to do it for 'im.

They 'ad bets up at this 'ere Cauliflower public-'ouse that evening as to 'ow long that cat 'ud live. Nobody gave it more than a month, and Bill Chambers sat and thought o' so many ways o' killing it on the sly that it was wunnerful to hear 'im.

George Barstow took fright when he 'eard of them, and the care 'e took o' that cat was wunnerful to behold. Arf its time it was shut up in the back bedroom, and the other arf George Barstow was fussing arter it till that cat got to hate 'im like pison. Instead o' giving up work as he'd thought to do, 'e told Henery Walker that 'e'd never worked so 'ard in his life.

"Wot about fresh air and exercise for it?" ses Henery.

"Wot about Joe Clark?" ses George Barstow. "I'm tied 'and and foot. I dursent leave the 'ouse for a moment. I ain't been to the Cauliflower since I've 'ad it, and three times I got out o' bed last night to see if it was safe."

"Mark my words," ses Henery Walker; "if that cat don't 'ave exercise, you'll lose it."

"I shall lose it if it does 'ave exercise," ses George Barstow, "that I know."

He sat down thinking arter Henery Walker 'ad gone, and then he 'ad a little collar and chain made for it, and took it out for a walk. Pretty near every dog in Claybury went with 'em, and the cat was in such a state o' mind afore they got 'ome he couldn't do anything with it. It 'ad a fit as soon as they got indoors, and George Barstow, who 'ad read about children's fits in the almanac, gave it a warm bath. It brought it round immediate, and then it began to tear round the room and up and down stairs till George Barstow was afraid to go near it.

It was so bad that evening, sneezing, that George Barstow sent for Bill Chambers, who'd got a good name for doctoring animals, and asked 'im to give it something. Bill said he'd got some powders at 'ome that would cure it at once, and he went and fetched 'em and mixed one up with a bit o' butter.

"That's the way to give a cat medicine," he ses; "smear it with the butter and then it'll lick it off, powder and all."

He was just going to rub it on the cat when George Barstow caught 'old of 'is arm and stopped 'im.

"How do I know it ain't pison?" he ses. "You're a friend o' Joe Clark's, and for all I know he may ha' paid you to pison it."

"I wouldn't do such a thing," ses Bill. "You ought to know me better than that."

"All right," ses George Barstow; "you eat it then, and I'll give you two shillings instead o' one. You can easy mix some more."

"Not me," ses Bill Chambers, making a face.

"Well, three shillings, then," ses George Barstow, getting more and more suspicious like; "four shillings—five shillings."

Bill Chambers shook his 'ead, and George Barstow, more and more certain that he 'ad caught 'im trying to kill 'is cat and that 'e wouldn't eat the stuff, rose 'im up to ten shillings.

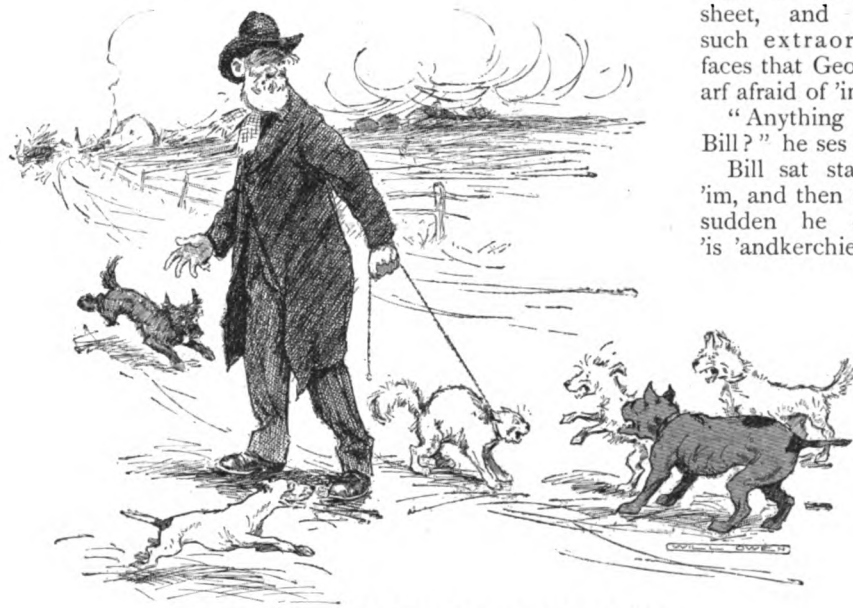
Bill looked at the butter and then 'e looked at the ten shillings on the table, and at last he shut 'is eyes and gulped it down and put the money in 'is pocket.

"You see, I 'ave to be careful, Bill," ses George Barstow, rather upset.

Bill Chambers didn't answer 'im. He sat there as white as a sheet, and making such extraordinary faces that George was arf afraid of 'im.

"Anything wrong, Bill?" he ses at last.

Bill sat staring at 'im, and then all of a sudden he clapped 'is 'andkerchief to 'is mouth and, getting up from 'is chair, opened the door and rushed out. George Barstow thought at fust that he 'ad eaten pison for the sake o' the ten shillings, but when 'e remembered that Bill Chambers 'ad got the most delikit stummick in Claybury he altered 'is mind.



"PRETTY NEAR EVERY DOG IN CLAYBURY WENT WITH 'EM."

The cat was better next morning, but George Barstow had 'ad such a fright about it 'e wouldn't let it go out of 'is sight, and Joe Clark began to think that 'e would 'ave to wait longer for that property than 'e had thought, arter all. To 'ear 'im talk anybody'd ha' thought that 'e loved the cat. We didn't pay much attention to it up at the Cauliflower 'ere, except maybe to wink at 'im—a thing he couldn't abear—but at 'ome, o' course, his young 'uns thought as everything he said was Gospel; and one day, coming 'ome from work, as he was passing George Barstow's he was paid out for his deceitfulness.

"I've wronged you, Joe Clark," ses George Barstow, coming to the door, "and I'm sorry for it."

"Oh!" ses Joe, staring.

"Give that to your little Jimmy," ses

George Barstow, giving 'im a shilling. "I've give 'im one, but I thought arterwards it wasn't enough."

"What for?" ses Joe, staring at 'im agin.

"For bringing my cat 'ome," ses George Barstow. "'Ow it got out I can't think, but I lost it for three hours, and I'd about given it up when your little Jimmy brought it to me in 'is arms. He's a fine little chap and 'e does you credit."

Joe Clark tried to speak, but he couldn't get a word out, and Henery Walker, wot 'ad just come up and 'eard wot passed, took hold of 'is arm and helped 'im home. He walked like a man in a dream, but arf-way he stopped and cut a stick from the hedge to take 'ome to little Jimmy. He said the boy 'ad been asking him for a stick for some time, but up till then 'e'd always forgotten it.

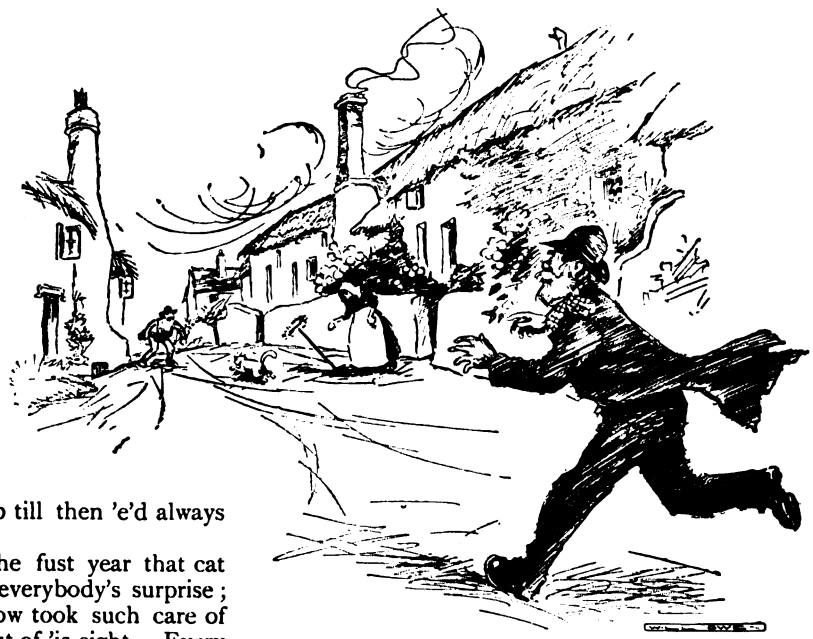
At the end o' the fust year that cat was still alive, to everybody's surprise; but George Barstow took such care of it 'e never let it out of 'is sight. Every time 'e went out he took it with 'im in a hamper, and, to prevent its being pisoned, he paid Isaac Sawyer, who 'ad the biggest family in Claybury, sixpence a week to let one of 'is boys taste its milk before it had it.

The second year it was ill twice, but the horse-doctor that George Barstow got for it said that it was as 'ard as nails, and with care it might live to be twenty. He said that it wanted more fresh air and exercise; but when he 'eard 'ow George Barstow come by it he said that p'r'aps it would live longer indoors arter all.

At last one day, when George Barstow 'ad been living on the fat o' the land for nearly three years, that cat got out agin. George 'ad raised the front-room winder two or three inches to throw something outside, and, afore he knew wot was 'appening, the cat was outside and going up the road about twenty miles an hour.

George Barstow went arter it, but he might as well ha' tried to catch the wind. The cat was arf wild with joy at getting out agin, and he couldn't get within arf a mile of it.

He stayed out all day without food or drink, follering it about until it came on dark, and then, o' course, he lost sight of it, and, hoping against 'ope that it would come home for its food, he went 'ome and waited for it. He sat up all night dozing in a chair in the front room with the door left open,



"GEORGE BARSTOW WENT ARTER IT."

but it was all no use; and arter thinking for a long time wot was best to do, he went out and told some o' the folks it was lost and offered a reward of five pounds for it.

You never saw such a hunt then in all your life. Nearly every man, woman, and child in Claybury left their work or school and went to try and earn that five pounds. By the arternoon George Barstow made it ten pounds provided the cat was brought 'ome safe and sound, and people as was too old to walk stood at their cottage doors to snap it up as it came by.

Joe Clark was hunting for it 'igh and low, and so was 'is wife and the boys. In fact, I b'lieve that everybody in Claybury excepting the parson and Bob Pretty was trying to get that ten pounds.

O' course, we could understand the parson—'is pride wouldn't let 'im; but a low, poaching, thieving rascal like Bob Pretty turning up 'is

nose at ten pounds was more than we could make out. Even on the second day, when George Barstow made it ten pounds down and a shilling a week for a year besides, he didn't offer to stir; all he did was to try and make fun o' them as *was* looking for it.

"Have you looked everywhere you can think of for it, Bill?" he ses to Bill Chambers.

"Yes, I 'ave," ses Bill.

"Well, then, you want to look everywhere else," ses Bob Pretty. "I know where I should look if I wanted to find it."

"Why don't you find it, then?" ses Bill.

"'Cos I don't want to make mischief," ses Bob Pretty. "I don't want to be unneighbourly to Joe Clark by interfering at all."

"Not for all that money?" ses Bill.

"Not for fifty pounds," ses Bob Pretty; "you ought to know me better than that, Bill Chambers."

"It's my belief that you know more about where that cat is than you ought to," ses Joe Gubbins.

"You go on looking for it, Joe," ses Bob Pretty, grinning; "it's good exercise for you, and you've only lost two days' work."

"I'll give you arf a crown if you let me search your 'ouse, Bob," ses Bill Chambers, looking at 'im very 'ard.

"I couldn't do it at the price, Bill," ses Bob Pretty, shaking his 'ead. "I'm a pore man, but I'm very partikler who I 'ave come into my 'ouse."

O' course, everybody left off looking at once when they heard about Bob—not that they believed that he'd be such a fool as to keep the cat in his 'ouse; and that evening, as soon as it was dark, Joe Clark went round to see 'im.

"Don't tell me as that cat's found, Joe," ses Bob Pretty, as Joe opened the door.

"Not as I've 'eard of," said Joe, stepping inside. "I wanted to speak to you about it; the sooner it's found the better I shall be pleased."

"It does you credit, Joe Clark," ses Bob Pretty.

"It's my belief that it's dead," ses Joe, looking at 'im very 'ard; "but I want to make sure afore taking over the property."

Bob Pretty looked at 'im and then he gave a little cough. "Oh, you want it to be found dead," he ses. "Now, I wonder whether that cat's worth most dead or alive?"

Joe Clark coughed then. "Dead, I should think," he ses at last.

"George Barstow's just 'ad bills printed offering fifteen pounds for it," ses Bob Pretty.

"I'll give that or more when I come into the property," ses Joe Clark.

"There's nothing like ready-money, though, is there?" ses Bob.

"I'll promise it to you in writing, Bob," ses Joe, trembling.

"There's some things that don't look well in writing, Joe," says Bob Pretty, considering; "besides, why should you promise it to *me?*"

"O' course, I meant if you found it," ses Joe.

"Well, I'll do my best, Joe," ses Bob Pretty; "and none of us can do no more than that, can they?"

They sat talking and argufying over it for over an hour, and twice Bob Pretty got up and said 'e was going to see whether George Barstow wouldn't offer more. By the time they parted they was as thick as thieves, and next morning Bob Pretty was wearing Joe Clark's watch and chain, and Mrs. Pretty was up at Joe's 'ouse to see whether there was any of 'is furniture as she 'ad a fancy for.

She didn't seem to be able to make up 'er mind at fust between a chest o' drawers that 'ad belonged to Joe's mother and a grandfather clock. She walked from one to the other for about ten minutes, and then Bob, who 'ad come in to 'elp her, told 'er to 'ave both.

"You're quite welcome," he ses; "ain't she, Joe?"

Joe Clark said "Yes," and arter he 'ad helped them carry 'em 'ome the Prettys went back and took the best bedstead to pieces, cos Bob said as it was easier to carry that way. Mrs. Clark 'ad to go and sit down at the bottom o' the garden with the neck of 'er dress undone to give herself air, but when she saw the little Prettys each walking 'ome with one of 'er best chairs on their 'eads she got up and walked up and down like a mad thing.

"I'm sure I don't know where we are to put it all," ses Bob Pretty to Joe Gubbins, wot was looking on with other folks, "but Joe Clark is that generous he won't 'ear of our leaving anything."

"Has 'e gorn mad?" ses Bill Chambers, staring at 'im.

"Not as I knows on," ses Bob Pretty. "It's 'is good-'artedness, that's all. He feels sure that that cat's dead, and that he'll 'ave George Barstow's cottage and furniture. I told 'im he'd better wait till he'd made sure, but 'e wouldn't."

Before they'd finished the Prettys 'ad picked that 'ouse as clean as a bone, and Joe Clark 'ad to go and get clean straw for

"SHE SAW THE LITTLE PRETTYS EACH WALKING 'OME WITH ONE OF 'ER BEST CHAIRS ON THEIR 'EADS."

his wife and children to sleep on; not that Mrs. Clark 'ad any sleep that night, nor Joe neither.

Henery Walker was the fust to see what it really meant, and he went rushing off as fast as 'e could run to tell George Barstow. George couldn't believe 'im at fust, but when 'e did he swore that if a 'air of that cat's head was harmed 'e'd 'ave the law o' Bob Pretty, and arter Henery Walker 'ad gone 'e walked round to tell 'im so.

"You're not yourself, George Barstow, else you wouldn't try and take away my character like that," ses Bob Pretty.

"Wot did Joe Clark give you all them things for?" ses George, pointing to the furniture.

"Took a fancy to me, I s'pose," ses Bob. "People do sometimes. There's something about me at times that makes 'em like me."

"He gave 'em to you to kill my cat," ses George Barstow. "It's plain enough for anybody to see."

Bob Pretty smiled. "I expect it'll turn up safe and sound one o' these days," he ses, "and then you'll come round and beg my pardon. P'r'aps——"

"P'r'aps wot?" ses George Barstow, arter waiting a bit.

"P'r'aps somebody 'as got it and is keeping it till you've drawed the fifteen pounds out o' the bank," ses Bob, looking at 'im very hard.

"I've taken it out o' the bank," ses George, starting; "if that cat's alive, Bob, and you've got it, there's the fifteen pounds the moment you 'and it over."

"Wot d'ye mean—me got it?" ses Bob Pretty. "You be careful o' my character."

"I mean if you know where it is," ses George Barstow, trembling all over.

"I don't say I couldn't find it, if that's wot you mean," ses Bob. "I can gin'rally find things when I want to."

"You find me that cat, alive and well, and the money's yours, Bob," ses George, 'ardly able to speak, now that 'e fancied the cat was still alive.

Bob Pretty shook his 'ead. "No; that won't do," he ses. "S'pose I did 'ave the luck to find that pore animal, you'd say I'd had it all the time and refuse to pay."

"I swear I wouldn't, Bob," ses George Barstow, jumping up.

"Best thing you can do if you want me to try and find that cat," says Bob Pretty, "is to give me the fifteen pounds now and I'll go and look for it at once. I can't trust you, George Barstow."

"And I can't trust you," ses George Barstow.

"Very good," ses Bob, getting up; "there's no 'arm done. P'r'aps Joe Clark 'll find the cat is dead and p'r'aps you'll find it's alive. It's all one to me."

George Barstow walked off 'ome, but he was in such a state o' mind 'e didn't know wot to do. Bob Pretty turning up 'is nose at fifteen pounds like that made 'im think that Joe Clark 'ad promised to pay 'im more if the cat was dead; and at last, arter worrying about it for a couple o' hours, 'e came up to this 'ere Cauliflower and offered Bob the fifteen pounds.

"Wot's this for?" ses Bob.

"For finding my cat," ses George.

"Look 'ere," ses Bob, handing it back, "I've 'ad enough o' your insults; I don't know where your cat is."

"I mean for trying to find it, Bob," ses George Barstow.

"Oh, well, I don't mind that," ses Bob,

taking it. "I'm a 'ard-working man, and I've got to be paid for my time; it's on'y fair to my wife and children. I'll start now."

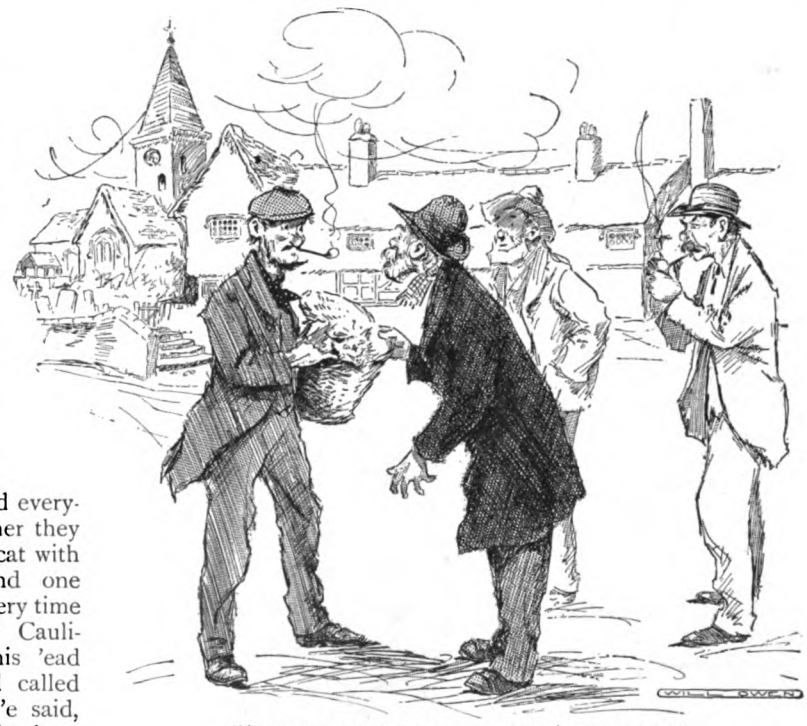
He finished up 'is beer, and while the other chaps was telling George Barstow wot a fool he was Joe Clark slipped out arter Bob Pretty and began to call 'im all the names he could think of.

"Don't you worry," ses Bob; "the cat ain't found yet."

"Is it dead?" ses Joe Clark, 'ardly able to speak.

"'Ow should I know?" ses Bob; "that's wot I've got to try and find out. That's wot you gave me your furniture for, and wot George Barstow gave me the fifteen pounds for, ain't it? Now, don't you stop me now, 'cos I'm goin' to begin looking."

He started looking there and then, and for the next two or three days George Barstow and Joe Clark see 'im walking up and down with his 'ands in 'is pockets looking over garden fences and calling "Puss." He asked everybody 'e see whether they 'ad seen a white cat with one blue eye and one yaller one, and every time 'e came into the Cauliflower he put his 'ead over the bar and called "Puss," 'cos, as 'e said, it was as likely to be there as anywhere else.



"'I WANT THAT FIFTEEN POUNDS FUST,' SES THE MAN."

It was about a week after the cat 'ad disappeared that George Barstow was standing at 'is door talking to Joe Clark, who was saying the cat must be dead and 'e wanted 'is property, when he sees a man coming up the road carrying a basket stop and speak to Bill Chambers. Just as 'e got near them an awful "miaow" come from the basket and George Barstow and Joe Clark started as if they'd been shot.

"He's found it!" shouts Bill Chambers, pointing to the man.

"It's been living with me over at Ling for a week pretty near," ses the man. "I tried to drive it away several times, not knowing that there was fifteen pounds offered for it."

George Barstow tried to take 'old of the basket.

"I want that fifteen pounds fust," ses the man.

"That's on'y right and fair, George," ses Bob Pretty, who 'ad just come up. "You've got all the luck, mate. We've been hunting 'igh and low for that cat for a week."

Then George Barstow tried to explain to the man and call Bob Pretty names at the same time; but it was all no good. The man said it 'ad nothing to do with 'im wot he 'ad paid to Bob Pretty; and at last they fetched Policeman White over from Cudford, and George Barstow signed a paper to pay five shillings a week till the reward was paid.

George Barstow 'ad the cat for five years arter that, but he never let it get away agin. They got to like each other in time and died within a fortnight of each other, so that Joe Clark got 'is property arter all.

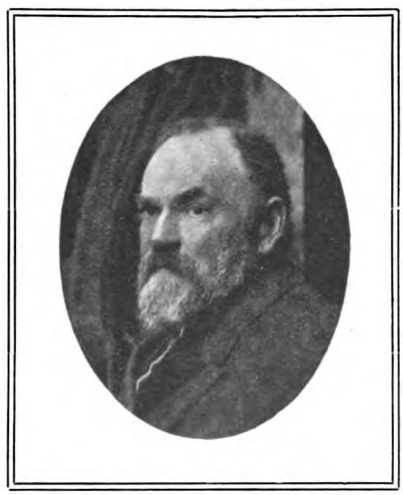
Random Recollections of a Bohemian.

I.—SOME STUDIO STORIES.

By M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon.

THERE is a saying that misfortunes never come singly, but further than that there seems a strange fatality attaching to the mystic number three. How often has one found that, after two pieces of bad news have been received, they are followed at no distant date by a third.

Holland Park, the Mecca of the painting world, has only recently experienced this cruel working of chance—if "chance" it be. Not many months back the passing on of Watts removed one of the most imposing figures of English art. This phrase "Passing on" was, by the way, invariably used by Antoinette Sterling, who would never speak of anyone as dying; and certainly few would deny the greater beauty in the idea which the words imply. No long time elapsed after the loss of Watts before one heard that Colin Hunter was no more, and, strangely enough, the famous Scotch seascape artist lived but four doors from Watts in Melbury Road. The triple misfortune has been completed by Val Prinsep, whose home lay almost immediately to the rear of his two fellow-painters.



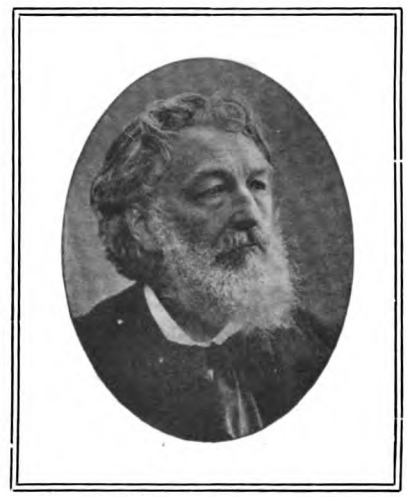
VAL PRINSEP, R.A.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Val Prinsep, in addition to the brush, would on occasion use the pen with considerable distinction. Several books were published and a couple of his plays produced some years ago—"Cousin Dick," at the Court Theatre, and "Monsieur le Duc," at the St. James's. London knew few more delightful hosts than Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep, or more beautiful houses than theirs, filled as it was with the most exquisite furniture, embroideries, pictures, china, and "objy darz," as the *nouveaux riches* would style them. Val Prinsep used to spend a good deal of time at Santa Claus, his country place at Pevensey. When, however, in London, he was, during the summer months, almost always *en évidence* at Lord's on the occasion of any important cricket matches. Particularly was this so at the Eton and Harrow match, two of his sons being Etonians.

As a critic of art Prinsep had the reputation of being hard to please. Lord Leighton used to recount an instance of this. Sir Frederick, as then he was, had completed the modelling of a statuette, which had as its subject an athlete struggling in the coils of a snake. Being satisfied with the effect produced, he showed it to his friends. They all pronounced it grand, and Leighton forthwith decided to reproduce it in life-size, the magnificent Python now at the Tate Gallery being the result.

After having achieved so great a success among his other artistic friends, and meeting with such unanimous praise, Leighton, "greatly daring," determined to show it to Val Prinsep. The stern critic gazed at it for some minutes, unable apparently to find any objection to the work. Sir Frederick, seeing that he had made a favourable impression on the redoubtable Val, awaited with no small feeling of confidence the result of his friend's contemplation. Silence reigned supreme for some few moments; then at last the Oracle spoke. "The *snake's* wrong, *any* way."

Spooner, the Oxford Don, has raised to himself "a monument more lasting than brass," as Horace says, by being the original of the term "Spoonerism," the interchanging of the first letters or syllables of two words in a sentence. During one of his sermons he is reported to have made the touching observation: "Is there anyone among us who has not at some time cherished a half-warmed fish in his breast?" The reverend gentleman intended presumably to say "half-formed wish."



LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

This is but one of the many stories told of the Rev. Spooner, for has not his fame gone forth to the uttermost parts of the earth? Are not his "Kinquering kongs their titles take" and "Iceland's Greasy Mountains" (which were given out by him as the titles of two well-known hymns) emendations worthy to excite the bitterest rivalry and jealousy in the breasts of all the greatest scholars of the day? He is quite a naturalist in his way, and takes in things which others might pass by unnoticed. On one occasion he was walking through the Oxford parks in the dusk of the evening and a fat belle on his arm, which is his picturesque way of stating that a bat fell on his arm. Another time he was watching the evolutions of a cat on a wall, when suddenly it sprang off, popped on its drawers, and ran away. How much more interesting than to see a cat which merely dropped on its paws and scampered off! Spooner is, moreover, distinctly a ladies' man, and says that if ever he has to give up Oxford life he will kiss them meanly. Poor Spooner! Did he ever perpetrate a tenth or hundredth part of the "Spoonerisms" fathered upon him? Probably he made a slip in speaking on some occasion, and thereby established a precedent, of which Oxford was not slow in taking advantage.

But to return to Sir Frederick Leighton. He was, of course, devoted to the smooth texture method of painting in oils, as opposed to the rough surface which many painters give to their work. So far did Leighton pursue this style that his pictures appeared to have almost a waxen surface. There was a story at the Art Academy Schools of his stopping before the work of an embryo artist, who was endeavouring to paint a girl's face on his canvas, and was doing it with a very rough surface indeed. Sir Frederick stood still for some moments, gazing at the picture more in sorrow than in anger. "Yes, my dear fellow, very nice! Very nice indeed! But let me assure you that the bloom on a maiden's cheek has nothing in common with a gravel path!"

Leighton always took a great interest in the work of Henrietta Rae from the commencement of her career, and helped her greatly with his advice and encouragement. At one time Henrietta Rae and her husband, Ernest Normand, who is himself well known as an artist, were living not far from Val Prinsep. When Henrietta Rae was at work on her picture of "Ophelia," in which the King and Queen were depicted as being seated on a settle while Ophelia was entering the hall, Val Prinsep used to drop in occasionally and bring fresh criticisms on her treatment of the picture. He would suggest her putting the head of the King differently nearly every day. Mrs. Normand being herself never quite satisfied with the effect kept altering the pose accordingly, feeling dreadfully worried and disheartened the while.

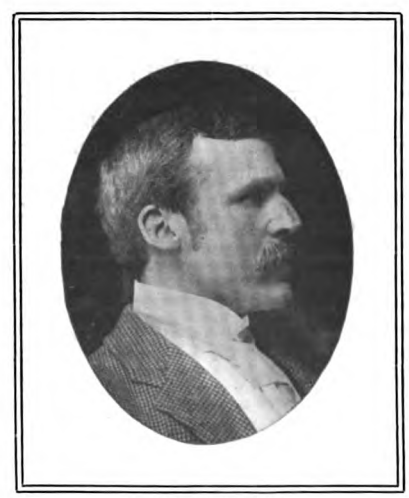
At last one morning Sir Frederick Leighton came into the studio, and, after inspecting the very latest change of position, made an observation, stopping any further alterations which might have continued to take place. "Why do you keep altering the picture and following every fresh suggestion? The only place you *haven't* had his head is—on the floor. No, it won't do! Pose it as *you* wish, and then keep it so."

When in the mood Henrietta Rae is a

most amusing and entertaining conversationalist; but, like all artistic natures, is either brimful of gaiety or down in the very depths of despondency. There would appear to be no intermediate stage between the two. The "golden mean" is very nice for an ordinary humdrum existence, but for those whose brains are fired with the divine spark of genius the golden mean is usually an utter impossibility. When Henrietta Rae is in her moments of bubbling effervescence, anecdotes come pouring out one after the other, much as "the water comes down at Lodore."

HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. NORMAND).
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

One of her most amusing stories is an episode of travel and adventure, which is a fresh case of truth being stranger than fiction. The travel in question was a journey through——well, to save further suspense, it was between Victoria Station and the Crystal Palace. The adventure was not one of fire, or peril on the deep, or thrilling escape in the jungle, or——but you shall learn it, and so better judge of its nature. Henrietta Rae and her husband were travelling up from their home at Norwood to spend the day in town. As they both had to go on separate visits, each kept their own return tickets, lest one of them should be unable by any chance to catch the train by which they had decided to return from Victoria. As they were steaming into Victoria on their way up to London, Mrs. Normand chanced to be holding the return half in her hand, together with a piece of silver chocolate paper. Just before the platform was reached Mrs. Normand opened the carriage window and, without thinking what she was doing, threw out, not the chocolate paper, but—the ticket. Ernest Normand laughed at the mistake and chaffed his wife a good deal about the absurdity of losing one's ticket. *He* never did such a thing! It was really too ridiculous. Finally, with some further teasing, the matter was dismissed from their minds. After spending the day in town they duly met at Victoria in the evening for the journey home. Mrs. Normand told the story of her misadventure and showed the actual piece of chocolate paper which had caused all the mischief to the ticket-collector, who listened to all she said with a questioning smile of polite doubt. However, it was satisfactorily arranged that her journey should be made all right without a second payment. Suddenly all was upset by her husband, who during her conversation with the ticket-collector "might have been observed," as the yellow-backs say, searching his pockets one after the other for something which did not appear to be forthcoming. "Really, it's very absurd; but—er—the fact is—inspector—er—that I—h'm!—well, I've lost *my* return ticket as well!" An inspector is well drilled in the art of politeness. "Ah, yes, quite so, sir! Of course, you have something to corroborate your statement—a bag of buns or an orange—or is yours *also*, perhaps, a piece of chocolate paper?"

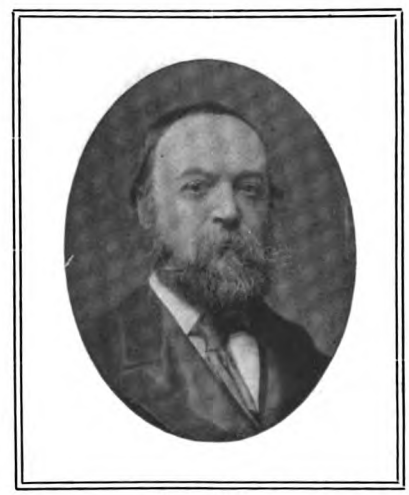


ERNEST NORMAND.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Ernest Normand used to be a great friend of Wills, the playwright, who made his name in this connection more particularly in some of Sir Henry Irving's earlier successes. As a matter of fact, Wills *called* himself a *painter* by

profession, and only did his literary work in spare hours. He kept on a studio and rooms in Paris for years, without going over to make use of them. When, therefore, Ernest Normand came in one day with the news that he was going over to Paris to study, Wills, in his generous way, at once said: "My dear fellow, you must use my rooms while you are over there. They are beautifully furnished, and you need only present my card. I haven't been there myself for several years, but you will find them all right, and I'm sure you will be comfortable during your stay."

So Normand set off in due course for Paris, and on arriving in the gay city drove to the address which Wills had given. The door was opened and the card presented. "Is it all right?" "Mais oui, m'sieur! Entrez, s'il vous plait!" and the artist was ushered up to Wills's beautifully furnished rooms. The door opened, and the dream of a sumptuous apartment faded away. All that met the gaze were a massive wardrobe, an unwieldy settee, and a huge bed, without any bedding whatever. The fact was that during his absence Wills had been constantly lending the rooms to friends. His fellow-artists knew that Wills would probably not occupy the place himself any more, and so used to take away with them on departure any things which each particularly fancied. All the long succession of friends had been so busy doing this that at last nothing was left of the "beautifully furnished" rooms except the three massive pieces of furniture, which were too large to be conveniently removed. All else was lost to sight, to memory dear.



W. G. WILLS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Wills was always of a very liberal disposition, but his generosity was sometimes carried to rather an extreme. A friend of his, who was very hard up, came to Wills with his tale of woe. This at once brought compassion from Wills, and an invitation to spend a week at his house. The offer was promptly accepted, but, in place of the week, it ended by the gentleman of the lean purse remaining with Wills for a very considerable time longer. Not only this, but Wills used to put himself out in quite an absurd way to make his friend thoroughly at home. One day, in fact, someone who had called to see Wills and had found him seated smoking outside his own door was greeted with, "How are you, old man? You don't mind sitting out *here*, do you? You see, Blank is at home, and he can't bear the smell of tobacco."

Wills had very crude ideas about the management of money. When he received payment for a play he would not take the gold to the bank, but would pour it all into a drawer. Here it would lie for him to help himself whenever he wanted any. Some of his friends used to do likewise and found it most handy. The consequence of this was, however, that the money never lasted very long, and he was in a chronic state of being hard up. On more than one occasion when people called to see him word would be brought down that he could not see any visitors, as he was in bed and his clothes were all in pawn.

Wills had a trick of lowering his voice just slightly when intending to be very confidential with anyone. The result was that those around were apt to hear "that which ought not to be heard," with sometimes rather startling consequences. One afternoon, when several visitors had dropped in for a chat, Wills was heard about four o'clock to remark confidentially in one of his "undertones" to a couple of special friends: "We won't have tea until the others have gone! We can have it so *much* more cosily by ourselves." Everyone pretended not to hear and continued chatting for a few minutes, after which they looked not on the order of their going, but went at once. Another time a lady artist called to see Wills, and found him entertaining some four or five friends, one of whom happened to be a model. Wills at once began the necessary formalities. "Let me introduce Miss Blank," and then,

dropping his voice very slightly, he added, in that confidential tone which none could be so deaf as not to hear, "She's *perfectly* respectable."

As the lady was a very well-known model indeed, and used to sit to many of the foremost artists of the day, including Sir Frederick Leighton himself, the remark was trying to her feelings, to say the least of it, considering she could not possibly pretend not to have heard, and an awkward silence ensued. Had Leighton only been present, he would have made some pleasant remark to smooth matters down in a moment, for he had an innate courtliness and charm which brought him the reputation for always saying the right thing at the right moment. Very different was the reputation of Whistler, who, apart from his pictures, made a sensation, it will be remembered, by his decoration of the famous "Peacock Room" for Leyland, the father-in-law of Val Prinsep.

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

Whistler's reputation was for saying the *wrong* thing at the right moment. On occasions he seemed almost to go out of his way to do so. The desire of shining before his devotees was strong in him, and he was not always particular as to the manner in which the scintillation was obtained. At a big reception one evening given in Prince's Hall he strolled up with a mutual friend for an introduction to Henrietta Rae, who had been making a big hit with her Academy picture, "Psyche Before the Throne of Venus" (or "Psitch," as a lady was heard to pronounce the name, when reading it out from the catalogue, much to the edification of those around). Whistler had evidently been told that Mme. Rae was not altogether a skeleton. Evidently, however, the description given to him had gone rather to the other extreme, for on being introduced to the artist he promptly remarked, for the edification of the troop of admiring Whistlerites who were following in his train, "*I* don't think you're a *bit* too fat."

Whistler used to bargain about the sale and position of his pictures, praise them, and set huge prices upon them. But under all this disguise he treated them as comparative trifles. Certainly one could hardly credit him as having been serious in the reply made to an admirer, who had been praising him as a demi-god, and finished up with the remark, "We all of us feel that you and Velasquez are by far the greatest painters the world has ever produced," to which Whistler responded, "Yes; but, my dear friend, why — why drag in Velasquez?" Many of Whistler's remarks might have been made use of for *Punch's* series of "Things one would rather have left unsaid."

An experience of Sir Frederick Leighton's, by the way, *did* actually become the origin of one of this series. A certain Lady B., whom he was asked to take in at a very swell dinner-party, did not, unfortunately, catch his name, and had no idea who it was beside whom she had the honour of sitting. All went well until they got on the subject of Art. This brought up, as a matter of course, a discussion on the Academy Exhibition. From this his neighbour soon got on to Leighton's Academy picture of the year, still quite in the dark as to his identity. Lady B. began to say how much she disliked it; in fact, she considered it simply horrible. "But what is *your* opinion of it?" turning on him her most engaging smile. "Well, really, madam, I must ask you to excuse me from offering an opinion on the subject, as I fear it would not be altogether unbiased. You see, *I* happen to be *Leighton*."

Did his neighbour gracefully apologize and leave it at once for some safer topic? Not a bit of it! Lady B. promptly rushed in where angels fear to tread. "Oh, I'm so sorry; but then, you know, I don't pretend to understand anything at all about painting myself. I *only repeat what everyone* else is saying." "Things one would rather have left unsaid" with a vengeance. Poor Sir Frederick, with the atmosphere of sympathy in which he

always liked to live, must have experienced a rude shock at this remark!

Allusion has been made earlier in this article to Val Prinsep's criticisms of Henrietta Rae's picture on "Ophelia." During these visits he did not have things entirely his own way, and on two occasions, at least, certainly came out the worst in the encounter. One day Prinsep annoyed Mme. Rae about something, and aroused the spirit of vengeance in her. Obviously a direct frontal attack upon the aggressor was unlikely to prove successful, as in stature he towered far above her. So Henrietta Rae looked round warily for some other way, and by means of strategic manœuvre executed a crushing defeat on the enemy. Distracting Prinsep's attention for a moment, the lady artist executed a flanking movement, seized his hat, and popped it into the stove. By the time Val Prinsep realized what had happened it was too late, for his opponent had cut his line of communication and prevented him from bringing up assistance until the hat had been subjected to a heavy fire, and finally annihilated.

Shortly after this Henrietta Rae was at work one morning, and feeling very worried over one of her pictures, which was not "coming" well. Prinsep stole noiselessly in through the door of the studio, proud in the possession of a brand-new felt hat to replace that which had been cut off in its youth and brought to so untimely an end.

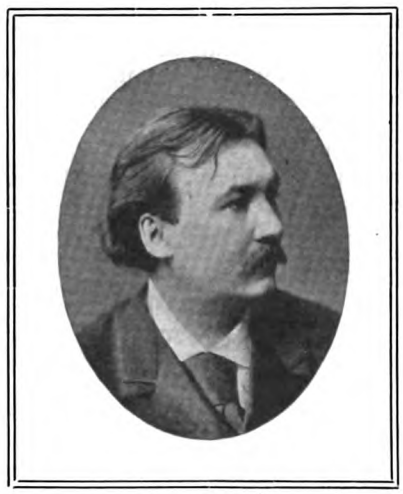
Seeing that he had been unobserved, Prinsep tip-toed gently towards his prey, and suddenly jammed his hat down over her head. With a startled cry Mrs. Normand tore the bowler from off her troubled brow, and, seeing who had been the author of this base attack, hurled the unoffending and defenceless hat through the open window, out into the muddy world beyond. Poor Val realized that if he was ever to wear the hat again it must be speedily rescued from its position of danger before the traffic should bring its career to a close. So out rushed Prinsep bare-headed into the street, where he was observed by Solomon J. Solomon, the artist, making his way gingerly through the mud towards the wished-for prize.

His friends, by the way, tell an amusing story concerning Solomon and a somewhat too frolicsome young model—a girl who was always getting up to some lark. Solomon, on being told of this anecdote, failed to remember it, and, in fact, denied the soft impeachment altogether. Since this is the case, the fact must be borne in mind that in perusing the story it is about some *other* artist. As it is inconvenient in the telling of it that the hero should be nameless, and since Solomon in all his glory refuses to "give it a name," let us call him David. This artist, then (who was *not* Solomon), had to come some distance from his house to the studio in those days. Had it *been* Solomon one could have added the remark that nowadays he lives only a few doors off from his studio, in the Finchley Road. *Tempora mutantur!* However, as the artist was *not* Solomon, the information is hardly to the point, and may be ignored. On arrival at the studio, Sol—I mean David—would take off his boots and work in slippers during the day, for it is very hard for artists to have to stand up hour after hour at their easel, with sometimes practically no rest at all.

One afternoon David went out for a few minutes to see a friend whose studio was not many doors off. During his absence the unruly model, lest she should die of sheer *ennui*, looked round to find some amusement. The devil can be generally trusted to find some mischief still for idle hands to do. Nor was he backward in coming forward on *this* occasion. The door of the provision cupboard was half open, and there lay a large pot of strawberry jam peeping wickedly out. An inspiration soon came, and with it the model seized the jam from its resting-place and promptly emptied the contents into Sol—into David's boots. After this she returned the empty jar to its former resting-place, closed the door gently but firmly, and then sat down demurely by the fire to await the wanderer's return. David came back in due course, finished his day's work, and wearily bade the model farewell. When the young lady left—giving him in going out a singularly wicked look, the meaning of which he did not at the time quite grasp—David proceeded to prepare for his own departure. He went over to the corner where his boots were kept and began to slip them on, when——but let us draw a veil over "the winged words which he spoke" during the ensuing moments. David's feet were, like his heart, very tender, and he saw that he would never be able to get on those wretched boots until every bit of the jam was removed. Had he been a French scholar he could have called for "the boots of the gardener's aunt." It was one of the very few occasions when those singularly useful pieces of French conversation, as given in the grammars, might have come in

useful. As it was, there was nothing for it but that he should lift them up tenderly and struggle with water and hope to cleanse them of their sticky contents.

Whilst he was in the midst of this occupation the door opened, and in marched a fellow-artist, Mr.——but no, wild horses shall not drag his name from me, lest it should seem in any way to support an idea that the artist, after all, was not David, but So—someone else. As to the model, she certainly should have made a name for herself, for it is very often the case that those who



GUSTAVE DORÉ.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

D. G. ROSSETTI.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

are the most mischievous and idle in their youth somehow come out on top in the end.

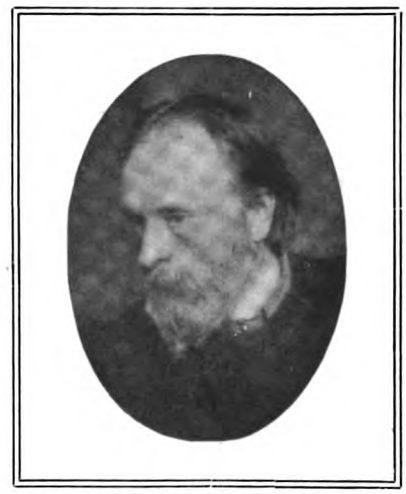
As an instance, Doré was very mischievous as a boy, eventually being expelled for a villainous trick played by him on the head master, who had done something which his pupil strongly resented. What must young Doré do but get together a number of frogs from a neighbouring marsh and place them in the poor old gentleman's bed. The wretched master, upon retiring late in the evening for a well-earned repose, nearly had a fit when his feet came in contact with the colony which had invaded such sacred territory. "Brekekekex! Koax! Koax!" ejaculated the frogs, at this stranger stealing in the night into their midst. To which greeting the head master, on discovering what had caused the sudden disturbance, replied in language befitting the occasion. Next day Doré left that school, and in a few years became, of all incongruous things after such a start as this, a painter of religious pictures. From these he made over fifty thousand pounds, while the firm who owned the Doré Gallery and published the prints of his pictures cleared some two hundred thousand over the works of the young frog-collector of earlier years.

The mention of Doré brings to the mind his contemporary, Rossetti. In his lighter moments Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the famous poet-painter, was ever fond of writing little limericks on his friends. One of these delightful nonsense-verses Rossetti wrote on Burgess, the painter, who retained a very youthful appearance till well advanced in years:—

> There is an old fellow named Burgess,
> Who from infancy seldom emerges;
> If *you* were not told
> He's disgracefully old,
> You might offer bulls'-eyes to Burgess.

Dulce est desipere in loco—"It is sweet to play the fool at the proper time"—and most famous folk like to shake off their greatness on occasion. Tschaikowski enjoyed the joke of his miniature overture to the "Casse-Noisette" suite, which kept working up to big effects and then, where one would expect the full power of the orchestra, keeping the tone down. "Papa" Haydn, though with perhaps a tinge of pathos at the occasion which called for it, did much the same in his "Farewell Symphony," where gradually, one by one, the entire orchestra finished their part, blew out the candle at their desk, and departed, till at last only the first violinist

was left to finish the piece. Burne-Jones used to amuse himself sometimes by drawing atrocious imaginary caricatures of various ladies "mit noddings on," labelling them, "Mrs. So-and-so, as she would have appeared in the Garden of Eden," etc.



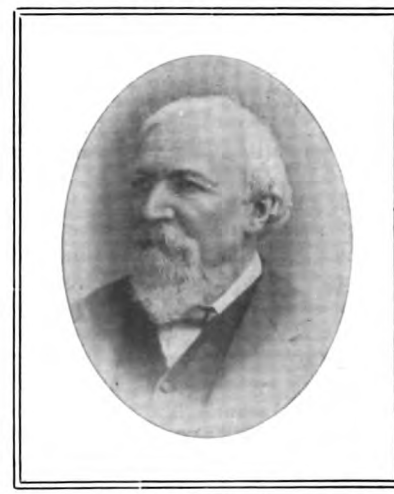
SIR E. BURNE-JONES.
From a Photo. by F. Hollyer.

Robert Browning would on occasions indulge in the same form of amusement as Rossetti. One day he was calling on Val Prinsep and found him laid up with lumbago. Prinsep in fun offered him a sort of wreath, which was part of the floral decoration in the room. Browning received it with deep obeisance, and remarking, "Prinsep, you are appointing me your laureate," delivered himself of the following spontaneous poem in the style of Lear:—

> There was a young man with lumbago,
> They fed him on gruel and sago.
> He said, "I'd as lief
> That you gave me roast beef;
> If you *don't*, to the devil you *may* go."

There is a story told of a lady friend, an ardent admirer of the poet, once bringing Robert Browning one of his poems and asking him to explain it, as she could not understand the meaning. Browning is related to have read it through several times and pondered over it long. At last he gave up the attempt. "Well, I certainly must have had *something* in my mind when I was writing it, but, upon my word, I can't tell you *now* what it all means."

Elizabeth Robins, who combines novel-writing and acting, is very devoted to Browning's poems. Geneviève Ward, on the contrary, doesn't understand them, doesn't pretend to understand them, and one might almost add, doesn't *want* to understand them. In short, Robert Browning's poetry is with her a *bête noire*. Miss Robins came once to stay with Miss Ward; hence the following sad episode. Time: 3 p.m. on a summer's day. When the curtain rises, so to speak, Miss Robins is "discovered" lying in a hammock, in a somnolent state, fanning herself idly, and wondering whether to rouse herself and go indoors for a book, or—happy thought—indulge in a gentle snooze *sub rosa*. While the pros and cons of the open question are being turned over in her mind—descriptive music (from a German band outside)—and enter the lady villain, in the person of Miss Ward. "Shall I read to you?" The open question is solved most pleasantly, and with a nod of assent Miss Robins lies comfortably back while Miss Ward takes up the newspaper. After reading some minutes, Geneviève Ward suddenly stops and says, "Oh, my dear, *do* just listen to this," and begins reading some poetry. After giving out some forty lines Miss Ward pauses, and laughingly says, "Now, what on earth do they mean by all that?" To which Miss Robins makes reply, "Really, I haven't the slightest idea; why did you wake me up to hear such abject nonsense?" "Abject nonsense? Quite right, my dear; I'm glad to hear you agree with me. *That* was some of your favourite poet—Robert Browning." Curtain!



ROBERT BROWNING.
From a Photo by Elliott & Fry

The Amulet

BY E. NESBIT.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

THE FINDING OF THE PSAMMEAD AND THE AMULET.

"EVERYTHING is quite too perfectly beastly," said Cyril. "Let's go out and try to forget our sorrows."

"Righto," said Robert.

Jane stopped crying and said she didn't want to forget anything. But Anthea said: "I think Cyril's right. I promised mother we wouldn't cry more than we were obliged, and I believe we *could* stop now if we tried."

So they all washed their faces and went out. They had a good many reasons for feeling miserable. Father had gone to the East as a war correspondent. Mother had been ill, and she and the Lamb had gone to Madeira to get well again. The children were staying with mother's old nurse in Fitzroy Street, which is a very ugly street. Mother and father would have liked old nurse to have taken the children into the country or to the sea, but she couldn't, because she had let the top floor of her house to a "learned gentleman — that innocent he hardly knew the way to his mouth," as she said, and she had to stay and take care of him.

Cyril, Anthea, Robert, and Jane had once had the luck to find a sand-fairy or psammead, which gave them whatever they chose to ask for —I dare say you read all about it in THE STRAND MAGAZINE—and after that they had a Phœnix and a carpet that did wonderful magic things for them. They knew they would never see the Phœnix again because it had gone away for two thousand years and had taken the carpet with it. But the psammead they knew they *would* see again, because it had said so, and it was ever a beast of its word. But they little thought when and how they were to see it.

And now they went out with some bits of bread and the intention of feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, so as to drown their sorrow.

But it is a long walk from Fitzroy Street to St. James's Park—it was hot, dry, dusty August, and Jane got very tired.

"Don't let's go any farther," she said; "my boots hurt. Let's buy a duck and feed it at home," and she sniffed with misery.

She had stopped in front of one of those shops where cats and dogs, and squirrels and monkeys, and tortoises and rabbits are kept in hutches.

"We might buy a guinea-pig if you like," said Cyril. So they began to look at the animals in the hutches. And as they stood there Cyril suddenly heard, quite close to him and quite unmistakably, a little voice that said:—

"Buy me! Oh, do, please, buy me!"

Cyril started as though he had been pinched, and jumped a yard away from the hutch.

"Come back; oh, come back!" said the voice. "Stoop down and pretend to be tying up your bootlace. I see it's undone, as usual."

Cyril mechanically obeyed. He knelt on one knee on the dry, hot, dusty pavement, peered into the darkness of the hutch, and found himself face to face with—the psammead!

"HE FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH—THE PSAMMEAD!"

It seemed much thinner than when they had last seen it. It was dusty and dirty, and its fur was untidy and ragged. It had hunched itself up into a miserable lump, and its long snail's eyes were drawn in quite tight, so that they hardly showed at all.

"Listen!" said the psammead, in a voice that sounded as though it would begin to cry in a minute. "I don't think the creature who keeps this shop will ask a very high price for me. I've bitten him more than once, and I've made myself look as common as I can. He's never had a glance from my beautiful eyes. Tell the others I'm here; but tell them to look at some of those low, common beasts while I'm talking to you. The creature mustn't think you care much about me, or he'll put a price on me far beyond your means. I remember in the dear old days last summer you never had any money worth mentioning. Oh, I never thought I should be so glad to see you—I never did." It sniffed and shot out its long snail's eyes expressly to drop a tear well away from its fur. For anything wet is death to a psammead.

"Look here," said Cyril, firmly, to the others, "I'm not kidding, and I appeal to your honour"—an appeal which in this family was never made in vain. "Don't look at that hutch—look at the white rat. Now, you are not to look at that hutch whatever I say."

He stood in front of it to prevent mistakes.

"Now, get yourselves ready for a great surprise. In that hutch there's an old friend of ours—*don't* look! Yes; it's the psammead; it wants us to buy it. It says you're not to look at it. Look at the white rat and

count your money! On your honour, don't look."

The others responded nobly to his earnest tones. They looked at the white rat till they quite stared him out of countenance, so that he went and sat up on his hind legs in a far corner and hid his face in his front paws. He pretended he was washing his face.

Cyril stooped again and busied himself with the other bootlace.

"Go in," said the psammead, "and ask the price of lots of other things. Then say, 'What do you want for that monkey that's lost its tail—the mangy old thing in the third hutch from the end.' Oh, don't mind *my* feelings; call me a mangy monkey! I've tried hard enough to look like one. I don't think he'll put a high price on me; I've bitten him eleven times since I came here the day before yesterday. If he names a bigger price than you can afford, say you wish you had the money."

"But you can't give us wishes. I've promised never to have another wish from you," said the bewildered Cyril.

"Don't be a silly little idiot," said the sand-fairy, in trembling but affectionate tones, "but find out how much money you've got between you and do exactly what I tell you."

Cyril, pointing a stiff and unmeaning finger at the white rat, so as to pretend that its charms alone employed his tongue, explained matters to the others while the psammead hunched itself and bunched itself and did its very best to make itself look uninteresting.

Then the four children filed into the shop.

"How much do you want for that white rat?" asked Cyril.

"Eightpence," was the answer.

"And the guinea-pigs?"

"Eighteenpence to five bob, according to the breed."

"And the lizards?"

"Ninepence each."

"And toads?"

"Fourpence. Now, look here," said the greasy owner of all this caged life, with a sudden ferocity which made the whole party back hurriedly on to the wainscoting of hutches with which the shop was lined. "Lookee here. I ain't a-goin' to have you a-comin' in here a-turnin' the whole place outer winder an' pricing every animile in the stock just for your larks, so don't think it! If you're a buyer *be* a buyer—but I never had a customer yet as wanted to buy mice and lizards and toads and guineas all at once. So hout you goes."

"Oh, wait a minute," said the wretched Cyril. "Just tell me one thing. What do you want for the mangy old monkey in the third hutch from the end?"

The shopman only saw in this a new insult.

"Mangy young monkey yourself," said he. "Get along with your blooming cheek. Hout you goes!"

"Oh, don't be so cross," said Jane, losing her head altogether. "Don't you see he really *does* want to know *that?*"

"Ho! does 'e, indeed?" sneered the merchant. Then he scratched his ear suspiciously, for he was a sharp business man and he knew the ring of truth when he heard it. His hand was bandaged, and three minutes before he would have been glad to sell the "mangy old monkey" for ten shillings. Now——

"Ho! 'e does, does 'e?" he said. "Then two pun ten's my price. He's not got his fellow, that monkey ain't. Two pun ten, down on the nail, or *hout* you goes!"

The children looked at each other. Twenty-three shillings and fivepence was all they had in the world, and it would have been merely three and fivepence but for the sovereign which father had given to them "between them" at parting.

"We've only twenty-three shillings and fivepence," said Cyril, rattling the money in his pocket.

"Twenty-three farthings and somebody's own cheek," said the dealer, for he did not believe Cyril.

There was a miserable pause. Then Anthea remembered, and said:—

"Oh, I *wish* I had two pounds ten to buy the monkey!"

"So do I, miss, I'm sure," said the man, with bitter politeness. "*I* wish you 'ad, and I don't deceive you."

Anthea's hand was on the counter—something seemed to slide under it. She lifted her hand. There lay five bright half-sovereigns.

"Why, I *have* got it after all!" she said. "Here's the money; now let's have the sammy—the monkey, I mean."

The dealer looked hard at the money, but he made haste to put it in his pocket.

"I only hope you come by it honest," he said, shrugging his shoulders. He scratched his ear again.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must let you have it, but it's worth thribble the money, so it is——"

He slowly led the way out to the hutch, opened the door gingerly, and made a sudden

"'WHY, I HAVE GOT IT AFTER ALL!' SHE SAID."

fierce grab at the psammead, which the psammead acknowledged in one last, long, lingering bite.

"Here, take the brute," said the shopman, squeezing the psammead so tight that he nearly choked it. "It's bit me to the bone, it have."

The man's eyes opened as Anthea held out her arms. "Don't blame me if it tears your face off its bones," he said; and the psammead made a leap from his dirty, horny hands, and Anthea caught it in hers, which were not very clean, certainly, but at any rate were soft and pink, and held it kindly and closely.

"But you can't take it home like that," Cyril said; "we shall have a crowd after us." And, indeed, two errand-boys and a policeman had already collected.

"I can't give you nothink only a paper bag, like what we puts the tortoises in," said the man, grudgingly.

So the whole party went into the shop, and the shopman's eyes nearly came out of his head when he saw the psammead carefully creep into the largest paper bag that the establishment afforded, when Anthea held it open for him.

"Well," said the dealer, "if that don't beat cock-fighting! But p'r'aps you've met the brute afore?"

"Yes," said Cyril, affably; "he's an old friend of ours."

"If I'd a-known that," the man rejoined, and his tones rang with truth, "you shouldn't a-had him under twice the money. 'Owever," he added, as the children disappeared, "I ain't done so bad, seeing as I only give five bob for the beggar. But, then, there's the bites to take into account!"

The children, trembling in agitation and excitement, carried home the psammead, curled up in its paper bag.

When they got it home Anthea nursed it and stroked it, and would have cried over it if she hadn't remembered how it hated to be wet.

When it recovered enough to speak it said:—

"Get me sand—silver sand from the oil and colour shop. And get me plenty—quarts and quarts."

They got the sand, and they put it and the psammead in the round bath together, and it rubbed itself and rolled itself and shook itself and scraped itself and scratched itself and preened itself till it felt clean and comfy—and then it scrabbled a hasty hole in the sand and went to sleep in it.

The children hid the bath under the girls' bed and had supper. Old nurse had got them a lovely supper of baked onions. She was full of kind and delicate thoughts.

When Anthea was wakened the next morning by the boys coming into the room

the psammead was snuggling down between her shoulder and Jane's.

"You have saved my life," it said, in condescending friendliness; "I know that man would have thrown cold water on me sooner or later, and then I should have died. I saw him wash out a guinea-pig's hutch yesterday morning. I'm still frightfully sleepy and ill, but I'm not ungrateful. Tell me your sorrows and I'll tell you mine."

"'YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE,' IT SAID."

"You first," said Cyril, politely.

"Well, then," said the psammead, "you remember last summer and all the silly wishes I used to give you? Well, they wore me out. When you'd gone I went to sand and slept and slept."

"To sand?" Jane repeated.

"Where I sleep. You go to bed. I go to sand. And a man came and dug in the sand and caught me, and I bit him. And he put me in a bag with a dead hare and a dead rabbit. And he took me to his house and put me out of the bag into a basket with holes that I could see through. And I bit him again. And then he brought me to this city, which I am told is called the Modern Babylon—though it's not a bit like the old Babylon—and he sold me to the man you bought me of; and then I bit them both. Now, what's *your* news?"

"There's not quite so much biting in our story," said Cyril, regretfully; "in fact, there isn't any. We had a Phœnix and a carpet last winter."

"Yes," said the psammead; "a feeble fowl, but amiable. He had to appeal to me more than once."

"Father's gone to Manchuria," Cyril went on, "and mother and the Lamb have gone to Madeira because mother was ill; and don't I just wish that they were both safe home again?"

Merely from habit the sand-fairy began to blow itself out as it always did when it granted wishes, but it stopped short suddenly.

"I forgot," it said. "I can't give you any more wishes."

"Then you can't help us at all," said Jane; "oh, I did think you could do *something*." And Jane began to cry.

"Now, *don't*," said the psammead, hastily; "you know how it always upsets me if you cry. I can't feel safe a moment. Suppose you cried on to me! Look here; you must get some new kind of charm."

"That's easier said than done."

"Not a bit of it," said the creature; "there's one of the strongest charms in the world not a stone's throw from where you bought me yesterday. It can make the person that has it perfectly happy. The man that I bit so—the first one, I mean—went into a shop to ask how much something cost. I think he said it was a concertina, and while he was telling the man in the shop how much too much he wanted for it, I saw the charm in a sort of tray—with a lot of other things. If you can only buy *that*, you will be able to have everything you want."

"BUT THERE'S ONLY HALF OF IT HERE!"

The children felt that with a new charm, *and* the psammead, life would be much easier to bear. So when Cyril said: "I don't mind if we do buy it," the others instantly assented.

"Will you come with us?" asked Anthea.

"Of course," said the psammead; "how else would you find the shop?"

So the psammead was put into a flat bag that had come from Farringdon Market with two pounds of filleted plaice in it. Now it had about three pounds and a quarter of solid psammead in it, and the children took it in turns to carry it.

The psammead told them what turnings to take, and at last they came to the shop. This is what they bought:—

And it was made of a red, smooth, softly shiny stone.

So home they went.

They set the psammead on the green table-cloth.

"Now, then!" said Cyril.

But the psammead had to have a plate of sand fetched for it, for it was quite faint. When it had refreshed itself a little it said:—

"Now, then! Let me see the charm."

And Anthea laid it on the green table-cover. The sand-fairy shot out its long eyes to look at it; then it turned them reproachfully on Anthea and said:—

"But there's only half of it here!"

This was indeed a blow.

"It was all there was," said Anthea, and the others agreed that this was so.

"Well," said the psammead, "we must make the best of it. I'll tell you about this red thing. It's the half of an amulet that can do all sorts of things."

"Yes, but," Anthea ventured, "that's what the *whole* charm can do. There's nothing that the half we've got can win off its own bat, is there?" She appealed to the psammead. It nodded.

"Yes," it said; "the half has the power to take you anywhere you like to look for the other half. The first thing is to get it to talk."

"Can it?" said Jane.

"Of course," said the psammead; "you say the name that's on it and then it gets power to work its magic."

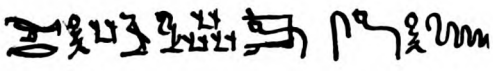
There was a silence. The red charm was passed from hand to hand.

"There's no name on it," said Cyril at last.

"Nonsense!" said the psammead. "What's that?"

"Oh, *that!*" said Cyril. "It's not reading. It looks like birds and fishes and snakes and things!"

This was what was on the charm:—



"I've no patience with you," said the psammead; "if you can't read you must find someone who can. Is there no wise man in your Babylon who can pronounce the names of the great ones?"

"There's the poor learned gentleman upstairs," said Anthea; "we might try him. He has a lot of stone images in his room. Old nurse says he doesn't eat enough to keep a canary alive. He spends it all on stones and things."

So the four children went up to knock at the door of the "poor learned gentleman."

The learned gentleman's room had a long table that ran down one side of the room. The table had images on it and queer-shaped stones and books, and there were glass cases fixed against the wall behind, with little strange things in them. The cases were something like the ones you see in jewellers' shops.

The children knocked at the door and peeped in.

The "poor learned gentleman" was sitting at a table by the window, looking at something very small which he held in a pair of fine pincers. He had a round spy-glass sort of thing in one eye, which reminded the children of watchmakers and also of the long snail's eyes of the psammead.

The gentleman was very long and thin, and his long, thin boots stuck out under the other side of his table. He did not hear the door open, and the children stood hesitating. At last Robert gave the door a push and they all started back, for in the middle of the wall that the door had hidden was a mummy-case—very, very, very big—painted in red and yellow and green and black, and the face of it seemed to look at them very angrily.

"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WALL WAS A MUMMY-CASE."

You know what a mummy-case is like, of course? If you don't you'd better go to the British Museum at once, and find out. Any-

way, it is not at all the sort of thing that you expect to meet in a top-floor front in Bloomsbury, looking as though it would like to know what business *you* had there.

So everyone said "Oh!" rather loud and their boots clattered as they stumbled back.

When the gentleman heard them he took the glass out of his eye and said:—

"I beg your pardon," in a very soft, quiet, pleasant voice—the voice of a gentleman who has been to Oxford.

"It's us that beg yours," said Cyril, politely. "We are so sorry to disturb you."

"Come in," said the gentleman, rising, "with the most distinguished courtesy," Anthea told herself. "I am delighted to see you. Won't you sit down? No, not there. Allow me to move that papyrus——"

The children sat down.

"We know you are very learned," said Cyril, "and we have got a charm, and we want you to read the name on it because it isn't in Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, or any of the languages we know."

"A thorough knowledge of even these languages is a very fair foundation on which to build an education," said the gentleman, politely. "You have found something that you think to be an antiquity and you've brought it to show me. That was very kind. I should like to inspect it."

"Here is our charm," said Anthea, and held it out.

With politeness, but without interest, the gentleman took it. But after the first glance all his body suddenly stiffened, as a pointer's does when he sees a partridge.

"Excuse me," he said, in quite a changed voice, and carried the charm to the window. He looked at it—he turned it over. He fixed his spy-glass in his eye and looked again. No one said anything. Only Robert made a shuffling noise with his feet, till Anthea nudged him to shut up.

At last the learned gentleman drew a long breath.

"Where did you find this?" he asked.

"We didn't find it; we bought it in a shop. Jacob Absolam the name is—not far from Charing Cross."

"We gave seven-and-sixpence for it," added Jane.

"It is not for sale, I suppose? You do not wish to part with it; I ought to tell you that it is very valuable."

"Yes," said Cyril, "we know that; so of course we want to keep it."

"Keep it carefully, then," said the gentleman, earnestly, "and if ever you should wish to part with it may I ask you to give me the opportunity of buying it?"

"All right," said Cyril. "But we don't want to sell it; we want to make it do things."

"I suppose you can play at that as well as at anything else," said the gentleman, "but I'm afraid the days of magic are over."

"They aren't *really*," said Anthea, earnestly; "you'd see they aren't if I could tell you about our last summer holidays and about last winter. Only I mustn't; thank you very much. And you can read the name?"

"Yes, I can read it."

"HE FIXED HIS SPY-GLASS IN HIS EYE AND LOOKED AGAIN."

"Will you tell it us?"

"The name," said the gentleman, "is Ur-hekan-setcheh."

"Ur - hekan - setcheh," repeated Cyril. "Thanks, awfully. I do hope we haven't taken up too much of your time."

"Not at all," said the gentleman; "and do let me entreat you to be very, very careful of that most valuable specimen."

They said "Thank you" in all the different polite ways they could think of, and filed out of the door and down the stairs.

"And now," said Robert, triumphantly, "we shall be able to make the half charm work. Oh, crikey, what larks!"

A psammead and half a charm—what more could any children desire?—to bring magic happenings into their lives.

They wished the Phœnix had been there. It was always so polite. It never snubbed them as the psammead did. But, still——

Jane clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, now," she said, "things really *are* going to begin to happen."

When the children had obtained the word of power from the "poor learned gentleman" they went down and woke up the psammead, and it taught them exactly how to use the word of power and to make the charm speak. I am not going to tell you how this is done, because you might try to do it. And for you any such trying would be almost sure to end in disappointment. Because, in the first place, it is a thousand million to one against your ever getting hold of the right sort of charm; and if you did, there would be hardly any chance at all of your finding a learned gentleman clever enough and kind enough to read the word for you.

The children and the psammead crouched in a circle on the floor—in the girls' bedroom.

The sun shone splendidly outside and the room was very light. Through the open window came the hum and rattle of London, and in the street below they could hear the voice of the milkman.

When all was ready the psammead signed to Anthea to say the word. And she said it.

Instantly the whole light of all the world seemed to go out. The room was dark. The world outside was dark—darker than the darkest night that ever was—and all the sounds went out too, so that there was a silence deeper than any silence you have ever dreamed of imagining. It was like being suddenly deaf and blind, only darker and quieter even than that.

But before the children had got over the sudden shock of it enough to be frightened, a faint, beautiful light began to show in the middle of the circle, and at the same moment a faint, beautiful voice began to speak.

"A FAINT, BEAUTIFUL VOICE BEGAN TO SPEAK."

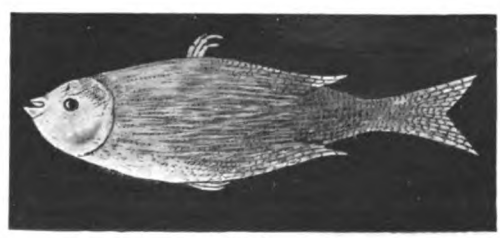
(To be continued.)

Tip & Top Views.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

ONE of the strangest phases of the eyesight is its inability to recognise, without the exercise of considerable effort, the forms of ordinary objects viewed from unfamiliar standpoints. This fact really becomes quite startling when emphasized in an effective manner, as I hope may be the case with the present series of illustrations. I invite the reader to test his powers of observation in connection with the present array of sketches before reading the accompanying descriptions; and for the purpose of preventing him from being accidentally assisted to premature solutions, I refrain from the usual process of placing titles under the illustrations, so that he may exercise his ingenuity in guessing what the unfamiliar-looking objects really are.

As will be apparent before I close my remarks, I have selected very common objects wherewith to test the reader. It may be mentioned that, previous to submitting this article to the Editor, I requested many of my friends to endeavour to identify the products, with varying degrees of success. Some which appeared to be tolerably easy to a few proved quite unfathomable to others, and I have no doubt similar experiences will arise among the wide circle of STRAND readers. The human eye becomes so accustomed to certain aspects of the details composing one's surroundings that it is puzzled sometimes to a great extent by different presentations of them. This it will be my pleasure to endeavour to prove.

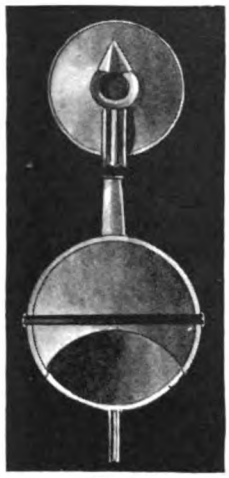


NO. 1.

It will be noticed that a kind of illusion envelops some of the objects; but that immediately a person is made aware of its character it becomes quite clear to the eye, which then experiences difficulty in reviving the former mistaken impression. By placing the magazine flat upon a table most of the illustrations may be more naturally regarded.

If my wishes in the direction of deception are realized, readers will declare upon immediate inspection that the natural-history item in No. 1 is a peculiar kind of fish. First impressions are frequently erroneous, so perhaps it will prove a surprise if I state that by viewing the illustration inverted, and also in other irregular ways, the disclosure will follow that it is really a dead canary, whose turned-back claws and wing-tips represent the fins. It may be objected that this specimen hardly concerns the purpose of my article; but I consider it novel enough to deserve excuse for its presence. The fact that the head is slightly turned in order to convey the aspect of that belonging to a fish may seem to come under neither a tip nor a top view; yet it must be remembered that a dead bird laid upon a table, back upwards, would have its head twisted in the manner shown, and therefore the sketch would really amount to a top view.

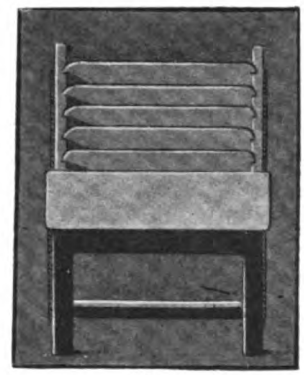
The top views of cylindrical objects, which present circular plans, might be supposed to be fairly easy of recognition; yet, while I think it is quite possible that the lower item in No. 2 will be detected as a water-can, I expect more



NO. 2.

difficulty will confront observers concerning the upper object, which portrays an ordinary paraffin-oil can. It is almost certain that many people will be misled into the belief that it represents a candlestick with an extinguisher hooked over its upper extremity; but this is not the case.

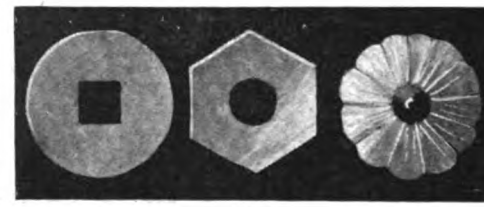
As every household does not possess the article illustrated in No. 3, it may be an unfair proceeding for me to introduce it here; yet it may serve as a test for the observatory powers of those people who do use the contrivance, which is a typical pair of steps such as are used for window-cleaning and other purposes in both shops and dwelling-places. The appearance of such an object naturally varies according to the height of one's eyes above it and its own dimensions; but whilst the top portion is really smaller than the bottom it can be made to appear of equal width, and, of course, the whole article can be contracted or extended to give slightly different phases.



NO. 3.

No. 4 was readily identified by two out of every three friends to whom I submitted it, and I suppose this average will be about the same among my readers. It is because I think that *some* of them may experience a difficulty with it that I overcame a temptation to omit it. It illustrates a view of the tips of the fingers of a person's hand, with the thumb reclining against them at a farther distance.

No. 5 does not portray, as might be supposed at a preliminary glance, a pair of screw-nuts and a wheel, but are the top views of a round and a six-sided pencil respectively, while on the right is a view of the point, or

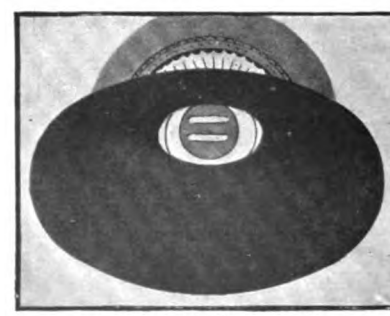


NO. 5.

tip, of another in a sharpened condition; of course, cut very neatly, though not to a greater symmetry than is followed by careful draughtsmen and artists.

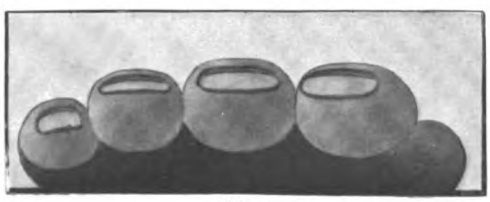
In No. 6 we have a top view of a lighted lamp furnished with a shade tilted to an angle.

I have an impression, though I may be mistaken, that immediately upon applying himself to discerning the true formation of the object pictured in No. 7 the reader will seek to revive his memory of all the flowers with which he is acquainted, and such an attempt will really be very excusable. Here we have, apparently, eight radiating petals surrounding a central core (the equivalent of a stigma), and a set of stamens and anthers. Is it some rare product of the conservatory or garden, or a wild blossom which has hitherto escaped his close attention? My dear sir, or madam, it is neither.



NO. 6.

It is an article which has caused, perhaps, far more anxiety to its owner than any other possession. It is nothing more or less than a rustic-knobbed umbrella, slightly opened, and remaining rigidly upright, with its point stuck conveniently within a crevice



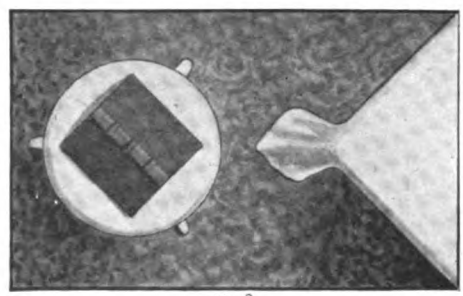
NO. 4.

—exactly, in fact, as it would appear in a hall-stand.

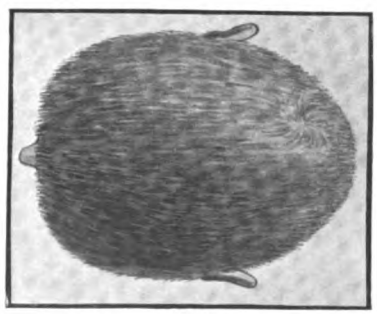
Although to a great degree No. 8 is "arranged," it, nevertheless, is a legitimate top view of certain articles, being a corner of a table covered with a cloth, and a three-legged stool upon which an open book (devoid of external lettering) has been placed, with its pair of covers uppermost.

NO. 7.

The oval trifle in No. 9, which may strike the reader as being actually some form of egg, is a boy's head viewed from above. Merely the extreme tip of the nose and the tops of the ears are visible from this direction, the resulting portrait producing quite a comical effect. It seems to me that the photographs of all the heads of a family made in this peculiar manner might arouse much merriment and mystification. At least the results would certainly prove interesting and informing, since no one is privileged to inspect the top of his or her own head, even in a mirror. Speculative and pushful photographers should adopt the hint as an experiment.



NO. 8.

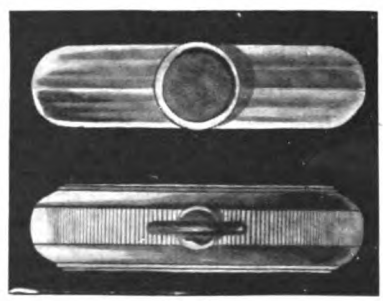


NO. 9.

Although the couple of objects sketched in No. 10 bear a close similarity so far as general contour is concerned, they are, in fact, extremely different in reality, the first being a watch with its ring elevated, and the second a flat-corked spirit-flask, the width of which coincides with the diameter of its companion.

The item with which I propose to close my notes will, I fear, be a very trying sample, although I have deliberately given its key elsewhere in this article, the heading of which contains a sketch of a top embraced by the iron from a boot-heel, as a fanciful allusion to its purport.

No. 11 is simply a top view of those two strangely diversified, yet significant, objects, in the sketch at the head of this article.



NO. 10.

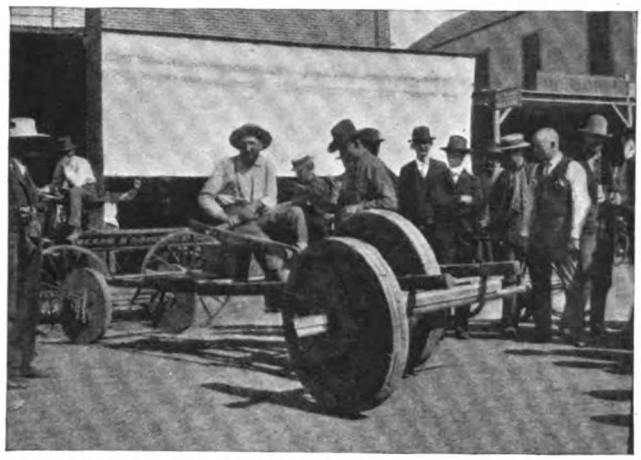
It is possible to continue this pastime indefinitely, and the family draughtsman (where does he not exist?) might employ himself in an entertaining manner by supplying a continuance of the puzzles on lines similar to those laid down.

NO. 11.

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



THE LATEST AUTOMOBILE.

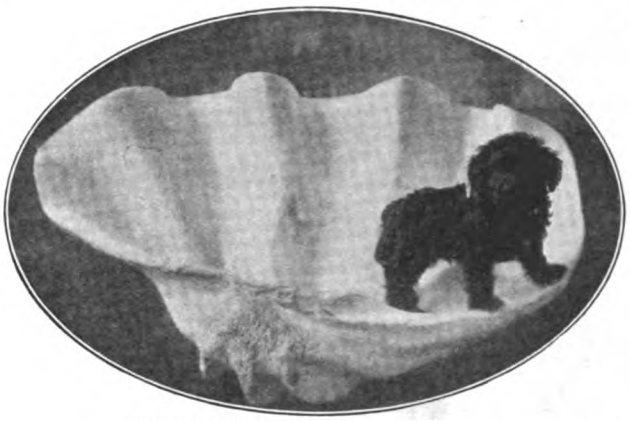
"As will be seen from the photograph, this remarkable automobile, the invention of Mr. Hillers, of Merced, California, is a radical departure from the generally accepted models, and, while it may not develop as much speed as that driven by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, it is not considered so dangerous for pedestrians along the route it travels. The propelling force is of that kind commonly known as Armstrongs, and is applied directly to the driving-wheel by means of a crank on each side. With a favourable wind and good roads Mr. Hillers drove this machine from his ranch at Sandy Mush to Merced in three days, the distance being twelve miles. He states that he was not striving so much after speed as to invent a motor on which a person could ride with safety and comfort. The local physicians are of the opinion that nothing has been invented of recent years that will compare with this machine as an incentive to free perspiration. It is not Mr. Hillers's intention to apply for a patent, and anyone desiring to duplicate it can see the original at any time by calling at his ranch in Sandy Mush district." — Miss Flora Haines, Loughead, Alma, Santa Clara Co., California.

A LAMB WITH A WOODEN LEG.

"Mr. T. Lovelace, of Bratton Court, has had an unusual birth amongst his ewes this season. One ewe has given birth to a lamb from which one hind leg is missing. Instead of adopting the usual course of destroying it, he showed it to a friend of his, who thought it might be saved by providing it with an artificial leg. This he did, and the lamb is now able to run about and follow its mother. The artificial leg was made by Mr. Quartly, of Minehead, and answers its purpose quite satisfactorily."—Mr. Robert Williams, 59, Bampton Street, Minehead, Somerset.

MONUMENT TO A CARD GAME.

"'Skat' is as popular a game in Germany as 'bridge' in England, and, unlike the latter, is of ancient origin, having been invented by the Wends—a people of Slavonic origin, near Saxe-Altenburg. Herr Stendemann, a rich inhabitant of this town, recently bequeathed money to commemorate the fact; and the accompanying picture shows the memorial fountain erected from the designs of Professor Pfeifer, of Munich. The bronze cast at the top depicts the four knaves (the highest trumps) contending for the mastery." — Mr. J. Millington, 4, Berstrasse II., Wilhelmshaven, Germany.



GIGANTIC MOLLUSC.

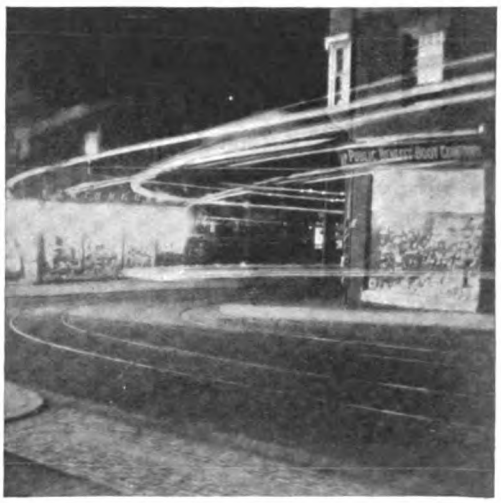
"I send you a photograph, taken by Mr. Stephens, of a perfect specimen of one side of a mollusc commonly known as the Gigantic or Chinese clam. Its scientific name is *Hippopus manculatus*, and it is found along the coasts of China and the Philippine Islands. The half shell shown here came from the Island of Luzon. It weighs a hundred and seventy pounds and measures three and one-half feet in length. When alive this specimen must have weighed nearly four hundred pounds. Woe unto the animal who ever got his feet entrapped in these mighty jaws; the strength of a gorilla would be exerted in vain against them. The shell is the property of Mr. Nathan Watts." —Mr. Geo. H. Hazzard, San Diego, California.

AN AMUSING PASTIME.

"The photographs herewith show, the first, an amusing head made from a large red apple. Into his deeply-scooped eye-sockets cloves are placed for eyes, flat wooden matches fill his great mouth with ugly teeth, two figs form his ears, and a little cotton-wool supplies him with a fierce moustache, eyebrows, and wig. His collar is of paper, and a biscuit decorates him with the distinguished Order of St. Gourmand. The second is the clever representation of a bird with its nest. It is cut from a loaf of bread, the legs, neck, and beak being made by toothpicks. A gingerbread nut and a black pin make a very good head."—Miss J. E. Whitby, Hotel Wiltcher, Boulevard Waterloo, Brussels.

AN INTERESTING NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

"I took the accompanying photograph at Broadstairs one dark evening last August, giving it exactly one hour's exposure. I was considerably mystified when I developed and printed it as to the cause of the curious white streaks, which appear to be suspended in mid-air, until I decided they could be nothing else than the trail of the brilliant electric head-lights of the tramcars, which frequently passed while the photograph was being taken, and impressed themselves upon the plate with the singular result shown." —Mr. H. Jarvis, 66, Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, London, N.



HOW MANY LEGS HAS THIS HORSE?

"The horse shown in my snap-shot is really quite an ordinary animal possessing four very sound legs. Curiously enough, however, his position was such that when photographed his 'portrait' came out as that of a two-legged steed."—Miss Florence Ritchie, 72, Queensborough Terrace, W.

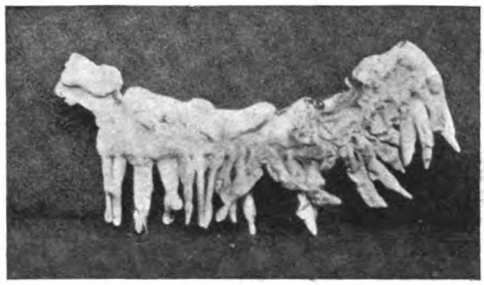
A BISCUIT PUZZLE.

In the latter part of 1904 Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co., Limited, offered a series of cash prizes for the best suggestions of forms of advertisement for four of their most popular biscuits. A large number of competitors from all quarters entered the lists, and much ingenuity was displayed in the character and variety of the designs submitted. Mr. R. Tissington, of Crouch Hill, London, whose design for a hand-bill is here reproduced, conceived the original idea of using the biscuits themselves as material for forming the letters and words of the proposed advertisement. This necessitated the preparation of a monster design, which was reduced in stages by photography until a suitable size was obtained. In addition to this Mr. Tissington composed four puzzles in which the names of the four biscuits are hidden, and readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE can amuse themselves by exercising their ingenuity in discovering which name is contained in the lines of the design reproduced here.

TUG-OF-WAR TRAINER.

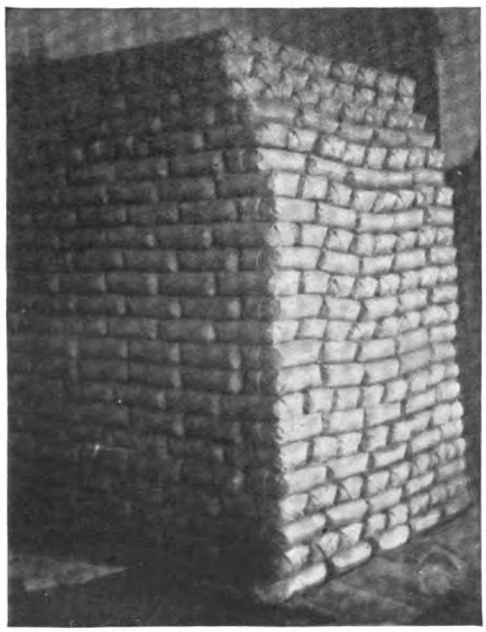
"The following photograph is that of a structure which an ingenious warder has devised for the use of the Peterhead warders' tug-of-war team. The

frame is made of wood, and by the sanction of the governor was erected by convict labour. Made fast to the cable is a wire rope, which is led through the pulleys on the cross-bars and attached to a box underneath. At the end of the rope the team take up their position and endeavour to raise the box, which is weighted with stones. The weight put into the box depends on the number of men turned out for practice. In gauging their strength and endurance the warders declare the invention to be a great success, because when the least strain leaves the rope down goes the box, carrying the team with it, and only by exerting all their power are they able to regain their former position. When put to the test in a tug-of-war competition the warders generally prove the victors, which proves the value of the apparatus as a 'trainer' for the contest."—Mr. William S. Soutter, 32, Queen Street, Peterhead, N.B.



WHAT IS IT?

"What appears in the accompanying photo. to be anything but what it really is, happens to be an ordinary dressing comb, which has been accidentally dropped into boiling water. It swelled up at first, and upon cooling contracted to the form shown. A few ends of broken teeth can be seen at what appears to be the head of the freak."—Mr. H. Charles, 18, Station Road, Davenport.



FIVE HUNDRED DOZEN CRICKET BALLS.

"My photograph shows a stack of over five hundred dozen cricket balls tied up in half-dozen parcels. These balls are the season's stock of one firm alone. The thread used in stitching these would reach, if laid in a line, two hundred and sixty-seven miles, while the number of stitches totals one million nine hundred and eighty-one thousand, the length of worsted used in making the quilts, or insides, one thousand six hundred miles, and eighty-four ox hides were cut up to make the outer covers."—Mr. H. Ives, 48, Hadlow Road, Tonbridge.

A GIGANTIC HOUR-GLASS.

"This photograph represents a gigantic hour-glass, which is by far the largest in the world, and is to be found at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The ordinary hour-glass seldom contains more than a few ounces of sand, but in the one in the picture no less than one hundred pounds are used. The frame-work

of the glass is fastened to a pivot, and when all the sand has run out of the top compartment the glass is reversed by revolving, and the process repeated. Another interesting fact about the glass is, when the frame revolves it causes a bell connected with it to strike whatever hour of the day is recorded by the ordinary clock."—Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore, U.S.A.

NOT A LION-TAMER.

"I send you a startling photograph. It appears to represent a lion-tamer, but I do not think you could find a lion *tamer* than the animal represented, the effect being obtained by means of a large chromo-lithograph used as a background." — Miss Helen Erskine Fraser, Flock House, Aberdour, Fife, N.B.

THE BITER BIT.

"I was summoned early one morning a few weeks ago to photograph a strange occurrence at a farm house on the outskirts of the town. It is one that will possibly never occur again. The fox during the night got the two fowls out of the hen coop, and on attempting to get the third, the rising bar fell upon him and trapped him in the last act, and his neck was broken."—Mr. Nickless, North Cave, East Yorks.

"THE STRAND" IN CLOVER.

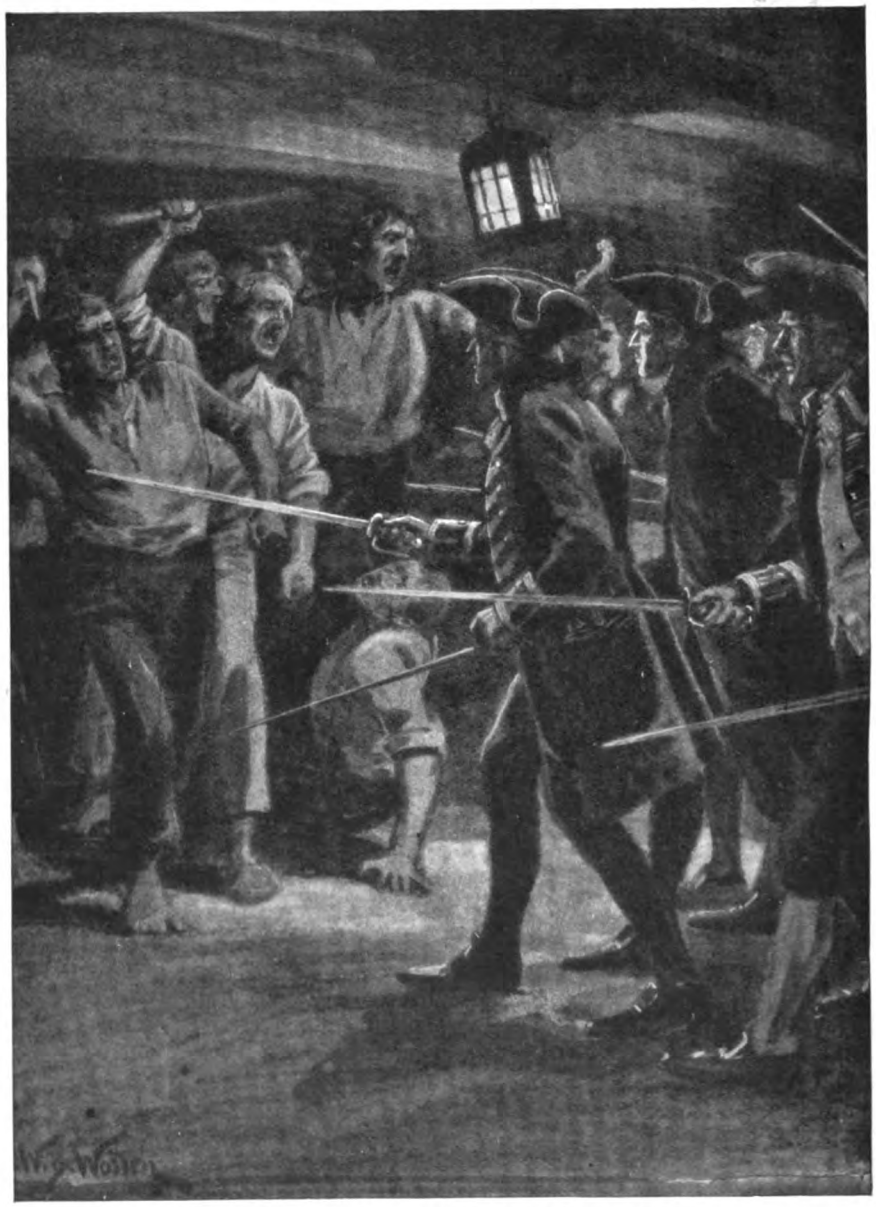
"Do you not think this is a unique way of writing 'THE STRAND'? The letters are composed entirely of four and five-leaf clovers, found by myself on Wandsworth Common."—Mr. W. S. Harrison, 4, Westover Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

THE DEATH-MASK STAMP.

"Here is a facsimile of one of the suppressed Servian stamps. If the stamp is held upside down, and a card laid with the edge on the line AB, so as to cover the upper parts of the heads, the face of the murdered King Alexander, with the sabre-wound over the left eye, will be distinctly visible."—Mr. P. Redmond, Erzsebet Körut 15, Budapest, Hungary.

THE FIRST WALL-PAPER.

"In the sleepy village of Saltfleet, in Lincolnshire, stands the ancient manor house which claims the proud distinction of possessing the first wall-paper used in England. Two sides of the room in which this interesting relic exists are entirely covered with oak panels, but the lower part of the other two sides is only wainscoted to the height of four feet from the floor, the old wall-paper being above. This has the appearance of blotting-paper, the ground being of a soft cream or salmon hue, well covered with a bold chocolate-coloured design. It is hung in oblong pieces, each piece being about twenty inches by eighteen. These are nailed on the walls with very small tacks. The exact date of this quaint, old-time paper is uncertain, but its antiquity attracts many visitors annually from all parts of the country. The photograph was taken by Mr. F. C. Gillespie, Oxford."—Miss Emily Mason, 32, Bridge Street, Louth, Lincolnshire.



"WE MET THEM AT THE SWORD'S POINT."

(*See page* 614.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxix. JUNE, 1905. No. 174

LAFAYETTE.

AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.

By Max Pemberton.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE VISIT FRANCE AGAIN.

A MAN may hap upon a more troublesome affair than a ball in the leg, which keeps him beneath a shady tree when the weather falls hot, and sends him, at the end of it, upon a stout ship to witness the honours which a great city pays to the man he has learned to love—and in some part to share them.

My going to France, be sure, was a sore blow to little Honor Grimshaw; but that could not be helped. She had nursed me to health with a mother's tenderness; it brought shame to my cheeks to watch the roses upon her own while the broth simmered or the bandages were undone; but what prudence would have spoken of marriage while the red-coats were out from Rhode Island to Carolina, and every passing horseman carried tale of plot and plan and all the stealthy news of war? Nay, and more, I knew not in my heart whether I had the right to speak to her of marriage or no. There are some things we do better not to hide from ourselves. I had not yet come to such years of discretion that a pretty pair of eyes could not disconcert me, nor a well-turned ankle bid my heart beat quicker. And how, said I, if these things be so after marriage?

So thus it went in the little thatched cottage upon the Schuylkill's banks, whither they had carried me after our affair at Barren Hill. Roses breathed their fragrance upon me from many a lovely bush; the water ran sweet and cool at the garden's edge; I had umbrageous leaves above my head, and in my hand the letters which General Lafayette had written me. And there, curled up on the grass at my feet, lay the prettiest, nattiest little girl in all America that day. She would have me for the asking—I doubted it not then; I doubt it not now; and yet I thank Heaven that I forebore to ask her. The years to come taught me to know myself more truly; to know her as a man should know but one woman in all the world.

"And is it good news of General Lafayette that keeps you like a bear with a sore head, Zaida?" she would ask me, while I read the letter and thought upon the news it spoke of. Truly men are all for self and little for others when affairs of urgency come before them.

"The Marquis and Lord Carlisle are calling each other names," said I, waking up at her words; "our dear friend would give his lordship six inches of French steel, and for that he has no stomach. They've made a sorry mess of things at Rhode Island, and I am beginning to doubt if we are any better for many of these Frenchmen that Paris is sending us. Their Count d'Estaing is no match for the great Lord Howe afloat, and, but for the storm which an honest American wind had the mind to stir up, there would be French frigates at the bottom of the sea this day. Lord Carlisle, it seems, called the Frenchmen perfidious dogs, and here's our boy Marquis wanting to slit his weasand. General Washington does well to speak of sending him to France to beg money for our poor fellows. They march in rags, Honor. They haven't shoes to their feet and scarcely bread for their mouths. I feel shame to sit here and do nothing for them—and yet a man with one leg! Lord, how little grateful we are for the right use of our limbs while we have them."

Her little flaxen head was bowed down while I made this news known to her, and I could see that her clever brain thought upon it all with a woman's shrewdness.

"You mean to say that the English won the battle at Rhode Island, Zaida?" she asked me presently.

I answered her that there had been no battle at Rhode Island, only a skirmish here and a skirmish there; much marching and countermarching, and going to and fro of the great ships, until the winds of heaven

 Copyright, 1905, by Max Pemberton, in the United States of America.

scattered them and left the issue where it was. She listened attentively, but could make little of it.

"Will America never be free, Zaida?"

"Nay, Honor, there's no night that lasts for ever."

"And the Marquis is going to France again?"

"So it would appear by this"—holding up the paper in my hand.

"Then you will be going with him, Zaida?"

"Such news would make a man of me. And yet"—I added, quickly, as the pretty eyelids drooped—"and yet I would take a heavy heart with me."

"You dear, dishonest old Zaida; I know you would dance to go."

"Nay, Honor, a man that has but one leg——"

"And you would see Pauline Beauvallet again if you went to France, Zaida."

"Ha! that pretty bit of humbug who has a French lover—aye, a dozen maybe, by this time. Have I no eyes to look round about me?"

"A man's eyes soon tire when a woman is their target."

"Aye, there you are. And there's one woman he does not need to look at, for he carries her image in his heart. Honor, think you that if I lived a thousand years I would forget this cottage and the little girl who made it a heaven to me? Let me cut off my right hand first."

She laughed mischievously, tossing the curls from a forehead that would have shamed a flower for whiteness.

"An arm and a leg—oh, my poor Zaida!"

"There would be a hornpipe upon your brother's grave, Honor, if you were by."

"Poor old Gad! He is to ride here to-day, remember."

"I'll not doubt he'll be sorrowful enough. My lameness lies heavily upon me that I cannot walk a little way to meet him. But, perchance, I could lean upon your shoulder, Honor."

"Oh, the great strapping man! I'll not have his one arm upon me."

"Then you shall have the pair of them," said I; and upon my honour it nettled me to watch her playing cat and mouse with me, and to know all the while that her tenderness toward me was a thing a man were a villain to pass by.

"Did you lend Jessie Fenn the pair when you rode with her to Barren Hill?"

"Who has been telling you that tale, now?"

"Why, who should tell it but Jessie herself? To be kissed and hugged by the great Zaida Kay, who sailed from France with M. de Lafayette; to have him ogling you with his beautiful eyes—'my dear,' this, 'my dear,' that. 'You're the pride of America. I will sing your praises in ballads—and I have some music in me, faith, and the great ladies of Paris, they are all at my feet. Peace, friend, I will salute thee in the manner of thy elders!' Oh, Zaida, how could she hold her tongue? 'Twere not human to do so."

"Jessie Fenn is a little spitfire," said I; "were I not lamed, it may be for life, I would go this instant and bring her to her knees. Faugh! a conceited vixen that would have the men after her——"

"And will you tell me such a story? Did you not kiss her, Zaida?"

"Upon my honour—if it were that our faces came near to touching—and, the Lord be praised, there is your brother Gad, riding in at the gate."

"Coward," says she, "you cannot even tell a story"—and with that she ran away to meet Gad, and left me as angry in confusion as ever a man found himself. And yet, Heaven knows, had she dwelt there but a minute longer, I would have asked her to be my wife—and that's the whole truth of it.

Old Gad was all smothered in dust when he appeared among us; and first he asked for a jug of ale before a single word of news fell from his lips. There he stood a full minute with the bottom of the beaker saying its prayers to the sky; little Honor ready with another at his side, and Zaida Kay eager to jump down his throat for tidings. When he set the jug down, nothing but a great big "Ah!" proceeded from his throat, and at that I could have knocked him down with my crutch.

"For a fine capacity in swallowing, you have no match in Pennsylvania, Gad," said I. He admitted it without a murmur.

"I have something of the camel in me, true," says he; "and yet a man may take his hat off to that same beast when he has ridden fifteen leagues to bear good news to his friend."

"Good news for me, old Gad?"

"Such discretion may name it. Let no preamble be a stumbling-block. All is lost at Newport. The Frenchman bouts ship—up comes Howe—storm and tempest and cataracts of seas. We quarrel amongst our-

"HE STOOD A FULL MINUTE WITH THE BOTTOM OF THE BEAKER SAYING ITS PRAYERS TO THE SKY."

selves. Here is one crying that your fine Marquis should have done this; another for him to do that. Says General Washington, 'We have no better soldier in America.' I would make a commencement and say——"

"A pest upon commencement; where be continuation?"

"In sequence, waiting upon patience. Since things are so at Newport——"

"Newport—make an end of Newport, for my sake."

"Says General Washington when he would speak of Sullivan, in so far as Green differs from him——"

"May they rest in purgatory together. The news, man, what is it?"

"That ye are to go to France with General Lafayette, and that the frigate *Alliance*, now boarding at Boston, shall carry you there together."

"The Lord be praised," cried I; and so many were the emotions his tidings brought me that I stood up before them both and hugged Gad as though he had been a child.

But little Honor danced for joy, seeing me stand upon my legs.

"Now shall I be well rid of him," cries she; "the hypocrite, the villain, who told me but an hour ago that he would never walk again."

I answered her not. In truth I suffered agonies of pain that night for my imprudence. Perchance she knew that which I had found no tongue to tell her. Women are shrewd, and men's hearts are open books wherein they may read at their pleasure. I cannot say it was; but ask me to name a heaven upon earth, and I will speak first of a little cottage by a river's bank and of flaxen curls therein, and of that most sacred thing, the richest treasure a man may gain—a pure woman's love and the grace that hides it from the world.

CHAPTER XIV.

BELLS UPON THE PANNIKIN.

THE frigate *Alliance* left the port of Boston in the month of January after the affair at Barren Hill. She was a fine stately ship of thirty-six twelve-pounders, and her commander was Captain Landais, of St. Malo. As all the world knows, the winter of the year fell bitter cold, and we had to cut a passage through the ice before we could hoist a sail at all. Then a tempest fell upon us, violent beyond all experience; and for days together we rolled and sagged in the trough of the sea, venturing no more than the mainsail upon our masts.

I have no great liking for the sea; and yet I found myself aboard this fine ship with no little pleasure. To be with my dear friend,

General Lafayette, to enjoy the solace of his company and witness the example of his life, were advantages that only base ingratitude would have ignored. And yet, to be honest, he was sore ill and depressed for many days after leaving Boston; and he had in his head that wild notion, which no logic could destroy, that we should never make the coast of France. In vain I spoke to him of his dear wife waiting for him at home and of the babe which had been born to him in his absence. The tempest prevailed above his courage—he became in part a cynic; and that was a mood for which I had little liking.

"I have done well, certainly," he would say, "at my time of life—with a dear heart waiting for me in France—with my name, rank, and fortune, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for the codfish. You cannot argue that away, Zaida, friend that you are. This is the end of us. We shall never see the shore again."

I answered him with a bright word, while the winds above roared as though a thousand spirits mocked the sea and the sky, and the flood-gates of all iniquity were opened. Never has mortal man, I do believe, sailed through such a tempest or witnessed so terrible a manifestation of Nature. But for the officers who navigated the ship, none but myself dared venture on the poop, and I had the heart for it but rarely. It was as though ocean and sky had commingled and eternal night descended upon us. The blast beat upon our hull like a mighty hammer falling from the sky. The sails had been torn to ribbons. We rose up upon vast eminences of water, until we appeared about to cleave the heavens whence the lightning rained upon us; we sank again into pits of foam and darkness, while the thunder of sounds crashed in our ears; vision was lost to us; we seemed to be amid the wildest carnival of death and evil spirits. And yet this fearful tempest was but a small part of our peril, as you shall learn presently. Our enemies were men rather than the ocean.

Now, the violence of the storm abated when we were beyond the banks of Newfoundland, and fine, sunny days succeeded to it. All the Frenchmen aboard came on deck and aired themselves in their gay clothes—a pretty sight, though there were no women to see it. Everyone was in the proudest spirits, thinking of his home and kindred, and, perhaps, of the applause he would win in Paris. None talked with greater confidence than the Marquis de Lafayette, and, if I had the laugh of him for his changed demeanour, I could rejoice no less at a happier confidence.

"Here's a fine breakfast for the codfish," said I; "here's a meal for sharks. Why, sir, I must tell it to madame, to be sure, and the babe shall hear of it when she is old enough. The victor of Barren Hill under the bedclothes for a puff of wind! And the poor devils of codfish going empty after all! 'Tis a right down affront to good appetite."

"The sea and I never will be friends," said he, very frankly, in rejoinder; "no woman is weaker over the water. I would willingly die and end my troubles when the sickness comes upon me. Had you thrown me overboard my last word would have been one of gratitude. Such is the distress to which a disordered brain can reduce us—for I doubt not, Zaida, that it is the brain which plagues us, though we place our trouble elsewhere. 'Tis a kind of tipsiness which has this merit, that a man is better for it afterwards. Here am I this morning ready to dance for joy of the sun, and all aboard the ship no less ready, I'll be bound."

"All free men—there's not much dancing will be done by the English prisoners, Marquis."

His face became grave at this, and I perceived he was not a little concerned. Against my good advice and his own, Captain Landais had taken seventy English prisoners aboard at Boston, and these men were now confined between decks; a pitiful sight enough, and one I could never behold without regret. We were to send the unhappy men to a French prison upon our arrival; and the miseries of the voyage were to them but harbingers of greater misfortunes. The kindly heart of such a man as M. de Lafayette could not but be touched by any reference to this shadow which attended his own happiness.

"I had forgotten the English prisoners," said he, very sadly; "the storm must have dealt hardly with those poor fellows. Is it true that you have been much among them?"

"Not a day has passed that I have not visited them—when the ship and the sea let me."

"And do you find them very bitter toward us?"

"They ask chiefly for ale and rum. To judge by their songs, they are men going to the nether regions. But that's the English view of your country always. They believe you will send them to the galleys. I've told them 'no' and done what I could. There's one great lion of a man that would be worth a

squadron of dragoons anywhere ashore. Britain is fortunate in her sailors, sir. I count it a privilege to do what little is within my powers for such men as these."

"And that is a resolution worthy of you. I shall make it my business in Paris to beg the King's clemency for them. We must not forget, at the same time, that their very courage makes them dangerous."

"They would slit our throats and think no more of it than skinning an eel, Marquis. Much as I love them, I would sooner see them in irons than in silken hose any day. Your French friends are overmuch given to confidence, and the captain has no more sense than a walrus, which he greatly resembles, be it known."

"You have expressed your sense of the danger to him?"

"I have told him that he isn't fit to comb a nigger's hair.'

He smiled at this and bade me continue vigilant.

"I shall suffer no uneasiness while you have the matter in hand," said he, in his kindly way, "and yet I am convinced that our early apprehensions were just, and that we did wrong to take these men aboard. Keep an eye upon them, Zaida. Do not forget that we have called you 'Master Prudence.'"

I gave him my promise in all earnestness, and when our dinner had been eaten I went below, according to my custom, to pay a visit to the English prisoners. They were confined 'tween decks in an airy place enough; and, though it was over small for such a considerable number of them, I had no complaints upon that score. For the most part they lay in their hammocks—an advantage to men who had irons upon their legs—and I found much cheerfulness among them, for they would regard me as of English blood, and not, as one of them said, very forcibly, "a —— Frenchman." A finer body of brave fellows you would not have met anywhere, and one of them, my lion-hearted rascal, whom they called "Hairy Jacob," I loved as a brother. To him, indeed, I carried daily, as to some of the others, a mess from our own cabin; and if not that, then tobacco or rum, for which latter these English crave with an intolerable longing. On this occasion, I remember, my little present was no less than a leg of a fowl, to which Captain Landais had helped me but a few minutes before; and this with honest bread and good potatoes (these being still left to us) I smuggled to his hammock, and bade him eat it so that none of the others could see.

"I WENT BELOW, ACCORDING TO MY CUSTOM, TO PAY A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH PRISONERS."

"But five hundred miles from France, Jacob, and good news upon that," said I. "Here is the Marquis de Lafayette to intercede with the French King for you when we go ashore."

"Oh, to perdition with that," says he, for in speech I found him as violent as his kind; "we want nothing from no rascally French King."

"Maybe," said I, "he will send you to England, and there you will need nothing. If that is so, it will be the Marquis's work."

"A fine brat of a boy, a man-eating

nipper—truth all. I could lay him across my knee and make him sing. He's honest oak; but I tell you what—I'd wring the necks of those French fighting-cocks who make faces at us through the hatches for less than a noggin of rum. Look here, lad, I like the cut of your jib, and Hairy Jacob is more than what he seems. Some nights you lie in your hammock and some nights you don't. You keep abed, fair weather or foul. That's what's spoke between us. In bed, says I, and Hairy Jacob a-dreaming of you. Now, clear off while I get this game-cock inside of me—and, lad, a drop of spirits would go down wonderful well with it. Remember that when you're saying your prayers at nights. And be off afore they find us together."

I paid little heed to this talk at the moment; and, not wishing to cause remark, I went among the others, giving a little tobacco here, bread there, and such luxuries as I had been able to snatch from the cabin table. The men were sullen and rarely thanked me. I could not but reflect as I gazed upon their fierce countenances, observed their strength, and remembered that they were Englishmen—I could not, I say, but reflect how desperate a situation we should be in if chance gave them but an hour's liberty and weapons came to their hands. Here they were, seventy of them in this dark hole, with their unkempt heads above the hammocks and their eyes shining like cats' eyes in the dim light, resembling so many wild beasts caged for man's delight, desperate men and British sailors withal; and Heaven help us, said I, if they break loose. This, however, remained my secret thought, and, returning to the huge fellow's bed, I put on the best air I could and promised him that the cabin-boy should bring him a tot of rum when next the watch was changed. Such an act, well meant and kindly, saved the lives of all the Frenchmen aboard the frigate *Alliance*.

I say I promised him the rum, and he, rolling about in his hammock, threw a rough blanket from him as he lifted himself up to thank me. His bed had been slung immediately below a porthole. I perceived, as he shifted his body, a brace of pistols, and, more wonderful than this, a common tin pannikin upon the back of which someone had scrawled with a blunt instrument the rude shape of three ships' bells. This, God knows why, unless it were in His mercy, flashed before my eyes but for an instant and was as speedily covered up, both the pannikin and the pistols. But such a black look passed across the fellow's face, he cast upon me such a vindictive, searching glance, that I

"I PERCEIVED, AS HE SHIFTED HIS BODY, A BRACE OF PISTOLS."

believe, had I been less self-possessed or unaccustomed to situations in which men's lives are at stake, he would have blown my brains out there and then.

"What do you look at a man so for?" he asked. "Is Hairy Jacob to be shown at a fair for his beauty?"

"Well," said I, "there's one that will go some way to shake hands with a British sailor any day, and that man is by way of being Zaida Kay of Philadelphia."

The reply appeased him; I believe I had won my way to such kindlier feelings as he possessed.

"None of your blarney," said he, in a tone that was half sullen, half good-natured, "and mind the nipper comes along with the rum or, by thunder, I'll cut his ears off."

I said that I would send it down when the watch was changed, not wishing to appear in any way dismayed; and, taking advantage of the opportunity, I quitted the cabin and returned to M. de Lafayette. In my own mind there remained no doubt whatever that an attempt would be made upon our lives this night, and that nothing but a miracle could save our throats from the knives of these desperate men.

CHAPTER XV.

WE PREPARE FOR THE MUTINEERS.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE walked upon the quarter-deck with the Chevalier de Pontgibaud as I came up — the latter a wild young Frenchman, who had escaped from the prison of Pierre-en-Cize to join the volunteers in America. I approached them with what carelessness the circumstances would permit me, and joined for a few brief moments in their talk of Paris and what they would do when good fortune set them ashore again. The sea about the ship showed hardly a ruffle upon the sunny waters; there was no more than a breath of wind singing in the rigging above us. On all sides you heard laughter and merry voices. The uniforms of the officers would not have disgraced King Louis's Court. And yet how great a mockery it was! The heavy secret I carried told me that not one of these men might be alive when the day dawned to-morrow.

A full hour passed before an opportunity came to me. The most part of the Frenchmen were dicing and drinking in the cabin by that time. I argued that, if any spy had watched me from the fo'c's'le, my manner must have sufficiently deceived him by now. And so I spoke to General Lafayette.

"We have papers to write in the cabin," said I, in such a tone of voice that I arrested his attention instantly.

He looked at me sharply.

"Papers?" says he.

"And red ink will be spilled if we do not take care of the bottle."

"Shall we take a dish of tea together?" he asked me, loud enough for all to hear.

I shrugged my shoulders, pointing to the placid sea, and appeared to follow him reluctantly. But no sooner were we in his cabin than I shut the door close, and, standing with my back to it, I told him in twenty words what had happened.

"They have pistols in their beds, and they draw three bells upon a pannikin. Do you make anything of that, Marquis, or is it my foolishness in imagining that our lives are in peril this night?"

Well, all the world knows how brave a man he was. He appeared to be quite unmoved by my intelligence.

"At three bells. Would that be in the morning watch, do you think?"

I knew no more than he did.

"Reason would say so; and yet, who will vouch for it? If it's the dog-watch, they may be upon us any minute you care to name. Look how well they've thought it out —writing on a pannikin and passing it round the beds so that none should hear them."

"We have our arms," says he.

"Being fifteen against seventy—and seventy man-of-war's men at that."

"Friend Zaida, there are Frenchmen here who will not reckon up the numbers. Let us bring them together without a moment's loss of time."

"Marquis," said I, "this is your first thought, but the second will be better. Do you suppose these men could get arms in their hands if there were no traitors among the crew? Call your people together if you will. This I promise you, that if they come they must bring their swords naked to their hands."

He assented to that.

"You have the prudence of an old man, and yet are little more than a boy," said he. "I confess that I am speaking very wildly. Be plain with me, and tell me all that is in your mind."

I did so without preface.

"Let your friends know one by one that they are to keep their pistols primed and their swords ready. Let none sleep this night if he would wake again. There is more in my head, but I fear to tell it. Go

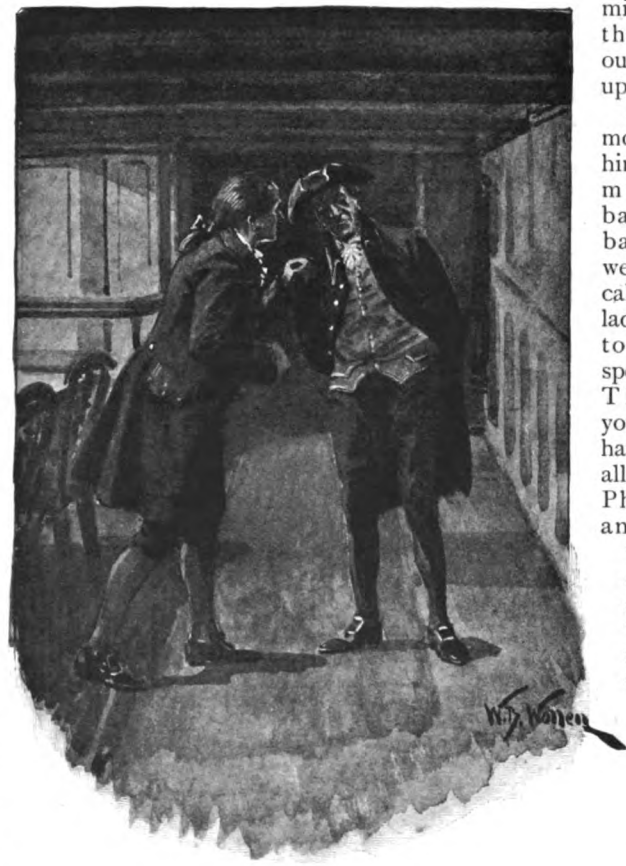
to the cabin, General, and carry with you all the assurance you can. And if you should pass by Surgeon du Plessis as you go, say that I would have a word with him. I know not if I be mad or sane—the morn will tell me, if I live to see it."

"I shall fulfil your instructions faithfully and ask no more questions," said he; and with that he left me, and I heard his steps upon the companion as he went to join his friends.

Minutes, flying minutes, and so much to do in them that my very heart sank within me at the prospect. When Surgeon du Plessis entered the cabin my tale so affrighted him that I thought he would have swooned upon the instant. Unlike M. de Lafayette, here was a man ready to raise his hands to Heaven and let the Englishmen slay him where he stood.

"I fear death greatly; I cannot die, Mr. Kay!" he cried; and then, very pitifully, he bewailed the day that carried him out of France and the folly which had put these men upon the ship. To all of which I listened with what patience I could command.

"There is one chance for us," said I, "and you are the man that is the master of it. I have a friend among the prisoners, if friendship be some concern to keep me out of the way when this blow is struck. This villain is now waiting in his hammock for the rum I promised him. I say that he shall have it; and more, there shall be rum for every one of the seventy as quickly as hands can carry it down. Now, that is my part, while yours, surgeon——"



"I WHISPERED SOMETHING IN HIS EAR WHICH BROUGHT HIM TO HIS SENSES."

I hushed my voice, and, stepping across the cabin, I whispered something in his ear which brought him to his senses in a moment.

"I could tell you in five minutes," says he, when I had done; "if it be so, we shall owe our lives to you this night. But, Mr. Kay, if I have it not——"

"In that case we shall swim in the Atlantic Ocean together before the new day dawns. Be off with you, surgeon, and do my bidding. Why, this very minute may find them creeping out of the cabin upon us."

He waited no more, but took himself off like a man with a bayonet at his back; while I went on deck and called the ship's lad, Johnny Bolt, to come and speak with me. This bright youngster I would have trusted with all the lives in Philadelphia; and his quick wits, his monstrous love of an adventure, were in such fine contrast with the surgeon's cowardice that I could have kissed him on both cheeks while he spoke to me.

"Johnny," said I, "will you have a pretty gold piece to spend in the port of Brest when we be come ashore?"

"Why, yes, sir," says he, "if I can be picking one up when the porpoises are aboard."

I patted him on the shoulder and drew him toward the bulwarks.

"Here's that same great porpoise beside you, Johnny, with the golden louis, which is French money, in his pocket. You are going to help carry rum to the 'tween decks just

now. Shall I tell you what they carry with their rum in England, Johnny? 'Twill surprise you, surely!"

He looked at me, as well he might have done, very much perplexed.

"General Washington's taken to blue breeches," says he, meaning "You are having the laugh of me."

I passed it by, and, stooping a little to speak into his ear, I told him something that set his young eyes staring from his head.

"And, Johnny," said I, "if a boy's clever hands cannot lash a rope across a door, just so high that a man in a hurry would fall headlong, why who, then, can do it all?"

He thought upon it an instant as serious as a judge.

"I want no guinea for that," cried he, almost with a man's dignity; "your rope's there already. And, sir," he asked, almost pitifully, "may I carry a pistol to my hand?"

"One of my very own, Johnny. Remember, 'tis you who will save the lives of honest men upon this ship; you alone, boy, and all America shall hear of it. Now run away while I speak to the surgeon—and, Johnny, you may come to my cabin when the rum is served out, and you shall find a pistol there."

He went off like a flash and left me alone at the foot of the ladder by which you reach the poop. It was now eight bells of the afternoon watch, and the men came tumbling up briskly enough for the first dog-watch to follow. I had promised the great villain, known as Hairy Jacob, that he should have his rum at four o'clock, and this promise must now be redeemed. But you may imagine my situation, still waiting there for Surgeon du Plessis's news, and afraid to move a step until I had it. For all that I knew to the contrary, the English prisoners might already have changed their plan and prepared a new one. I walked the deck, half believing that a horrid cry from below would shatter my poor dreams upon the instant, and bring these black-hearted ruffians headlong upon us. When the surgeon came at last, I could have hugged him for the joy of it.

"Well, will it do?"

"Mr. Kay," says he, "I'm very doubtful. Such as I have is but little, and may not serve our purpose. We must trust in God and our own good courage."

"Amen to that. Have you brought the stuff with you?"

"In this flask," says he, pulling his cloak a little way aside.

"Then come with me," cried I, "and the purser shall do the rest."

We descended the companion together. It would then have been about half-past four. I could hear our captain talking loudly in the cabin; "and talk on," said I, "for these may be your last words."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PISTOL-SHOT.

THERE is much good-humour in a comparatively small measure of rum, and I was in no way surprised at the outbreak among the English prisoners which attended the fulfilment of my promise to them. No sooner had the spirit been carried down than they burst out into riotous songs and ribald talk, chiefly insulting to the French nation, its King, its country, and its ships. There was one silly song in particular which I have never forgotten, though but a single verse of it remains in my memory. It appeared to concern a famous sailor by the name of Jerry Bones, and his exploits in the last great war which England fought with France:—

> The ball was made of lead;
> Jerry Bones.
> It severed off his head;
> Jerry Bones.
> But they stuck it on with glue,
> Says the carpenter, "He'll do
> To fight the Frenchman's crew;
> Jerry Bones."
> And we'll sink or swim to Calais in the morning.

This childish nonsense, I say, they sang with much vigour when the rum went down to them, and long afterwards; and so great was the uproar, so loud and overbearing their talk, that I began to doubt the wisdom of our course and to think we had done better to have let them go wanting altogether. But my chief concern was to prevent the Marquis and the Frenchmen falling upon them there and then, for that would have undone us utterly.

I pressed this point upon him again and again, and yet I believe that he was but half convinced, being, as all Frenchmen are, much given to the rash assault, the wild charge upon the enemy, and the lightning flash of a clever sword. In the end, however, he consented to leave the affair in my hands; and the darkness having now fallen some time—for this was the month of February—we went down to supper and met our comrades. Such a gathering about a table set for food there never will be again in all the world, I think. One by one, into the dim light cast by the crazy cabin lamp, the soldiers came, and as each sat to the table he drew his naked sword from his cloak

and laid it with his pistols on the table before him. It still wanted a full hour to the time when we expected the first attack to be made. Nevertheless, I bear witness that no man ate an honest mouthful of food or could have eaten it for a King's ransom. Drink we had in abundance—claret from France which the Count d'Estaing had sent us for the voyage, claret and strong waters enough; and I saw to my shame that some of these young fellows were not unwilling to get their courage from the bottle, and in the bottle to drown their just apprehensions.

And who could blame them if they did? In my own heart I knew that but one chance lay between us and the cruel death the prisoners had designed for us. The surgeon had told me that my faith was vain; we were but fifteen dandy officers against seventy British sailors. What success, then, could we hope for against them? Nay, I was as silent as the others, and with them I lifted my glass to the crazy toasts. Such suspense, such minutes of waiting were beyond all measure unendurable, and I had begun to believe that it could no longer be supported when, all unexpectedly and terrible to hear, a pistol-shot rang out from the deck above and fifteen men leaped to their feet as one, to begin a night of terror for good or ill as our destiny would write it.

Now, no sooner had the pistol been fired than the men round about me seized upon their arms, and crying out loudly that they had been betrayed they said that this and not three bells was the appointed hour. I perceived in a moment that it would be of no avail to reason with them, and, catching up my own pistols, I ran out upon the deck, and there stumbled heavily over the body of a man that lay at the head of the companion. So dark was the night that I could not recognise the man nor be sure whether he were dead or alive; but almost in the same instant that I discovered him there came up to me none other than the boy, Johnny Bolt, and to my utter astonishment I perceived that he held my pistol still smoking in his hand.

"I saw him fastening the doors, sir," he faltered; "he's the nigger, Esau, and he's been watching you since sundown, sir; I did not mean to kill him."

"Johnny," said I, "that shall be the best thing you ever did, if you live for a hundred years. Had he bolted the door against us we were undone surely. Now keep away from what is to follow—good lad, go where the madmen cannot find you."

I said no more, for the others were all about me now, searching the decks with keen glances and ready to fire their pistols at any shadow. Save two or three of our own hands, who had run aft upon hearing the shot, not a man stood near the poop. There were heads thrust out of the fo'c's'le asking what the matter was; but before any man could answer there came such a devilish sound from the decks below (where the prisoners should have been confined) that a very child might have told you what had happened.

"Cutting each other's throats, by all that's wonderful," cried I; and then to M. de Lafayette—"I withdraw my words, General. Fall upon them when you will, and luck go with us."

Many voices replied to me, saying that indeed it was so, and never will I see such an instantaneous change in men's demeanour or in the way they carried themselves. Instantly now these fine gentlemen of France were cock-a-hoop, some dancing in their very glee, some thrusting others aside to be first in the fray, but all as mad for the prisoners as lads for a game. The first that got to the place was the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, I remember, but he had not taken more than one look below than he drew back shuddering and his face shot white all over like a sheet.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's a shambles, gentlemen. I would not go below for a thousand louis."

I pushed him aside and looked down to the 'tween decks, wherein, as ever, a few dim lanterns gave light enough for the sentries to watch their prisoners. The horrid shriek of voices surpassed all knowledge. I saw men clothed in rags, naked men, dead men, sleeping men—and yet that which awed me more than these was the flashing of knives and cutlasses, hacking wretched creatures to death as they slept in their beds; this and the figures of some already gone and lying prone where the waking trampled them down. Beyond all doubt the call had been given to these poor folk to fall upon us. They had not answered, and their angry mates had spoken of treachery and fallen upon them. Two men on the ship knew why the sleepers had not awakened; but the truth be my witness that neither the surgeon nor I had imagined that this pit of horror could be opened by our act.

"There will not be a man of them alive in ten minutes," said I, drawing back from the place with eyes which were shut for very dread; "we must go down amongst them,

gentlemen. Our plain duty bids us to go—all except M. de Lafayette, whose place is here."

Against this, however, the Marquis protested hotly, and before I could even lay a hand upon his arm he had leaped down the ladder and rushed in amongst them. To follow him headlong was the work of an instant; I raced with him for very shame; and, coming pell-mell upon the scene together, we implored the prisoners to hear reason or to take the consequence of their folly.

Now, I say that we took them by surprise, yet this is but a manner of speaking. It could have been no surprise to them that such an outrage, deeds so violent, and blood shed so recklessly should have brought us from our cabin—nevertheless, the sound of our voices in the place rang out so clear above the fray that every man stood stock-still at the summons, and for an instant you heard nothing but the groans of the wounded and the heavy breathing of the dying. Their obedience in no way deceived me. I perceived the prisoners—such as had fight still in them—glowering together at the forward end of the cabin, while the huge villain, Hairy Jacob, stood almost head and shoulders above them and had already named himself their leader. It was plain that submission lay far from their thoughts, and that the truce would be of the briefest. I welcomed it in so far as it permitted our comrades to join us, and standing close with our party—even Surgeon du Plessis bringing himself to the place (and such, I believe, is the highest courage in man, that he shall brave his own fears)—standing close, I say, M. de Lafayette spoke a fair word to them and had their answer in return.

"I PERCEIVED THE PRISONERS—SUCH AS HAD FIGHT STILL IN THEM—GLOWERING AT THE FORWARD END OF THE CABIN."

"Men," said he, and his dignity has not been surpassed by any that I know of, "you have done a wicked thing this night, and the guilty must suffer for it. If you hope for any mercy when I am come to my own country, lay down your arms and submit to the captain of this ship. I will give you one minute to decide," says he, "one minute and no more. And upon my honour, if you do not instantly obey me I will kill you where you stand. Now come forward and answer me."

They replied with derision that they would lay down their arms for no Frenchman; and upon this, very simply, as seamen will, the fellow Jacob made complaint of us.

"Where's that rat of a surgeon what doctored poor sailormen's rum? Oh, you may talk, curse you—we'd have slit your windpipes quick enough, fair give and take between us. Now, this I do say—you swear your affydavy to put us off at an English port, and we're lambs forthwith. Do that and feed us right, and this ship's going home. But say

you're agen it, and Heaven help you. That's my word to all of you but the surgeon. As there's a sky above me, I'll roast him alive if he comes into my hands—and so will my mates. Eh, mates, you'll do for that surgeon?" he cried, addressing the others.

In their turn they roared horrid defiance of poor Du Plessis, and I saw the sweat trickling like rain from his forehead.

"Think nothing of it," I whispered to him; "stand by me and I'll answer for you." And I added, slyly, "There was laudanum in the bottle after all, and a pity it did not go round," for it had been my idea to doctor the men's rum and so to catch them sleeping when they had sore need of wakefulness. He, however, could not reply to me, so greatly did their threats affright him; and not wishing to dwell upon it I turned again to hear the General's rejoinder to the men.

"You are a very impudent fellow," says he to the man called Jacob. "I have yet to hear the reason why you shall not hang at the yard-arm. As for the others, my advice to them is to lay down their arms without delay. I said a minute, and am a man of my word. Now, who will show the good example?"

He looked quickly down the serried ranks of faces, but none answered him. I perceived that the truce was up, but did not imagine the way of it. Suddenly, from the press, a knife came hurtling through the air; and so deadly sure had been the owner's aim that the blade caught poor Du Plessis full above the heart and killed him on the spot. Thereupon, in a single instant, the men came at us, as many of them as could stand upon their legs, and we were at once in the press of as bitter a fight as ever a ship's walls witnessed.

Let me picture to you that dark place, with an arched roof of stout oaken beams, lanterns swinging from above, and upon either side hammocks which showed, by here and there, the ghastly faces of men who had been stabbed in their sleep or were stupid with the drug. At the far end of this hole, near the fo'c's'le, stood the English sailors in a body together; we ourselves were almost amidships, and we presented to them a phalanx of the cleverest swords in France. As to our numbers (for I had never counted Du Plessis among the fighting men), we were still fifteen, perhaps to their five-and-forty. But for the surgeon's death, they might have parleyed yet awhile; but when he fell, such prudence as they had hitherto commanded deserted them immediately, and rushing upon us they tried to carry the day by sheer brutality of force. Weapons indeed they had, but, as I learned afterwards, no powder for their pistols, save here and there; and in the main they relied upon the knives and marlinespikes taken from the deck. There was even one among them that had got an iron ladle from the galley and tried to beat out brains with the bowl of it. Such insensate recklessness, such horrid oaths they were guilty of, that I would sooner have faced wild beasts in the desert—and yet I could not but admire their bravery, and envied the nation which had learned to discipline them. As an avalanche sweeping before a storm they fell upon us; knives slashing at us, their great brawny arms bare to the elbow, their contempt for death or wounds most amazing. And we on our part, standing all together, met them at the sword's point, and fully against our will we drove our blades through the first of them to the very hilt.

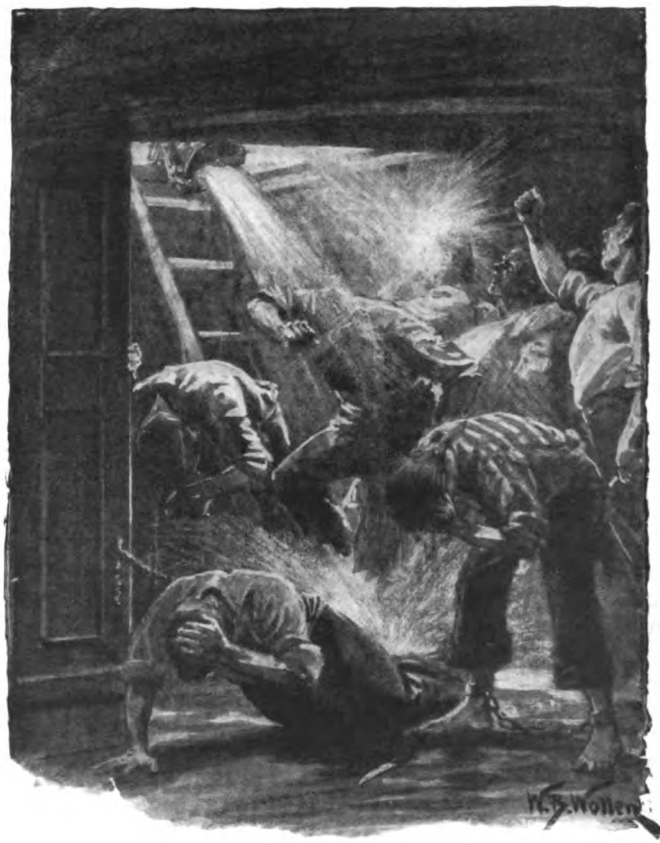
It is a woful thing to slay a man who is but half armed against your point, a brave man and one fighting for his liberty. No Frenchman among us, I make sure, but carried a heavy heart as he lunged at the bare breasts before him and heard the shrieks of the dying follow upon the thrust. We fought silently with quick breath and feet stamping upon the boards. The prisoners were more like raving madmen, and as for the fellow, Hairy Jacob, he felled poor Count Maudit at a blow which no hammer could have bettered. High above the press, roaring drunken threats, this man made a path for himself through our ranks and got at the doors behind us. If it did not immediately occur to me why he acted thus, I set it down to the fact that I would not quit M. de Lafayette's side, but thrust for thrust with him I beat the prisoners off. Presently, however, there were others who got between us and the doors, and then the big fellow shouted "Bout ship!" and immediately those who were nearer to the fo'c's'le made a dash for the deck above, and we were left with our dripping swords in our hands.

Now did it come back to me, as the memory of a dream comes in waking hours, that I had bethought me of this very possibility when the surgeon and I talked together; and, observing my comrades' hesitation, their perplexity and doubt, I called to them to follow me; and so, in a way, pursued by the man Jacob and such of his fellows as had got behind us, I ran toward the fo'c's'le.

"Turn about and beat them off," I cried back to the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, meaning that some should keep the villain Jacob off; "we have them in a trap—there is a rope

across the ladder. This way, messieurs, for your lives!"

They did not comprehend my meaning, but men in battle will ever follow him who has the voice to command them; and so it befell that, while the Chevalier and M. de Lafayette beat off the English behind us, I found myself with, it may be, seven of our company at the foot of the forward ladder, and there, all together in one great press, we



"DOWN CAME A SOUSING STREAM."

discovered the raging prisoners fighting for the upper deck like very cannibals for meat. Just as I perceived might be the case, so had it happened. Johnny Bolt, faithful to my instructions, had stretched a rope across the double doors at the height of a foot from the ground, and, stretching it, had caught this horrid crew in a net, wherein they lay at our mercy, to be slain or spared at our discretion.

What should we do with them? Could we thrust at their bodies as they fought each other about the lowest rung of the ladder? Must we murder them thus in cold blood? Our very advantage awed us, and though I myself felled the first of them that got his feet upon the rungs, I did not dare to strike a second blow. Plainly, they would get to the decks if we showed them any mercy, and yet not one of us would cut them down. In this perplexity a new surprise, coming upon us in a flash, seemed a very miracle from Heaven. For what should it be but that our own sailors, standing at the ladder's head, directly they perceived how it went with the prisoners, began to pour water through the hatch above, and, passing their buckets from hand to hand, down came a sousing stream, splashing upon the living and the dead, blinding the madmen and choking their cries. Here in all truth was an enemy they had not looked for—an enemy against whom neither their oaths nor their weapons availed. I beheld them rinsing the water

from their eyes, wringing their streaming hair, or raising their arms in impotent fury against that pitiless cataract which fell relentlessly upon them. They were so near to liberty and possession of the ship, yet so very far away; and never, I believe, did so simple a stratagem achieve so much. One by one the prisoners reeled back into the cabin and sank down before us. Even the villain, Hairy Jacob, had no longer the heart to encourage them.

"Why," cries he at last, "done by a water-spout, so help me thunder!"

"You never spoke a truer word," said I, and stretching out my hand I took from him the marline-spike he carried. He surrendered it without a word.

"Let Captain Landais send down all the irons he has aboard," I cried to M. de Lafayette. And from man to man the word was echoed until a cheer from the sailors above told us that they had it. Of the prisoners, none had a reply to this nor did any make a move. As ever when mutiny is afoot, they knew they were beaten; and no promise whatever would have rallied them for the second time. Silently they slunk to their hammocks and hitched them up where the ropes were broken. When our smith appeared with his hammers, and men followed him with handcuffs and irons, wrists and ankles were offered to the gyves without anger or remark. Seventy to begin with, there were but forty-eight of these unhappy men who had not considerable wounds to show — and fifteen of them lay stone-dead, either in the cabin or about the ladder's foot. These we committed to the deep with all reverence, and, our own sailors going heartily to the work of swabbing the 'tween decks, we ourselves attended to such of the wounded as would suffer assistance. Midnight had already come before this task was accomplished; and at one bell of the middle watch I walked the deck with M. de Lafayette and gave him what account I could of my comrades and their hurts.

"Noailles has a shoulder as black as a cloud," said I, "but no bones appear to be broken. Baudrix got a bullet across his forehead—about the only one they fired, I think; he's a lucky man to be alive. They trampled on the Chevalier (meaning Pontgibaud), but that young man has the skin of an eel. The plain truth is that naked arms and iron bars are no good against steel, Marquis. We were lucky in that they never got near us; but this I do say, that if there had been a dozen loaded pistols among them not a man of us would be here to tell the tale. That's the British seaman every day. Give him a clear head to show him what to do, and he is the finest fighter in the world. But his fists can't beat down a wall of swords —and there you have our story. And we shall come to France for all your dream," I added, seeing how heavily the burden of the night lay upon him.

"We shall come to France — yes; but poor Du Plessis," he rejoined, answering me more as one musing than in direct speech.

Herein it was evident that he charged himself in some way with our poor surgeon's death; nor did any right reason avail to put such a thought away from him.

"Honour to a brave man," I said. "Peace to his soul. He was greatly afraid of death, and yet he went down amongst these men. I hold such to be the highest kind of courage. Let it be told of him in France that he died like a Frenchman."

I doubt if he heard me. His thoughts were already in his own home, which became dearer to his memory with every league we sailed.

"He had a wife and child, Zaida," says he, very sadly, and then turning from me he buried his face in his hands, and I heard him sobbing aloud.

"My little girl! my little daughter!" he exclaimed, and I knew that he was thinking of his own dead babe, whom he had left to go to America.

END OF BOOK II.

One Hundred Pounds for a Photograph!

A NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION.

"HEAD OF A GIRL"—A PORTION OF THE PICTURE, "THE BROKEN PITCHER." BY GREUZE.
(By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.)

THE artistic prize competition of which details will be found below is one which will, we feel assured, appeal to a very large proportion of our readers. In brief, the scheme is this. With this article are reproduced four fine-art paintings by famous artists, and the prizes will be taken by the competitors who send us a real-life photograph most closely resembling one of these four originals. The lighting of the picture, the pose of the sitter, the costume, and, as far as possible, the features and expression, will all be taken into account. Competitors may select one picture, or may, if they prefer it, send in their imitations of all four. Their best attempt will be set aside for final judgment. The first prize, a hundred pounds, will be divided equally between the sitter and the taker of that photograph which, in the opinion of the judges, complies most closely with the above conditions. The second-best

"LADY HAMILTON AS ARIADNE." By ROMNEY.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

photograph will obtain thirty pounds, and the third-best twenty pounds, divided in the same way between taker and sitter.

Such a competition manifestly appeals, in the first place, not only to professional photographers, but to every amateur who owns a camera. The sizes of the competing photographs will make no difference in their chances of obtaining a prize. A good snap-shot will be as likely to prove the winner as a full-plate photograph; the only points which will be reckoned in the score being faithfulness to the details of the original painting. An amateur will, therefore, have exactly the same chance of winning a prize as a professional photographer. In every case the backgrounds may be neglected. The sitter is alone to be considered.

Every photographer in the kingdom, therefore, is invited to look about among the ladies of his acquaintance in search of any who may be suitable to co-operate with him

"LADY WALLSCOURT." By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

in competition for these prizes. All the rest that is required is that sense of taste and artistic judgment which the majority of ladies naturally possess.

The competition, as will be seen, is one which mainly interests two great classes of society—photographers and pretty women. But it follows that it must therefore interest readers of all classes. For every man, and every woman who does not feel competent to become a sitter, will not fail to call to mind some among their friends who will be able and anxious to do so, and who, in case they have not chanced to see this article, will be grateful for having their attention directed to it.

We are convinced that this competition will do much for the encouragement of artistic photography, and that we shall be enabled to adorn our pages with a selection from a very great number of charming works, the best of which will be reproduced in future numbers of the Magazine, side by

"FAIR ROSAMUND." By W. C. WONTNER.
(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

side with the originals, thus providing a most interesting method of comparison.

In our next number we shall present a series of paintings of children, which will provide a competition on exactly the same lines as the present, and for which similar prizes will be awarded.

Every mother who is so fortunate as to possess a pretty child, and every friend of such a mother, will be eager to see these pictures, and to consider whether the little one in question will be likely to obtain a prize. We may point out that, in both these competitions, even the losers will be far from having lost their pains, since they will at least have acquired a unique and charming portrait of themselves or of their children, which will always be a source of pleasure to themselves and to their friends.

The copyright of all photographs which we select for publication will, of course, belong to us.

Photographs must be mounted, and the names and addresses of the photographer and the sitter clearly written on the back. Packages must have the word "Artistic" written outside the wrapper, and must reach these Offices not later than September 30th—a date which we hope will allow ample time to competitors in distant parts of the world.

Random Recollections of a Bohemian.—II.

By M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon.

MME. SARAH GRAND.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MME. SARAH GRAND, who, by the way, is of Quaker descent, used at one time to study a good deal with the idea of giving herself up to public speaking on the subject of temperance. Unfortunately, Mme. Grand was not of very robust constitution, and on consulting a doctor was told that it would be necessary to keep up her strength with Burgundy. The idea of delivering from a public platform a fervent exhortation to put down drink, pausing ever and anon to herself "put down" a little Burgundy, did not seem quite in keeping with the proprieties, so Sarah Grand had to give up—temperance lectures. Which reminds one of the curate who asked the Sunday-school children to sing a favourite song in these words: "And now, dear children, we will take 'Little Drops of Water,' and please put plenty of *spirit* into it."

Thomas Hardy, the writer, was the hero of a singularly malapropos remark, which he once made to Mme. Grand in connection with Mr. Haweis, who was famous alike as preacher and author. Sarah Grand did not know Mr. Haweis, but had met his wife, and was chatting to her at a friend's afternoon party. Thomas Hardy, who did not know Mrs. Haweis, but *had* met *Mr.* Haweis, was talking to *him* in another part of the room. In an ill-starred moment Mr. Haweis said: "I hear Mme. Sarah Grand is here. I should so like to meet her. Would you introduce me to her?"

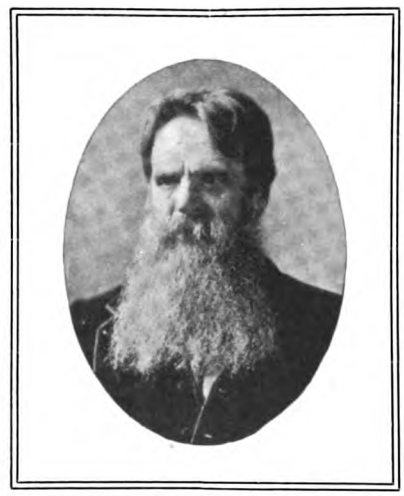
THOMAS HARDY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Thomas Hardy looked round the room, saw Sarah Grand talking to a lady whom he did not know by sight, and walked over. "Oh, I say, old Haweis wants to be

introduced to you." Mrs. Haweis—"for it was she," as they say in the novels—looked up, rather surprised that her husband should be spoken of as "old Haweis" in her presence. But worse remained to follow, for Hardy added, in an apologetic tone, "I couldn't help it, really. If you think you'll be bored by him, I can easily make some excuse."

Antoinette Sterling had a somewhat similar experience when dining at the house of the great painter of the pre-Raphaelite movement, Holman Hunt. My mother had brought some music, and during the evening sang several songs. After the first song Holman Hunt came up to thank Mme. Sterling. He then brought up a well-known Scotch artist, whom we will call "MacX.," since in the story he is to remain—like the amount of whisky a Scotchman can take—an unknown quantity. "Let me introduce Mr. MacX. to you, Mrs. Mackinlay. I know how much you admire his paintings."



HOLMAN HUNT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MacX. took up the piece of music just sung. "Ah, yes; I'm so fond of 'Darby and Joan.' Have you ever heard the great singer, Antoinette Sterling, in it, Mrs. Mackinlay? It is one of her biggest successes."

My mother replied in the affirmative, but "lay low," like Brer Rabbit, and did not disclose her identity, just to see what would follow.

"Have you really? I never have. I should like to so much. She has an absolutely natural voice, hasn't she? I believe she never had a lesson in her life."

"I've often *heard* so myself," replied my mother, with truth, but at the same time with the intention of egging him on further.

"Yes," he continued, "and, what is more, I'm told she has to be taught all her songs like a parrot."

Giving a little side-glance at Holman Hunt, who was standing by highly amused, Antoinette Sterling responded, "Oh, well, I don't suppose she knows a note of music, anyway."

The shoe was on the other foot, however, when Antoinette Sterling was dining at the house of another eminent artist, Briton Rivière. Her neighbour at table proved to be wonderfully well informed on every topic. Literature, art, science, music, the drama, were all touched upon in turn. In each subject the mysterious unknown proved himself equally at home—a brilliant conversationalist, full of new and interesting information. Mme. Sterling grew more and more curious as to what his profession could possibly be, for him to become possessed of this fund of all-round knowledge. At last curiosity prevailed. "Say, what are you, anyway?" The harmless question was hailed with delight by all, and, amid general amusement, the host made himself sponsor for the occasion. "Oh, he is no one in particular; it's really not worth while listening to all his chatter. He's only the editor of the *Times!*"

The first time I had the pleasure of meeting Max O'Rell, the author of "John Bull and His Island," "Her Royal Highness Woman," and so many other delightful books, was up the river one summer at Marlow. Among the guests was a new American soprano, who had come "out of the everywhere into here," as George MacDonald calls it in one of his poems, for the phrase sounds like a reference to alien immigration. One cannot help feeling glad that the soprano has since returned to the everywhere, or, at any rate, to the American portion of the everywhere. The sweet songstress, much to the disgust of my mother, would insist on singing a number of hymns all Sunday evening to impossible tunes. The climax was reached when "Nearer, My God, To Thee" was rendered to the tune of "Robin Adair." Antoinette Sterling was always pleased to see the independence of Americans, but this was too much even for *her*, while the rest of the party began to say "good-night," feeling that it were better to fly from the ills we had had than stay for others that we wot not of.

Luckily Max O'Rell was not present till

later, so that he was spared much. When he did arrive he was full of fun, and entertained us with the recital of the terrible experiences passed through that morning in getting off for the holidays. In glowing colours Max O'Rell pictured the early rising at six, breakfast at seven, the final cramming into already overflowing boxes at the last moment of many things which had been overlooked, the piling up of a four-wheeler with trunks, bags, parcels, umbrellas, and rugs, the journey to the station, the fight for tickets, the rushing hither and thither from platform to platform with the question ever on the lips—to be brought out whenever anyone in official garb dared show his face—"Does the train for Marlow start from here?" and the eternal answer, "No; I *think* it starts from number so-and-so"—(always a different one)—"this is number three." At last the actual discovery of the right train, and of an empty carriage. Everything was bundled in, and all the seats filled with bags or papers in the true English style of "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Finally, with a sigh of relief, Max O'Rell settled down in a seat, lit a cigarette, and prepared for a well-earned rest.

MAX O'RELL.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Capital. We have just timed it nicely."

After a few moments he noticed his wife becoming more and more disturbed, and searching wildly for something.

"What have you lost, my love? Are not the four umbrellas, six boxes, ten bags, and fifteen brown-paper parcels with us?"

"Yes; but—oh, I dare not tell you. You will never forgive me."

"What is the matter? Calm yourself."

"I have—no, I can't tell you."

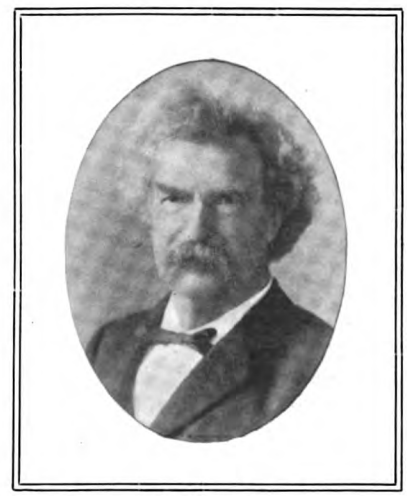
"Yes; let me hear."

"I—well, I have left my jewel-box wide open on the dressing-table at home! What is to be done?"

One thing only could be done. Max O'Rell had to rush off home, make everything safe, and return to the station just in time to see the next train steaming out, leaving him with two hours to wait before he could finally get away on his holiday.

Truly the humorist's life is not always a happy one, and, turning to his wife with a comic look, he expressed his intention of having no more family holidays, but of going away alone in future.

Max O'Rell had just returned from America, where he had been seeing Mark Twain, and recounted some good stories. The conversation had one day turned on golf. Mark Twain, in his curious drawling way, gave his idea of the game.



MARK TWAIN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Say, now, I've been studying up this game of golf for some pretty considerable time, and I guess I've at last discovered the way it's played. As far as I can make out, you go out into the middle of a very large field with a very small ball and a very big bag of sticks. Then you try and hit the ball, and after some tries, in which you hit the air or the ground or the caddy, you succeed. If the boy is still alive, you send him to look for the ball. If he finds it the same day, you've won."

Another of Mark Twain's witticisms, which

to the best of my knowledge has not appeared in print, was made in reply to the inquiry as to how he had enjoyed his most recent trip across the herring pond.

"Did I enjoy it? Why, certainly; I liked it vury, vury much indeed—after the first eight days."

Amusing, too, were a couple of notes written by him. The first, to an editor, for whom he had done a good deal of work, ran as follows:—

"My Dear Sir,—You have not paid me for my last humorous column. Do you think I write for fun?"

The other, to a friend, said:—

"I have decided after all not to call my new book 'The *Innocents* Abroad.' I find that *I* am the *only* Innocent on the Continent."

Perhaps, however, the smartest of his sayings was the answer made to a friend, who had come in distress to tell him that her cook, an old and valued servant, had fallen on to the fire and been burned to death. The mistress had been much attached and wished to have a suitable inscription on the tombstone.

"What would you suggest, Mr. Clemens, as a suitable inscription?"

"I guess you can't do better than 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

"Random Recollections" is a title of an easy-going nature which may cover a multitude of sins and permit considerable freedom of treatment. One may, therefore, feel justified in boldly continuing. "Well done" suggests the name of the late head master of Harrow.

Dr. Welldon was broad in mind and body, and, at times, most unconventional.

One can never forget a sermon which he once preached in Eton Chapel. As Dr. Welldon mounted the pulpit at the close of the hymn the boys began to settle back as comfortably as the pews would permit. O tempora! O more ease! They were not, as I remember them, all that could be desired from that point of view. In fact, they had a most unpleasant way of catching the head, which was the reverse of restful. Dr. Welldon leaned forward impressively and prepared to commence his sermon. Then something extraordinary happened. Everyone expected that a text would be given out in the old familiar way, followed by a sermon preached in the old familiar style on the old familiar subjects. Instead of this, however, a sentence was quietly delivered, which, by its utterly unexpected character, was enough to arouse the whole congregation to full attention.

DR. WELLDON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"Have you ever watched a cat walking along the top of a wall?"

Everyone felt there was going to be something out of the usual run of sermons.

"Have you ever noticed how carefully and how delicately she picks her way among the bits of broken glass which are scattered along her pathway?"

A faint smile began to find its way into the faces of the congregation, like the sun trying to pierce through a mist. Still as yet no one could quite make out what was coming.

"That, my friends, is *walking circumspectly*."

The mist was dispelled, and the sun burst forth in all his glory. The congregation was amused and interested. What was more to the point, their attention was at once caught, and was held through the powerful sermon which Dr. Welldon proceeded to preach upon the text, "Walk Circumspectly."

Henry Ward Beecher was an equally unconventional speaker. I only allude to him here to recall a very amusing nonsense rhyme which was composed at the time of his greatest popularity. It may be new, or, at any rate, forgotten. The limerick ran as follows:—

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen, "You're a beautiful creature."
The hen upon that
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the HEN-RE-WARD BEECHER.

Dr. Welldon, though head master of Harrow, was educated at Eton. This fact

gave rise to a saying which invariably used to make the apple of pride of a Harrow boy savour of the Dead Sea variety, lose its bloom, and shrivel to dust. For when a Harrovian was cracking up his school to an Etonian rival, he would be met by the crushing retort, given with an air of "Can any good thing come out of Zion" :—

"Well, you had to come to Eton for a *head master*, anyhow."

When the learned doctor gave up his position some seven years ago, this brilliant and never-failing answer forthwith died a peaceful death.

DR. WARRE.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

As a small boy it used to be a matter of the greatest excitement to see Dr. Welldon out walking with Dr. Warre, the head master of Eton, whose resignation has quite recently taken place. It almost invariably led to considerable discussion as to which of the two head masters weighed the most and measured the greatest number of "feet" round the chest—one could hardly imagine it as being reckoned in mere inches. Dr. Warre was truly a man of very terrifying exterior, but with it all he was of a warm and sympathetic interior. He has in his day flogged most of the nobility of England. Yet is he not proud withal, for on occasion he has been known to soil his hands by lifting them against mere untitled gentry—for in my time there were several boys in the school who, like myself, were without a handle to their name. That has, I dare say, been altered by this time, with other structural improvements, and we commoners were doubtless the "last of the Mohicans," so to speak.

When he had to flog any of the boys it would be a time of tribulation for all concerned. It used to pain the head master very much — he said so. But it pained his unwilling visitors still more. They were in a position to speak with some authority, and, like Agag, would "walk delicately" for some time after their interview. Nor was this done out of any mere bravado or slavish love of imitation. For his own part, the Head always considered that the act cut him to the heart far more deeply than it did to — the "seats of the mighty." It should, however, be borne in mind that the head master did not have to *sit* on his heart, and in that way he escaped certain temporary inconveniences which were apt to arise among the pupils.

THE LAST OF THE CARRAWAYS.

By J. J. Bell.

"THESE are my terms, Augustus," said the old lady, very firmly, "and you can take 'em or leave 'em!"

"But, my dear aunt——"

"I cannot listen to any arguments. I have told you my wish, and that's all about it."

The little, stout, bald-headed man looked up at his tall, gaunt relative, his clean-shaven, rosy face a playground of distressful emotions.

"Might I venture——" he began, appealingly.

"Say no more, Augustus. I repeat that unless you become actually engaged to be married—the date of the wedding must be fixed, mind—within a month from to-day I shall assuredly alter my will, and at the same time your present allowance will cease."

"But—but why do you desire me to marry?" he gasped.

"Good gracious! Must I go over it all again? Are you not the last of the Carraways?"

"Yes. But I've been the last of the Carraways for years, Aunt Christina. And all of a sudden you tell me I must marry."

"Or do without my money," said the old woman, quickly, with a cold smile. "I've brought you up and kept you in luxury all these years, and——"

"I'm sure I've never forgotten your goodness, my dear——"

"And now I expect you to repay me by doing as I ask. As I ask? No; as I *command!*"

The unhappy little man made one more effort.

"But I—I always understood that you were against me getting married," said he.

"So I was, Augustus. I did not wish you to marry until you were old enough to do so wisely. Now you are nearly forty-five——"

"But I fear I'm not any wiser than I was twenty years ago," he muttered, humbly.

"I fear you are not; but I cannot wait any longer—at any rate, not longer than a month. So you had better begin courting without delay."

Augustus Carraway swallowed something—it may have been fierce resentment—and sadly inquired, "Which of the three young ladies do you wish me to approach first?"

"It is immaterial to me which one you approach first, so long as you succeed in securing one of the three within a month. Having selected the three from our acquaint-

ances, I leave you to select one from the three. You must admit, Augustus, that I could hardly have offered you a more charming choice. A handsomer young woman than Diana Sergeant does not exist, while both Miss Castle and Miss Bassendean are as pretty and accomplished as any man could desire. None of them has money, but that very fact ought to be of assistance to you; it should give you confidence and let you feel that you have something to offer the woman of your choice—not but what," added the old lady, with a thin smile, "you may possess attractions of your own."

The nephew wriggled uneasily. "A—but I—I scarcely know the young ladies," he stammered.

"You know them quite well enough to propose to one of them. Now, please go away, Augustus. My head aches. Are you dining at the club to-night?"

"Yes," said Augustus, suddenly realizing with a dreadful pang that, whether he married or remained single, there would soon be an end to the cosy club dinners in which his aunt's liberal allowance had so long permitted him to indulge.

"Remember that you dine here to-morrow and the two following evenings. Miss Castle will be with us to-morrow, Miss Sergeant on Thursday, and Miss Bassendean on Friday. Perhaps you would choose some respectable member of your club to give us his company each evening—explain, of course, that it will be quite informal, and——"

"Do you wish the same man for the three evenings?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"If you did I should have liked to ask Walter French. He is exceedingly talkative, and is said to be amusing. He—he might also be of some assistance to me, Aunt Christina. I should not mind giving him an inkling of the—the position of affairs."

"Very well," said Miss Carraway. "Let him come, if he can, by all means. No doubt you will be all the better of a man's help."

There was something about the last remark that jarred upon Augustus, but he thanked his relative and, after being told once more to "go away," took his departure from her presence and the old-fashioned mansion, and, forgetting in his confusion of mind the possibility of a future existence of comparative poverty, hailed a hansom and was driven through the early spring dusk to the portals of the Cronies' Club.

But he rewarded the driver with sixpence less than usual, and mounted the steps of the club looking worth several hundreds a year less than he had ever done before. A chill depression was upon him as he allowed the porter to take his coat and hat and as he made his way to the smoking-room. Moreover, he felt pitifully helpless. After all his years of irresponsible existence it appalled him to think that there was even a possibility of having to forego the ease and luxury afforded by the Cronies' Club alone.

Augustus Carraway had always been dependent upon his aunt, but for many years he had forgotten that fact completely. An earthquake could not have upset him and his ideas more heavily than his aunt's command that he should marry.

He had never seriously thought of matrimony; neither had he ever seriously thought of his aunt. Indeed, he had never seriously thought of anything or anybody but his comfortable-minded, well-nourished self. His wants had always been amply provided for without trouble or exertion on his part, and it almost dazed him to think that things might be otherwise in the future.

He entered the quietly luxurious smoking-room and dropped into his favourite chair. It was still early, and few members were about. He ordered an Italian vermouth, lit an Egyptian cigarette, and sank into a reverie very foreign to his nature. It was a deep and dismal reverie.

A touch on the shoulder roused him and a familiar voice put the jocular query, "Halloa, Carraway! Feeling seedy?"

"Ah! it's you, French," said Augustus, looking up at the tall, thin man with the big walrus moustache concealing his humorous mouth. "I'm glad to see you. Was hoping you would drop in. Can you dine with me to-night?"

"Can and will, my boy," was the cheerful reply. "A quiet club dinner is the very thing I want. Been dining out too much of late with good people who seem to believe that hospitality means not less than nine courses. But why this rueful countenance?"

Augustus failed to force a smile. "That will be explained very soon, French, if you care to hear the explanation. The fact is, I want your advice and also your help."

"You may count on the former, and on the latter, too, if it doesn't run over a fifty-pound note," promptly replied Mr. French.

"Oh, it isn't exactly that," said Augustus, quickly. "At least, not at present," he added, as a thought suddenly struck him. "But won't you take something before dinner?"

"Nothing, thank you, unless a smile from you. Your solemnity positively alarms me. For the first time in our long acquaintance, my boy, your face fails to remind me of the poem of my nursery days:—

> Augustus was a chubby lad,
> Round, rosy cheeks Augustus had,
> And everybody cried with joy,
> 'The happy, hearty, healthy boy!'

Now, to-night you are neither happy nor hearty, and I——"

"You wouldn't be happy or hearty either, if you were in my shoes," interrupted Mr. Carraway, pettishly, annoyed by his friend's chaff.

"'YOU WOULDN'T BE HAPPY OR HEARTY EITHER, IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES,' INTERRUPTED MR. CARRAWAY."

"I could never get into them," returned Mr. French, with a glance at the neat patent leathers belonging to Augustus. "Come," he went on, hastily, "I am really all sympathy, and ready to hear your tale, whatever it is."

"Let's dine first," said Augustus, rising and taking his guest's arm.

"Right! Worry goes down better with the savoury than with the soup."

"Good!" exclaimed Augustus, brightening a trifle. "I shall order a special savoury; I'm really delighted to see you, French."

It was not until they had nearly finished the second bottle of '89 Corton that Augustus introduced the subject, which, by the way, was perhaps not so heavy on his mind as it had been an hour earlier.

"Walter," he began—he usually addressed his friend thus after the opening of the second bottle—"Walter, you know my aunt?"

"I have that pleasure."

"What do you think of her?"

French laughed. "Now, that's a curious question, Carraway. What do I think of your aunt? Certainly no thoughts but the most respectful."

Augustus looked serious. "Pray do not be flippant, Walter," he said. "H'm! A—do you think my aunt is a—er—a woman of her word?"

French stroked his walrus moustache. "My dear boy," he said, at last, "you are putting it too baldly to be plain."

"Well," said Augustus, absently knotting the corner of his napkin, "do you—do you think that my aunt always means what she says?" He gulped a mouthful of Burgundy and lay back wearily in his chair.

"I'm positive she does," replied Mr. French. "It would not be right for a woman of her age to do otherwise," he added, with conviction, and quaffed the last of his glass as if in honour of his sentiment.

"Waiter!" cried Mr. Carraway. "Bring a pint—a pint only—of No. 72. . . . But, Walter, if my aunt were to say something very extraordinary—in fact, something quite outrageous—would you——"

"I am quite convinced that your aunt would never say anything she did not mean. She may have said something unusual, but it does not follow that she is insane. You cannot hope for that, Carraway."

"I assure you I never——"

"Well, well, don't misunderstand me. Perhaps I should have said that there was absolutely no necessity for fearing for your

aunt's reason. Doubtless there are faults on both sides—I say, on both sides, Carraway," continued French, rather incoherently. "It has always seemed to me that old and young people—we are young, my boy—are too prune—I mean prone—to misunderstand each other. Old people expect too much of young people; young people expect too little of old people. Neither are so foolish or so wise as they look. Don't worry about your aunt. Bear with her, my boy; bear with——"

The waiter refilled Mr. French's glass, and that gentleman took a thirsty draught.

"But, Walter," said Mr. Carraway, in a low, agonized voice, "you don't know everything yet."

"'Fraid I'll never do that, though I do know a lot for my age."

"But—but, listen, please. My aunt has ordered me—*ordered* me to get engaged in a month, Walter!"

"Which month?"

"Within a month from now! If I don't marry I'm a—a beggar!"

Mr. French sat bolt upright. "You're joking!" he exclaimed.

"Joking! Do I look like joking?" moaned Augustus, and rambled into details.

Later, in the smoking-room, Mr. French said that he could not help feeling what a pity it was that Augustus was so dependent upon his aunt.

"I never thought it could have come to this," returned Augustus, dolefully. "If I have been perhaps a little less independent than I ought, it is all her own fault. She brought me up to it. And I am more hurt than I can tell you, Walter, by this new idea of hers. Because I happen to be the—the last of the Carraways, it is no reason why I should be forced into a—a hateful marriage!"

"I think you are inclined to be a bit melodramatic, my boy, or, at any rate, penny novelettish," murmured Mr. French, stroking his moustache. "After all, need the marriage be hateful?"

"I don't wish to be married," said Augustus, sulkily.

"Well, why not simply refuse to oblige your aunt?"

"I don't wish to be a pauper."

"But do you really think it would come to that?"

"All I can say is that I am the only one of my aunt's relatives whom she has not disowned for disobedience. They, however, could afford to disobey her. I cannot."

"Without offence, I suppose I may remark that there is a chance of the three ladies refusing your offer?"

"If they do so, she will doubtless select others," sighed Augustus, and sank into a dismal silence.

His friend lit and finished a cigarette before he spoke.

"And may I ask you, Carraway," he said, slowly, "what you wish me to do in the matter?"

"I wish you to help me, Walter," said the other, rousing himself. "You know the ladies — better, probably, than I do—and I wish you to act as a sort of—er—intermediary, as it were."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!"

"Now, Walter, please don't——"

"I say," cried French, jumping up, "let's have some fresh air and talk it over. I'm feeling a trifle foggy."

"I don't feel very well myself," said the last of the Carraways, rising also. "I think it must be the savoury."

"Your heart is always in the right place," murmured his friend, checking a laugh. "Come down to the Embankment and have a blow."

"What did you say about my heart, Walter?"

"Oh, nothing. But I've made up my mind that I'll see you either engaged or a bachelor with your aunt's consent before the month is up."

Mr. Carraway gaped at his friend and gasped his astonishment, but the latter refused to say more just then, and presently they left the club together.

"Augustus," said Miss Carraway, at lunch three weeks later, "may I inquire if you have definitely chosen your future wife?"

Her nephew's hand shook so that a morsel of cold tongue fell from his fork upon his trousers, thence upon the floor. He stooped to recover it, and crashed his head against the ledge of the table.

"N-not yet, Aunt Christina," he replied, at last, with tears in his eyes.

"You have surely had plenty of opportunities," she said, sternly. "Did you recover that portion of tongue?"

"Not yet," returned her nephew, making another and more cautious search. Miss Carraway had very strict notions of tidiness.

He slowly rose from his stooping position and laid the scrap on the edge of his plate.

"That was too large a piece to eat at once," remarked his aunt, severely. "I hope none of it stuck to the carpet, Augustus."

"MAKING ANOTHER AND MORE CAUTIOUS SEARCH."

"No; it stuck to the sole of my boot."

Miss Carraway snorted, but refrained from pursuing the subject.

"Remember that only a week is left," she said, warningly. "I fail to see why you cannot make up your mind. Have you no preference?"

He shook his head. "Neither have the ladies," he said, somewhat vaguely and mournfully. "But," he continued, with an effort, "I — I expect to have a definite reply by the twenty-second."

"Oh, you do, do you? From whom?"

"I cannot say yet. But I shall be able to tell you on the morning of the twenty-second. I beg you to let the matter rest till then."

"Very well," said Miss Carraway, although she felt desperately curious. "Is your friend Mr. French of any assistance?" she inquired, a moment later.

"He is doing his best for me, but, of course, you are not supposed to know that."

"Of course not. Young people must have their secrets!"

Miss Carraway smiled, but somehow her nephew did not feel comforted, and, quite absent-mindedly, he ate the piece of tongue he had trod on.

"Remember once more," said she, when they rose from the table after what had seemed to Augustus a feast of misery, "remember that you are the last of the Carraways."

On the twenty-first of the month Messrs. Carraway and French dined together in the Cronies' Club, and among other disagreeable thoughts the former was tormented by the knowledge of the fact that his annual subscription would be due in less than six weeks. Would he be able to meet it? And, if so, would he be in a position to enjoy the advantages entailed?

"Cheer up, my boy," said French, as they sat down to dinner. "You'll be feeling a bit more settled to-morrow." He put an accent on the word "settled."

"But won't you tell me—er—which it is?" said Augustus.

"No, no! You will hear in the morning. You left the proposing to me, you know, saying you didn't care a fig which I chose for you."

"But I—I hoped they would all have refused, and that would have given me a little extra time, at least."

Mr. French stroked his moustache. "Your modesty is creditable, you dog! But after the way you have fluttered round the girls for the last four weeks it was surely——"

"D'you think I did—er—rather well?"

stammered Augustus, smiling, in spite of himself. Unless you are very aged or Oriental, the epithet "dog" carries a curiously subtle flattery.

"Now, now, I can't tell you any more. I repeat that you will know all in the morning, so you had better be up in time for the postman."

"Will—will she write?"

"Your fish is getting cold. One would almost think you wanted to get married now."

Augustus blushed as he turned to his fillet of sole. It had suddenly struck him that, while the Cronies' Club was much to him, his existence at his aunt's abode was none of the most delightful.

"It—it isn't Miss Diana, is it?" he asked, when the waiter had removed his plate.

"My dear boy, waste no more questions, for I cannot answer them. I swear I have done my best for you, and feel confident that you will be grateful to me to-morrow. Considering the kind of woman your aunt is—I have studied her recently—I flatter myself that I have done rather skilfully."

"I don't quite understand."

"You will understand to-morrow."

And not another word could Mr. Carraway get on the subject preying upon his mind.

He went home earlier than usual, but hardly slept throughout the night. Early in the morning, however, he dozed off, with the result that he was late for breakfast.

"There are three letters for you, Augustus," observed Miss Carraway, as he took his seat.

He picked them up and examined them outwardly—all from ladies!

Ha! He understood now what French had done. The three letters were the result —*two* refusals and *one* acceptance! As it should be!

Feeling his aunt's eyes upon him, he selected one missive and, with a trembling blade, slit the envelope.

The letter contained in it was brief yet courteous, and in it Miss Diana Sergeant accepted Mr. Augustus Carraway.

Paling and flushing he laid it by his plate, for he could not tell his aunt just then, and proceeded to the second letter.

A moment later he fell back in his chair, exclaiming, "Good heavens! This is terrible!"

"What is it, Augustus?" eagerly asked Miss Carraway.

But he made no response, and tore open the third envelope.

A glance at the sheet of notepaper, and he dropped it with a groan on his lips and a sickly look on his countenance.

"What has happened, Augustus? Tell me at once!" almost screamed the old lady.

"Oh, Hades!" he muttered, wildly.

"'WHAT IS IT, AUGUSTUS?' EAGERLY ASKED MISS CARRAWAY."

"What?"

"Oh, Hades!" he roared.

"Augustus!" she cried, with an awful look. "How dare you, in my presence?"

"Look at the mess you've got me into!"

he shouted, flinging the letters across the table.

Miss Carraway adjusted her spectacles with much dignity and proceeded to peruse the letters.

The first brought a softer expression to her face, the second removed it, and the third——

She realized that the three young women of her own selection had simultaneously accepted her nephew.

An hour later Miss Carraway called her wretched relative to her presence.

"You must leave London for a time," she began, abruptly. "No! do not speak, for I will not listen. I say, you must leave London for a time, and leave the poor girls to me. I do not know whether you are a villain or a fool—more of the latter, I suspect—but you are the last of the Carraways, and——"

"Oh, conf——"

"I repeat, you are the last of the Carraways, and, stupid old woman that I am, I must protect you. Your allowance will be continued on condition that you do not enter a club till you are fifty. You will not be asked again to marry. It seems time that the Carraways became extinct. Now, go and get your things packed. I am going to call on Miss Castle to begin with."

"But, Aunt Christina, it wasn't my fault. I never proposed to——"

"That will do."

"They must have misunderstood Walter French——"

"Another clubman! Do not mention him to me! Pray leave me. Send me your address, and I will let you know when I feel that I can shake hands with you again."

On his way to the station Augustus called upon his friend, but did not find him in. As a matter of fact, Mr. French was then entertaining three ladies to lunch at the Trocadero, and the party was a merry one.

"I wish old Carraway were here," remarked French, laughing. "How grateful he must be to us all for saving him from marriage! I don't think his aunt will try to force him again for a while to come. Good old Carraway!"

"'I WISH OLD CARRAWAY WERE HERE,' REMARKED FRENCH, LAUGHING."

London's Largest Landlords.

THEIR ESTATES SHOWN AT A GLANCE.

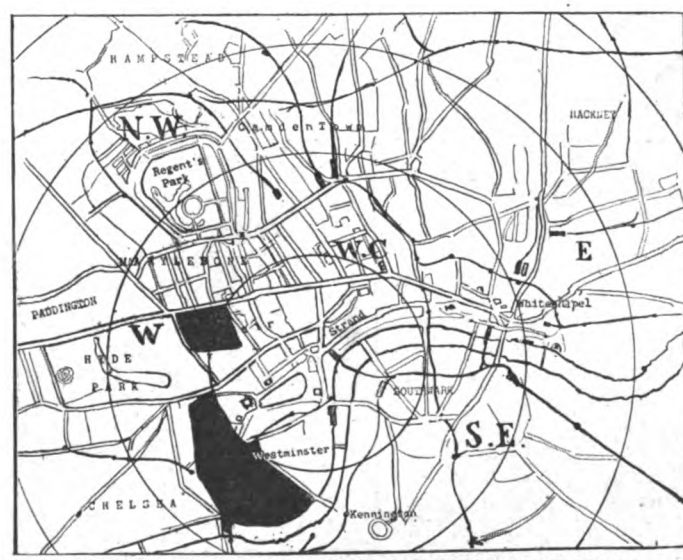
By Arthur T. Dolling.

ASK the average resident and ratepayer in the largest city in the world, "Who owns London?" He will probably be able to mention two or three great landlords, perhaps the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Cadogan, but you will find that he possesses only a very vague and general notion as to where their estates are situated, or, at least, concerning their precise delimitations. "The Crown also owns a lot, but, there, I daresay you will find all the figures in Whitaker, or in Debrett, or in the Return of Owners of Land." When you hazard a doubt as to the Duke of Portland owning any London property at all, he points you out triumphantly Portland Place and Portland Road, and—well, there you are! And, of course, Lord Portman owns Portman Square—the thing is obvious.

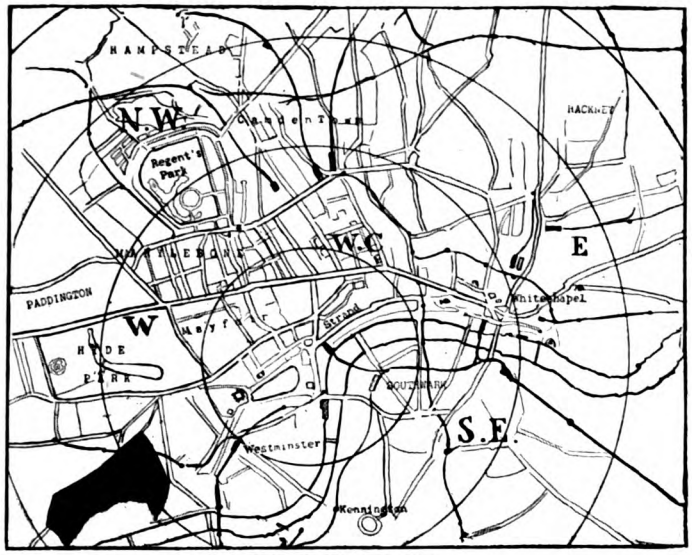
On such slight foundation as this, then, the average Londoner, anxious to increase his knowledge of the ownership of his city, begins what promises to be an easy investigation. He turns to all the available works of reference; he examines the indices of Parliamentary Blue-books and papers; he searches the catalogues of the British Museum; he seeks diligently for maps of the various estates. All in vain!

Strange as it may seem in this twentieth century, when statistics on every conceivable subject, from the mountains and rivers of the moon to the bacilli in a square inch of Shoreditch, are as open to all our sights as the lines in a man's hand, there is no reliable or official information available on the subject of the ownership of London. Even the authorities at Westminster and Spring Gardens themselves do not know; it is useless to inquire of the parish authorities; they are as ignorant as the rest. Attempts have been made in the past to compel the owners of land to make a return, but the attempts have failed. So that the only method of arriving at an estimate of the magnitude of each property, and ascertaining its boundaries, is to follow by-paths, to make local inquiries, to collate old maps. For you must not hope to receive any assistance whatever from the owners themselves or their agents and surveyors; with them the old feudal principle of secrecy is maintained to the letter. It is irritating, but perhaps we may after all be able to dispense with their co-operation.

Let us, then, begin with the Duke of Westminster's property and its precise boundaries, not because this estate is the oldest—that distinction belongs to the Bedford property—but because it is the largest. It was acquired by the marriage in 1676 of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with Mary Davies, the only child of Alexander Davies, of Ebury Manor. Now, Ebury Manor, leaving out of consideration the public parks, was, roughly speaking, just what the Grosvenor estate is to-day. Nobody, not even the holders of such estates, had any thought in those days of the immense value land on the outskirts of London would eventually attain. It was then open country; indeed, only a century ago snipe were shot in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square. Any old map will show you the boundary of the old Grosvenor estate, which to-day is situate in



THE WESTMINSTER ESTATE MARKED IN BLACK UPON A MAP OF LONDON.



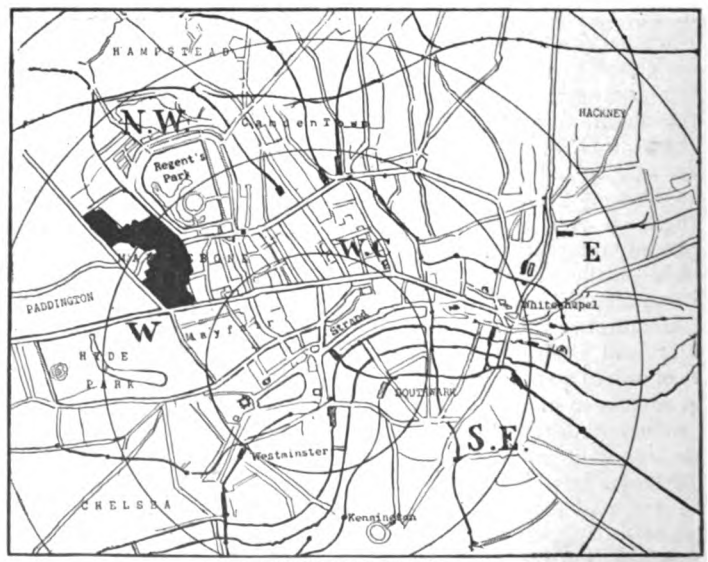
THE CADOGAN ESTATE.

four hundred acres on the map, a very handsome slice indeed out of the Metropolis, two-thirds the area of the City of London proper.

The Cadogan estate in Chelsea, originally the manor and embracing some four hundred acres, is to-day by no means so large, being only about half the size of the Westminster property. It is situate in a district bearing many reminders of its owners in the names of streets and squares, such as Hans Place, Cadogan Square, Pont Street, and Sloane Street. The estate came into the family through General Cadogan, an officer of the Horse Guards in Queen Anne's time. He had married the daughter and heiress of Sir Hans Sloane, who had previously (in 1712) acquired the manor of Chelsea from the Cheyne family.

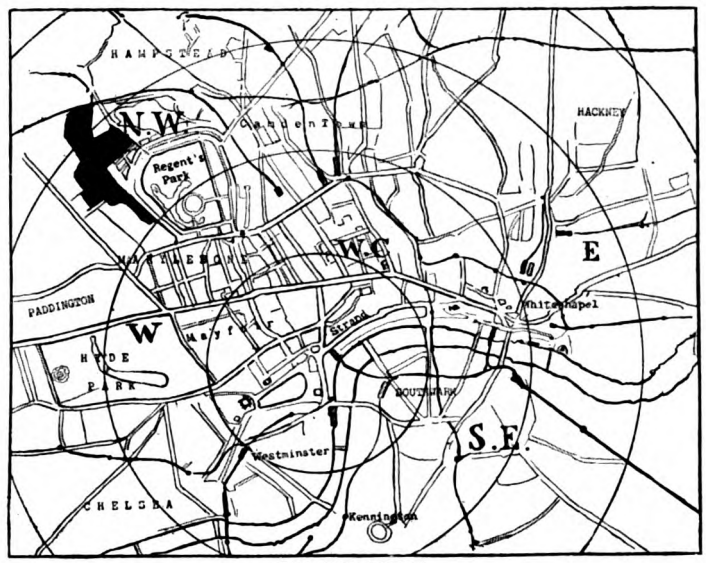
From the Cadogan we pass to the estate of Viscount Portman, which covers two hundred and seventy acres. It lies, as we may see, north of Oxford Street, between Edgware Road and High Street, Marylebone, its northern limits being even beyond the Regent's Canal. It takes in Portman, Manchester, Bryanston, and Montagu Squares, Baker Street, and Lisson Grove.

the parishes of St. George, Hanover Square, and St. John, Westminster. As the reader will perceive from the map, to-day it is cut up into two portions. The northern portion is bounded by Oxford Street, the western by Park Lane. On the east the line passes close to South Molton Street, down Davies Street, traverses a portion of Berkeley Square, takes in both sides of Mount Street, and so back to Park Lane. The southern section starts at St. George's Hospital, passes down the centre of Grosvenor Place to Buckingham Palace Road, thence down Vauxhall Bridge Road to the Thames, and eastward to the Grosvenor Canal. On the west it reaches nearly to Sloane Square, and so on northwards almost to Knightsbridge Road. In addition to these two parcels of land, covering altogether nearly three hundred and forty acres, there is another—the tidy little Millbank estate, near the Houses of Parliament, an oblong patch between Horseferry Road and the Tate Gallery. Here was formerly Peterborough House, the town seat of the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough, it eventually passing to the Grosvenors. Altogether we have nearly



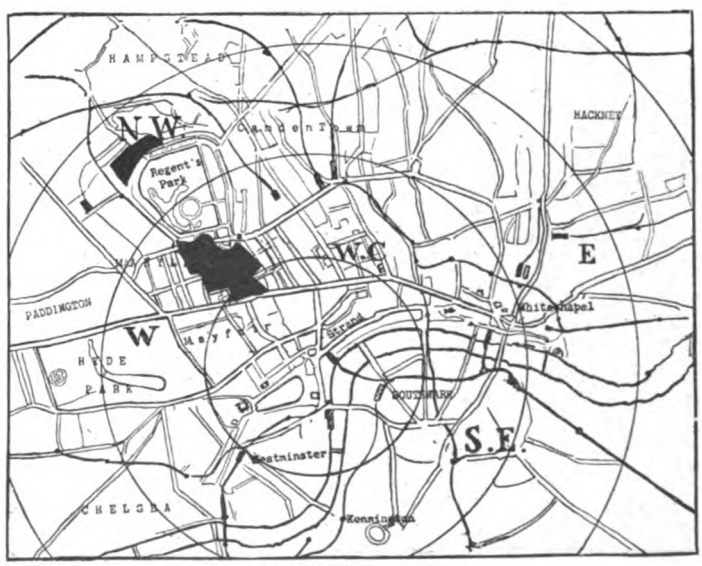
THE PORTMAN ESTATE.

On this site was, in the sixteenth century, a farm which the Lord Prior of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem granted for fifty years to John Blennerhasset and his wife. At their death, in 1532, Chief Justice Portman acquired the reversion of their house and finally the fee-simple of the farm from Queen Mary. The Portman line died out and the Seymours inherited the property, which later passed into the possession of a Berkeley, whose mother had been a niece of the last Portman. This history accounts for many of the names of the streets. Orchard Street comes from Orchard Portman in Somersetshire, Bryanston is the name of a village in Dorsetshire, seats of the family.



THE EYRE ESTATE.

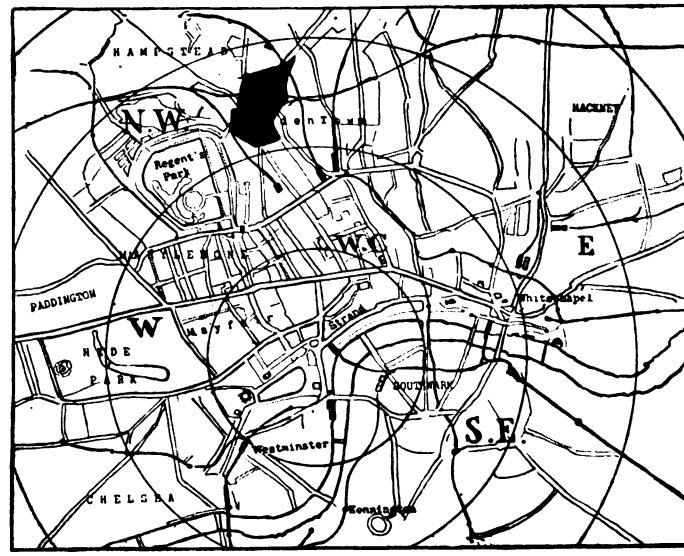
East of the Portman estate is Lord Howard de Walden's vast property, popularly known as the Portland estate. Its southern boundary is Oxford Street, between Marylebone Lane and Wells Street, taking in Wigmore Street, running north to Regent's Park, excluding the top of Portland Place, and east as far as Cleveland Street. But this is not all. There is Portland Town, a fine estate to the north of Regent's Park, between Wellington Road and Primrose Hill, and northward to St. John's Wood Terrace, and another parcel to the west of Lord's Cricket Ground, which Lord Howard de Walden recently acquired for the sum of sixty-four thousand pounds. Altogether we have here about two hundred and ninety acres in the possession of a young man of five-and-twenty, who inherited it from the daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland. The estate's history is full of vicissitudes of ownership. Two hundred years ago the manor of Tyburn, or Marylebone, was bought by John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, for the trifle of seventeen thousand five hundred pounds. His daughter, married to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, inherited the lands; and their daughter marrying William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, the estate came into the Portland family. The wife of the first ducal owner was an heiress of the Cavendishes of Welbeck, and the Harleys came originally from Welbeck Castle, and all these names and others survive to-day in the street nomenclature of the district.



THE PORTLAND ESTATE.

The estate of the Eyre family adjoins Lord Howard de Walden's and Lord Portman's on the north, running as far as Swiss

Cottage, and embracing a great part of St. John's Wood. The name of the Eyre Arms enshrines the name of old Squire Eyre, the lord of the manor who, between 1810 and 1820, built up so much of this charming and artistic quarter of London. Lord's Cricket Ground was formerly on the Eyre property, but is now a separate freehold, while the Great Central Railway has purchased much land in the very heart of the estate.

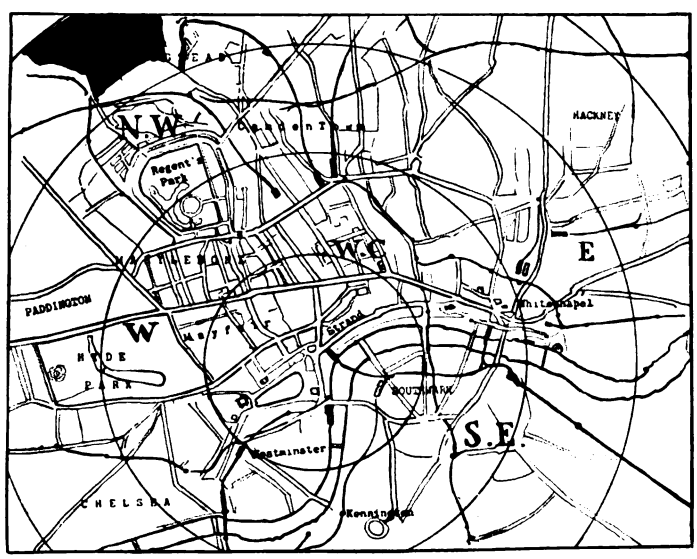


THE CAMDEN ESTATE.

The lord of the manor and owner of Hampstead is Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, whose seat of Fitzjohns we find commemorated in Fitzjohn's Avenue. Claim was formerly made by the owner of this vast property to Hampstead Heath itself, so that, in 1870, it had to be purchased for the unrestricted use of the public by the old Board of Works. But all the contiguous part of this great and growing district is in the hands of this fortunate baronet, and has to pay tribute to him as ground landlord.

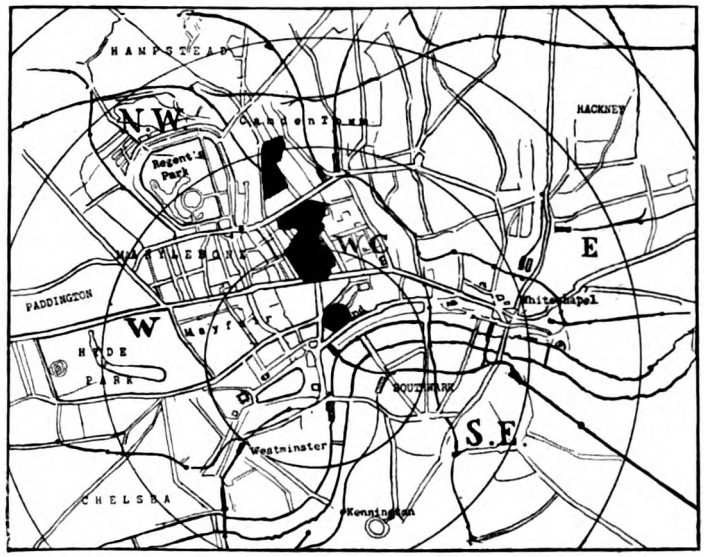
Coming back southward, we strike into the northern portion of the domain of Lord Southampton, in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm, and so on to Camden Town and Kentish Town, the property of the Pratt family, amounting to two hundred acres. This was formerly possessed by Nicholas Jeffreys, whose daughter married in the middle of the eighteenth century Charles Pratt, Earl of Camden. Close by is Somers Town, the estate of Lord Somers. A great deal of these estates has been cut into by the railways, who have acquired lands which they have afterwards parted with to private owners.

The district adjoining Euston Road in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square marks another portion of the Southampton property. This was formerly the manor of Tottenham, held by the Fitzroys descended from the Duke of Grafton. Thus we get Grafton Street and Fitzroy Square, while Euston Road and Euston Square are derived from the Earl of Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton.



THE MARYON-WILSON ESTATE.

A far more valuable and important estate, so far as London and Londoners are concerned, than any of these last-mentioned is that owned by the Duke of Bedford, as head of the Russell family. It was formerly only one hundred and twenty acres, but there have been recent important purchases from the Crown, of which Parliament and the



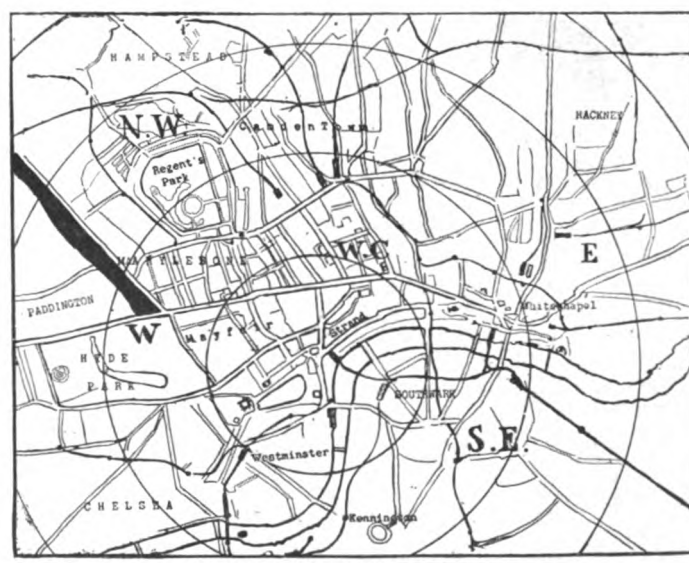
THE BEDFORD ESTATE.

public seem to have been kept in ignorance. The Bedford property comprises three distinct parcels of land. The first is in St. Pancras parish, north of Euston Station, east of Hampstead Road, and south of Crowndale Road, and including Harrington Square, Ampthill Square, and Oakley Square.

The second portion is that upon which the British Museum and Russell Square stand, stretching as far north as Endsleigh Gardens to below New Oxford Street on the south — between Tottenham Court Road and Southampton Row.

The third division, although the smallest, is not the least important, as it includes Covent Garden and neighbourhood, including Southampton Street and the offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. As will be seen, there are a great many theatres also on the Duke of Bedford's estate, in each of which he stipulates for the reservation of a special ducal box. The Russells are the oldest landowners in the country. When the religious houses were dissolved the garden of the Abbey at Westminster and the adjacent lands became the property of the Crown. In May, 1552, a patent was granted to John Duke of Bedford, of "Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Field, with seven acres called Longacre, of the yearly value of six pounds six shillings and eightpence." Later on Charles II., in 1671, granted William Earl of Bedford the right to the market which had then begun to flourish here. The Bloomsbury estate formerly belonged to the manor of Blemund, descended to the fourth Earl of Southampton, and at the latter's death in 1668 fell into the hands of his son-in-law, William Lord Russell.

The present Bedford Place stands on the site of the old manor house of the Blemunds. It may be worth mentioning in connection with Covent Garden Market that his income from this source is twenty-five thousand pounds a year. "On market mornings," we are told, "carts with vegetable produce have been seen standing in line as far distant from Covent Garden as Trafalgar Square. Now, the owners of every one of these carts, even if it be obliged to stand half a mile from the market, pays toll to the Duke of Bedford, who makes ten thousand pounds a year out of it, the money being paid daily into the



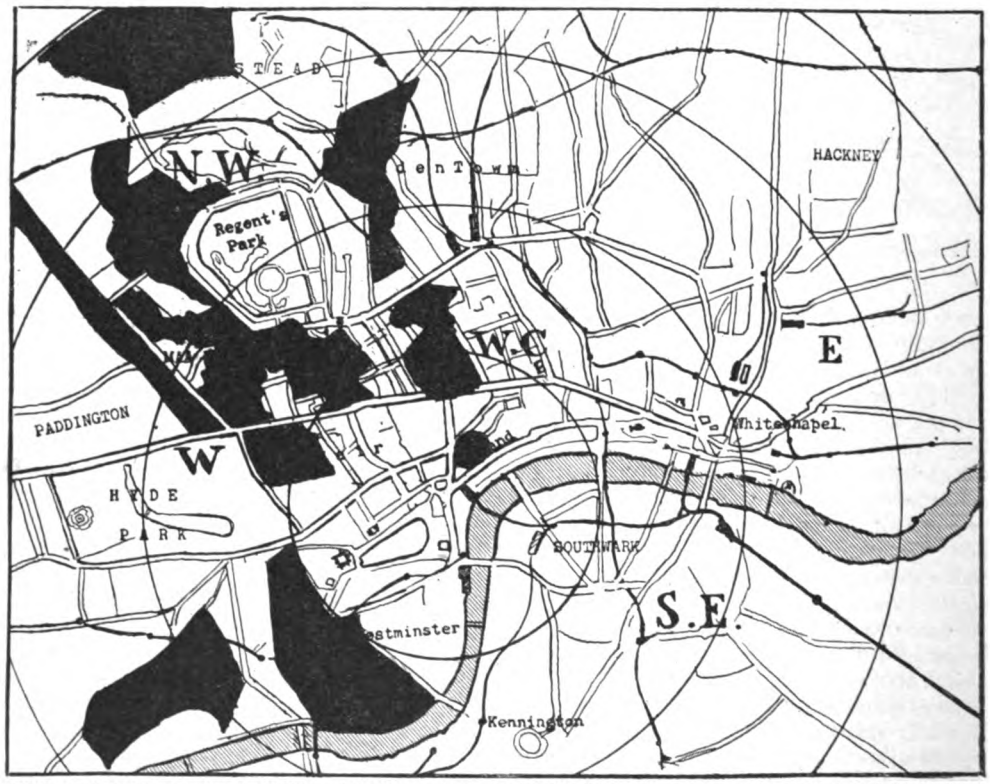
THE ESTATE OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Duke's bankers' hands. In fact, the more the streets of London are incommoded by these produce carts the greater his Grace's gains."

East of the Bedford property is that owned by Lord Northampton, situated in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, and St. Mary, Islington — roughly speaking, about two hundred acres, exclusive of the manor of Canonbury, which came into the Compton family by the marriage of the heiress of Sir

of The Hendre. This property lies in Bermondsey, in Southwark, in Camberwell and Newington, and includes the Old Kent Road. Rotherhithe is in the possession of the heirs of the late Sir W. Gomme.

The last illustration of this kind that we give shows the extent and vicinity of the estate vested in the Bishop of London, which approximates in area the estate of Lord Southampton, although far less in extent than that of Lord Amherst.



GENERAL MAP OF LONDON LANDLORDS.—THE ESTATES OF NINE LANDLORDS MARKED IN BLACK UPON A MAP OF LONDON.

John Spenser, who died in 1609, with an ancestor of Lord Northampton. Eastward several hundred acres are in possession of Lord Amherst, who is the landowner of Hackney. The Tyssens, a Dutch family, settled at Hackney, and purchased the manor two centuries ago. Afterwards the property passed to the Kentish family of Daniel, who assumed the surname and arms of Tyssen, with the additional name of Amherst. De Beauvoir Town, to the north of Hoxton, is part of the Amherst estate.

To the south of the Thames a great landowner is Lord Llangattock, otherwise Rolls,

On the whole, then, we see the nine leading London landlords—the nine chief estate owners of the Metropolis, apart from the Crown and the City companies—hold between them not less than five square miles of territory, as shown on the diagram on this page. The vast and ever-increasing value of land in London makes the possession of so much property in the hands of a small group of peers an event, in our days, of extraordinary significance. It must be remembered that sites for building, in certain of the more populous districts, have realized as much as fifty pounds per square foot!

The House by the Vaults.

By Florence Warden.

IN one of the steep streets of the old town of Bristol, just where the footway is raised to a considerable height above the road over some ancient vaults which are among the many remains of bygone ecclesiastical and monastic buildings, there is an old house, neither very large nor very imposing, at the door of which, not long ago, a thin, elderly lady, well but somewhat primly dressed, knocked and rang one summer afternoon.

The door was opened, not by a maid, but by a very pretty young woman, evidently not yet in her twenties, who, smiling broadly and holding out her face to be kissed, cried, to the amazement of the visitor:—

"I know who you are, who you must be! You're Miss Beech, Rothley's rich aunt!"

The visitor started and drew a long breath of astonishment, as well she might. But, startling as this greeting was, the unconventional hostess was so young, so pretty, so simple, and so evidently delighted to see her, that Miss Beech forgot to be offended, and replied to the unconventional welcome by entering the narrow hall and bestowing a kiss upon the fresh and youthful face before her.

"Well, my dear, and you, I suppose, are my nephew's wife? I hope you are happy. You look as if you deserved to be!"

And Miss Beech, who was by this time in the little dining-room, put on her pince-nez and surveyed her new niece more critically.

"I can't understand it!" she murmured at last, when the laughing lady had stood straight before her, like a schoolgirl to be examined, exhibiting a very tall, well-developed figure in a white cambric frock, and a face almost baby-like in expression and outlines, the chief beauty of which lay in its brilliant colouring, set off by shining fair hair. "Rothley never said you were so young, child. You can't be twenty."

"No, I'm not. I was nineteen last month, just two months after we were married."

Miss Beech stared at her.

"Two months! I thought he'd been married two years!"

"Oh, no. Why, I've only known him since Christmas!"

Miss Beech began to look puzzled, then grave.

"Where is he?" she asked, suddenly, while her youthful hostess was offering her a chair, and explaining that she always used the dining-room in the afternoon, as the sun poured straight into the drawing-room, which was on the floor above.

"Oh, he's at work in the next room."

Miss Beech looked surprised again.

"At work! What sort of work? Have you reformed him? He never used to do any."

The young wife looked even more amazed than her visitor.

"Never used to do any! He is changed, then. Now he's at work, write—write—writing all day long. He earns quite a lot of money."

Miss Beech began to relax a little of her sternness.

"Well," she said, "that is good news indeed. I always thought Rothley had some talent for literature. But he was so lazy, and so much readier to coax money out of his friends than to try to earn it for himself, that I never thought he would settle seriously to that or to anything else."

The young wife drew herself up with an air of pride.

"I don't suppose there's any author in England who works harder," she said. "And though he's always grumbling and saying it's a poor profession, really I don't think he has much to complain of. He allows me five pounds a week for housekeeping expenses, and he gives me a good allowance for myself."

"And hadn't you any money of your own, if I may ask such a question?" said Miss Beech.

"Not a sixpence; I was only a governess," replied the bride, with a modest blush and smile. "It was quite a great match for me when I married your nephew; though," and her childlike face clouded a little, "I nearly broke the heart of another man who had been fond of me for four years."

"Four years! Why, you must have been in the nursery!" said Miss Beech.

"Not quite. When George Merridew and I first knew each other I was just home

from school, it's true, but he was twenty and going to South America on business for his father. Now he's come back to find me married. I can't help feeling sorry for him; but I've always had such an admiration for intellect that I couldn't resist the temptation of accepting a real author when he asked me."

Over the somewhat stern features of the elder lady there had gradually come a softer look as she watched and listened to this young creature, so charming in her evident simplicity.

"What has he written?" she asked. "I've never heard of his books. And, by-the-bye, my dear, what is your name—your Christian name?"

"My name? Oh, Susie. As for Rothley's works, he doesn't sign them with his own name yet. But I can show you some of his stories." She ran to a glazed bookcase in the corner, and, taking out an armful of magazines, pointed out half-a-dozen stories and articles, most of them unsigned.

Miss Beech was as much interested as she was.

"I can't tell you how thankful I am, my dear Susie," said she, "that he has turned out so well. At one time I was very anxious about him, for he ran through his own money and then appeared to be—well, I won't say any more. Let me see him. I'm longing to congratulate him."

Over Susie's bright face there came a slight shadow.

"I don't suppose he will see you now," she said, in a lower voice. "When once he's shut himself up in his study he's there for the day, and he doesn't allow me to go and disturb him on any pretence whatever."

Miss Beech smiled with much amusement.

"Let *me* call him," she said, and going into the hall she herself knocked at the door of the little back room and called out, "Rothley, it's I—it's your Aunt Eleanor who wants to see you."

But there was no answer whatever—no sound. Miss Beech tried again, with a certain acerbity in her tone. Susie looked at her with a sort of despairing triumph.

"I told you how it would be," she said. "No matter how important the matter may be, he never comes. From nine o'clock in the morning, when he goes in there, till six o'clock in the evening, when he comes out, he simply pretends to be deaf and dumb. He says it's the only way he can do any work at all—to give himself up to it as if the outer world didn't exist."

"But it's nonsense to put on those airs! Dickens and Thackeray didn't do it!" bawled Miss Beech, angrily, shaking and rattling the door, which was, of course, locked.

"It's very tiresome," agreed Susie in an undertone, perplexed between her wish not to offend either her husband on the one hand or his aunt on the other. "But it's the same always. After all," she went on, coaxingly, "every author has his own ways of going to work, and each one's ways must be respected, mustn't they?"

But Miss Beech, who had been stooping, with her ear near the keyhole, suddenly straightened herself and spoke with an air of decision.

"He isn't there at all," she said.

But Susie smiled with an air of superior knowledge.

"Oh, yes, he is indeed," she said. "In another hour you'll see him come out. It's five now, and he always comes out punctually at six."

But Miss Beech was not to be persuaded.

"I tell you," she repeated, "that he is not in there at all. It is quite impossible for a person to keep so still for a whole quarter of an hour as not to be heard making the least movement. He's gone out without your knowing, and he's locked the door and taken the key with him."

Susie was just as persistent as she, however.

"He never goes out during the daytime," she said. "And look, I can see the key in the lock."

Miss Beech made no answer, but when Susie rose from her stooping position she saw that the elder lady was looking very stern. Susie grew frightened, and the tears came to her eyes.

"Well, I feel rather guilty at having done so much to disorganize your household," said Miss Beech, with great dryness. "You are very methodical, admirably so, indeed. I feel that I must have quite put you out. I ought to have sent you word that I was coming. Give my love to Rothley, and tell him I am delighted to hear he's getting on so well. Good-bye."

She held out her hand, stiffly. Susie drew back in despair.

"Oh, no; surely you'll wait and see him!" she cried. "And go over the house! I should never forgive myself, and Rothley would never forgive me, if I let you go like that!"

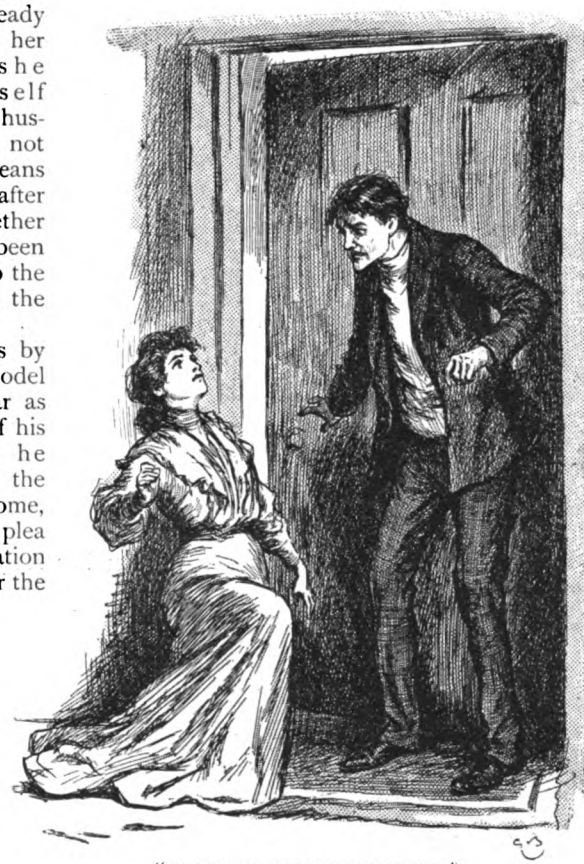
The rich aunt, however, was not to be mollified. With some excuse that the friends she was staying with were waiting for her,

and that she had promised to be back by six, she left the house at once, to the infinite distress of the poor young wife, who felt strongly inclined to revolt against the tyranny of the literary genius of which she had been hitherto so proud.

And she had said not one word about calling again. She had not even left her address. And poor Susie retreated into her little dining-room and began to cry.

But not for long.

The seeds of suspicion, sown by Miss Beech's incredulity, had already taken root in her mind, and she asked herself whether her husband might not have found means to deceive her after all, and whether she had not been mistaken as to the key being in the study door.



"HER HUSBAND STOOD BEFORE HER."

Rothley was by no means a model husband so far as the disposal of his time went; he rarely spent the evening at home, but, under the plea of the relaxation necessary after the strain of steady writing all day long, he used, more often than not, to go to his club, or to spend the hours betweendinner and bedtime with a bachelor friend, whose whisky Susie considered accountable for the headache from which Rothley sometimes suffered in the morning. Was this devotion to work less steady than he represented? Did he occasionally escape from the house for a few hours' recreation during the daytime?

Down she went on her knees again on the mat, peeping innocently enough into the keyhole, when all her doubts were set at rest in a prompt and surprising manner by the sharp turning of the key in the lock and by the opening of the door.

She had not had time to regain her feet when her husband stood before her. She scrambled up, while he, uttering an exclamation of amazement, stared at her and then frowned.

"What on earth were you doing?" he asked, irritably.

By this time standing, half laughing, half angry, in the little dining-room, Susie drew a long breath and answered hurriedly:—

"Why didn'? you come out when your aunt called yout She was very angry, said such airs were ridiculous, and went away offended. She even declared that you weren't in your room at all."

Over the pale face of Rothley Beech there had come such a look of terror and dismay that Susie was frightened in her turn. He was a thin, pale, even sickly-looking young man of about eight-and-twenty; and the dress in which he chose to work, a very old, frayed suit worn over a loose jersey and without either collar or tie, combined with the ink-stains on his face and fingers to give him a most woebegone appearance.

"M-m-my aunt!" stammered he, staring at his wife as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

Susie grew impatient.

"Oh, you must have heard her. You must have known. Genius or no genius, I don't believe you can have wrapped yourself up so much in your work that you couldn't hear us bawling and thumping till we were tired!"

Rothley did not answer. He stared round him as if too much perturbed to speak, and finally threw himself into an arm-chair and beckoned to her to come to him.

"Now," said he, "tell me what you mean. Do you mean that my Aunt Eleanor came, and that she went away offended?"

"Yes, yes. Surely you must know. Why didn't you answer? *Were* you in the study all the time?"

"Of course I was. Didn't you yourself see me come out?"

"Ye-es."

"What did she say?"

"Do you mean to tell me you didn't *hear* what she said?"

Rothley hesitated.

"To tell you the truth," he admitted, suddenly, "I always put cotton-wool in my ears as soon as I get to work, so that the noises in the street shall not distract my attention. How could I do so much, how could I earn so much, if I didn't take every possible means to keep my nose to the grindstone?"

"Oh," said Susie, faintly. "I wish I'd known! I wish I could have told your aunt that. As it was, she—she was almost unkind!"

Rothley got up, anxious and annoyed.

"She'll come again, I suppose," said he; "where is she staying?"

"She didn't say, except that she was with friends."

"She used to stay at a boarding-house at Clifton. I'll go there to-night and try to find her. It's important, by Jove!" He walked towards the door, then turned to say: "I think, Susie, you might have had the tact to keep her here till I came out!"

Susie said nothing. She was confused, perplexed, inclined to be incredulous. It was odd, she thought, that she had heard nothing about the cotton-wool before. As, however, she was the most amiable and the least quarrelsome of women, she tried to be satisfied with this explanation, hurried the preparations for dinner, and was most careful to brush his hat and his coat and to make him look as smart as possible when he started for Clifton.

He came back, however, very late, with black looks. No trace of Miss Beech had he been able to discover anywhere, though he had made inquiries wherever he had known her to stay or to be a customer. And poor Susie was made to feel that she was in disgrace.

Miss Beech did not come again, and at the end of a week the young couple were forced reluctantly to come to the conclusion that the rich aunt was offended beyond recall.

"After all," said Rothley, with a shrug of the shoulders, "we're no worse off than we were before. Some time ago she declared she would have nothing more to do with me, and I can get on without her help, as I've been doing."

Susie felt bound to applaud this show of spirit, but she was sorry, too. Not that she shared Rothley's somewhat greedy longings for his aunt's property, but she had no near relations, and she had been delighted to welcome one of her husband's.

Ten days after the visit of Miss Beech Susie was surprised and rather confused by the announcement of another visitor, and going up into the drawing-room, into which he had been shown, she found herself in the presence of her old lover.

George Merridew was a handsome, manly young fellow, and, although she had been too young when he went away for him to tell her the exact state of his feelings towards her, she had had for him so much genuine liking that there is no doubt he would have been successful as a suitor if Rothley Beech had not stepped in during his absence and, armed with the superior prestige of being a "real live author," had not carried off the simple girl after a very brief courtship.

This was the first time she had seen George since her marriage and his return, and the meeting could scarcely fail to be an awkward one on both sides.

"I am so sorry you can't see my husband," said Susie, during one of the numerous pauses which her guest's nervousness brought about. "He's always shut up in his study from nine to six, and during all those hours he is simply deaf and dumb."

She had scarcely got to the end of this speech when she found George Merridew's eyes fixed upon her in a very peculiar manner.

"Is he kind to you?" he asked, suddenly, with a hoarse gruffness which startled her.

"Oh—oh, yes! Of course! He——"

"And you're fond of him? You're—you're glad you married him?" continued Merridew, pouring out the words rapidly, as if the flood-gates were open at last.

Tactless as the questions seemed to be, Susie saw that there was some anxiety—perfectly honest, perfectly legitimate—under the overpowering nervousness which had possession of her visitor. Without putting on any

airs of surprise or annoyance, therefore, she answered, growing rather pale, however, as she did so :—

"Yes ; of course I'm fond of him. And I'm glad he's fond of me, though I wish I could do more to help him in his work."

There was a moment's silence, and then Merridew got up suddenly from his chair.

"Will you ask him to see me?" he said.

The question was such an astonishing one, so strangely put, too, that Susie rose and, after a moment's hesitation, said :—

"Is it very important that you should see him now?"

The young man turned to her, bent his head, and spoke very low :—

"It's very important indeed. I *must* see him—I *must!*"

She pointed to a seat, tried to speak, and left the room, with a terrible feeling at her heart that this good fellow had some strong reason for his strange errand.

Remembering her experience on the occasion of Miss Beech's visit, she did not waste time in knocking at the study door. Going on tiptoe out of the house at the back, she got the wooden steps, placed them against the wall outside, and, mounting them, peeped between the laths of the Venetian blind into the room.

This, the only window of the study, was small and high up in the wall to avoid the view of kitchen and scullery, which were built out behind the house, taking up one-fourth of the poor little town garden.

Susie called Rothley softly by name, but there was no answer. She could see nothing of him. There was a Japanese screen placed in the middle of the room which cut off half her view. But he was not seated at the writing-table, which was just below the window.

Susie quickly made up her mind what to do. The window was open. She pushed up the lower sash as far as it would go and scrambled in, making a great clatter with the Venetian blind, and expecting every moment to see Rothley's face, angry at this interruption, appear from the other side of the screen.

"SHE PEEPED BETWEEN THE LATHS OF THE VENETIAN BLIND INTO THE ROOM."

She had had to be so resolute, so bold, to screw herself up so much for this desperate act, that she scarcely felt any shock of surprise on discovering that Rothley was not in the room at all.

The door was locked and the key was in it, but there was no sign of her husband.

Susie stood in the middle of the room, pale and trembling, full of vague fears and suspicions, for some moments. Then, making up her mind, she unlocked the door, ran upstairs to the drawing-room, and told George Merridew, with as easy a manner as she could, that her husband was out.

There was an expression of so much sympathy and goodwill in his kind grey eyes that Susie, already much excited by

the strange discovery she had just made, could scarcely keep back a strange impulse to burst into tears as she shook hands with him.

He hurried away without another word, and then the young wife, still at a white heat of excitement, went back to the study, and seating herself in the corner, on the window side, farthest from the fireplace and door, waited for the return of Rothley.

She had sat in the low chair in the corner for about half an hour when she heard the dining-room clock strike six, and her heart began to beat very fast, for she knew that the moment was approaching when she would have to meet her husband face to face.

Rothley was as punctual as clockwork.

She strained her ears for the first sound of his footsteps on the gravel outside, expecting to hear an exclamation when he should discover by the presence of the steps that someone had been before him.

Suddenly her attention was distracted by a little noise behind the screen, and a moment later she heard Rothley, with a sound like the shutting of a cupboard, sit in the chair by the writing-table and unlock a drawer.

Then he wrote quietly for some few moments, rose quickly after re-locking the drawer, pushed back the screen on the side nearest to the fireplace, and, turning the key in the lock of the door, went out without having seen her, re-locking the door and taking away the key according to his invariable custom.

Susie sprang up, her heart beating wildly, and went round the screen to find out by what means he had entered the room.

There was nothing in the corner between the window and the fireplace but a few old boxes and one of the mats which were placed about the floor instead of carpet.

She picked up this mat and looked carefully on the floor. One of the boards had a loop of string round the end, and raising it by this means Susie found that she could lift it easily, and that it was hinged, making a sort of trap-door about two feet long and not much more than a foot wide.

Below this she saw at once that a large hole had been roughly hewn and hacked out of the masonry, which, as she knew, formed the roof of the disused vaults upon which the row of houses, of which their own was one, was built.

Peering down into the musty-smelling blackness Susie discerned the topmost rungs of a ladder, and squeezing herself not without difficulty through the aperture, the lid of which she dared not shut, she descended slowly and with much trepidation till, after the twelfth rung, she found her foot on a cold stone floor.

Then, by the light which came down through the narrow trap-door above her, she looked round and saw a wide expanse of dark cellar, grim pillars, faintly gleaming in the darkness like ghostly statues, supporting a vaulted roof from which strange grey fingers pointed weirdly down at her.

The floor was slimy to the tread; the place smelt of mildew and of damp; and when one of the pointing fingers brushed her head as she passed under it, and bent like a finger of flesh, Susie uttered a moan of terror and shrank back, fearful to go forward, until she realized that the pointing fingers were only bunches of ancient fungus, that hung pendent from the vaulted roof.

A few barrels, broken for the most part and encircled with rusty hoops of iron, showed that the vaults had been put to use within the memory of man. But it was evident that these were relics only, and that they had nothing to do with the attraction those grimy depths had for her husband.

But when she had got used to the arrangement of the pillars and to the dim light, she espied in a corner of the vault another ladder, and, running to it and looking up, saw that the vaulting had been hacked away at this point also, and that the ladder led straight up to the hole thus made, just as in the case of that by which she had descended.

The poor young wife felt sick with dread as she clutched the ladder, and, creeping softly up, listened before trying to push open the board which, as in the case of the other entrance, covered the hole made in the vaulting.

She could hear faint sounds of voices, those of a woman and of young children, but not plainly enough for the speakers to be very near. Pressing her hand against the board above her she raised it easily at one end, and, satisfied that the action had attracted no attention from anyone above, she grew bolder, pushed the board right back, and peered into the room to which the ladder led.

It was a wretched little room in a house of the poorest class, with a cheap paper—dark and dirty with age—on the walls, no carpet upon the floor, an old deal table, rickety with long service, under the window, and a broken-down sofa.

On this sofa was a neat little pile of bedclothes, consisting of a brown "charity" blanket, a hard pillow, a couple of sheets of

"SHE PUSHED THE BOARD RIGHT BACK AND PEERED INTO THE ROOM."

the coarsest texture, and a coverlet which appeared to have been once a kitchen tablecloth of red and white cotton.

This sofa, together with an old and dilapidated iron washstand, stood behind a screen which had been cheaply and ingeniously contrived out of part of an old clothes-horse and a number of newspapers neatly pasted together.

The rest of the furniture was on a level with these specimens: one wooden kitchen chair, one cane-bottomed, one of wicker, two rough deal boxes for seats, wardrobe, or table. This was all.

Susie gazed around her with dumb amazement.

What strange errand brought Rothley here?

She glanced at the table and saw that both that and one of the deal boxes were piled high with addressed envelopes. This, evidently, was the means of livelihood of some poor wretch who occupied the room. A second look, however, startled Susie and kept her rooted to the spot.

The envelopes were addressed in her husband's handwriting.

Did he, in the goodness of his heart, help some unhappy man to earn a scanty livelihood by doing part of his work for him?

But this idea Susie, simple as she was, had to dismiss almost as soon as it occurred to her. A more sinister notion seized her as again she heard the voice of a woman scolding her children, and she asked herself whether Rothley was faithless to her. Full of this new idea, and trembling with excitement, she unlocked and opened the door of the room, and found herself face to face with a woman indeed, but surely not a rival.

Thin, haggard, plain of feature and heavy of aspect, down at heel, slatternly and of the most poverty-stricken and unprepossessing aspect, the woman, who stared at her and dropped a curtsy, at once ceased her scolding tone and became not only civil but obsequious.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't hear you come in. Did Mr. Greening let you in himself, ma'am?"

Susie scarcely knew what to answer. She had put on her hat to protect her head from the sun as she got in at the study window, therefore she looked as if she might have come in by the door like an ordinary caller.

As she stood a moment hesitating, glancing in silent anxiety from the slatternly woman to the crying child clinging to her skirt, and to the small boy with a very dirty face in her arms, there came a change over the attitude and manner of the woman.

From obsequious she grew suspicious, sullen.

"What were you doing there, locked in with Mr. Greening?" she asked, with sudden shrillness. "I don't allow visitors here, only those that come in the ordinary way of business to give him work."

"What work?" asked Susie, with trembling lips.

She guessed who Mr. Greening would prove to be.

"Why, writing and—and such-like, what he does," answered the woman, sullenly.

With strong constraint upon herself Susie asked, "And are you—are you Mrs. Greening?"

She knew that she scarcely hid the relief she felt when the woman said, sulkily, "No; my name's Prebble. But," she added, with a touch of a sort of aggressiveness, as she detected the look on the lady's face, "I don't know that I mayn't be Mrs. Greening by-and-by. And who, may I ask, are you?" As Susie hesitated to answer, the woman's tone grew still more insolent, and, pushing by Susie, she said, "For that matter, I'll have it out of Mr. Greening himself."

Seizing the moment when Mrs. Prebble put her head into the room out of which Susie had just come, the latter fled down the narrow passage to the open front door, and with infinite relief found herself in the street.

But such a street! Poverty, dirt, neglect, had left their traces upon each house, each foot of roadway. Every house was let out in tenements, and out of every other window—all open, as if gasping for a breeze on the hot summer evening—there leaned a man in shirt-sleeves, an untidy woman, or a couple of noisy children. Susie, with her brain in a state of utter confusion and perplexity, went quickly down the narrow, stuffy street, through a court at the end, and into one of the broader, better-kept streets which she knew.

She felt so sick with excitement and indefinite terrors that, when she got in sight of her own house and saw a man watching the front door from the other side of the way, she at once made up her mind that he was a detective, and that he was on the look-out for an opportunity of meeting her husband.

The guess was a shrewd one. Susie, childish as in many respects she was, had sharp eyes, and her new discoveries, her fears and her adventures, had prepared her for the worst. She rang the bell, after one shuddering, apprehensive glance at the man on the watch, and was not in the least surprised when, turning, she saw that he had crossed over the road.

The door being by this time opened by the trim little maid, Susie slipped in quietly and shut it in the man's face.

She had no time to ask where her husband was, for at that moment Rothley came out of the dining-room, with a very white and haggard face. Susie, with new energy, pushed him back into the room, and said, quickly:—

"There is a man asking for you. What does he want?"

Rothley evidently knew of this, for he did not look surprised.

"How should I know what he wants?" he said, sullenly. "What is more to the purpose is this: where have you been?"

She looked at him steadily.

"You know, I think. Rothley, I've found out why you are so deaf when I knock at the study door. It's because you're not there."

"Where am I, then?" said he, looking at her askance.

"You go out through a trap-door in the floor, and through the vaults——"

She had got to this word when they were both startled by a loud knock at the front door. Rothley made for the door of the room. But Susie put herself in his way.

"No," said she, stubbornly, seizing him by the arm with considerable strength of muscle. "You shall not go till you have given me an explanation. Why are you Rothley Beech in one house and Greening in another?"

"How can I stop to tell you now? Let me go, I say. You are bound to help me out of my difficulties. Do you forget that you're my wife?"

Susie hurled herself upon him and looked straight into his eyes.

"*Am* I your wife? Am I really your wife?" she asked, in a hissing whisper.

To her consternation Rothley grew livid. But he answered:—

"To the best of my belief, you are."

She relaxed her grip with a strange sinking at the heart. He was out of the room in an instant. And as for the moment her senses seemed to reel under the blow of his strange answer, Susie was suddenly brought to herself by the entrance of the maid, who, with a face full of alarm, said in a low voice that the man had come again.

Susie pulled herself together, bowed her head, and then, with almost as much composure as if she had had no hideous fears at her heart, followed the maid into the hall and found herself face to face with the man from across the road.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I must see Mr. Beech," said he.

"You can't see him now, for he's not in," said she, quietly.

But he knew by her face that she was not quite so innocent as she wished to appear.

"He was here a moment ago," said he, quickly. Then, as her pale face showed that she was in the secret of her husband's disappearance, he added: "I saw him at the window, behind the curtain." He paused for a moment, and then said: "The fact is, ma'am, I'm sorry to have to tell you that I have a warrant."

"Warrant! What — has he done?"

The man hesitated.

"I'd rather not say, ma'am. Persuade him to see me, if you can."

Susie knew that by this time Rothley was out of reach, so she was bold.

"He's not here at all," she said, emphatically. "So you had better tell me at once why you want him."

The man hesitated yet a moment, then he said:—

"Well, ma'am, if you must know, it's—it's for desertion of his wife and child."

"I'M SORRY TO TELL YOU THAT I HAVE A WARRANT."

Prepared as she was for some unpleasant surprise, Susie was taken aback by this statement. But she bore it well. Something in Rothley's face and voice when, a few moments previously, she had challenged him as to her own position, made her believe that he had not told her the truth. So she said, modestly but bravely:—

"This is a shock to me, of course, but I think it's a mistake. If you wish to look for him you can do so."

The man saluted and left the hall, and Susie, with a fast-beating heart, heard him go from room to room examining, searching. Rothley had been artful enough to anticipate this visit, and had therefore left the study unlocked, to avoid exciting special attention to that apartment. The consequence was that the detective soon satisfied himself that his bird had flown and left the house, where poor Susie, alone in her perplexity and desolation, could find nothing better to do than to have a good cry.

She was utterly bewildered by her discoveries of the day, and unable either to understand the meaning of what she had found out or to realize what was going to happen to her.

Was she Rothley's wife? Had he made a way of escape for himself by taking a second name? And, if so, did he believe that he could trust her to keep his secret?

The answer to one of these questions, if not two, came by the midday post, when she received this note. It was dated "Bristol," and ran thus:—

MY DARLING WIFE, — I know I can trust you not to give me away. I suppose you know where I am. As soon as I can I will find out a way for us both to escape. Until then, lie low, as I am going to do. Burn this without fail. — Your devoted husband, ROTHLEY.

But Susie, though she had loved her husband as a good wife should when she looked upon him as an honest man, and though she had even kept his secret faithfully when she knew him to be nothing of the kind, was far too much shocked by the discoveries she had made concerning his underhand ways to entertain for him the same affection as before.

She would keep his secret; she would not betray his way of escape, but she was quite resolved that she would have nothing more

to do with him unless, as was very unlikely, he could give her a satisfactory explanation of his strange conduct, and convince her that he had acted fairly by her. This, in the face of the detective's visit, did not seem probable.

Nearly a week passed, and still she heard nothing of Rothley. More than once she felt tempted to make her way again to the house where "Mr. Greening" had lived, but she did not like to do this, as she now doubted the identity of that person with Rothley on the one hand, and was unwilling to encounter Rothley again on the other.

And while she thus lived in a state of miserable doubt and uncertainty, Miss Eleanor Beech called again upon her.

Susie challenged her at once, by asking whether she had heard of the warrant. Miss Beech admitted that she had, and said also that she had received a letter from her nephew, dated from London, informing her that the woman who claimed to be his wife, having had a husband living at the time she went through the ceremony of marriage with him, had no claim upon him whatever.

"He didn't tell me that," said Susie, doubtfully.

"My dear," said Miss Beech, "whether he told you so or not, you can take nothing Rothley says without corroboration. I have long since learnt that. Now he appears to have deserted you, as he deserted this other woman. What are you going to do?"

Susie drew herself up.

"I'm only waiting to hear from Rothley or to see him to tell him that I will have nothing more to do with him," she said, with decision.

"But what if he is really your husband, as he says?"

"That will make no difference," said Susie, who, together with her childlike straightforwardness and simplicity, had some common sense and a strong sense of honour and honesty. "He has not been frank with me, and I cannot love and honour a man I can't trust."

But the loyal creature would not confess to Miss Beech the mysterious deceit which Rothley had practised upon her, feeling that she ought to give him a chance of explaining himself before she did so.

Miss Beech, though she thought Susie's conduct inexplicable, was touched by the simple creature's bravery and straightforwardness. She told her she should herself remain at Clifton until Rothley reappeared or wrote again, and in the meantime she insisted on taking the forlorn young woman under her protection, in making Susie her companion in her drives and walks, and in the charitable errands with which the elder lady filled up her leisure.

Susie asked for nothing better. Day after day she accompanied Miss Beech, who grew rapidly fond of her, in her drives and walks, until at last one day they entered that very back street to a house in which Rothley's secret passage led.

Susie was seized with a presentiment that she could not account for, a presentiment that it was to the very house she knew that they were going. She stopped short and touched Miss Beech's arm.

"Who are you going to see here?" she asked, in a low voice.

"A poor man who is in rapid consumption," answered the elder lady, "and who has a wife and two delicate children to support by such light work as he can do. Why?"

For she was surprised at the sudden pallor which overspread her companion's pretty face.

"What is his name?" asked Susie, quickly, as Miss Beech, after looking at the number, stopped before the very house to which Susie herself had made her way through the vaults.

"Greening," replied Miss Beech. "Well, aren't you coming in with me?"

Susie had shrunk back a step and shook her head.

"No. It's warm and stuffy in those little houses. I'll—I'll wait for you," stammered she.

And Miss Beech went alone up the steps and knocked at the shabby door. It was opened by the very woman, pale, haggard, but not so slatternly as before, whom Susie had previously seen.

Miss Beech asked for Mr. Greening, and was told in reply that he was "very sadly, very sadly indeed, but working as hard as he always does, ma'am."

Down the dark and narrow passage they went, and a knock at the door of the little back room was answered by a voice which made Miss Beech start.

"Come in!"

The door was opened by the woman, and Miss Beech, entering quickly, found herself opposite a deal table, at which, bending down and writing industriously, addressing envelope after envelope in frantic haste, was a pitiful figure, pale, thin, stooping, in a shabby coat without a collar.

Miss Beech stared at him without a word till the door was shut, and the pale man stared at her.

Then she spoke.

"And pray, Rothley, what are *you* doing here?"

He saw at once that the game was up.

"Well," said he, rising slowly and playing with his pen, while he stared defiantly at his aunt, "I'm directing envelopes. One must do something, you know."

Miss Beech nodded, with a strange smile on her face.

"I see." She looked at him closely, and then round the room. "So this is the writing — the authorship, your poor wife thinks so much of?"

"Where's the harm? If I can make enough money by directing envelopes to keep her——"

Miss Beech, who was a matter-of-fact person, brought down her fist sharply upon the table. "Bosh!" said she. "Your directing envelopes, your 'light employment,' is only of a sham, a blind. You are a begging-letter impostor, neither more nor less, and it is for the purposes of your imposture that you have taken the name of Greening, and I dare say a dozen other names too."

Rothley turned pale. He saw that protests were of no avail against this determined stand.

"How did you find me out?" he asked, impudently.

"AND PRAY, ROTHLEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

"By a letter you wrote to a friend of mine, who, good creature that she is, knowing that I was at Clifton, begged me to hunt out this unhappy and most deserving case and to do what I could for him. And so I mean to!" went on Miss Beech, with fire. "And in the first place I'm going to take steps to free your pretty young wife from such an encumbrance."

"You can't," said Rothley, with sudden spirit.

"I think I can, though. There's a warrant out for you, as you have left your real wife chargeable to Chelsea parish."

"She's not my wife," grumbled Rothley, looking rather less easy.

"We've only your word for that, and we don't think that is worth much," retorted his aunt. "I'm going up to see her myself."

At that Rothley drew a long breath.

"Let me see Susie," said he.

"If you so much as try to see her I'll have you locked up," replied his aunt, promptly. "So you know now just what our relative positions are. Who is the woman who let me in? Another wife?"

"No," said Rothley, sullenly.

"An accomplice, then, I'm pretty sure."

Rothley made no answer, but looked sullenly down.

"Some of your letters profess to be written by your wife. They are in a woman's hand. Written by this woman and dictated by you, I have no doubt."

Rothley grew nervous.

"Don't talk so loudly," said he. "She doesn't know much, and I don't want her to know any more. Just look out into the passage, will you, aunt, to see whether she's listening?"

Miss Beech, surprised by this coolness, obeyed. She opened the door and looked out, peering into the dark corners. When she drew her head in again, having seen no one, Rothley had disappeared.

The window was shut; the chimney was narrow. Miss Beech, pale and trembling, went out of the room and out of the house.

As she and Susie met their eyes betrayed certain knowledge which presently brought them to mutual confession.

Miss Beech took Susie straight back to the house where she herself was staying, and never again, except in the company of her kind protectress, did Susie return to the house by the vaults.

Rothley disappeared from sight, and there was strong reason for believing that he had transferred himself and his misplaced abilities to the other side of the Atlantic. His aunt, justly indignant at his treatment of the two women he had so basely deceived, found out the unhappy wife he had first married, and learned that he had deserted her because she had refused to help him in his begging-letter impostures.

There being no truth whatever in Rothley's statement that this first wife was a married woman before he went through the ceremony of marriage with her, Miss Beech aided Susie to sue for a decree of nullity of marriage.

Her title of Mrs. Beech, however, Susie declined to give up, though her protectress, Miss Beech, tried to persuade her that she had no right to it. Susie was entirely irrational on one side of her nature, and she insisted that, as she had believed herself to be really married, she had a perfect right to keep the name to which she had become accustomed.

The matter, however, does not threaten to become a permanent source of disagreement between the ladies, for, to judge by the constant visits of George Merridew and the confidences he has to pour into Miss Beech's ear, there seems a prospect that in the future Susie may have to undergo another change of surname.

No matter how strongly her pride may urge her to keep a haughty bearing to Merridew, Susie cannot but remember that, having found out that Rothley was a scoundrel, Merridew at once came to the help of his old love with as much boldness as delicacy, and that the deceit practised upon a guileless and amiable girl found no weak points in his great love.

Miss Beech discovered, by strict investigation, that the too ingenious Rothley had been plying the trade of begging-letter writer with great success for eighteen months. Clever enough to realize that he must be prepared for investigation into his case, he had established himself at Mrs. Prebble's, from which address he industriously wrote appeals to the charitable under a variety of names.

Having fallen in love with pretty Susie, and being aware of the existence of the old vaults which lay under the houses and extended from the respectable street to the shabby one, Rothley, who knew that he dared not run the risk of going openly from the one house to the other, had devised the ingenious plan of utilizing the underground communication between the two, and had boldly set up housekeeping with his pretty bride within a stone's throw of the wretched room which Mrs. Prebble believed to be his only home.

How long he could have hoped to keep up the double deception nobody could tell; but, having provided himself with ample means of escape in case of discovery, it is probable that he had troubled himself very little about that.

Whether he prospered in the new country to which he fled his aunt never exactly knew. But the description given of a swindler, who was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the United States soon after, tallied sufficiently with that of Rothley for her to believe that he had met with the punishment his misdeeds well deserved.

Some Recent Remarkable Inventions.

THE inventive genius is ever with us, and many and weird are the products of his brain. Let us proceed to give a few brief particulars of some recent remarkable inventions which are well worthy of being accorded a due meed of praise.

It seems quite natural nowadays to turn to the land of the Stars and Stripes for something new. The Pnuemoslito is a very ingenious machine, in the nature of an auto ice-boat, which an American man—Mr. J. Bruce Macduff, of Brooklyn—has recently perfected for the purpose of making rapid journeys, and breaking speed records, over the ice and snow of the vast, illimitable fields of the frozen North.

THE SCREW WHICH DRIVES THE PNUEMOSLITO.

The nature of the machinery of this new invention can be seen by a glance at the accompanying illustrations.

The motor, a little two and three-quarter horse-power machine, is worked by gasoline, and when the machinery is connected a couple of turns of the crank sets the motor going, which drives the screw shown in the first photograph and which is just perceptible in the other two, where it is rapidly revolving. This screw acts upon the air in exactly the same way that a steamer's screw acts upon the water. The propeller clutch is put in contact, and in less than sixty seconds the vehicle moves away, gaining rapidly in speed, and eventually rushes along at a breezy pace, until checked by pressure of the ice-brake, a particularly necessary precaution when it is desirous of turning a corner in safety.

The best speed attained is twenty miles an hour, on a long, free course, and it wants but a simple mathematical calculation to figure out the proportionate results with a motor of fifty horse-power. It would be quite possible to use such a powerful engine, although it would necessitate the use of twin propellers of six feet diameter.

Its inventor claims many things for it. Thousands of miles of frozen rivers, lakes, and seas—an almost boundless territory, unknown to any form of transit—could be travelled by the Pnuemoslito.

THE PNUEMOSLITO ON WHEELS.

THE PNUEMOSLITO AS A SLEDGE.

The Topodict is a clever instrument recently perfected by Herr Otto Eichenberger, of Geneva, Switzerland, and by its aid a manipulator can fix the exact location of far-distant buildings, scenery, or even view some event happening, and at the same time reproduce the exact form of the same on paper. It is, in fact, a visual instrument for observing and tracing panoramas, for determining the place of a signal, a fire, or anything else which the observer at the machine is desirous of locating.

THE TOPODICT—AN INSTRUMENT BY WHICH ANYONE CAN MAKE A PERFECT DRAWING IN PERSPECTIVE.

Without becoming too technical, it may be stated that the Topodict is a kind of pantograph and telescope combined. The spy-glass is placed on what is called a pintle support, and being balanced perpendicularly can be inclined in every direction. In each of its movements it acts, by means of a system of cranks and bent levers, upon an arm the extremity of which is so regulated that the point is always touching the paper on the flat board, and as the eye follows the lines of the outspread panorama so the pencil accurately traces the same.

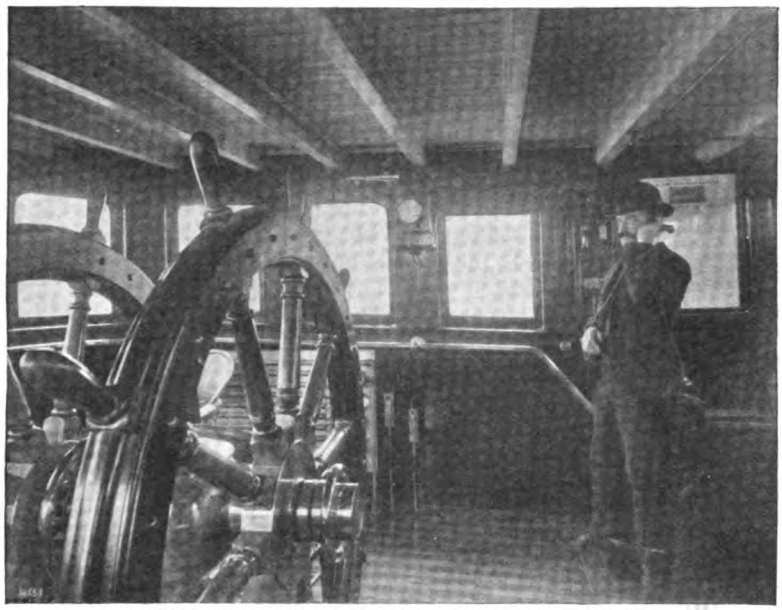
More than sixty of these apparatus are in use in Switzerland, at the mountain hotels, in private grounds, upon the public squares, the scientific laboratories, and the fire departments. There is also one in use on the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Another ingenious contrivance for long-distance sighting is a new Telemeter which Lieutenant L. Vittoris Saporetti, of the Sixth Battalion Alpine Chasseurs, has recently invented. By its aid it is possible to accurately measure the distance of fixed objects as well as of those moving away from, or towards, the observer. The sighting lens is an astonishingly powerful one and the entire instrument is simple and portable. By means of a delicate swinging needle it is possible to record on an indicator attached to the little machine the exact distance measured.

A soldier can easily carry the Telemeter slung over his shoulder, and the proper range for firing when on a battlefield could be found in three seconds after the command to sight was given. The Italian Government has adopted this valuable invention, and intend using it largely in the army for field practice and during army manœuvres.

A submarine signal telephone for use under water has been perfected by an American inventor connected with the Submarine Signal Company of Boston, U.S.A. By its aid the dangers of navigating a ship in or near dangerous spots may be obviated. The invention is one which has been considered so valuable that it has been put into operation by the United States

THE TELEMETER—AN INSTRUMENT FOR ASCERTAINING THE EXACT DISTANCE OF AN ENEMY OR OTHER OBJECT.



"TELEPHONE-EARS" WHICH WARN A SHIP OF SUBMARINE DANGERS.

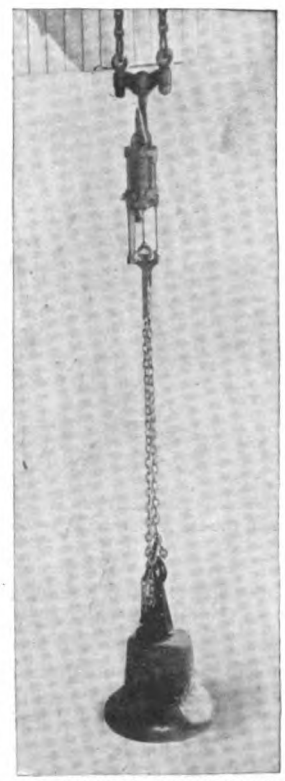
Government. The system consists of a code of bell signals worked in conjunction with bells installed at stations where hitherto it was necessary to have bell buoys or lighthouses.

These bells at the station can be heard distinctly by the captain or pilot on board ship. Each station having a certain signal, the name of the place is told; furthermore, the pilot can tell to a small fraction of a point in what direction the station is located. In foggy weather particularly, such a contrivance is of inestimable value.

The submarine bell is hung over the side of the lightship, supported by chains, so as to be from twelve to twenty feet below the keel; or, in the case of lighthouses, the bell is supported under water by a buoy, and is connected with the shore by an electric cable which operates the mechanism. By a proper apparatus any number of strokes may be given by which any particular bell may communicate to the observer its number, and hence its location.

The transmitter for collecting the sound is placed inside of the ship. No holes are made in the side of the ship, and only such braces as are needed to support the transmitter cases are required. These are fastened directly to the sides of the ship.

The observer on board the ship ascertains the direction of the signal bell by an apparatus stationed in the wheel-house, at which he listens with an ordinary telephonic ear-piece. Switches operated at that point enable him to compare the sound received on one side of the ship with the sound received on the other, and by observing the difference in intensity the direction of the bell is found. On whichever side the sound appears to be loudest there the submarine bell is located. A more careful description of the method of obtaining the exact direction cannot be given without elaborate diagrams. It is sufficient to say that, by swinging the ship a little, and comparing one side of the ship with the other until both sides seem to hear the submarine bell with the same intensity, the exact location of the submarine bell may be obtained. The sound vibration passing through the water is communicated to the side of the ship's hull, and then in turn to the liquid or water in the transmitter case.



THE SUBMERGED SIGNAL BELL CONNECTED WITH THE TELEPHONE.

Inserted in the top of the receiver is an electric transmitter, from which wires are run to the pilot-house of the ship. The wires are connected with a battery and the primary coil of an induction coil in the usual way; the telephone receives the second coil.

It is obvious that when a sound impulse is

given to the liquid in the receiver it will be transmitted electrically to the telephone receiver in the pilot-house, as the sound travels through the water in every direction from its source.

At night upon the telephone box may be seen, when the switch is turned on the port side, a small electric green light; on the starboard side a red light, allowing the pilot thereby to readily determine in what direction the danger-signal is located, and by holding the 'phone to his ear locate, as already stated, the exact point of the compass from which the sound proceeds.

Another most important use of this invention will be in time of war to ascertain the approach of a submarine boat, a use which is quite feasible, so sensitive is the receiving apparatus.

There came to port in Gloucester, Massachusetts, U.S.A., recently, the strangest craft Yankee eyes had ever looked upon. It was a small, egg-shaped lifeboat, and from a hole in its curved top four men stepped upon New England soil after having spent nearly six months on stormy seas in travelling from Aalesund, Norway, to the American port.

The young captain, M. Ole Brude, who has

THE EGG-SHAPED LIFEBOAT IN WHICH FOUR MEN SPENT SIX MONTHS IN SAILING FROM NORWAY TO MASSACHUSETTS.

only just turned twenty-four years of age, is the inventor of the vessel, which he has called the *Uraad*, and she was built by him as a model of an unsinkable lifeboat. Under the auspices of the French Government a competition is thrown open to the entire world, its object being to secure a lifeboat that shall minimize the dangers of the sea, and be adopted as the standard lifeboat by all the great Transatlantic lines of the world.

The successful inventor will receive fifty thousand pounds from the French Government for his patent, and it was a desire to win this prize that took the young Norwegian inventor across the seas in stormy weather in his rather uncanny vessel. The illustration shows of what peculiar shape is this doughty little craft, now being overhauled in Boston preparatory to a trip to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and New York, U.S.A., and then a voyage to France, where her captain will submit her to the French authorities in the hope of securing the offered reward.

As she rests upon the water the *Uraad* appears not unlike a small submarine boat, with the difference that her back—the section remaining above the water—is perfectly ellipsoidal in shape, and both the stem and the stern are rounded rather than pointed, like the small end of an egg. From tip to tip the boat measures eighteen feet in length, and the widest part of the interior measures, from side to side, six feet.

Apparently the crew of this strange craft, when below, are shut away from the world, and the question naturally arises, how do they get air in sufficient quantity to make life possible? They depend upon the queer-looking mast for their supply of oxygen; this is a hollow tube, and the air is forced down by means of an automatic pump. The vessel is built of small steel plates from one and a half to two and a half feet square, riveted and bolted solidly together, and rendered absolutely water-tight. From the upper shell, and located about five feet aft of the upper point of the greatest vertical depth, rises a small conning-tower one foot in height and one foot in diameter, containing four port-holes, through which the steersman is enabled to shape his course and obtain a full view of the sea on all sides.

An iron guard-rail encloses the top of the upper back, and at the rear of the conning-tower and at a similarly located point in the bow are two man-holes, two feet in diameter, closed from the inside by swinging steel covers, which, when shut, fit with absolutely

water-tight closeness. These two holes furnish the means of ingress and egress to the boat.

The motive-power of the boat, when under way, is procured by means of a small lateen sail fitted to a twenty-foot steel or wooden mast, located just forward of the fore man-hole. The sheet of the sail runs through a block fastened just aft of the conning-tower and can be easily tended by the steersman, without necessitating his climbing to the outside of the vessel. The steel shell of the boat is strengthened on the inside by ten circular steel ribs.

THE CAPTAIN-INVENTOR, AND THE CREW OF THE "URAAD," THE STRANGEST BOAT EVER BUILT.

Extending completely around the outside of the vessel at the water-line is a wooden fender five by five inches, protected on the outside by an iron guard-strip. Two small port-holes in the forward nose of the structure furnish for the inmates the only light save that coming in through the conning-tower, and also give the boat the outward aspect of some submarine fish with two round green eyes. The *Uraad* weighs two and a half tons without ballast. To keep her from rolling over in the heavy seas, and to furnish better sea poise, between the upper and the lower decks she is fitted with four tanks with the capacity of forty barrels of water. Two of these tanks were used in the voyage across for water supply, and two for the storing of supplies for the crew, the provisions thus serving the double purpose of supplies and ballast.

In the centre of the tiny cabin is a long shelf table held in position by two stanchions, upon which are secured the compass and the apparatus for navigation, and which also serves as the table for all other purposes. Extending completely round the sides of the interior is built a locker about two and a half feet high, which answers the purposes of both seat and bed for those travelling in the boat. The top of this locker is supplied with cushions filled with deer-hair, which could, in case of emergency, be fitted on and used as life-preservers.

In the course of an interesting conversation on the practicability of his little vessel, the inventor said:—

"To my knowledge there has never been a life-saving boat that has stood a test such as I have applied to the *Uraad*. I planned and have built her with the single purpose of proving that an absolutely safe refuge could be provided to shipwrecked passengers in time of danger on the ocean. The boat weighs but two and a half tons, or, at the maximum, three tons when fully equipped for a long voyage. She will accommodate with ease eleven men on each side, or twenty-two passengers in all. Forty persons could be conveyed in her with a little crowding. She will carry six months' provisions and water for four, or about a month's supplies for her minimum carrying capacity — twenty-two.

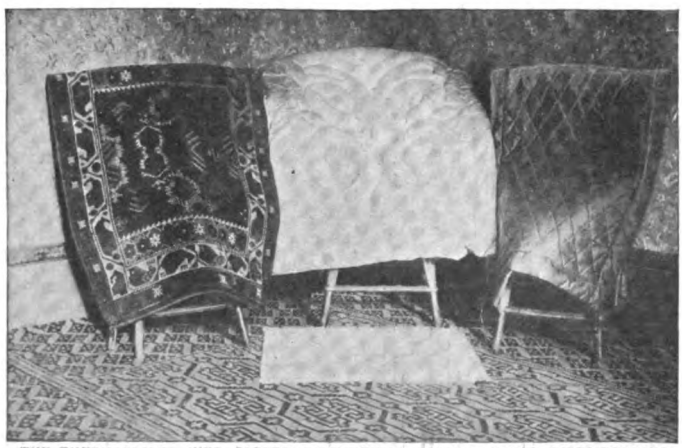
"Such a boat could be easily carried on all the passenger liners. In a moment of disaster she could be quickly swung overboard by means of davits, and every person getting aboard her would be almost certain of rescue, for in a month's time such a boat would certainly be sighted by passing ocean traffic. We carry lanterns aboard, and the boat is also supplied with blue lights, which are burned in the night whenever a vessel is sighted. The interior space is sufficient to provide sitting conveniences and provisions for passengers so long as they would be likely to have to remain there. Contrary to the generally-expressed belief that the boat, in times of terrific seas, is likely to roll over, I assure you there is not the slightest danger of such a thing happening.

"During our experience in coming across it was surprising how little rolling we were

obliged to undergo. The *Uraad* floated lightly on the top of the heavy seas that swept around us. Looking out of the conning-tower I have often seen a wave thirty feet high sweeping toward us, but instead of breaking over the boat, as you might have expected, it lifted her high upon its crest.

"The six miles which can be obtained with a favourable wind is all that could be expected from a vessel of this kind, built, not for the purpose of speed, but for safety. She carries also what is termed a water-catcher—a large, umbrella-shaped apparatus of thick water-tight canvas, eight feet in diameter, which can be hoisted to the mast-head during a rain-storm, and so fresh water can be obtained. A rubber tube for conveying the rain thus caught runs from the bottom of the umbrella to the tanks below the upper deck."

The last invention dealt with in this article is the Thermophile, one of the most ingenious contrivances ever devised. Its originator is a Frenchman, M. Camille Herrgott, of Belfort, France. By the aid of the Thermophile it is possible to furnish heat by means of a fine electric wire of peculiar construction, which can be woven into any covering, such as rugs, blankets, or cushions, and all that is required is a very small electric battery. The inventor claims that his marvellous little heating apparatus will do away with the necessity of ever having fires in even the coldest of weather.



THE THERMOPHILE—RUGS, CARPETS, AND QUILTS HEATED BY HOT WIRES RUNNING THROUGH THEM.

The Thermophile is so constructed that it can be tucked in the hem of a blanket, run through the seam of a rug, hidden in the cushion of a chair, placed under the springs of a couch, affixed to a carriage robe, inserted in a footstool, arranged in the seat of a carriage, placed in the coaches of a train, or on the cars of an electric tramway. In short, the Thermophile may be brought into use wherever heat is required. In any house, shop, or factory where an electric current is already present for lighting purposes the Thermophile can be utilized by means of fabrics of wool, silk, cotton, or hemp, and the sheen and elegance of any material cannot be marred by the insertion of the little heating device, nor would its flexibility or any other quality be lessened.

There is no danger attached to the use of this device, for the Thermophile is its own circuit-breaker, and consequently a mistake in attaching, a defect in any part, or any other accident would not do more than stop the passage of the current.

The Thermophile certainly opens up a vista of delight if its use should become at all general during the wintry weather. Imagine going up to your bedroom some cold night, when the thermometer outside registers below zero and the atmosphere inside is not much above freezing-point, to find a heated blanket or quilt all ready to throw over you when you turn out the light and jump into bed!

The temperature can be so regulated that the blanket will not become uncomfortable, nor will it be burdensome, for the Thermophile is a little thing and very light. In fact, it is only a thread and a button, the latter serving as a circuit-breaker.

A room in which several of these queer little heaters are placed can be warmed very quickly. It takes the chill off the air by contact with the article in which it is placed, creating a veritable thermo-siphon of the atmosphere, and it warms the body equally by establishing in the air the purest atmosphere. The Thermophile is itself purified and made antiseptic by the passage of a current at a temperature sufficient to kill all germs.

The Story of a Nightingale.

By S. L. Bensusan.

WHEN the long journey was over, this nightingale, now a three-year-old bird, remained in the Heron Wood, while his companions, after a brief rest, spread themselves over the surrounding country. Others of his family arriving from Africa had landed at points on this island, for the most part in the southern counties. There was no confusion or indecision about their movements. Tired with their long flight, the birds rested for a few days in the most secluded parts of the adjacent woodlands, and then made their way without hesitation to the district that was to be their summer home. It was the second week of April when they reached these shores, and in twenty-four hours England was the richer for the presence of some thousands of nightingales, male birds all; the hens were following in their own packs, and would arrive some seven days later. On reaching the coast they too would spread themselves, so carefully and with such knowledge that never an adult male bird would be left to sing disconsolate.

This silent invasion is an annual affair, and nine-tenths of the people of these islands know no more than that one of the finest voices of the bird world is to be heard in their midst again. Of the long flight from tropical Africa, the difficulties and losses of the way, the halting of the few in Northern Africa and Southern Europe and the sustained energy of the rest, they care nothing.

But our nightingale had realized the hardships of the road, for this was his third visit to these shores, and though he had declared to wife and children in times past that he would not tempt the chances of the journey again, the pilgrim instinct remained unsatisfied until the last mile of road had been covered. To be sure he could not have hoped to make a home and rear his young in the tropical forests. Throughout their long miles of foliage there was a perpetual twilight, save when the lightning or the storm laid low some monarchs of the woodland. Even then the younger trees and creepers would rush to the light, so hurriedly that you might have almost seen them grow, and the twilight speedily resumed its sway. Then, too, there were dangers of every sort; for every one creature that preys upon birds in England there were ten there, and, despite the troubles that beset him, the nightingale could not withhold his betraying song. It was as necessary for him to sing as for the sun to shine and the stars to become visible on cloudless nights.

Who shall do justice, then, to his delight when he fluttered noiselessly through the Heron Wood, from which the primroses had not yet died? Perhaps he shivered a little, remembering the heat that came to his African home with the termination of the rainy season in March; perhaps the woodland, for all the promise of its green buds, looked rather bare and open to prying eyes; but he knew that every morning would find a change for the better, and there was no time for regrets in this season of high hopes.

Some few birds were building, and by the sounds that came from the fir trees above he would have known that the herons had hatched out their young, even if the fragments of blue shell had not caught his eye as he flew past. There were no fewer than three dead herons on the floor of the wood—unfledged baby birds that had fallen out of the high nest, and the nightingale made up his mind that he would build nearer than ever to the ground.

He heard the cuckoo, his African neighbour, practising his notes with rather low, uncertain voice, but he himself remained silent. For the present he had no wish to do more than find a spot that would serve to hold his nest. Having found it he would wait until the lady birds came from oversea.

Of all the bushes he wandered past, the hawthorn seemed most forward—it was an old growth, and the ivy was beginning to twine rather insidiously round the dead wood below. But there was a hollow place only a few inches from the ground that the ivy hid from the path, and the hawthorn would shield from the light, and some three yards away the long branch of a bramble offered a seat from which a bird might be visible to those in the nest. So the nightingale went no farther afield, and contented himself with hunting for worms and insects and noting

where the wood was most lavish with her store.

"The other nightingales are coming," sang the skylark, who from his vantage-ground in cloudland could watch the spring procession of all migrating birds, and, when he heard the news, song came to the waiting bird in an irresistible impulse. The notes so long imprisoned came flowing out in a full, joyous stream of melody. Yes, joyous; the nightingale could not have been more happy, and the poets who feign that his song is full of sadness are quite at fault. Of all the choir of singing men, only Coleridge seems to have guessed the truth. Do you remember his lines:—

> The merry nightingale
> That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
> With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
> As he were fearful that an April night
> Would be too short for him to utter forth
> His love-chant and disburthen his full soul
> Of all its music!

The nightingale was on his mettle. He must sing for love's sake; had he stayed his song, no mate would have come to him. All over the country clever bird-catchers, knowing that this was the proper moment for their activity, were doing their best to trap the male birds, and many a score fell victims to the hair-net trap baited with a meal-worm. So soon as a nightingale had found his mate he would not live a fortnight in captivity; but, caught before he had mated, he would sing his heart out in a cage, waiting for the companion who could never come to him, and his melodious grief would add a shilling or two to his price. But no bird-nesting men came to the Heron Wood—it was too far removed from their beat; and before the nightingale had been three days in song he travelled through the wood with a companion.

I do not know if they had met before in Africa and she had sought him out at the end of some two thousand miles of journeying. Such things are not impossible, though they may seem strange to us, who even now do no more than stand upon the threshold of the House of Knowledge. Suffice it that while other hen birds had scattered over the country, this one stayed on, and her mate sang to her until all the woodland thrilled with his song.

"You're not the only bird that can keep awake," said the cuckoo, rather angrily, for the praise given to the little bird rather tired him. He had learned to keep late hours in Africa, and started an opposition concert as soon as the nightingales broke silence after nightfall.

"My song is more distinctive," he said, complacently, in the interval of his two notes.

I don't think the nightingales gave much heed to him. They were far too busy with their own affairs. There was not quite enough leafage to hide the site of the nest, so the birds contented themselves with hunting for tiny dry twigs, which the hen bird set in the hollow of the stump as a foundation for the nest. By the end of the first week in May the woodland carpet had spread so well and the hawthorn was so far advanced that there was no need to delay operations further, and the hen sought for suitable leaves and herbs and wove them very delicately into a nest, and gave it an inner lining of the finest grasses that the meadows grew. It was a very fragile nest; you and I could hardly have lifted it without spoiling its exquisite symmetry. And when the finishing stroke was made, the mother bird laid five eggs. These were olive-brown in colour, not unlike those of the pheasant, and when laid they had a certain gloss that disappeared slowly during incubation. While the hen bird hatched the eggs the male nightingale sat on the bramble

"WHILE THE HEN BIRD HATCHED THE EGGS THE MALE NIGHTINGALE SAT ON THE BRAMBLE."

he had noted when he chose the site of the nest, and in full view of his mate he sang all day long. By daylight his notes were rather subdued, and his was but a single voice in the woodland choir, but with the evening he seemed to gather strength and passion, as though he knew that half the world that lived in the village beyond was listening. He had no rival, save the woodlark, and even this bird seemed to have a certain delicacy in singing against his foreign competitor. When the warm May nights tempted him to prolong his melodies after sunset, he would seek cloudland for his strongest notes, and subdue his song as he came to earth again, until, by the time he was circling above the meadow or flitting from tree to tree in the hedge, his voice was exquisitely subdued and modulated. Sometimes the blackbird would wake when the nightingale was singing, and flute a few notes as though in imitation, but he loved sleep best and would soon return to it.

When the nightingales left the neighbourhood of their nest they would become suddenly careful again, just as though they had forgotten how the singing betrayed their home to all who sought to find it. They flew rather low down, keeping among the thickest hedges, never seeking the open spaces, and uttering a sharp, shrill call if they were alarmed. Only a practised eye could have noted their flight, for, like all birds of the warbler family, they had no brilliant colouring to attract the eye.

The male bird, who was a trifle larger than his mate, was scarcely more than six inches high and ten inches across when his wings were spread. His straight, sharp beak was brown, and notched in the upper mandible, that there might be no mistake about the family he belonged to. He had three toes in front and a longer one behind, and the general colouring of head and back was an unattractive brown with faint olive spots. The tail had some suggestion of rufous colouring, and his mate's colour-scheme was identical with his own, though less clearly defined. The curious colour-quality of their feathers was only to be seen when they were on the ground in places chequered by sun and shade. Then the feathers glowed and shone in fashion that might have led many observers to mistake their identity. Since larvæ and caterpillars had become plentiful there was little need to wander far for food, and the nightingales did not have the voracious appetite that marked so many birds around them. While there was little need to work, there was ample time to sing, and before the nestlings came out of the eggs the father bird could give hours to his perch in the shade, singing without any prolonged pause and moving his tail as though to keep time to the music. Save when excitement led him to force his notes, his was the true *bel canto* singing, and the birds responded to it as our fathers responded to Mario and Campanini, and we of these later days to Jean de Reszke and Caruso.

Five baby nightingales peopled the nest now, and turned up their funny little yellow mouths that they might be filled freely and often. This was an anxious time; there was less singing and more work. Not only was it a difficult task to gather the delicate insects that were required in sufficient numbers, but it was necessary to keep watch and ward over the nest at a time when magpie, jay, carrion crow, stoat, weasel, and snake were searching hungrily for young birds or eggs. Prudence demanded that the baby birds should have kept very quiet; but when were babies prudent, and how could the parents hush the little cries of joy that rewarded them when they came noiselessly to the nest bearing the welcome food? Happily the nightingales had really hidden their nest very well, but dozens of more careless birds had left theirs exposed to every thieving eye; and while many of the wood's helpless tenants died by violence, these suffered no loss, and in due season the down became feathers and the babies learned to walk, to flutter, and finally to fly. The mother bird found it was easy and profitable to preach prudence then.

It was late June, and with the end of his more active worries and anxieties a curious change came to the male bird. His love and affection seemed to have burned themselves out. He grew fat, just like any prosperous tenor upon whom all the world waits hat in hand. He amused himself with a series of really admirable imitations of his chief rivals—the blackbird, thrush, and lark—often deceiving the birds themselves, and getting them to answer to his call in manner that seemed to be very disconcerting to them when their mistake was known. No bird in the woodland had a very highly-trained ear, and a really clever imitator could deceive any one of them. From the surrounding woods male nightingales had been decoyed in times past by a very clever old poacher who could imitate the April response of the hens. Happily for our friends, this old man's poaching was now being practised in the woods that border the Elysian Fields.

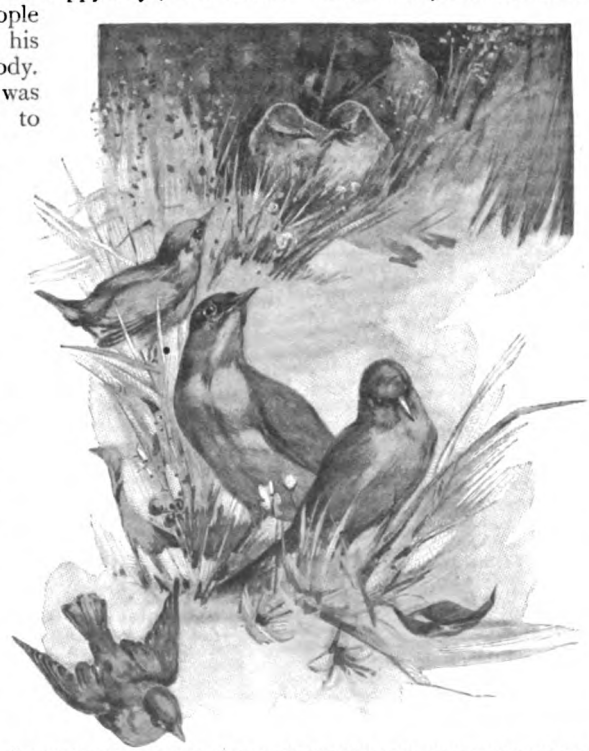
Following the brilliant imitations, perhaps in

consequence of them, the nightingale's own song came to an end. The rich flute-like notes went first, then the trills and roulades became thin and passed, and then there was nothing left but a croaking sound that did not suggest a nightingale at all. The bird snapped, too, as though he were trying to imitate the bark of a dog or fox. But if the great songster lost his voice he did not lose his spirits.

"The song will come back when I want it," he said, with an impudent wink at his mate. "And, for the present, comfort me with cherries, for I am sick of love." So saying he directed his flight to the orchard, where splendid black-hearts were ripe, and in the early hours of the day, when no human fared afield, he showed that as a robber he was hardly second to the blackbird himself. Perhaps if he and his mate had met with no luck in their domestic ventures this deterioration would not have come at all. A few accidents—the loss of wife or little ones, the destruction of the nest—might have kept him in saddest song or, perhaps, have closed his life altogether. But he had not known a serious trouble since the hour of his arrival; he had spent a long succession of happy days, and could not justify the people who would deem his every song a threnody. And though it was doubtless wrong to imitate his neighbours, to live so well and to turn his bill to robbing orchards, all these things made for his happiness, and this happiness was his due, if only for his great gift of song in later April and throughout May and June. It is fair to add, too, that in the days before his young were sufficiently advanced to reach the orchard in safety, he would bring cherries back to the nest so soon as he had satisfied his own requirements. His mate was perfectly happy, for with her, as with him, passion was the affair of a season, and the season had now passed. Throughout July it sufficed to complete the children's training to guide their short, low flights through the shadiest part of the woods, and join in the greatly daring dashes of early morning to the orchard. If her mate's glorious song had gone, she could not help noting with satisfaction that every song in the wood had suffered deterioration. Even the splendid dresses that some birds had assumed with April were fading now, as though the wearer realized that the season demanding the arts of fascination had been left behind; and the delicate pink colouring had gone from the brier-rose and the bramble.

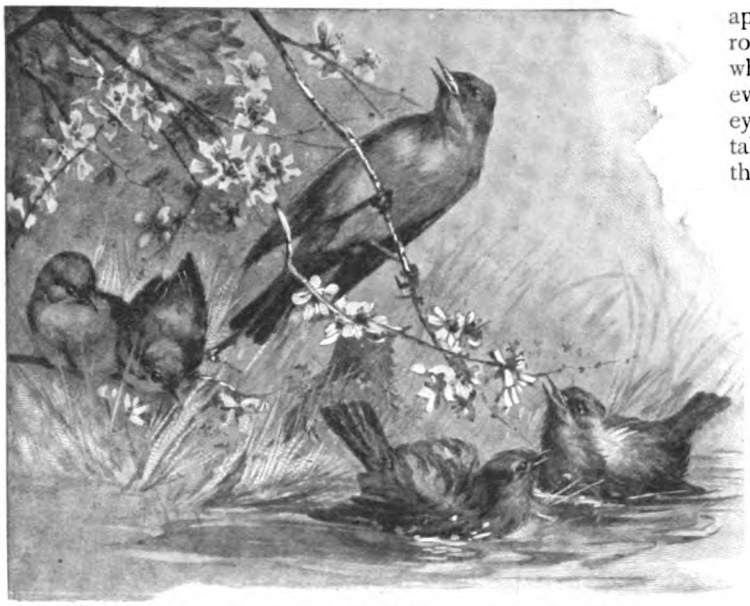
"Since you have ceased from singing I might as well give my voice a rest," remarked the cuckoo, who thought that he alone knew that his two notes had quite worn out.

"I may not sing so well, but I have not tired," cried the lark, as he sought the great fields of air that were his playground. Yet his was a sad song, for the mowing-machine had cut his half-fledged babies to pieces as they chattered fearlessly in the nest, and his mate was desolate.



"A VERY QUIET WATCHER MIGHT HAVE SEEN THE NIGHTINGALE FAMILY WORKING TOGETHER."

A very quiet watcher might have seen the nightingale family working together in the late summer days. They fed on the ground then, hopping lightly from place to place, turning the leaves and grasses and twigs in all places that seemed likely to harbour a grub, and finding some special attraction in the pond that lay in the middle of the wood. The absence of running water had always been a grievance with the parent birds, but they agreed that, while the pond did not



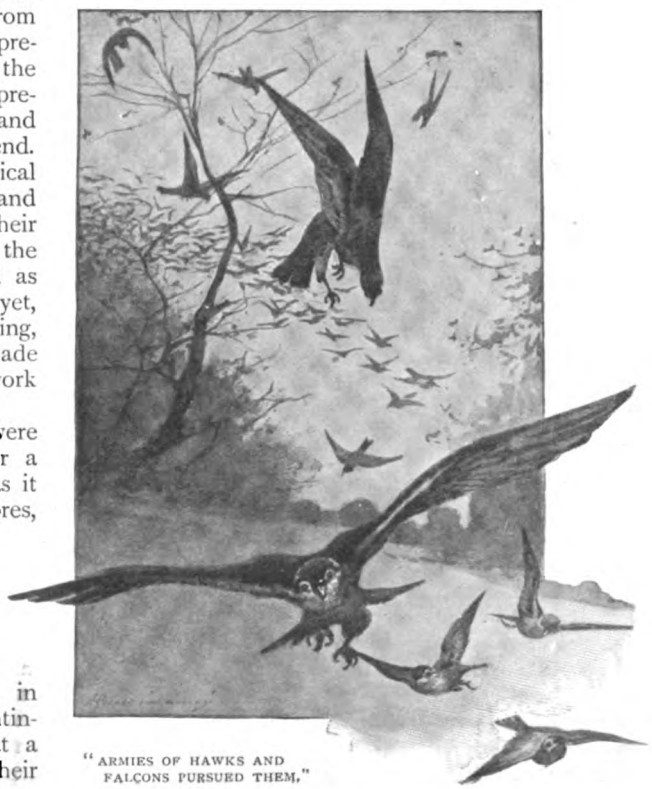
"FINDING SOME SPECIAL ATTRACTION IN THE POND."

yield to summer drought, the Heron Wood was quite a desirable place of residence.

With the approach of autumn, many nightingales, songless now, but in the best of condition, arrived from the more northern counties in preparation for the great flight to the south. Immense enthusiasm prevailed; the season of work and responsibility was nearing its end. The birds that came from tropical regions to spend the spring and summer here thought of their sojourn in these islands as the season of labour, and returned as though to make holiday. And yet, when they came over in the spring, the instinct to rear a family made them quite careless of the work entailed.

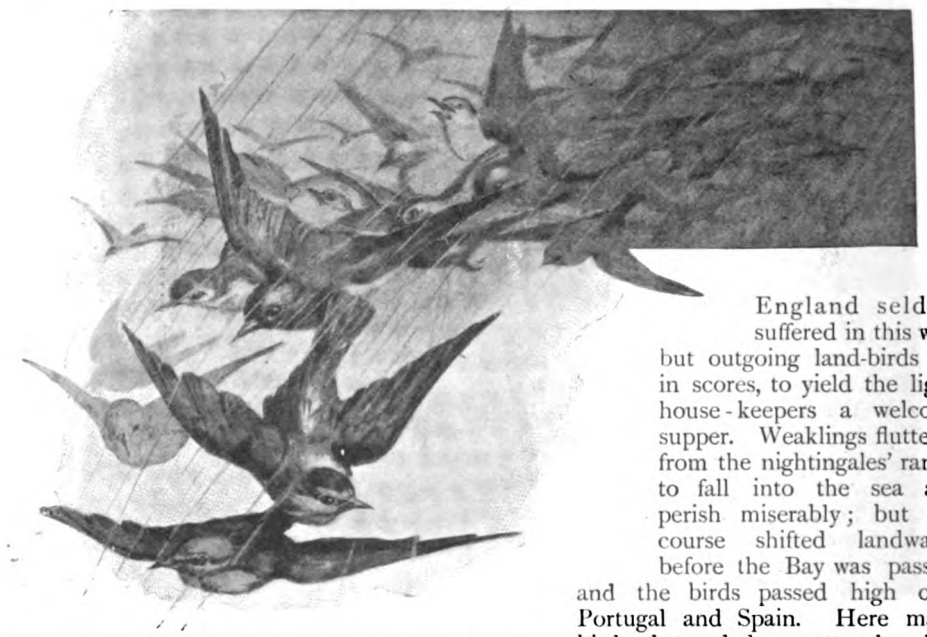
The wood filled up, there were countless migrants waiting for a favourable wind, and as soon as it came and they left these shores, winter visitors would arrive from Northern Europe to fill the vacant places. The winds were very busy, and no wind seemed to blow in vain. In the pale grey hours of an early morning in September the adult male nightingales rose from the wood at a certain given signal from their appointed leaders, and rose to a height from which they were invisible even to the keen, trained eye of the skylark. Birds taking their first flight through those high fields of air wondered why the orders were so stern and definite, and why they were urged by their elders not to leave the party and not to seek any nearer approach to earth.

Two reasons guided the birds that led the way by virtue of their age and experience. First, at that great height they avoided the swift-flying birds of prey that assembled near the coast at this season. So soon as low-flying migrants began the journey, travelling in their thousands



"ARMIES OF HAWKS AND FALCONS PURSUED THEM."

and tens of thousands, over paths that were familiar to them as our waterways are to seafaring men, armies of hawks and falcons that had been waiting for the rich harvest of the migrating season pursued them. Hundreds were slaughtered, and often when the fierce pursuers had satisfied their appetite they would kill for the mere pleasure of killing. Some few families of birds, the nightingales being one, had discovered that only the very high flight availed to protect them against these assaults, and above cloudland, their small size helping them, they escaped.



"FOR MILES THE AIR SEEMED CROWDED WITH FLYING BIRDS."

Then, again, at that great height the road to be followed was quite clearly mapped out; they could note the junction of sea with land, they knew the points for safe descent and the distance to be covered. Moreover, their migration was ruled largely by the winds, and these were blowing southward at the chosen season, and took away great part of the burden of flight. A contrary wind sufficed to hamper the birds and thin their ranks, and in this way the strength of the main body was preserved after all, for the unfit perished and the survivors were hardy and could endure. So in old time, when the children of Israel were summoned three times a year to Jerusalem, the weaklings must have fallen by the way, and the survivors built up the race that called for the full strength of Rome for its subjection.

For miles the air seemed crowded with flying birds, and on the first evening the nightingales could sometimes see stars below as well as above them. These lower stars were lighthouses, another source of danger to low-flying land birds, who too often were attracted by the brilliant glow and would fly into it, only to be crushed against the protecting glass. Sea-birds on their way to England seldom suffered in this way, but outgoing land-birds fell in scores, to yield the lighthouse-keepers a welcome supper. Weaklings fluttered from the nightingales' ranks, to fall into the sea and perish miserably; but the course shifted landwards before the Bay was passed, and the birds passed high over Portugal and Spain. Here many birds descended to rest; they had not the swift headlong flight of the swallows, and could not take the journey without a break. Twilight, whether of the morning or the evening, was the time chosen for rest and for the resumed flight, and the break in the journey was made irregularly, some of the flying columns staying first in Portugal or Spain, and later in Morocco and Algeria. As they went farther south the nightingales came lower and lower, for the sun would not permit them to soar so high as they wished. Luckily for them the swarm of devouring birds had been left behind, and there were few attacks reported. But in many tiny villages of which we never hear a word spoken the natives were on the look-out for the great migration, and in the newly-cleared fields of Southern Portugal and Spain nets were set on the ground, and lanterns were lighted and placed in the middle of the fields, so that birds, half senseless with the fatigue, might be

snared. It seemed to the nightingale, who was now taking his fourth journey to Central Africa, that all the forces of man and Nature were arrayed against his company, and he thought with terror of the hens and younger birds that had yet to follow. Happily he himself was too old to fall into the more obvious traps, and not old enough to succumb suddenly to the strain of flight, as some of the elders did every day.

One morning they saw the Mediterranean far below them, and before midday they were in Africa, passing over the last stretch of salt water by Cape Spartel.

"Some small birds," said the lighthouse-keeper, turning his glass to what looked like a cloud high up in the heavens. "I wonder whether they come from home? I wish I had had their chance of staying there." He was an Englishman, homesick at times.

The birds having risen very high to cross the water, now descended again and passed the night on the great plains of Morocco, where there was never a house for miles round. Discipline was relaxed, the pace of flight was reduced, and as the legions moved towards the edge of the desert very many left the ranks to make their winter homes in the woods that were to be seen on every side. But the most of them persevered, and after resting on the verge of the great sand sea rose before sunrise for the last flight of the journey.

Far below the sand reflected the glare of the sky, the birds seemed to be travelling between two fires, and their sufferings were intense. But keen as the instinct that had drawn them northward with the end of March was the desire that drew them southward now, and apart from the heat they had no enemies.

Down on the shifting sands the long caravans of the merchants stretched like snakes--they were carrying gold dust and salt and slaves between Timbuctoo and the northern oases. Motionless in the sky the heavy vultures hung, waiting for the dying or the dead to be left behind. When one vulture sank earthwards his fellows, sometimes miles away, would note his fall and follow it. By the oases that relieved the desert's grey monotony small groups of antelopes paused for their scanty meal.

"MOTIONLESS IN THE SKY THE HEAVY VULTURES HUNG."

The nightingales hurried on, the desert ended, and they saw across the shining waters of the Niger the impenetrable forests that held their winter home.

How Fitz-Dennis Lifted the Cup.

By Basil Tozer.

EVERYBODY who met Algernon Fitz-Dennis for the first time looked upon him pityingly. "Such a miserable little shrimp," or words more or less to that effect, was, in most cases, the remark they made afterwards to one another. Common-minded people even spoke of him contemptuously. For, in addition to being small of stature, he had a voice so very weak that it sounded quite effeminate, with the result that in his school-days his nickname had been "Miss Algy." Of his many defects, indeed, he was only too painfully conscious, for in spite of his unprepossessing appearance he was far from being either weak-willed or lacking in intelligence. Again and again, in his inmost soul, he had railed at his misfortune in not being as other men were, or as all other men appeared to him to be—robust, healthy, athletic, light-hearted, admired by the opposite sex, popular with their own, and able to enjoy life thoroughly. One true friend he had, however, in whom he could confide. Horace Winterton, his salaried companion, who several years previously had been his tutor, he almost idolized.

The smoking-room of the Great Hotel, in San Francilla, Western America, was very crowded as the two young men sat smoking together one evening, now and again exchanging a casual remark, but for the most part unconsciously listening to the general conversation going on around them. Fitz-Dennis was making a tour of the world "to broaden his ideas," as his parents had expressed it, prior to settling down, as they fondly hoped he would, to a humdrum life in the country place in England which would one day become his, for he was their only child.

"Algy," his companion remarked, when they had been sitting in silence for some time, "you seem preoccupied to-night."

The young man looked up quickly.

"I am," was all he said. When some minutes more had passed, however, he turned again to Winterton.

"Horace," he said, as he dropped his cigarette-end into an ash-tray and began carelessly to trim a long cigar—"Horace, I can't get out of my mind those poor cripple children we saw to-day in that Cripples' Home. Is it true that the place is likely to be 'shut down,' as they say out here?"

"The founder of the home, to whom I introduced you, told me it was going to be closed for certain, owing to lack of funds. I suppose she ought to know."

"And San Francilla full of millionaires! It does seem rather monstrous."

"I quite agree with you."

"If only my father were not so close-fisted! How I wish to Heaven, Horace, I had the handling now of just a tithe of the big fortune I shall come into later! I would send a cheque to-morrow that would keep the place alive and wipe off all its debts. Somehow, those cripple youngsters appeal to me intensely."

Meditatively, he blew a long cloud of smoke into the air.

"What was the name of the beautiful woman, again?" he inquired, suddenly. "Do you mean to say she started the place entirely at her own risk?"

"The manager of this hotel tells me so. Her name is Galvestone — Miss Estella Galvestone."

"She must be one of the best—one of the *very* best. And she couldn't be much lovelier to look at, could she, Horace?"

Winterton peered across a little oddly at his young friend.

"You are not by any means the first who has thought that," he answered.

"You seem to know a lot about her; where did you find it out?"

"The hotel manager has been telling me about her. She is barely twenty-five, so he says, and not over-wealthy, as wealth is understood in this country; but she has had proposals of marriage without end. She seems to be quixotic in her way, too, for she has declared—he also tells me—that she will not marry any man who has not proved in some way that he is in sympathy with suffering humanity. She had a little cripple brother herself who died. It was soon after his death that she started her Cripples' Home, and she still spends large sums upon it every year."

Algernon's brow contracted slightly as he relapsed into thought. Conversation was now growing gradually louder throughout the room. On all sides the word "dollars" seemed ever to be reiterated. Presently his attention was attracted by an excited little group of men seated round a small table not twenty feet away.

"Say," a man of immense proportions was exclaiming, in a cocksure voice—"say, I'll give the man who'll do it five thousand dollars straight away—and that's flat. And I'll give him seven whole days and nights to do it in."

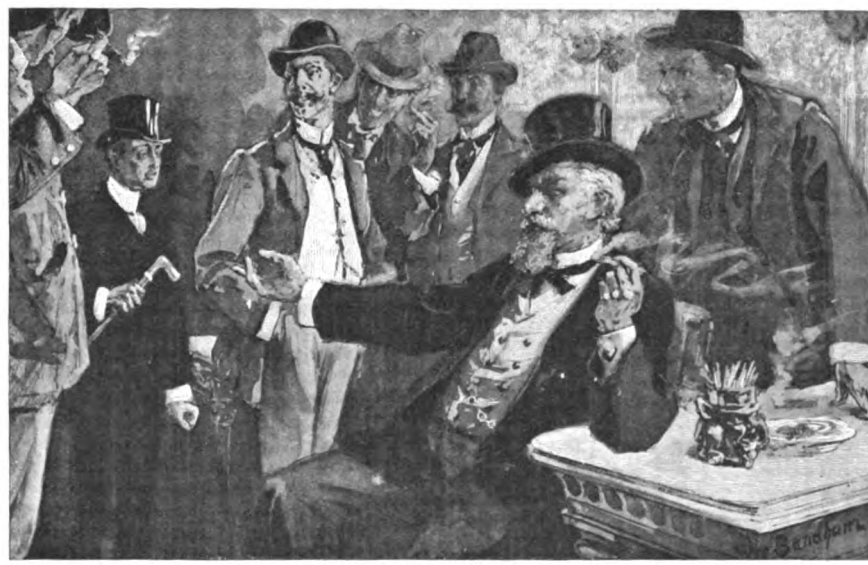
"Say, Jas, what's that deal you're striking?" a jovial voice shouted, in reply, from the other side of the room.

"It's Jas Fische offering five thousand dollars, spot cash, to the man who'll steal one of the silver pitchers out of this hotel without help and not get caught!" the man seated beside the cocksure individual called out, gaily.

"And say!" he cried out, pointing at him with his finger—"say, if that British pollywog pinches it I'll give him *ten* thousand dollars—spot cash!"

And in the roar of laughter that followed Algernon, mortified, cut to the quick, and almost in tears with rage, hurriedly left the room.

The Great Hotel, San Francilla, is famous for many things. It is famous for its height, two hundred and ninety feet, or only twelve feet less than what I believe is still the tallest "sky-scraper" in the world, the renowned Masonic Temple of Chicago,



"SAY, IF THAT BRITISH POLLYWOG PINCHES IT I'LL GIVE HIM TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS."

At this a shout of amusement went up from everybody.

"That's right," Jasper Fische cried out, in high glee. "I'll give five thousand dollars, spot cash, to the man, girl, or lad that gets a silver quart pitcher from this hotel between twelve noon to-morrow and twelve noon to-morrow week and brings it to my home on Thirtieth Avenue and tells me how he did it. He may hide it any way he pleases, except in any article of ordinary luggage. But he must do it on his own, bear that in mind."

He had been looking about him while he spoke. As he ceased speaking his glance rested on Algernon Fitz-Dennis, who had joined the little group now standing round the table at which he sat. Winterton had left the room. At sight of the puny lad Jasper Fische burst into loud laughter.

which is fifty-eight feet lower than St. Paul's Cathedral and one hundred and fifty-two feet higher than our Queen Anne's Mansions. It is famous for having nineteen stories, or only two stories fewer than that same Masonic Temple. It is most famous of all, however, for its elaborate arrangement of elevators—twenty-four elevators in four sets of six, one row of six being in each side of the quadrangular building.

On arriving in Sydney, New South Wales, for the first time, the first question you are asked by the Sydney resident is, "What do you think of our harbour?" The first question the patriotic Californian will ask you if he hears that you have been in California will be, "What did you think of our climate?" And the first question everybody in San Francilla asks every new arrival is, "Have you seen our elevators?"

Algernon Fitz-Dennis and his companion had been shown them the very day after their arrival—that is to say, the entire system by means of which these wonderful elevators are operated had been explained in such detail that both now felt convinced in their own minds that they could have passed almost any examination in the subject. Each elevator, it seemed, had two "guards"—coloured lads for the most part—who worked on an average nine hours a day at a stretch. The elevators marked "Express" shot up from the ground floor to the topmost story without stopping. Those marked "9th express," "12th express," "16th express," and so on, darted up to the ninth, twelfth, or sixteenth floor without stopping. Those marked "Double express," "10th double," "14th double" travelled at full speed to the topmost, tenth, or fourteenth floor, as the case might be, waited there three minutes, and then shot down again to the ground floor. Those with no sign were known unofficially as "slugs," or "snails." They stopped at every story, while the "double slugs" stopped at every story all the way up to the very top of the building, and at every story all the way down again. One "double slug" out of every six elevators ran all night for the convenience of belated passengers. The "expresses" started on their last "up journey" punctually at one a.m. Then they shot down at once from the topmost floor to the ground floor, and to the basement, and then to the concrete bed a few feet below the basement, where the "cage," as the lift itself is technically termed, rested in a narrow tunnel brick-walled on both sides and leading to an unclosed "trap-entrance" in a side street. At six o'clock next morning they began to run again. As each "express" made its last "up journey," the guard in charge of it, with wonderful dexterity and without slackening speed, pushed in a little lever beside the sliding steel door on each story as he passed it, thereby causing a high-pitched gong to strike "one," the word "shut" to become uncovered in the corridor, so that all might know the lift was no longer running, and a massive bolt to fall into its place automatically with a loud crash, and thus hold the sliding door fast until the lift should once more be at work. All this and much more information of the same nature Algernon Fitz-Dennis and his companion could now have retailed with ease to any new-comer, and when, quite interested in the subject, they had asked what the short rope with the ring at the end was for that hung down under each "cage," they had been told that when repairs had to be made in the lift shaft a seat was usually hitched to this ring for the workman engaged in the repairs to sit upon. "And it's a tough job, too, at times, I guess," their informant had ended, shifting his chewing-gum into his other cheek, "swinging in that little seat two hundred or two-fifty feet or more up the shaft. A man don't look no bigger than a bottle when he's at the foot of the shaft and you are somewhere near the top."

Six days had passed since Jasper Fische had made his boastful offer. Many attempts had been made by hotel guests and others to perform the "pinching" feat, and so "snap Jas Fische's dollars," as they put it; but, though the "pitchers" could be carried about the hotel by anybody without any objection being raised, it was apparently impossible—as Jasper Fische had, of course, known well enough—to smuggle one off the hotel premises without the thief being "spotted" by one or other of the hotel *employés* and compelled to give it up. Gradually, indeed, the offer had come to be looked upon as a sort of standing joke. The attempt that had most nearly proved successful had been made by a waggish guest who, after disguising himself as a stable-hand, had tried to carry out one of the pitchers in a big bucket of linseed gruel. Before he had gone many yards, however, he too had been pounced upon, and his cunning ruse unmasked amid much laughter and merriment at his expense.

The clocks in the hotel marked three minutes to one a.m., when a puny, almost emaciated-looking figure, wearing over its clothes a thin great-coat that bulged suspiciously at the side, a dark cloth cap pulled well down over its eyes, and shoes with indiarubber silent soles, appeared suddenly, like a phantom, in a corridor on the eighteenth story, which was now in semi-darkness. After glancing quickly, first one way and then the other, the figure moved—stealthily, swiftly, without a sound—along the corridor and close beside the wall, until it reached the lift shaft. There it stopped and listened.

A moment or two passed. Then the figure, producing a metal hook, slipped it noiselessly into the slot of the sliding steel door. With a considerable effort the door was pulled back into its recess. An instant afterwards Algernon Fitz-Dennis, steadying himself with one hand and leaning as far forward as he dared, was peering down into

the darkness of the two hundred and seventy feet shaft.

The sight turned him giddy for several seconds. He had never thoroughly realized until now the awful depth of two hundred and seventy feet. At the very bottom of the shaft the tiny glimmer he could discern must, he knew, come from the large, circular skylight on the top of the brilliantly-lighted cage. He could feel his heart beating. In spite of his efforts at self-control his knees began to tremble. Then, suddenly, four words were borne up to him from the bottom of the shaft, their very faintness serving to emphasize the immense depth, for, though called out quite loudly on the ground floor, they were only barely audible on the eighteenth, where he now stood.

"'Night, Boss!"

"'Night, Sammy!"

And almost at the same instant he heard a clock strike one.

He was still bending forward, peering down. All at once he became aware that the glimmer was getting brighter. It began to increase in size. Now he knew that the "express" had started on its last "up journey." His heart was thumping loudly. He could hear it as well as feel it. He stepped back into the corridor and glanced up and down it again. He saw the night-lamps burning dimly. He saw the fire-buckets at various corners and the pairs of boots outside the doors. But nobody was about. Back at the shaft again, he looked down it once more. The skylight no longer glimmered. It resembled an enormous yellow eye growing bigger at every second. Hark! he heard the "ting" of the gong, and now he heard it again. The guard was pushing the levers home as the cage came slithering up. Each "ting" now was louder than the last and followed by the crash of the bolt. Brighter and brighter grew the yellow, glowing eye. Soon the "purring" of the cage became distinctly audible, and as it did so the eye looked just as if it rocked.

"Purrrrrrrr—ting!"

It was right upon him now, the monstrous gleaming eye seeming to glare at him with blinding brilliancy, and then——

"SUMMONING ALL HIS COURAGE, HE LEAPT OUT INTO THE BLACK CHASM."

He sprang backward into the shadow and out of sight. The steel door was still drawn back. He had purposely left it so. As the cage shot up past the opening he heard the lad in charge give vent to an exclamation. Now the cage was out of sight, but the rope hanging down right underneath it was discernible in the half light. Algernon knew that the cage must stop for a second before coming down again for the guard to close the door. It stopped at that instant, and, as it did so, summoning all his courage, he leapt out into the black chasm, clutching the swinging rope with both hands just as the cage began to move again.

For some moments he spun round like a joint upon a roasting-jack, but he had no time to feel giddy. Down came the cage very gently, plunging him into darkness as it did so. He heard the guard slide the steel door across the opening until it shut to with a loud bang. Then came the "ting" of the gong, then the crash of the bolt, then up went the cage again until it stopped at the top floor, the floor above.

Slipping cautiously down the nine or ten feet of rope, he quickly reached the end of it and

caught hold of the brass ring. Then, hanging there in mid-air in the inky blackness of the shaft, he waited with what patience he could command for the cage to begin its express downward journey.

The guard, meanwhile, had got out on the top floor. Algernon heard him walking briskly down the corridor, his footsteps growing gradually fainter. He heard him stop abruptly. Then came a knock at a door. Another knock, a little louder. A third knock, much louder. Then a shrill female voice replied, and an altercation began.

"Which of you gurls left eighteen open?"

The voice was very loud. The guard seemed very angry. For several minutes the argument continued. To Algernon, hanging beneath the cage, with a drop of two hundred and seventy feet immediately beneath him, the minutes seemed the longest and most painful he had ever spent. For when thinking out his scheme he had not allowed for this. On and on the talking went. Already his arms were getting tired. How much longer, he wondered, would he be able to cling on like this?

"Guess the Boss'll be told to-morrow. It aren't no fault of mine if he hears of it," the guard's voice exclaimed at last. "Careless gurls like you should get the sack, and would, pretty quick, if *I'd* got the job."

He was back in the cage once more. The steel door shut with a bang. The gong went "ting." The bolt crashed home.

The cage began its express journey downward.

His life, he knew, depended now upon his counting with extreme accuracy the number of floors he would pass on the way down, for should he hold on a moment too long the cage, as it reached the ground, must inevitably crush him. Each steel door had a little "peep" in it, which, from inside the dark shaft, looked like tiny lamps.

Down, down, down went the cage. Faster and faster it seemed to descend. His ears were singing. He could hardly breathe.

"Sixteen—fifteen—fourteen," he counted; "thirteen — twelve — eleven — ten—nine—eight."

Good heavens! What was happening? The cage was slowing up! Had he counted wrongly? Was the ground a few feet off? Great beads of cold sweat trickled down his brow. Had he better let go now? In his agony he gave a cry, though he knew that none could hear it. And then abruptly the cage stopped. A moment later it began to ascend.

Up it went again, at express speed as before.

The "peeps" shot down past his face now like a succession of shooting-stars. In the frenzy of those moments he had quite lost all count. His arms were terribly tired. He was panting from sheer exhaustion. The very pitcher tied under his coat felt now like a lump of lead. At last the cage again slowed up. It stopped, and the guard got out. He was back at the servants' door again, inquiring about some keys. So he had come right up once more to the very topmost floor!

Everything, Algernon felt, was over now for ever. A minute at most and his strength would be exhausted—his hands would relax their grasp—his mind was beginning to wander—he saw the cripples again—they were calling him by name—and Jasper Fische was laughing—and the lovely woman was—ah! he saw the dollars—they were piled in heaps and stacks——

"Ting!"

"FASTER AND FASTER IT SEEMED TO DESCEND."

He returned to his senses with a start. The cage was going down. Instinctively he looked out for the "peeps"—yes, that was the first, the 18th—here was the second, the 17th—here the third, the 16th—the 15th—14th—13th—12th—11th—could this terrific speed ever be checked in time?—10—9—8—7—6—5—4—3—yes, it was getting slower—*two*—ONE—now for the basement—ah!—the basement was passed—his feet touched the ground—he let go the rope and sprang wildly from under the great wood and iron cage almost as it landed on the concrete with a thud. He was safe!

When Horace Winterton came down to breakfast next morning a note, marked "Immediate—most urgent," was handed to him.

"It has only just come," the waiter said. "It came by special messenger."

The note, written in pencil, was brief, but to the point:—

"'Pinched' pitcher last night by lift shaft No. 6, north. Got out by lift tunnel opening in Twenty-second Street. Meet me Jasper Fische's house 11.45 to-day without fail. Bring Miss Galvestone with you if possible; explain to her reason why.—ALGERNON."

Like wildfire the news spread, first throughout the hotel, then all over the town. When Winterton came out from breakfast a dozen reporters were awaiting him in the vestibule.

Jasper Fische kept his word. Punctually at noon, in his own house, he himself handed to Algernon Fitz-Dennis a cheque for ten thousand dollars in the presence of Horace Winterton, Miss Estella Galvestone, and one or two more. Jasper Fische seemed nervous and ill at ease. The boastful, blustering manner of the week before was gone. His hand shook a little as he extended it and grasped Algernon's.

"I offer you," he said, in a rather low voice and with much emotion, "my true apology for what occurred last week."

He opened his mouth to say more, but the words refused to come. When at last he felt able to speak he turned to address Miss Galvestone.

"I understand," he said, controlling himself, "that Mr. Fitz-Dennis wishes the cheque I have just made out in his name to be made payable to you, madam, to be devoted to your Home for Cripple Children. If you will allow me to do so, I will add to the amount a further sum of five thousand dollars to be devoted to the same object."

The tour that was to have extended round the world was never finished, for Algernon Fitz-Dennis and his friend returned to England from San Francilla some months later. With them travelled a lady. When first they had been privileged to meet her the name she bore had been Estella Galvestone. But now Algernon was taking home his bride in order to present her to his parents.

"IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO DO SO, I WILL ADD TO THE AMOUNT A FURTHER SUM OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS."

Illustrated Interviews.

NO. LXXXIII.—EARL NELSON AND TRAFALGAR.

By Beckles Willson.

[In this Nelson Year, the centenary of the death of our greatest naval hero, the following account of a visit paid to his titular descendant, the "greatest living authority on the Admiral," the Right Hon. Horatio, third Earl Nelson, at his estate of Trafalgar, the gift of the nation, should prove of deep interest to our readers.]

SEVEN miles out of Salisbury is the ancient Saxon village of Downton, and on the skirts of Downton sits Trafalgar. Evidently I am expected, and, still better, recognised. My foot is hardly out of the carriage and on the station platform before a liveried servant reaches out for my portmanteau.

"Lord Nelson's carriage, sir," he murmurs, touching his hat, and so leads the way.

I glance about—at the quaint, winding village street, the spired Downton church, at the vernal freshness of the prospect—almond blossom, tulips, and daffodils.

"How far," I ask, "is it to *Traf*algar?"

"To Trafal*gar*, sir? Not two miles." There is no presumption in the man's tone; he is a fine, sober type of family retainer. But this trifling verbal correction humbled me; I think I shall always remember it. With my first impressions of a delightful visit to the heir and the seat of the greatest of Britain's Admirals is bound up a kind of chagrined wonder why I had been all my life mispronouncing the name of Nelson's greatest naval triumph. True, there was some consolation to be derived from the fact that the rest of an admiring world had been mispronouncing it too. Fancy asking a London cabman to drive you to Trafal*gar* Square!

A pleasant drive along winding gravelled paths, the corners of turf here and there studded with huge cannon-balls, white-painted, and soon it is possible to descry on rising ground, embowered in beeches, the stately red-brick mansion of the estate.

THE PRESENT EARL NELSON.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Trafalgar was formerly Standlynch, the seat of the opulent Dawkins family, and here, in the year 1733, Sir Peter Vandeput erected this pile, overlooking the Avon as it flows translucent through meadows southward to Christchurch. I may take occasion to mention here that when a grateful Parliament voted, in 1805, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds for the purchase of an estate for the Admiral's family, the first Earl (the Rev. William Nelson) found no little difficulty in choosing a desirable country seat, and it was not until nine years later that the purchase was effected. But of this more hereafter.

I have scarce time to collect my impressions of the spacious and ornate entrance-hall before I am ushered straightway in to lunch. Luckily I am not too late. The Earl greets me cordially—a genial, upright, bearded figure, singularly youthful for his weight of years. I shake hands also with the only other feaster at the board, his lordship's youngest son, Mr. Horatio Nelson. Horatio Nelson! An auspicious beginning. But that is not all. The likeness to the immortal Admiral is really astonishing—the same brow and lip, the same lines in the face. All this is not so very wonderful, perhaps, considering that both drew a common origin from Edmund Nelson and Catherine Suckling, the father and mother of the great sailor, whose portraits greet me on the wall. As we lunch and converse I am gradually made aware that my host, the Earl, is no ordinary man; he has not only lived a long life—he was born as far back as 1823—but he has met and

TRAFALGAR—THE HOUSE BOUGHT BY THE NATION FOR NELSON'S FAMILY.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

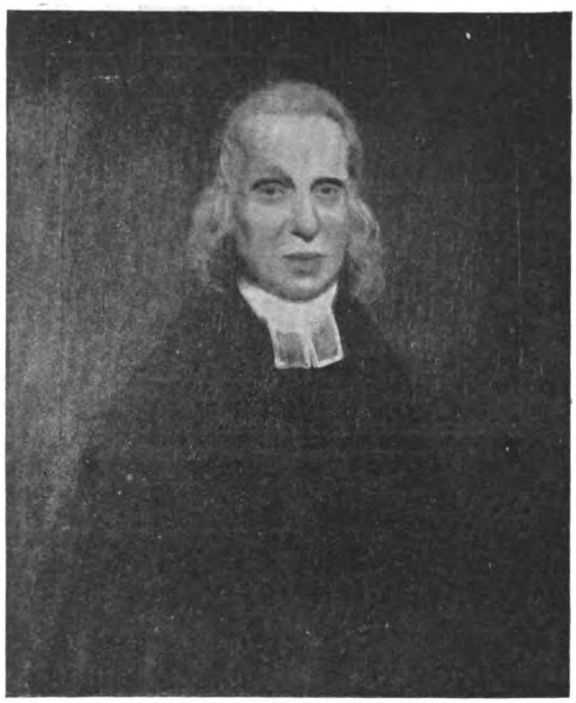
communed with most of the great characters who made the history of the Victorian era. He has seen and noted much; he has the wisdom of age in his mind and great youthfulness in his heart.

But to me the fourth Lord Nelson has a far more striking and interesting distinction —one, moreover, which, unlike his title and estates, he has created wholly for himself: he is the greatest living authority on the career of England's naval hero. Volumes of manuscript, of newspaper cuttings, of prints and photographs, of *memorabilia*, testify to the master passion of his life. His lordship may not have the literary faculty strongly developed —although he is the author of numerous essays on Church themes—but he is omnivorous in acquisition and generous in his dispensation of the immense knowledge he has acquired. Nothing has escaped him; no detail is considered too trivial. For seventy years the process of accumulation has gone on, until Trafalgar has rightly come to be regarded as the Mecca of all the biographers of Nelson, most of whom, including Captain Mahan and Professor Laughton, have slept under its roof. Not always, it may be said, do the titular heirs of great men thus treasure their memory. His mind early received its bent.

"On the very day that my father died and I came into the title my mother handed me a copy of Southey's 'Life,' inscribed on the fly-leaf, 'To Horatio, Earl Nelson, from his affectionate father.' This was in accordance with my father's dying wish. I was only twelve years old, yet my passionate interest and affection for the Admiral have never ceased from that hour. Even in those early days, although the Admiral had been dead eighteen years when I came into the world, yet there were many personal links which bound me to him, apart from our family. I have shaken hands with his beloved Hardy, in whose arms he died, and with Pasco, his signal officer, who flew the famous signal, 'England expects that every man will do his duty,' at Trafalgar."

By a course of long reading and assimilation, besides talking with men who knew Nelson, the Earl has formed what he conceives to be an accurate opinion of his character, his achievements, his personal appearance and idiosyncrasies, his relations with Lady Hamilton, as well as the secret of his success and his popularity with his crews.

"But," observes my noble host, with a smiling gesture, "if we are to talk about the Admiral let us go into the Nelson room. We will find it more congenial. I see you are looking at those frescoes—they are by



NELSON'S FATHER—REV. EDMUND NELSON.
From the Painting by Sir William Beechey.

Cipriani. That bust of the Admiral, near the ceiling of the entrance-hall, was done for the first Earl—Earl William, as we call him in the family. I'm afraid that it is about all that remains of his personal belongings here, for he quarrelled with my father, and at his death everything went to his daughter and ultimately came to be dispersed. It was a bitter blow to us."

"How did this estate come to be acquired?"

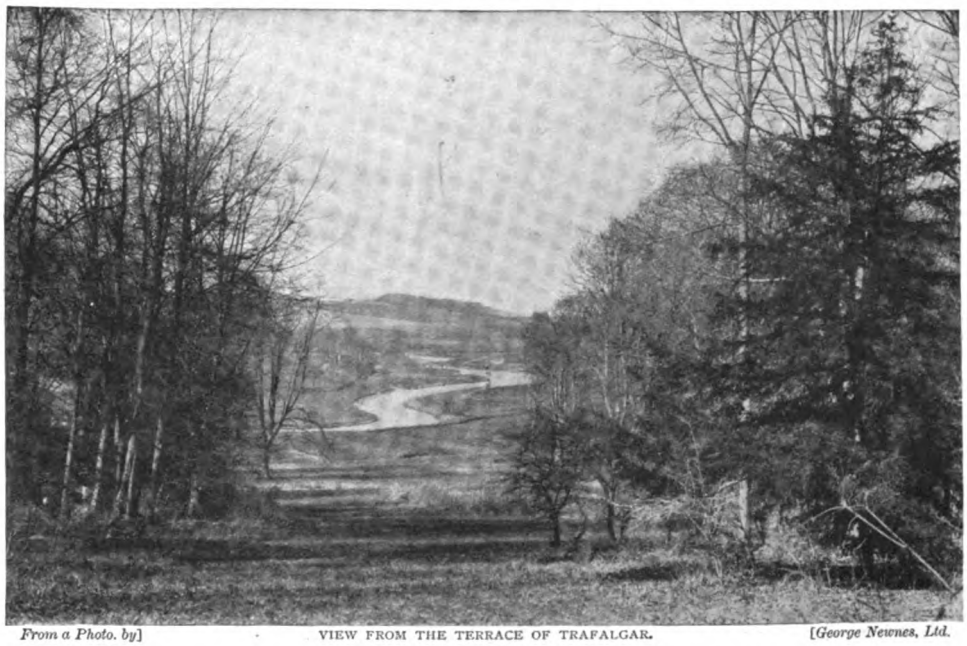
"It had long been in the market, I believe. The Duke of Wellington came down to look at it, but for some reason or other rejected it. The price asked by the Dawkins family was ninety-one thousand pounds, which was certainly exorbitant, especially when one considers that a large portion of the Dawkins property was unfairly excluded. It was formerly much cut up, but I have fortunately added largely to it by marriage and also by purchase."

"How is it the Admiral's native county of Norfolk was not chosen?"

"I believe it was considered, but the only estate available was too near Lord Essex's property, and Earl William objected, it is said, to play 'second fiddle' to Lord Essex in that neighbourhood. See what a beautiful view you get from the terrace here. There was formerly an old mansion between here and the Avon, but that has long been demolished."

We stroll along the white corridors, lined with pictures by Dutch and Italian masters (Mr. Horatio, as steward of the estate, having some duties to perform, excusing himself temporarily). My attention is suddenly riveted by a life-like bust of the Admiral in marble. It was done by Thaller and Ranson in Vienna in 1801. Sir William Fraser wrote to the Earl to say that "it is the only portrait that gives one a real idea of the great Admiral." Soon we reach an apartment, some eighteen or twenty feet square, locally celebrated as the Nelson room. Here are gathered the library of books relating to the Admiral and all those relics which the pious enterprise of the present Earl has been able to acquire, or which have been bestowed upon him by friends or the Admiralty. On the walls are the portraits of the Nelson family, including a likeness of the Admiral's father I

From the] NELSON'S MOTHER. *[Original Painting.*



From a Photo. by] VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF TRAFALGAR. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

had never before seen, while over the mantelpiece was a series of miniature pennants from the originals of the signal at Trafalgar.

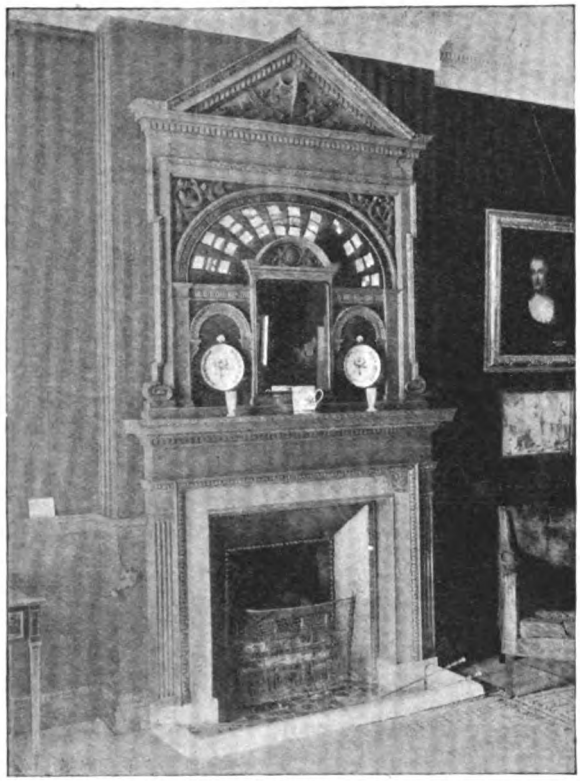
"I had very few relics to begin with," said the Earl, as he took me round the room. "Those bequeathed to my grandmother were dispersed amongst the members of the family, because it was supposed I would inherit from Earl William all the family heirlooms. Instead of which they were left to his daughter, Lady Bridport, whose descendants inherit the dukedom of Bronté, and all came at last under the hammer. But I have some things of interest. Here is the large sofa bed on which the Admiral slept. This is the tripod table used on board the *Victory*, given me by Lord Addington. Mr. Thompson, of Andover, left me this valuable relic." We paused before a horsehair-covered chair, from the right arm of which the covering had been worn by the stump of the hero's shattered limb. Accompanying it was the following inscription:—

NELSON'S BUST. BY THALLER AND RANSON.
Considered to be the best Portrait of the Admiral.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

"This chair is the last chair the great Lord Nelson sat on, and is to be given, at my decease, to the present Earl Nelson and his heirs. It was given by the then Captain Hardy to my aunt, Isabella Thompson, and was landed out of the *Victory* after her return from Trafalgar, and was taken to my grandfather's house at Portsea, where she was then living.

"(Signed)
G. H. Thompson."

"Here is the copy of the little book bequeathed to me by my father on his deathbed, of which I have

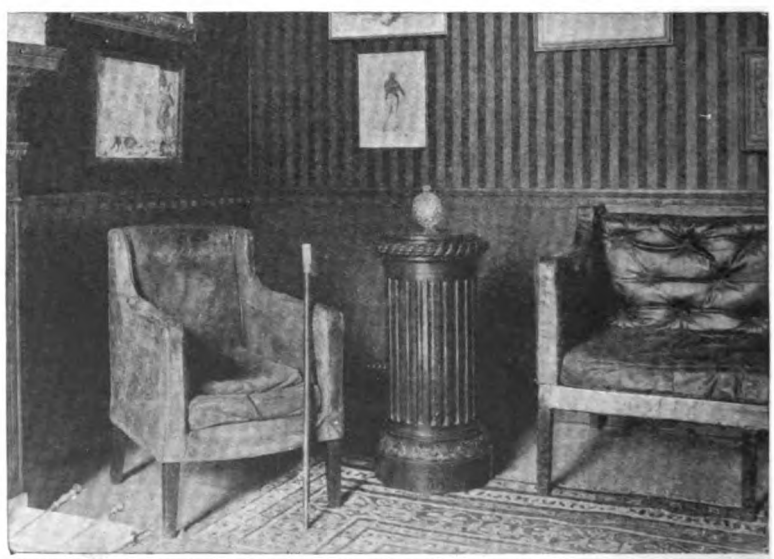


THE FAMOUS FLAG-SIGNALS, "ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY," OVER THE MANTELPIECE IN THE NELSON ROOM.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

already told you. In looking over it not long ago I came across an entry in my mother's handwriting which I had long forgotten. It relates to an incident—and a very important and interesting one—in the Admiral's life which is not narrated by any of his biographers. I think you might well make a copy of it. I have not been able to trace the origin of the story, but the dirk mentioned is fortunately in existence."

The entry is as follows—it is odd that it should have escaped so assiduous a gleaner as Captain Mahan:—

"The *Agamemnon*, 1774, was then cruising near the coast under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learnt the deplorable situation of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being an heir-presumptive to the British Crown, Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went on shore himself and invited him on board his ship, and found the illustrious unfortunate in rags. The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the captain's cabin, and proper apparel suitable to his dignity was furnished him. He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was three times engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson, quite undismayed amidst a scene of carnage to which he had been a perfect stranger. As soon as convenient Captain Nelson landed him on the Austrian territories, forcing upon him one hundred pounds to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said, 'That man's example would



NELSON'S CHAIR AND CANE AND CORNER OF SOFA FROM "VICTORY'S" CABIN. THE SUGAR-BASIN ON THE PEDESTAL IS MADE FROM THE MAST OF THE "VICTORY."
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

HILT OF THE DIRK PRESENTED TO NELSON BY THE CARDINAL.

almost make me a convert to the Catholic faith.' The Cardinal had a handsome pension assigned him by the Emperor, and six months after his escape to the *Agamemnon* he was on board of her again in the harbour of Genoa. Fortune then smiled upon him, and his delight in seeing his deliverers was sincere. In the fulness of his gratitude he embraced all the officers, and ran about the ship shaking hands with all the crew. He repaid his pecuniary obligation to Nelson, and would have trebled the sum, which Nelson refused. He sent on board fruit, bread, wine, and meat sufficient to keep the sailors feasting for several days, and kept open house on shore for all the officers. When taking his final leave he presented Nelson with a sword or dirk and a cane which the Pretender had used all his life. They were plainly mounted in silver and highly valued by Nelson."

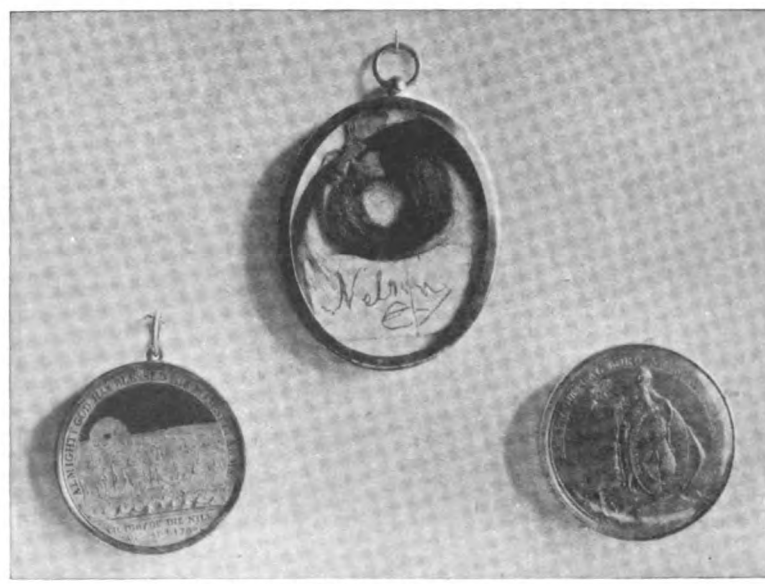
"Here," continued the Earl, "is the medal actually worn by the Admiral at the time of his death, given me by my cousin, Nelson Matcham. The Neapolitan cane you see yonder was purchased from the Admiral's valet Chevalier by Chancellor Burton, of Carlisle, who gave it to me." Of the other objects of interest with which the room is filled there are a model of the *Victory's* mast, swords and muskets used on board the *Victory*, an original of Lady Hamilton by Rodney, a number of portraits of the Admiral, his telescope, and the beautiful silver cup presented to him by the Levant merchants after the Battle of the Nile. Earl Nelson also showed me a locket containing the Admiral's hair, a present to Lady Hamilton. There is also a portion of his private log, with the ivory and silver seal that he used at Copenhagen.

"Apropos of the latter," the Earl remarked, "the Admiral sent for a candle when his proposals for armistice were ready to be sent to the Crown Prince of Denmark. Somebody suggested a wafer as saving time, and considering they were still under fire the Admiral determined to use sealing-wax to show that the thing had not been done hurriedly. The man who went for the candle was killed before he reached the cabin, and another had to be sent."

It may be mentioned that on one of the bookcases are arranged the Admiral's patents of nobility as baron, viscount, and earl, while the bookcases themselves, as well as table, are wrought from the wood of the *St. Joseph*, presented by the Admiralty when that gallant ship was broken up.

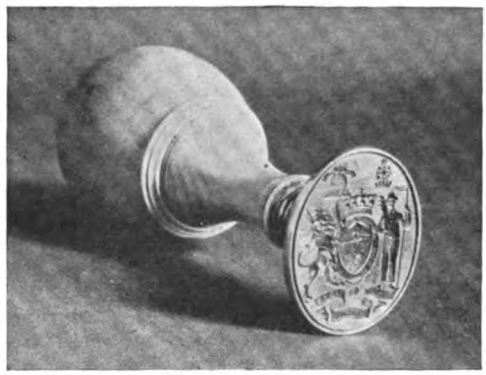
The interesting portrait of Nelson at the age of twenty-two given on the next page was purchased by the Earl.

Of one of the portraits Lord Nelson observed, "You will notice that before the Admiral was wounded at the Nile all his portraits show his hair brushed off his forehead. Afterwards we see the lock of hair brought forward to hide the disfigure-



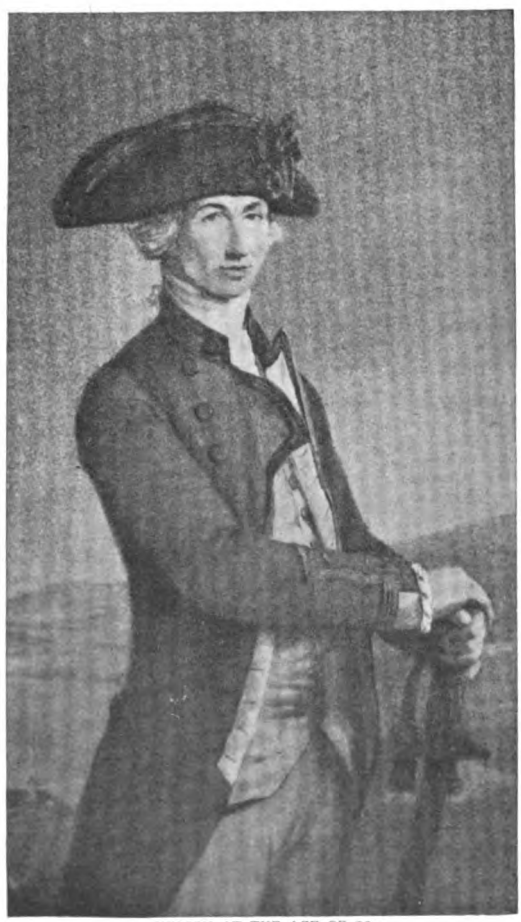
TWO SIDES OF THE NILE MEDAL AND A LOCK OF NELSON'S HAIR.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

ment of the wound. You may be interested, by-the-bye, to know that the bullet which killed Nelson was extracted by Sir William Beattie on the arrival of the body at Portsmouth, December, 1805. You remember the body was put at once into a cask of spirits and so brought home. Beattie handed the bullet to Hardy, who had it set in crystal and returned it to the surgeon, who wore it round his neck. He promised to leave it to me on his death, but died without a will. It was purchased by Prince Albert and given to the nation."



THE COPENHAGEN SEAL.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

The portrait of Nelson's father was painted by Sir William Beechey shortly before Edmund Nelson's death. Beechey, called on to take the portrait, at first declined, being on a holiday, but, when he heard who it was asked it, exclaimed, "By God, I'd go to York to do it! Yes, ma'am," and he promptly journeyed to Bath. Close at hand is a portrait of Captain Maurice Suckling, Nelson's uncle, who introduced the lad into the Service.



NELSON AT THE AGE OF 22.
From the Painting by Regard.

"What is your opinion of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson?"

"I confess that up to the publication by Morrison of the Nelson letters I always looked upon her as a much-abused person, and had great sympathy for her. But I want you to note this clearly — that while she continually was urging Nelson to overlook his duty in her favour, yet we are able to prove by the only two letters of hers addressed to him that she could by no means prevail with him. So that the loose statements of many that Lady Hamilton was able to make Nelson forget his duty are absurd. She asks two favours of him conflicting with his notions of the discipline of the service, and he kindly but firmly points out to her that he cannot grant them. And, by-the-bye, regarding the Morrison letters, while those bearing address and post-mark are authentic, the same cannot be said of those purporting to be sent by hand.

"Then there is another matter. It is said by historians that there is no doubt whatever that Horatia was the daughter of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. I do not wish to affirm anything one way or another. But I think there is considerable doubt. If you go into the story carefully, and note the mysterious advent and still more mysterious disappearance of the nurse, Mrs. Gibson, at Merton, I think you will find much room for doubt. I had a visitor here some time ago in Mr. Nelson Ward, Horatia's son, then living at Hampstead, and we talked over the matter in a friendly way. I do not think he is inclined to press this claim unduly, espe-

From the Painting by] PORTRAIT OF NELSON. *[H. Singleton.*

what riff-raff they were composed. Yet he eagerly looked after their wants and redressed their grievances. And see how they loved him for it; look at the round-robin signed by the crew of the *Theseus*. Then, again, there is no getting away from the fact that Lady Nelson was unhappily dowered with a somewhat nagging disposition. And he could never forgive her for going and making representations about her son, Josiah Nisbet, to the Admiralty on her own account. All these things estranged the pair. But my own belief is that, if his wife had behaved wisely and tried to win him back, he would never have gone on with it, though he might have continued the friendship."

At dinner, in the marvellously-frescoed dining-room, we chatted on a diversity of subjects connected with the Earl's long life, and especially with the land and the condition of England; for my host is not only a great landlord, living all the year round on the estate bestowed on his family by a grateful nation, but he is likewise a patriotic Englishman and an acute

cially as it is on record that Horatia declared she was convinced Lady Hamilton was not her mother—she had treated her so cruelly. We know that her ladyship had had another child, on whom she had lavished every kindness."

Not the least charm of the Earl's conversation is the extreme intimacy with which he speaks of the great Admiral and his friends and companions. It is as if they were still living characters—well-known neighbours, as well as contemporaries. It is when he comes to speak of the first Lady Nelson that one recalls that her ladyship was no blood relation, and that, first and last, the possessor of Trafalgar feels it his duty to stand by the Admiral.

"She lacked sympathy. His temperament demanded praise when he felt that praise was due, and she could not give it. Nelson, on the other hand, was a bundle of sympathy. He felt for everybody. That was the secret of his popularity with his men. Remember the general character of the crews in the Admiral's time—of

NELSON'S UNCLE—CAPTAIN MAURICE SUCKLING.
From the Painting by Bardwell.

observer of actual events and actual tendencies.

"I have seen a great many changes in my time," he remarked. "Being all but the father of the House of Lords—there are only two peers who are senior to me—my memory goes back to a time when rural life and thought in England were very different from what they are to-day. I am bound to say that on the whole the moral changes impress me even more than the material ones. The old relation between the gentry and the labourer had its good points, although I recognise that the deference paid to rank in the old days was largely due to bribery and largesse. There certainly seems a great falling-off in manners nowadays. And then the difficulty of teaching the population of our rural parishes anything—anything, I mean, that is not ornamental and useless; the art of cooking wholesome food, for instance. In my belief it is largely bad cooking that drives our working people to the public-house."

COLLINGWOOD'S SKETCH OF NELSON.

Lord Nelson entered Parliament in 1844, and made his first hustings speech at Brighton, where, for the sake of the name he bore, the turbulent electors allowed him to address them, but afterwards raided and cleared out the platform. It was in the thick of the Corn Laws agitation, and at a dinner one night he heard the Duke of Bedford make the significant admission that repeal, although it would eventually prove a good thing for the country, "would hit the present generation hard." The young Earl could not withstand the temptation to refer publicly to this admission, which brought down upon his indiscreet head a dignified rebuke from the Duke, which he never forgot. He speedily became interested in Church work, and this interest in matters ecclesiastical never forsook him. His lordship has always taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Church. He was one of those who bade God-speed to the first Church colony which set forth for New Zealand from Christchurch, there to found the important town now bearing that name on the other side of the globe.

NELSON'S SKETCH OF COLLINGWOOD.

I asked Lord Nelson if he was a sailor—if he was fond of the sea.

"I'm afraid in that sense I'm as bad a sailor as the Admiral. Nor am I a traveller. My sole Continental trip was once to Paris."

We talked of his last visit to Burnham Thorpe, the Admiral's birthplace, and the amusing peculiarities of the "Thorpers," as the local population are called. Every topic that was started, during the whole of my stay at Trafalgar, inevitably led—sometimes by pleasant devious paths, sometimes as straight as cannon—from the *Victory* to the great Admiral. The Earl has shown that his sympathies with mankind are not stunted, but the Admiral is, as I have already said, the passion of his life. All his intellectual roads lead to one devoted shrine; and for this alone all honour, be it said, to the loyal, sturdy-hearted nobleman who, a century after Nelson's valorous spirit took its flight in the cockpit of the *Victory*, now bears before all the world his sainted name.

I cannot close this slight record of a visit to Trafalgar without mentioning the Earl's tender and touching affection for his little grandson, the heir-presumptive to the title. I did not see the child, but I was told that his physical likeness to the man who has made the name of Nelson immortal is already very striking. Other grandchildren, moreover, are following the example, not of the famous Admiral alone, but of their great-uncle, the present Earl's brother, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Maurice Horatio Nelson, so that, perhaps, as in the case of the "sea Keppels," we may yet have a race of "sea Nelsons," ready to emulate the exploits of the founder of their line.

The above represent portraits done by the youthful shipmates, Nelson and Collingwood, of each other.

"Story-Telling."

By Winifred Graham.

"DEAR ROSAMUND" (wrote Edith Baynard),—"So glad you can come to Eadesfort; will send to meet you at the station. Hope you won't mind our all being out hunting when you arrive. Make yourself cosy, and don't let the dogs or children bother you. Both have free quarters in every room, so shoo them out if they are too much for you.

"Ever yours, E. B."

The two women had met at a shooting party only the week before, and one of those sudden spasmodic friendships, familiar to society, had sprung up between them. After two or three days they were "Rosamund" and "Edith" to each other, instead of "Miss Harrison" and "Mrs. Baynard."

"Rosamund is such a remarkable creature," Edith told her husband. "She has a history in her face, and though she hates men, and seems thoroughly embittered, she can be splendid company. They say she was quite lovely at one time, but she has changed extraordinarily in the last seven years. I don't suppose she will ever marry now."

"THEY PARTED WITH FEW WORDS."

Rosamund Harrison's history, unknown to Mrs. Baynard, was after all a simple one.

For some seasons after à sensational *début*, in which she had been exploited as a society beauty, Rosamund attracted human moths in plenty by the flame of her radiant personality.

She was reputed to have broken a score of hearts without a sigh for the sorrowful wreckage, and mankind at large felt a certain security when her engagement to Eric Lawrence was announced.

He not only conquered her heart, but, for the time, her pride and her will. She loved him with a wholly unselfish passion, she saw life with new eyes—till the day of cruel awakening came.

Eric Lawrence tired. He told her frankly when his love cooled. Perhaps she gave him too much of that gentle devotion which sat so strangely and unexpectedly upon the once domineering Miss Harrison. They parted with few words, and no sign of tears on the pale, hard face of the jilted woman.

From that day she changed her attitude to the world. The desire for conquest died in her, the soft things of life were pitfalls to be avoided with cold disdain. She could be amusing, sarcastic, ornamental, in a hard, imperious manner, but the frost and blight knew no balm, no thaw, after Eric Lawrence passed from her life.

Even her old triumphs lost their savour. All the love laid at her feet was possibly the dream of a moment. With further acquaintance it might have shared the fate of this subsequent tragedy!

So Rosamund Harrison, with the possibilities of charm hidden in her nature, turned a warped outlook upon men, women, and children, chilling men, rather frightening children, but often attracting, as well as mystifying, women

Eadesfort, the Baynards' country home, had a peculiarly harmonious air, as the

carriage passed the mellow grey-stone lodge.

Such a changeful, stimulating afternoon, with bursts of sunshine piercing gathering clouds! There was something in the atmosphere which cleared the mind. The pleasant meadows and swaying trees, the hazy distance touched by golden rays, breathed silent messages, mystic, unvoiced truths. The house seemed in keeping with the outside peace; there were flowers of restful hue blooming in unexpected corners, cheery log fires, and well-behaved dogs, comfortably installed upon sofas and arm-chairs.

Rosamund was shown into a snug little room, which she surmised must be Edith's boudoir. Here two terriers of Dandie Dinmont breed were asleep by the hearth, and the visitor sank involuntarily into a long, low chair, with square padded arms and a scented cushion.

She wondered what the Baynard children were like. If they proved half as nice as the dogs she felt there would be no occasion to "shoo them out."

As if in answer to her mental conjecture the door opened softly, and a little boy in a white sailor suit wandered in, with his hand on the head of a venerable old Highland deerhound. The child, a very small, slim person, with a particularly winning smile, came forward and extended a welcoming hand.

"I've been looking for you," he said, in such a kindly tone, as if to put her at her ease. "They told me you were coming."

"A LITTLE BOY IN A WHITE SAILOR SUIT WANDERED IN."

Rosamund seldom smiled very readily now. "She had the face of a beautiful marred statue needing life," Edith Baynard said. But the little boy in the sailor blouse, white duck trousers, and pale blue collar saw a distinct smile at that moment. She was amused to observe, as he stood by the sleeping terriers, the firelight playing on his bare toes, that he was wearing sandals. The pink feet appeared to her as suggestive of beauty as the blush roses in the high days of summer.

The hound gave her one look of scrutiny, then, withdrawing his head from the child's hand, conveyed his long limbs to a luxurious white couch, and cushioned his nose upon a brocaded bolster.

"The dogs have it all their own way here," remarked Rosamund.

"Yes; it's so nice for them," said the boy, with a wise little nod. "You are going to have some tea directly. I thought you might be dull, so I've come to sit with you."

He took a corner of the broad arm-chair upon which she was seated, and, finding she made room for him, wriggled back still farther, till she encircled him with her arm. The close proximity of the childish figure sent a strange thrill to her lonely woman's heart. Something alive and warm had nestled to her confidingly, two wide, admiring eyes were fixed fearlessly upon her face with an expression of absolute content, a tiny hand played with the rings on her fingers.

A maternal instinct, dead within her, suffered the shock of sudden resurrection. She could not tell why this child appealed to her so forcibly. He had pretty ways, but in her world children with charming manners, and absolutely free from shyness, were no novelty. Perhaps she was a little astonished at the response of her own nature to this small person's simple advances. She wanted to please him, to keep that bright expression of appreciation alive in his face, and somehow the firelight naturally suggested story-telling.

Rosamund knew she had a fine imagination, if she cared to exert it. The glowing coals painted pictures of fairy lore, and all in a moment she found herself launched upon a wonderful narrative, which held her listener spellbound.

The old love of conquest was upon her

once again, but in a different form. Pure, spontaneous, free from vanity, she sought only to win the loving admiration of a child.

For the moment imagination played its own trick with her. This was her child, the being she had pictured long years ago, when weaving fancies about the future. With rapt attention the boy followed her words, now and again guiding the gist of the tale to satisfy his own fancy, curiously impatient if she paused to think, eagerly insistent for more—and yet more! Finding her efforts successful, Rosamund grew inspired. It was doubtful whether she or the child enjoyed the story most.

"Oh! bother," sighed the boy, as voices reached them from the hall.

"We will finish another time," said Rosamund, "now the others have come in!"

She kissed him as she rose.

"Promise," he cried, keeping fast hold of her hand.

She smiled assent.

"You must tell me one, too," declared Rosamund. "If you want to please me very much, you must think of a beautiful story out of your own head!"

The child looked puzzled. Evidently she had set him a difficult task, for he drew a deep breath and a thoughtful expression made the bright eyes wistful.

Edith Baynard burst into the room.

"Dear thing!" she cried, gushingly; "I hope you made yourself at home."

"Indeed I did!"

"But you have not touched your tea."

"I was so enjoying the society of your little boy I never even noticed the tea had been brought in."

"Oh! he isn't my little boy," laughed Edith. "He's staying here. He is my children's great friend. They enjoy themselves immensely together!"

"You never told me your name," said Rosamund, turning to her small friend with that same kind smile which transformed her face.

"Douglas," he replied, promptly—"Douglas Lawrence."

At the name "Lawrence" the smile faded suddenly from Rosamund's lips. She grew more formidable as she drew up her head, turning wondering eyes on the child. In a moment her instinct gave her the key to the situation. She knew now why the touch of that tiny hand had quickened her pulses and warmed her cold heart. The painful intensity of the knowledge came like actual physical suffering.

"Your father," she said, with conviction, "is Eric Lawrence."

The child did not answer. He noticed the change in her voice and manner, which totally escaped Edith Baynard, who replied for him in the bright, quick way characteristic of her.

"Yes. Do you know Eric?"

"I met him years ago, before he married. Now I come to think of it, Douglas has a strong look of his father about the eyes and mouth."

She turned away, as if her scrutiny of the child's features were not agreeable.

She felt angry at having allowed him to nestle near and draw out her affections. She felt as if some monstrous trick had been played upon her. The child appealed to her, all unconsciously, through the channels of a hateful memory. For a short time she had been the victim of stronger powers than will or reason.

Nature awoke and called within! She had thought of this child as her own. The spirit of the father mocked her across the years, forcing back the vanished thrill of quick response, reviving the old charm, that it might suffer fresh death-pangs of desire.

Douglas touched her arm timidly.

A look in her eyes checked his self-confidence.

"You will finish the story some time?" he queried, with a wistful, winning expression of inquiry.

She shook her head.

"No," she replied; "I've forgotten the ending."

Edith wondered at Rosamund's sharp tone. Had she not spoken of enjoying the boy's society?

"Run away, Douglas; Miss Harrison is tired."

Douglas ran swiftly at Mrs. Baynard's bidding—ran with fast-beating heart, and tears very near the surface. He knew, with a child's sharpness, Rosamund no longer liked him, which seemed to this young, affectionate nature even worse than the tragic fact—the story would never be ended now!

Edith Baynard appeared anxious the following morning. Rosamund heard her sigh heavily at breakfast, and afterwards, while her visitor wrote letters, she walked up and down the room in a listless, aimless fashion.

"How restless you are, Edith!"

Rosamund laid down her pen and looked straight at her hostess. "Is anything the matter?"

Edith nodded.

"I'm frightfully bothered," she confessed, "and if I tell you I know you won't give it away. Besides, you said yesterday you knew him years ago."

"Who?"

"Eric Lawrence. It seems he is in some desperate money trouble and wants Jim to lend him five hundred pounds. Jim never will lend money, especially to friends. It's one of his tiresome rules. Eric offers ample security for the loan, and says it will get him out of a horrible fix."

"'I'M FRIGHTFULLY BOTHERED,' SHE CONFESSED."

Rosamund's face flushed and paled.

She avoided Edith's eyes as she answered in quick, breathless accents:—

"It seems a shame to refuse to help a friend when he's in a corner, doesn't it? I don't mind lending the five hundred if your husband will simply tell him it comes from an acquaintance who wishes to remain anonymous. You know I had some money left me last year, and I've no one to consider but myself."

Rosamund, as she spoke, could hardly believe it was not all a dream. She felt utterly at a loss to analyze her own feelings in the matter. The idea of herself as benefactress to the man who had wronged her was a weird, alluring thought. She hardly knew if this were generosity or revenge—whether she already foresaw the coals of fire which the revealing of her identity might some day kindle in Eric's heart, or whether she meant truthfully to remain an anonymous donor.

She only knew some spirit within her compelled the words, and she was glad—glad!

At first Edith would not listen to the suggestion, but Rosamund had a knack of getting her own way, and eventually the letter with its good news was duly posted to Eric Lawrence.

The thought of the father's trouble, however, in no way softened her towards the child. She snubbed little Douglas, and avoided him ostentatiously. Evidently she was not fond of children!

The following day Edith informed her they had promised to take the young folk to a juvenile party. "It's an afternoon fancy dress dance for baby creatures!" explained Mrs. Baynard. "A good many grown-ups are invited to see the fun. Do you care to come? Douglas is wildly excited, and has been showing me his costume."

Rosamund made the excuse of a headache to stay at home. She had slept little the night before, and looked very pale.

She did not even go into the hall to see the little people start, though she heard their merry voices and the sound of carriage wheels driving up to the door.

"Where is Miss Harrison?" asked Douglas, as Mrs. Baynard fastened a cloak round his shoulders.

"She isn't very well, so she is going to stay at home quietly alone."

The boy's face grew troubled. Miss Harrison ill! Miss Harrison alone! He remembered her words: "If you want to please me very much, you must think of a beautiful story out of your own head." She would be dull by herself—she would want somebody to amuse her, but he had looked forward so much to the party, of course he could not possibly stay. Nevertheless a great struggle rose in his mind, a battle the more severe because it lay concealed behind the simple childish exterior. Strong inclination pointed a tempting hand to the open door of the carriage, into which the other

children were already scrambling, calling for Douglas to follow.

Trembling he unfastened his wrap, and let it fall to the ground with sudden decision.

"I'm not going," he said, apologetically; "I would rather stay at home."

In vain Edith Baynard remonstrated. Douglas remained firm. There were tears in his eyes, but he repeated heroically: "I would rather, far rather stay at home, if you don't mind, please."

"A sudden fit of shyness, I suppose," said Mrs. Baynard to her husband as they drove away, "only" (in an undertone) "it was rather uncanny, as if the child knew his father were in trouble!"

Meanwhile Rosamund lay back in the very same chair in which a small child, so short a time ago, had captivated her affections.

She was thinking of him now, a little angry with herself for doing so, and wondering at the spell of that fairy-tale afternoon.

Suddenly the door opened and a queer, unusual vision appeared, the elf-like figure of a tiny jester. He wore long red stockings and slashed trunks of crimson and gold, jerkin and pointed hood to correspond. At every movement he jingled with bells; even from his long, turned-up shoes of light suède the merry tinkle rang. In his hand he held a punchinello with a certain caressing pride.

"I thought you had gone to the party," said Rosamund.

"No; I stayed at home because you were alone, and they said you had a headache."

"But what did that matter?" retorted Miss Harrison, somewhat sharply.

"Of course it mattered," cried the child, bounding forward and perching himself on the arm of her chair. "Besides, I—I've thought of a story to tell you. It's about a little Japanese umbrella that came out of a cracker and was put in a blue china vase, and a fairy who rode down to earth on a raindrop to look for the umbrella the cracker had stolen. It belonged to her great-grandfather, but the fairy had lots of adventures before she found it!"

Certainly Douglas could claim some share of imagination too, and Rosamund, arrested by the child's quaint fancies, listened with relenting features as he told his tale.

She only partially followed the story; she was thinking rather of the child's whole-hearted sacrifice in giving up an afternoon's pleasure to try and please her. It showed such a strong desire to pay back, and give again some pleasure, in return for the happy hour devoted to his amusement at their first meeting.

"A QUEER, UNUSUAL VISION APPEARED, THE ELF-LIKE FIGURE OF A TINY JESTER."

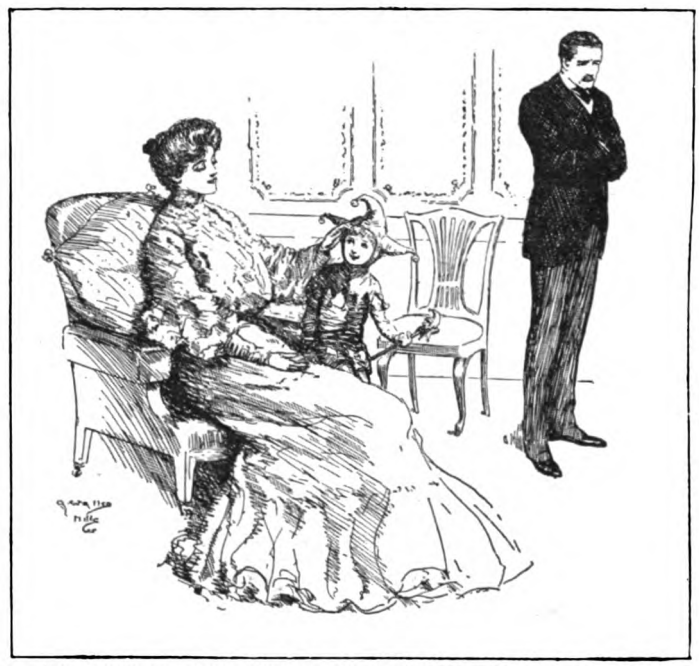
Involuntarily she drew him down beside her into the wide chair. Again they were close together; she almost fancied she could hear the beating of the child's heart! There were tears in her eyes, though her lips smiled, and more than once she bent her head to his, so that her forehead touched his curly hair.

After all, it seemed, the tale of the umbrella must have been very diverting, for

neither heard an arrival in the hall or a man's footsteps pause by the boudoir door.

Rosamund glanced up suddenly, without knowing why! Simultaneously Douglas leapt,

Her fingers stole lovingly again to the fair head of the child as he returned to her side and leaned against her with the familiarity of trustful affection.



"HER FINGERS STOLE LOVINGLY AGAIN TO THE FAIR HEAD OF THE CHILD."

with a frantic ringing of small brass bells, from the depths of the great chair, crying "Daddy! daddy!" as he ran towards the tall, military-looking figure.

But daddy paid little heed to the tiny jester hugging his knees. He was looking, with curiously bashful eyes, at the woman in whose arms he had found his child.

She offered him her hand with a trembling of lips which smiled still.

"I did not know you were expected," she said.

"I came without an invitation, to insist upon Jim's explaining a mystery. It's too awful, Rosamund, if what I now think is true! Are you the anonymous friend who has helped a poor wretch out of a hole?"

Her head drooped. She could not bear to see the shamed expression on his face.

"If I've hurt you," she said, "can you grudge me such a poor little revenge? Is it not my due?"

"This boy," she whispered, "has given me back something I lost long years ago. For that I am grateful. I mean to be young again! It is possible, for I am only twenty-nine."

The joy of youth was in her voice, her eyes. This moment of triumph raised her above the hardening influences of a blighted past. The man, humiliated by memory and humbled by kindness from the hand he had injured, suffered alone. She touched the glorious heights of the eternal childhood hidden in every human soul, and Douglas knew it, for children see with eyes which can look into fairyland and read the mystic wonders there.

"Shall we finish the story?" he whispered. "Daddy can listen too."

She motioned the man to a chair and lifted Douglas on her knee.

"We will all tell stories," she murmured, "with happy endings!"

Trips About Town.

By George R. Sims.

IV.—ROUND ST. GEORGE IN THE EAST.

IF St. George in the East has not slain the local dragon he has at least so maimed and crippled the monster that it crawls about to-day in a shamefaced manner. The fire that it breathes from its nostrils is but a pale flicker compared with the lurid flames of the days when the now quiet St. George's Street was riotous Ratcliff Highway. Then the crimps did a roaring trade in its pestilent purlieus, and the sailors of the world reeled along the notorious thoroughfare from drinking-bar to dancing-room, and from dancing-room to back courts and alleys, where they were always robbed, frequently injured, and occasionally murdered.

"PADDY'S GOOSE."

To wander about St. George in the East with a proper appreciation of its present you must know something of its past. For it claims to be in many ways quite a reformed character, and is naturally indignant when it is represented by traffickers in the sensational as still clinging to its old disreputable ways.

Who has not heard of "Paddy's Goose"? In the old days this house was typical of the Highway of Infamy. The White Swan—the origin of "Paddy's Goose" is obvious—was the most notorious drinking and dancing den for sailors in the world. It was larger and more "classy"—if one may use the expression in such a connection—than the dancing dram shops of Tiger's Bay, an infamous district just off the Highway. Daring explorers from the West anxious to see "life" sometimes ventured themselves within the wicked walls of "The Goose," but the land-sharks, male and female, who preyed upon poor Jack made it their hunting ground, and the scenes that were recorded as taking place nightly at last shocked the public conscience.

I remember "Paddy's Goose" in the bad old times, and I can imagine no greater contrast than the scene that the old White Swan looked down upon then and the scene that she surveys to-day.

The Swan, white and wondering, is still perched aloft. The house is still there, the doors are still open, and the windows are still lighted up at night. But through these windows one looks into a big square room, on the walls of which are Bible pictures and texts, and in bold letters on the boards that screen the lower part of the windows the passer-by is informed that "Paddy's Goose" is now the meeting-house of a Wesleyan mission.

Look at the little crowd in the street and by the doors. There are no sailors with their pockets full of gold. There are no tigresses from Tiger's Bay in gaudy raiment. No

scraping fiddle is heard from the big room beyond the bar. No hoarse laughter rings out upon the night. No roistering seamen roll along the pavement shouting the chorus of a drinking song.

An aged travelling tinker, a quaint industrial survival of a bygone day, shuffles past silently, mournfully. Lounging about on the pavement are a few Irish dock labourers and hawkers, and little groups of Irishwomen, factory girls or sack and tarpaulin hands most of them. Their heads are bare and ornamented with a wealth of curling-pins. The curling-pin coiffure is the Irish note of the Highway. You will find it emphasized in Cable Street, one end of which is Jewish and the other Irish, while the middle may be said to be English. If you go to the Jewish end of Cable Street you will not see a single curling-pin. The young alien Jewess dresses her hair very much as the work-girl of Paris does. It is neatly and artistically arranged, and it frequently boasts an ornamental comb, which, though cheap, is effective and picturesque.

"WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF MOTHER."

The contrast between the two ends of Cable Street is remarkable. At one end you see poorly-dressed women and ragged children. Here are barefooted, ragged, capless, coatless little Irish lads playing about the streets. Sometimes you may see a white-faced, bare-limbed little mite peering anxiously out of the end of a court, waiting for a glimpse of mother, who has left him so long alone that he has wandered out in search of her.

At the other end, the Jewish end, there may be poverty among the immigrants who have not been long in our land of liberty, you may see squalor and misery, but you see no barefooted little boys, you see no little girls in rags and tatters. All the Jewish children are well shod and comfortably clad. And yet their fathers and mothers come here to begin the struggle for life in a strange land with no capital, and the prospect of an income no better than the poor Irish populace of the other end can earn.

Look at this group of immigrants making their way from the docks to the Jewish shelter in Leman Street.

They have just come from one of the Pales of Settlement in the land of persecution. It has been a desperate effort to raise the passage-money, and they have probably been robbed and cheated by the way.

But, poor as they are, miserable as they are—the anxious, hunted look in the faces of some of these refugees is a thing that once seen you never forget — they will make a bold fight with fortune, and presently they will be prospering and saving money, and some of them will be laying the foundation of a fortune for their children.

They are poverty-stricken enough in their surroundings at the beginning. In some of the lodging-houses that we shall visit before we quit the neighbourhood we shall find something akin to misery perhaps, but we shall never find a Jewish child ragged or barefooted or neglected.

The immigrants who pass us to-day are of a more prosperous-looking type than the generality of those who land from the Thames. The high boots and the astrachan caps give them a picturesque appearance to the English eye, which tones down the look of patient suffering in their faces. But all of them are gaunt and hungry-looking enough, and all their worldly goods are carried in a little bundle.

To-day they are nervous, anxious. Some have a journey of thousands of miles yet before them. They are making their way to America, or to some far-off Jewish colony. But some will remain, as the immigrants who have made a Jewish colony of a portion of St. George's remained. And the Jewish half will always be in distinct contrast to the Irish half so far as the children are concerned.

The immigrant Jews are not the only

foreign element to be found in St. George's to-day. There are Swedes, Norwegians, Belgians, Russians, Dutchmen, and Danes, and there is a small colony of Catholic Poles. One or two courts are given up almost entirely to them. The courts that run off the Highway are many of them inhabited exclusively by a class. In one court you find the sailor element; everyone has followed the sea in some shape or form. In another you find Catholic Poles, in another Germans, and quite a number have only Irish in them. There are many courts given up to the Jews, and others occupied entirely by waterside labourers.

"IMMIGRANT JEWS."

One or two houses let out in floors in the district are inhabited by Germans. Going over them I found a large number of German "unemployed." In one of these German houses everybody seemed to be out of work, but they had all managed to keep their furniture.

But in the top room of the house an Irish dock labourer had been less fortunate. He had parted with everything, and had only the bare floor for himself and his wife and children to rest on.

The window of his garret looked out upon a parapet; on the parapet was one note of colour to relieve the grey gloom of his despair.

Someone had dropped a buttonhole of flowers—two roses bound to a little fern leaf with wire. These roses the man had picked up in the gutter, and his wife had put them in a little gallipot filled with water. She had placed them outside her garret window and loved them and tended them. When the night came on and she could see the faded flowers no longer, she had to lie down on the bare floor and sleep the darkness through, for the Irish labourer and his wife had no money to spare for fire and light.

Before we leave the Highway, which is the centre of the district, we get a momentary glimpse of Jack ashore in the high spirits that in the old days were typical of the place.

St. George's to-day has changed for the better. One is bound to admit that, and in admitting it give credit to the good men and women who have helped to bring the change about. But there are certain factors in the transformation which must not be ignored.

The trade of the Port of London has decreased considerably. The old windjammers that brought hundreds of sailors all the year round to the docks have been replaced by steamers which discharge their cargoes elsewhere. The sailors' boarding-houses of St. George's are never full, and the Sailors' Rests are largely given up to waterside labourers. There are not sufficient sailors to make things lively in the old fashion, even if "Paddy's Goose" and the Mahogany Bar and the dens of Tiger's Bay were run on the old lines.

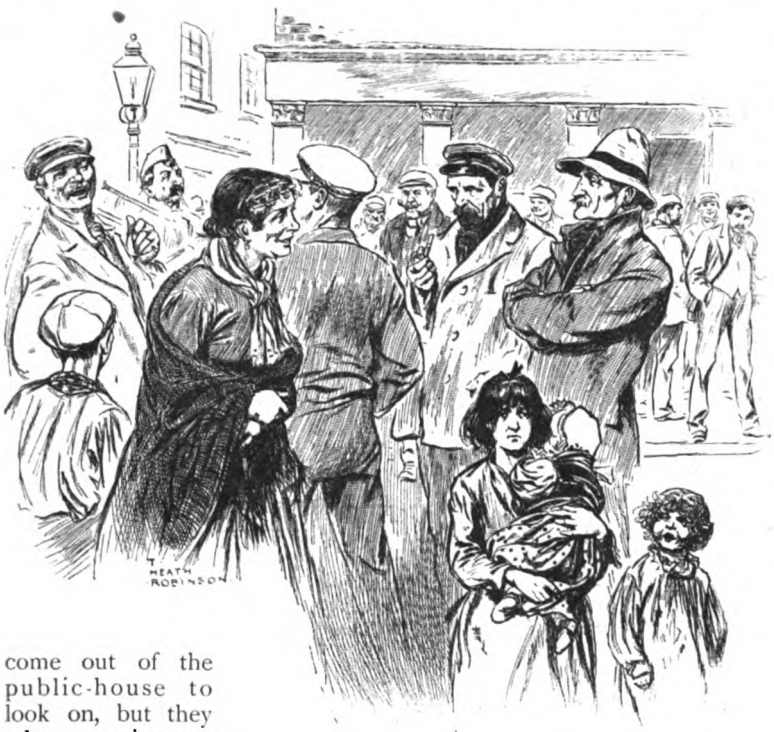
But there are sailors still and there are ships in the docks, and so you may now and again get a fair idea of what the Highway looked like in the days of its bustle and movement.

Outside a public-house at the corner of a street of foreign lodging-houses are a number of sea-going folk—engineers, stokers, and cattlemen. Most of them are foreigners and one or two are Americans. An old Scotch street-performer is giving a selection on the bagpipes and a Highland fling in the middle of the roadway, and the seafaring aliens find an opportunity for a little rough horse-play.

One of them, while the Scotchman is going round with his cap, picks up his coat and hands it to a companion, who makes off with it up a court which was once famous for its "crimps' houses," and is said still to contain one or two.

There is no intention of stealing the coat. The rough, boisterous sailor-folk are simply having "fun" with the Scotch "busker," who has laid himself open to practical retaliation by the caustic remarks he has addressed to the crowd on the smallness of the sum with which they have rewarded his attempt to take up a collection.

One or two loafers of both sexes have come out of the public-house to look on, but they take no active part in the proceedings. The moving spirit of the "spree" is a typical American "cattleman" — long and lean, hatchet-faced and bronzed, with earrings in his ears and a slouch hat on his head that causes his nationality to "leap to the eyes."



"MOST OF THEM ARE FOREIGNERS AND ONE OR TWO ARE AMERICANS."

A little way from the scene of the sailors' frolic, which my colleague has sketched, lies Prince's Square. It is a picturesque old place still, with its quaint Swedish church in the centre and its old eighteenth-century houses standing cheek by jowl with glaring examples of twentieth-century "improvement." As we turn into it the note of strangeness which dominates it is emphasized by the fact that against the railings of the square a number of little Iceland ponies are standing surrounded by a group of admiring boys. The connection between the Swedish church and the Icelandic ponies is not obvious, and the spectacle startles us, until we remember that one of the depôts of the famous Jamrach is close by. Then the situation is at once explained. These ponies have been imported by Jamrach, and it being a fine day they are taking the air in Prince's Square.

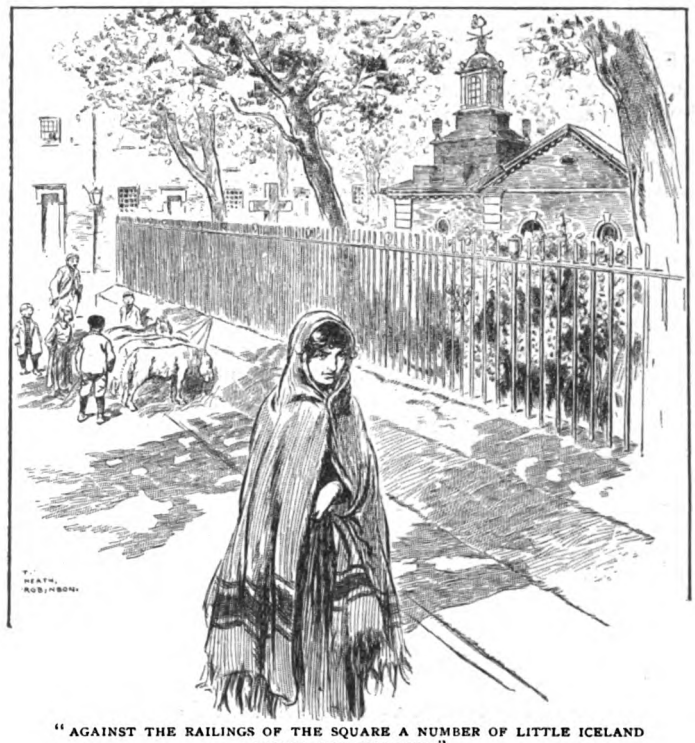
Wonderfully interesting is another old-world spot, Wellclose Square, which is little known and concerning which the guide-books have scarcely anything to say. At the old Well House, which still stands, the well-keeper was at one time Bo'sun Smith, and Bo'sun Smith was a pioneer of free education for the masses.

Every day the Bo'sun, who had sailed the seas and seen the world, would gather about him the children of the sailors who lived in the neighbourhood and tell them of the wonders he had seen. Having fired their imagination with his tales of travel and adventure, he would tell them that there were still more wonderful things to be read about in books.

The children, appreciating the advantages of being able to read even more wonderful yarns than Bo'sun Smith could spin, were eager to know how this gift was to be acquired, and readily allowed themselves to be taught reading and writing by the old sailor who kept the well.

A few of the houses in Wellclose Square are still in private occupation, but most of them are lodging-houses or let out in floors or as business premises.

No 36, where lived Thomas Day, the author of the immortal "Sandford and



"AGAINST THE RAILINGS OF THE SQUARE A NUMBER OF LITTLE ICELAND PONIES ARE STANDING."

Merton," is now a Mission to the Jews, and where the High Court of the Liberties of the Tower stood a furniture dealer displays his wares.

Round the corner, in Neptune Street, is a public-house, the King's Arms, the proprietor of which has a prison on his premises. Hidden away from the passing throng, unknown, I imagine, to the majority of Londoners, there are the cells and the plank beds—aye, even the fetters and the strait-jackets of the days when the poor prisoner was poor indeed, the cells in which some of the Peninsular prisoners pined, and where many a famous felon languished.

The landlord of the house is amiable, and permits us to see the grim remains of a bygone day and an obsolete prison system.

He takes his keys and we pass through a side door into a hall. From the hall a fine old staircase leads to the Court House. But the cells are below. We pass down a narrow, dark stairway, through a brick kitchen, and across a paved yard, and presently we are in the cells.

Here they are, as they were two hundred years ago. The door has to be unlocked with heavy keys, the massive bolts have to be unshot, and thick, black, forbidding doors have to be forced back upon their hinges before we can enter the dungeons.

The old prison was known as the Sly House, because people who were seen to enter it were rarely seen coming out again. There was a subterranean passage that led from this prison to the Tower and to the docks, and it was along this subterranean way that prisoners passed on their way to the *Success*, the famous convict ship.

Standing in one of the cells with its plank bed, the heavy fetters stapled to the wall, the grating of the little window closed, and a candle lighted, we people the dismal dungeon with forms that have long since passed away.

Many of the prisoners handed their names down to posterity by carving them on the woodwork. There are foreign names and Irish names and English names. One inscription is that of Mr. Stockley, the gentleman who had the doubtful honour of being the inventor of the pitch plaster. This was clapped over the mouth of the victim to prevent him drawing public attention to the fact that he was being assaulted and robbed.

Another poor prisoner dropped into poetry and carved a significant verse upon the wooden wall:—

> The cupboard is empty,
> To our sorrow;
> Let's hope it will
> Be full to-morrow.

The fact that our forefathers had to put up with dungeon life for being poor is illustrated by the inscription: "Please to remember the poor debtors. 1758."

It is a strange experience to grope your way through these gloomy cells, to come out through a bar in which a group of waterside loafers are discussing the free feeding of poor school children, and pass thence into the sunshine of the square, with its Mission to the Jews, its lodging-houses for alien immigrants, its modern warehouses and work-rooms, and a group of lads absorbed in the

latest cricket scores as set out in the 3.30 edition of a halfpenny paper.

But over all these things floats a sound that takes one back to the days when the square was called Marine Square, and the captains and mates lounged about it while the prisoners of war lay in the dungeons. It is the hoot of an ocean-going steamer working up the river to its anchorage in the docks.

The captains have gone—there may, perhaps, be a lighterman and a barge-owner in one or two of the private houses—and the alien immigrant has brought trades of his own to the once eminently British square—the square in which once stood the Royalty Theatre, founded by John Palmer, the actor, who fell dead upon the stage after uttering, in the part of "The Stranger," the words, "There is another and a better world."

Let us enter one or two of the Jewish houses in the square and see what is going on. Here in a room below the level of the street, and lighted by a grating, are a dozen men making boots. We pass the open door of the bootmakers' room and go out into the yard, and here are great piles of British military uniforms, mostly khaki, for the "deal" has been in "South Africans."

A couple of Russian Jews are scrubbing the old uniforms vigorously with soap and water, and presently they will be baked in a little shed hard by. The wet paving of the yard is strewn with the shoulder-tabs identifying the regiments. Here, trampled under foot by the Russians, are the Royal Horse Artillery, the Royal Dragoons, and other famous regiments.

We go into another house, descend the steps, and find ourselves in a yard packed to the top of the walls with sacks of rags. Here again the Russian Jews are the proprietors of the business. But the sorting of the rags is not done by Jewish girls. A Jewish girl does not care for that sort of employment. The work is being carried on in a large shed at the back of the yard. Half-a-dozen women, some young, some old, are sorting the rags into heaps with a rapidity which is marvellous. They are all Irish. In the rag trade, as in several other trades in this district, the Irish are employed by the Jews to do the rougher class of work.

Sack-making and tarpaulin-making are local industries which employ a large number of Irishwomen, but these trades are mainly in the hands of old-established English firms.

Sack-making is done largely in the home, or rather outside the home. If we pass through a certain court we shall see a piece of sacking fastened to the wall outside almost every house, and a young Irish girl busily engaged on it. As the girls work they chatter with each other and exchange compliments across the way. Occasionally a young man may be observed lolling against a vacant piece of wall and watching a girl work while he smokes his pipe or his cigarette. Even among the Irish the cigarette is taking the place of the dhudeen.

Climbing a steep hill of houses and back courts that carry one to the days of the pressgang and the Jack ashore of the Dibdin songs, we come again into Cable Street and the district once known as "Nockfergus," a name which was applied to the whole of St. George's on the map prepared for Napoleon when he contemplated the invasion of England. Here are the Town-hall and the Public Library, and all the modern inventions for making people happy and orderly. The Public Library is a fine building, and well patronized. Here in the afternoon come any number of well-dressed, intelligent little boys and girls, keeping the librarians busy and showing the brighter and better side of St. George's. And when the day's work is done the spacious reading-rooms are packed with the sons of toil who want a change of world.

Behind the library lies one of the prettiest public gardens in London. It is the old Wesleyan burial-ground "converted." There is much material here both for the study of Nature and the study of Humanity. All sorts and conditions of men and women pass through the grounds or sit about on the seats. The dark-haired, black-eyed Russian Jewess; the Englishwoman, whose black eyes are of a different character; the Irish factory-girl, the dock labourer, the artisan, the Jew dealer, the captain, the stevedore and the foreign sailor, and the nondescripts who may be waiting for work or mischief.

You pass through a gate in the gardens and you are in the churchyard of St. George's, one corner of which, the old mortuary, is given up to an admirably-arranged little Natural History Museum. The first thing that arrests your attention is the monument to the Marrs, the unhappy draper and his wife and child who were murdered late on the night of December 7th, 1811, in a little shop in the Ratcliff Highway. The crime sent a thrill of horror through England, and moved De Quincey to write his immortal essay on "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts."

The local terror caused by this murder was

so great that everyone bought a rattle and prepared for the worst. It was expected that the brutal assassin would repeat his crime, and, singularly enough, a few nights later he did. In Old Gravel Lane, only a few yards from the scene of the Marr tragedy, he murdered a publican and his family. A man named John Williams was arrested shortly afterwards in a sailors' lodging-house. There was a good deal of circumstantial evidence, and Williams was held to be guilty. He avoided further publicity by immediately committing suicide. His body was buried at four cross roads, the exact spot being at the corner of Cannon Street Road and Cable Street.

Williams would probably have been found guilty, but it is exceedingly doubtful if he committed the crimes—at any rate, the second one. A young man who escaped from the house while the Gravel Lane family were being butchered *saw* the murderer and gave a description of him. Williams did not answer this description in a single particular.

The docks were the life of St. George's in the old days. It is because the docks are no longer busy that life in St. George's has become quieter. It is more respectable and more monotonous. Even about the men waiting at the dock gates there is an air of resignation. You can see a crowd of them at most hours of the day hanging about Pennington Street, a fine row of picturesque eighteenth-century houses, which form an admirable background to my colleague's sketch of the waiting "dockers." Most of the men here are Irish. The population on the south side of St. George's to the river are nearly all from the land of poetry, politics, and potheen.

The Bridge of Sighs, the swing bridge in Old Gravel Lane, still remains, and still looks into the same dirty water as it did when Charles Dickens described it. It was for long a favourite place for suicides, and hence its name. But to-day there is a constable on duty night and day, and he keeps a watchful eye on all who cross it to enter or leave "the Island of Wapping."

A ramble through St. George's is interesting to those who know where to wander off the track and where to look behind the scenes. But to the stranger, after the first plunge into the foreign-looking end of Cable Street, it is dispiriting. There is movement in the Watney Street market, there are brightness and beauty in the public gardens, there is comfort in the contemplation of the number of missions and rests and homes, in which the religious and philanthropic workers never grow weary of well-doing. But over all is the note of the receding tide, of the day that is done, of the port to which no longer favouring gales waft golden argosies.

"PENNINGTON STREET."

But the grass is not likely to grow in the streets for many a long day to come. St. George's has this year given a record birth-rate to the world, and the St. Georgians, fully recognising that theirs is a district "with a past," find comfort in its well-ordered present and have the brightest hopes for its future.

CAPTAINS ALL

BY

W. W. JACOBS

EVERY sailorman grumbles about the sea, said the night-watchman, thoughtfully. It's human nature to grumble, and I s'pose they keep on grumbling and sticking to it because there ain't much else they can do. There's not many shore-going berths that a sailorman is fit for, and those that they are —such as a night-watchman's, for instance— wants such a good character that there's few as are equal to it.

Sometimes they get things to do ashore. I knew one man that took up butchering, and 'e did very well at it till the police took *him* up. Another man I knew gave up the sea to marry a washerwoman, and they hadn't been married six months afore she died, and back he 'ad to go to sea agin, pore chap.

A man who used to grumble awful about the sea was old Sam Small—a man I've spoke of to you before. To hear 'im go on about the sea, arter he 'ad spent four or five months' money in a fortnight, was 'art-breaking. He used to ask us wot was going to happen to 'im in his old age, and when we pointed out that he wouldn't be likely to 'ave any old age if he wasn't more careful of 'imself he used to fly into a temper and call us everything 'e could lay his tongue to.

One time when 'e was ashore with Peter Russet and Ginger Dick he seemed to 'ave got it on the brain. He started being careful of 'is money instead o' spending it, and three mornings running he bought a newspaper and read the advertisements, to see whether there was any comfortable berth for a strong, good-'arted man wot didn't like work.

He actually went arter one situation, and, if it hadn't ha' been for seventy-nine other men, he said he believed he'd ha' 'ad a good

Copyright, 1905, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

chance of getting it. As it was, all 'e got was a black eye for shoving another man, and for a day or two he was so down-'arted that 'e was no company at all for the other two.

For three or four days 'e went out by 'imself, and then, all of a sudden, Ginger Dick and Peter began to notice a great change in him. He seemed to 'ave got quite cheerful and 'appy. He answered 'em back pleasant when they spoke to 'im, and one night he lay in 'is bed whistling comic songs until Ginger and Peter Russet 'ad to get out o' bed to him. When he bought a new necktie and a smart cap and washed 'imself twice in one day they fust began to ask each other wot was up, and then they asked him.

"Up?" ses Sam; "nothing."

"He's in love," ses Peter Russet.

"You're a liar," ses Sam, without turning round.

"He'll 'ave it bad at 'is age," ses Ginger.

Sam didn't say nothing, but he kept fidgeting about as though 'e'd got something on his mind. Fust he looked out o' the winder, then he 'ummed a tune, and at last, looking at 'em very fierce, he took a tooth-brush wrapped in paper out of 'is pocket and began to clean 'is teeth.

"He *is* in love," ses Ginger, as soon as he could speak.

"Or else 'e's gorn mad," ses Peter, watching 'im. "Which is it, Sam?"

Sam made believe that he couldn't answer 'im because o' the tooth-brush, and arter he'd finished he 'ad such a raging toothache that 'e sat in a corner holding 'is face and looking the picture o' misery. They couldn't get a word out of him till they asked 'im to go out with them, and then he said 'e was going to bed. Twenty minutes arterwards, when Ginger Dick stepped back for 'is pipe, he found he 'ad gorn.

He tried the same game next night, but the other two wouldn't 'ave it, and they stayed in so long that at last 'e lost 'is temper, and, arter wondering wot Ginger's father and mother could ha' been a-thinking about, and saying that he believed Peter Russet 'ad been changed at birth for a sea-sick monkey, he put on 'is cap and went out. Both of 'em follered 'im sharp, but when he led 'em to a mission-hall, and actually went inside, they left 'im and went off on their own.

They talked it over that night between themselves, and next evening they went out fust and hid themselves round the corner. Ten minutes arterwards old Sam came out, walking as though 'e was going to catch a train, and smiling to think 'ow he 'ad shaken them off. At the corner of Commercial Road he stopped and bought 'imself a button-hole for 'is coat, and Ginger was so surprised that 'e pinched Peter Russet to make sure that he wasn't dreaming.

Old Sam walked straight on whistling, and every now and then looking down at 'is button-hole, until by-and-by he turned down a street on the right and went into a little shop. Ginger Dick and Peter waited for 'im at the corner, but he was inside for so long that at last they got tired o' waiting and crept up and peeped through the winder.

It was a little tobacconist's shop, with newspapers and penny toys and such-like; but, as far as Ginger could see through two rows o' pipes and the *Police News*, it was empty. They stood there with their noses pressed against the glass for some time, wondering wot had 'appened to Sam, but by-and-by a little boy went in and then they began to 'ave an idea wot Sam's little game was.

As the shop-bell went the door of a little parlour at the back of the shop opened, and a stout and uncommon good-looking woman of about forty came out. Her 'ead pushed the *Police News* out o' the way and her 'and came groping into the winder arter a toy. Ginger 'ad a good look at 'er out o' the corner of one eye, while he pretended to be looking at a tobacco-jar with the other. As the little boy came out 'im and Peter Russet went in.

"I want a pipe, please," he ses, smiling at 'er; "a clay pipe—one o' your best."

The woman handed 'im down a box to choose from, and just then Peter, wot 'ad been staring in at the arf-open door at a boot wot wanted lacing up, gave a big start and ses, "Why! Halloa!"

"Wot's the matter?" ses the woman, looking at 'im.

"I'd know that foot anywhere," ses Peter, still staring at it; and the words was hardly out of 'is mouth afore the foot 'ad moved itself away and tucked itself under its chair. "Why, that's my dear old friend Sam Small, ain't it?"

"Do you know the captin?" ses the woman, smiling at 'im.

"Cap——?" ses Peter. "*Cap*——? Oh, yes; why, he's the biggest friend I've got."

"'Ow strange!" ses the woman.

"We've been wanting to see 'im for some time," ses Ginger. "He was kind enough to lend me arf a crown the other day, and I've been wanting to pay 'im."

"Captin Small," ses the woman, pushing

"HE TURNED DOWN A STREET ON THE RIGHT AND WENT INTO A LITTLE SHOP."

open the door, "here's some old friends o' yours."

Old Sam turned 'is face round and looked at 'em, and if looks could ha' killed, as the saying is, they'd ha' been dead men there and then.

"Oh, yes," he ses, in a choking voice; "'ow are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you, *captin*," ses Ginger, grinning at 'im; "and 'ow's yourself arter all this long time?"

He held out 'is hand and Sam shook it, and then shook 'ands with Peter Russet, who was grinning so 'ard that he couldn't speak.

"These are two old friends o' mine, Mrs. Finch," ses old Sam, giving 'em a warning look; "Captin Dick and Captin Russet, two o' the oldest and best friends a man ever 'ad."

"Captin Dick 'as got 'arf a crown for you," ses Peter Russet, still grinning.

"There now," ses Ginger, looking vexed, "if I ain't been and forgot it; I've on'y got arf a sovereign."

"I can give you change, sir," ses Mrs. Finch. "P'r'aps you'd like to sit down for five minutes?"

Ginger thanked 'er, and 'im and Peter Russet took a chair apiece in front o' the fire and began asking old Sam about 'is 'ealth, and wot he'd been doing since they saw 'im last.

"Fancy your reckernising his foot," ses Mrs. Finch, coming in with the change.

"I'd know it anywhere," ses Peter, who was watching Ginger pretending to give Sam Small the 'arf-dollar, and Sam pretending in a most lifelike manner to take it.

Ginger Dick looked round the room. It was a comfortable little place, with pictures on the walls and antimacassars on all the chairs, and a row of pink vases on the mantelpiece. Then 'e looked at Mrs. Finch, and thought wot a nice-looking woman she was.

"This is nicer than being aboard ship with a crew o' nasty, troublesome sailormen to look arter, Captin Small," he ses.

"It's wonderful the way he manages 'em," ses Peter Russet to Mrs. Finch. "Like a lion he is."

"A roaring lion," ses Ginger, looking at Sam. "He don't know wot fear is."

Sam began to smile, and Mrs. Finch looked at 'im so pleased that Peter Russet, who 'ad been looking at 'er and the room, and thinking much the same way as Ginger,

began to think that they was on the wrong tack.

"Afore 'e got stout and old," he ses, shaking his 'ead, "there wasn't a smarter skipper afloat."

"We all 'ave our day," ses Ginger, shaking his 'ead too.

"I dessay he's good for another year or two afloat yet," ses Peter Russet, considering.

"With care," ses Ginger.

Old Sam was going to say something, but 'e stopped himself just in time. "They will 'ave their joke," he ses, turning to Mrs. Finch and trying to smile. "I feel as young as ever I did."

Mrs. Finch said that anybody with arf an eye could see that, and then she looked at a kettle that was singing on the 'ob.

"I s'pose you gentlemen wouldn't care for a cup o' cocoa?" she ses, turning to them.

Ginger Dick and Peter both said that they liked it better than anything else, and, arter she 'ad got out the cups and saucers and a tin o' cocoa, Ginger held the kettle and poured the water in the cups while she stirred them, and old Sam sat looking on 'elpless.

"It does seem funny to see you drinking cocoa, captin," ses Ginger, as old Sam took his cup.

"Ho!" ses Sam, firing up; "and why, if I might make so bold as to ask?"

"'Cos I've generally seen you drinking something out of a bottle," ses Ginger.

"Now, look 'ere," ses Sam, starting up and spilling some of the hot cocoa over 'is lap.

"A ginger-beer bottle," ses Peter Russet, making faces at Ginger to keep quiet.

"Yes, o' course, that's wot I meant," ses Ginger.

Old Sam wiped the cocoa off 'is knees without saying a word, but his weskit kept going up and down till Peter Russet felt quite sorry for 'im.

"There's nothing like it," he ses to Mrs. Finch. "It was by sticking to ginger-beer and milk and such-like that Captain Small 'ad command of a ship afore 'e was twenty-five."

"Lor'!" ses Mrs. Finch.

She smiled at old Sam till Peter got uneasy agin, and began to think p'r'aps 'e'd been praising 'im too much.

"Of course, I'm speaking of long ago now," he ses.

"Years and years afore you was born, ma'am," ses Ginger.

Old Sam was going to say something, but Mrs. Finch looked so pleased that 'e thought better of it. Some o' the cocoa 'e was drinking went the wrong way, and then Ginger patted 'im on the back and told 'im to be careful not to bring on 'is brownchitis agin. Wot with temper and being afraid to speak for fear they should let Mrs. Finch know that 'e wasn't a captin, he could 'ardly bear 'imself, but he very near broke out when Peter Russet advised 'im to 'ave his weskit lined with red flannel. They all stayed on till closing time, and by the time they left they 'ad made theirselves so pleasant that Mrs. Finch said she'd be pleased to see them any time they liked to look in.

Sam Small waited till they 'ad turned the corner, and then he broke out so alarming that they could 'ardly do anything with 'im. Twice policemen spoke to 'im and advised 'im to go home afore they altered their minds; and he 'ad to hold 'imself in and keep quiet while Ginger and Peter Russet took 'is arms and said they were seeing him 'ome.

He started the row agin when they got indoors, and sat up in 'is bed smacking 'is lips over the things he'd like to 'ave done to them if he could. And then, arter saying 'ow he'd like to see Ginger boiled alive like a lobster, he said he knew that 'e was a noble-'arted feller who wouldn't try and cut an old pal out, and that it was a case of love at first sight on top of a tram-car.

"She's too young for you," ses Ginger; "and too good-looking besides."

"It's the nice little bisness he's fallen in love with, Ginger," ses Peter Russet. "I'll toss you who 'as it."

Ginger, who was sitting on the foot o' Sam's bed, said "no" at fust, but arter a time he pulled out arf a dollar and spun it in the air. That was the last 'e see of it, although he 'ad Sam out o' bed and all the clothes stripped off of it twice. He spent over arf an hour on his 'ands and knees looking for it, and Sam said when he was tired of playing bears p'r'aps he'd go to bed and get to sleep like a Christian.

They 'ad it all over agin next morning, and at last, as nobody would agree to keep quiet and let the others 'ave a fair chance, they made up their minds to let the best man win. Ginger Dick bought a necktie that took all the colour out o' Sam's, and Peter Russet went in for a collar so big that 'e was lost in it.

They all strolled into the widow's shop separate that night. Ginger Dick 'ad smashed his pipe and wanted another; Peter

"HE BROKE OUT SO ALARMING THAT THEY COULD 'ARDLY DO ANYTHING WITH 'IM."

Russet wanted some tobacco; and old Sam Small walked in smiling, with a little silver brooch for 'er, that he said e' had picked up.

It was a very nice brooch, and Mrs. Finch was so pleased with it that Ginger and Peter sat there as mad as they could be because they 'adn't thought of the same thing.

"Captain Small is very lucky at finding things," ses Ginger, at last.

"He's got the name for it," ses Peter Russet.

"It's a handy 'abit," ses Ginger; "it saves spending money. Who did you give that gold bracelet to you picked up the other night, captin?" he ses, turning to Sam.

"Gold bracelet?" ses Sam. "I didn't pick up no gold bracelet. Wot are you talking about?"

"All right, captin; no offence," ses Ginger, holding up his 'and. "I dreamt I saw one on your mantelpiece, I s'pose. P'r'aps I oughtn't to ha' said anything about it."

Old Sam looked as though he'd like to eat 'im, especially as he noticed Mrs. Finch listening and pretending not to. "Oh! that one," he ses, arter a bit o' hard thinking. "Oh! I found out who it belonged to. You wouldn't believe 'ow pleased they was at getting it back agin."

Ginger Dick coughed and began to think as 'ow old Sam was sharper than he 'ad given 'im credit for, but afore he could think of anything else to say Mrs. Finch looked at old Sam and began to talk about 'is ship, and to say 'ow much she should like to see over it.

"I wish I could take you," ses Sam, looking at the other two out o' the corner of his eye, "but my ship's over at Dunkirk, in France. I've just run over to London for a week or two to look round."

"And mine's there too," ses Peter Russet, speaking a'most afore old Sam 'ad finished; "side by side they lay in the harbour."

"Oh, dear," ses Mrs. Finch, folding her 'ands and shaking her 'ead. "I *should* like

to go over a ship one arternoon. I'd quite made up my mind to it, knowing three captins."

She smiled and looked at Ginger; and Sam and Peter looked at 'im too, wondering whether he was going to berth his ship at Dunkirk alongside o' theirs.

"Ah, I wish I 'ad met you a fortnight ago," ses Ginger, very sad. "I gave up my ship, the *Highflyer*, then, and I'm waiting for one my owners are 'aving built for me at Newcastle. They said the *Highflyer* wasn't big enough for me. She was a nice little ship, though. I believe I've got 'er picture somewhere about me."

He felt in 'is pocket and pulled out a little, crumpled-up photograph of a ship he'd been fireman aboard of some years afore, and showed it to 'er.

"That's me standing on the bridge," he ses, pointing out a little dot with the stem of 'is pipe.

"It's your figger," ses Mrs. Finch, straining her eyes. "I should know it anywhere."

"You've got wonderful eyes, ma'am," ses old Sam, choking with 'is pipe.

"Anybody can see that," ses Ginger. "They're the largest and the bluest I've ever seen."

Mrs. Finch told 'im not to talk nonsense, but both Sam and Peter Russet could see 'ow pleased she was.

"Truth is truth," ses Ginger. "I'm a plain man, and I speak my mind."

"Blue is my fav'rit' colour," ses old Sam, in a tender voice. "True blue."

Peter Russet began to feel out of it. "I thought brown was," he ses.

"Ho!" ses Sam, turning on 'im; "and why?"

"I 'ad my reasons," ses Peter, nodding, and shutting 'is mouth very firm.

"I thought brown was 'is fav'rit' colour too," ses Ginger. "I don't know why. It's no use asking me; because if you did I couldn't tell you."

"Brown's a very nice colour," ses Mrs. Finch, wondering wot was the matter with old Sam.

"Blue," ses Ginger; "big blue eyes, they're the ones for me. Other people may 'ave their blacks and their browns," he ses, looking at Sam and Peter Russet, "but give me blue."

They went on like that all the evening, and every time the shop-bell went and the widow 'ad to go out to serve a customer they said in w'ispers wot they thought of each other; and once when she came back rather sudden Ginger 'ad to explain to 'er that 'e was showing Peter Russet a scratch on his knuckle.

Ginger Dick was the fust there next night, and took 'er a little chiney teapot he 'ad picked up dirt cheap because it was cracked right acrost the middle; but, as he explained that he 'ad dropped it in hurrying to see 'er, she was just as pleased. She stuck it up on the mantelpiece, and the things she said about Ginger's kindness and generosity made Peter Russet spend good money that he wanted for 'imself on a painted flower-pot next evening.

With three men all courting 'er at the same

"HE TOOK 'ER A LITTLE CHINEY TEAPOT HE 'AD PICKED UP DIRT CHEAP."

time Mrs. Finch had 'er hands full, but she took to it wonderful considering. She was so nice and kind to 'em all that even arter a week's 'ard work none of 'em was really certain which she liked best.

They took to going in at odd times o' the day for tobacco and such-like. They used to go alone then, but they all met and did the polite to each other there of an evening, and then quarrelled all the way 'ome.

Then all of a sudden, without any warning, Ginger Dick and Peter Russet left off going there. The fust evening Sam sat expecting them every minute, and was so surprised that he couldn't take any advantage of it; but on the second, beginning by squeezing Mrs. Finch's 'and at ha'-past seven, he 'ad got best part of his arm round 'er waist by a quarter to ten. He didn't do more that night because she told him to be'ave 'imself, and threatened to scream if he didn't leave off.

He was arf-way home afore 'e thought of the reason for Ginger Dick and Peter Russet giving up, and then he went along smiling to 'imself to such an extent that people thought 'e was mad. He went off to sleep with the smile still on 'is lips, and when Peter and Ginger came in soon arter closing time and 'e woke up and asked them where they'd been, 'e was still smiling.

"I didn't 'ave the pleasure o' seeing you at Mrs. Finch's to-night," he ses.

"No," ses Ginger, very short. "We got tired of it."

"So un'ealthy sitting in that stuffy little room every evening," ses Peter.

Old Sam put his 'ead under the bedclothes and laughed till the bed shook; and every now and then he'd put his 'ead out and look at Peter and Ginger and laugh agin till he choked.

"I see 'ow it is," he ses, sitting up and wiping his eyes on the sheet. "Well, we can't all win."

"Wot d'ye mean?" ses Ginger, very disagreeable.

"She wouldn't 'ave you," ses Sam, "that's wot I mean. And I don't wonder at it. I wouldn't 'ave you if I was a gal."

"You're dreaming," ses Peter Russet, sneering at 'im.

"That flower-pot o' yours'll come in handy," ses Sam, thinking 'ow he 'ad put 'is arm round the widow's waist; "and I thank you kindly for the teapot, Ginger."

"You don't mean to say as you've asked 'er to marry you?" ses Ginger, looking at Peter Russet.

"Not quite; but I'm going to," ses Sam, "and I'll bet you even arf-crowns she ses 'yes.'"

Ginger wouldn't take 'im, and no more would Peter, not even when he raised it to five shillings; and the vain way old Sam lay there boasting and talking about 'is way with the gals made 'em both feel ill.

"I wouldn't 'ave her if she asked me on 'er bended knees," ses Ginger, holding up his 'ead.

"Nor me," ses Peter. "You're welcome to 'er, Sam. When I think of the evenings I've wasted over a fat old woman I feel——"

"That'll do," ses old Sam, very sharp; "that ain't the way to speak of a lady, even if she 'as said 'no.'"

"All right, Sam," ses Ginger. "You go in and win if you think you're so precious clever."

Old Sam said that that was wot 'e was going to do, and he spent so much time next morning making 'imself look pretty that the other two could 'ardly be civil to him.

He went off a'most direckly arter breakfast, and they didn't see 'im agin till twelve o'clock that night. He 'ad brought a bottle o' whisky in with 'im, and he was so 'appy that they see plain wot had 'appened.

"She said 'yes' at two o'clock in the arternoon," ses old Sam, smiling, arter they had 'ad a glass apiece. "I'd nearly done the trick at one o'clock, and then the shop-bell went, and I 'ad to begin all over agin. Still, it wasn't unpleasant."

"Do you mean to tell us you've asked 'er to marry you?" ses Ginger, 'olding out 'is glass to be filled agin.

"I do," ses Sam; "but I 'ope there's no ill-feeling. You never 'ad a chance, neither of you; she told me so."

Ginger Dick and Peter Russet stared at each other.

"She said she 'ad been in love with me all along," ses Sam, filling their glasses agin to cheer 'em up. "We went out arter tea and bought the engagement-ring, and then she got somebody to mind the shop and we went to the Pagoda music-'all."

"I 'ope you didn't pay much for the ring, Sam," ses Ginger, who always got very kind-'arted arter two or three glasses o' whisky. "If I'd known you was going to be in such a hurry I might ha' told you before."

"We ought to ha' done," ses Peter, shaking his 'ead.

"Told me?" ses Sam, staring at 'em. "Told me wot?"

"Why me and Peter gave it up," ses

Ginger; "but, o' course, p'r'aps you don't mind."

"Mind wot?" ses Sam.

"It's wonderful 'ow quiet she kept it," ses Peter.

Old Sam stared at 'em agin, and then he asked 'em to speak in plain English wot they'd got to say, and not to go taking away the character of a woman wot wasn't there to speak up for herself.

"It's nothing agin 'er character," ses Ginger.

"It's a credit to her, looked at properly," ses Peter Russet.

"And Sam'll 'ave the pleasure of bringing of 'em up," ses Ginger.

"*Bringing of 'em up?*" ses Sam, in a trembling voice and turning pale; "bringing who up?"

"Why, 'er children," ses Ginger. "Didn't she tell you? She's got nine of 'em."

Sam pretended not to believe 'em at fust, and said they was jealous; but next day he crept down to the greengrocer's shop in the same street, where Ginger had 'appened to buy some oranges one day, and found that it was only too true. Nine children, the eldest of 'em only fifteen, was staying with diff'rent relations owing to scarlet-fever next door.

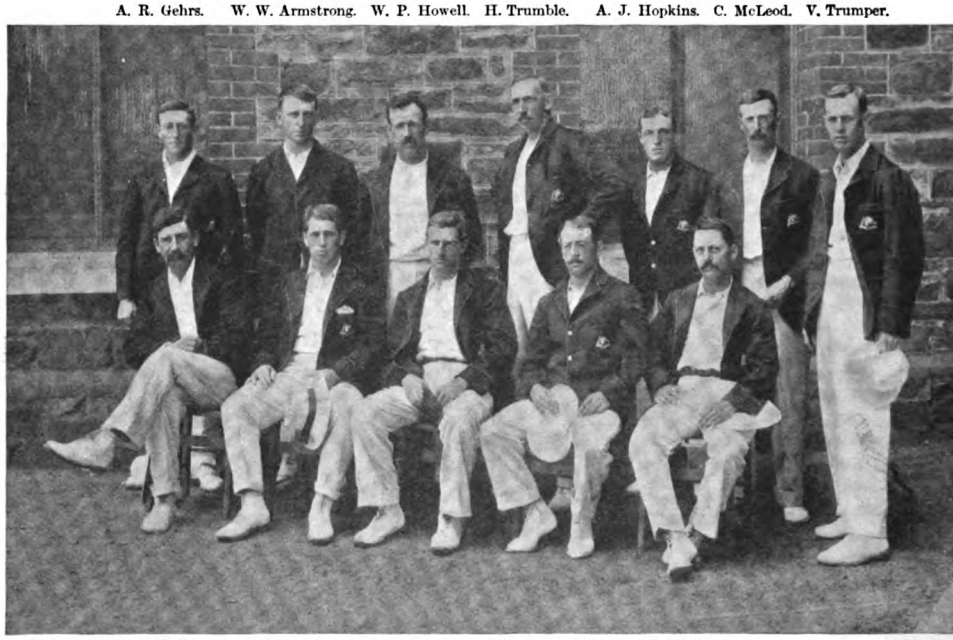
Old Sam crept back 'ome like a man in a dream, with a bag of oranges he didn't want, and, arter making a present of the engagement-ring to Ginger—if 'e could get it—he took the fust train to Tilbury and signed on for a v'y'ge to China.

"OLD SAM CREPT BACK 'OME LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM, WITH A BAG OF ORANGES HE DIDN'T WANT."

The Australian Cricketers.

By P. F. Warner.

A. R. Gehrs. W. W. Armstrong. W. P. Howell. H. Trumble. A. J. Hopkins. C. McLeod. V. Trumper.



From a] J. J. Kelly. C. Hill. M. A. Noble. R. A. Duff. S. E. Gregory. *[Photo.*

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM, 1904.
ALL THESE EXCEPT TRUMBLE ARE MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT TEAM.

THE presence in this country of a team of Australian cricketers lifts the cricket of the year to a higher plane, for, however interested we may be in the county championship, the excitement attaching to it is but vapid in comparison with the absorbing interest of the test matches. In one instance, only the partisans of the particular counties are concerned; in the other, it is not too much to say that the whole English-speaking world awaits with intense eagerness the results. Telegrams giving the smallest details of the play are flashed to the most remote corners of the globe, and the leading newspapers have made it a custom to bring out special editions giving the latest scores.

In considering the cricket of the two countries one or two facts must be borne in mind. First, when the Australians come over here they are always able to bring practically their best eleven, for a tour in England is the Mecca of every Australian cricketer's ambition. On the other hand, the best possible English eleven for Australia has never been chosen, and, so far as I can see, never will; for, though it may be possible to obtain the services of the best professionals, it is absolutely certain that a great many of the leading amateurs will never be able to spare the time which the trip involves.

Secondly, all test matches in Australia are played to a finish, so a side either wins or is beaten, and this has acted very hardly on us on several occasions. Indeed, our record of wins would be considerably greater than it is if test matches had been played to a finish in England. In this country, up to the present time, a match has been limited to three days, and lately there has been much discussion as to whether there should be five test matches played to a finish or three played to a finish, or whether the old plan should continue. The result has been a compromise, and in future, if the rubber has not been decided one way or the other after four matches of three days each have been played, the fifth game will be fought to a finish.

It has been suggested that a week should be allotted to each of the test matches, and, though this arrangement would interfere somewhat with county cricket, I cannot see

that there is any real objection to it. The county championship is only a means to an end—namely, the improvement of cricket generally—and not an end in itself. Besides, the interference with the championship competition would not, in reality, be very great, for but eleven, or at most twelve, players would be withdrawn from the sixteen first-class counties. The stronger counties, such as Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Surrey, might, if they so liked, keep the weeks in which the test matches were down for decision open; or, suppose they should not care to adopt this course, they might play one of the weaker sides or the Universities.

VICTOR TRUMPER.
From a Photo. by Kriscock, Adelaide.

In my opinion there is a deal too much county cricket nowadays, and Surrey and Yorkshire, who play practically every day from the beginning of May until the first week in September, might, with advantage, reduce their programmes. Again, it would be only once in three years that there would be any reduction in the number of county matches. For this season matters will have to stand as they are, but when the Australians next visit us it is to be hoped that a week will be given up to each of the England and Australia matches.

After all, England *v.* Australia is the greatest cricket-match in the world, and, though cricket has an enjoyment and fascination in the actual execution irrespective of the eventual result, the interest in a test match would, I venture to think, be even greater than it is were it known that there was no middle way, and that one side or the other must either win or be beaten.

Some people desire to have only three games played to a finish, while others prefer the present number. For myself I incline to the latter course, for the reason that one is much more likely to get at the respective merits of English and Australian cricketers from five games than from three.

The tremendous growth of county cricket has caused the programme of an Australian team touring in this country to be very different from what it used to be in the eighties and first half of the nineties. In those days there were probably half the number of first-class counties that there are now, and some of the most interesting fixtures of those tours were not against the counties, but against the Gentlemen of England, the Players, and the North of England.

But to-day county cricket has forced itself so much to the front that there is no room in the Australian programme for contests with either the Players or the North of England.

The county championship has done a tremendous amount of good to cricket all over England, but it is just possible that it is in danger of being overdone, and for this reason I believe that the majority of cricketers and spectators would welcome a slight relaxation of that spirit which seems to imagine that county cricket is everything, and every other form of cricket of quite secondary consideration.

Of course, there have been the usual criticisms of the selected Australian team—what eleven ever escaped that?—though I fancy J. Darling, M. A. Noble, and R. W. McLeod, who chose the side, knew what they were about. Noble himself is reported to have said that "possibly the bowling was not so

powerful as they could have desired." But the batting is quite exceptional—stronger, indeed, in my opinion, than that of any previous Australian combination. First there is Trumper, who is to Australia what W. G. Grace was to England—a star of the first magnitude. He is like no one and no one is like him. He has at his finger-tips every stroke in the game, and is quicker on his feet than anyone, excepting perhaps G. L. Jessop. At the present time he is probably the finest batsman in the world.

Hill is the most accomplished left-handed batsman who has ever played, with a record in test matches better than that of any other cricketer. At his first appearance against English bowling he made 150 runs for South Australia *v.* A. E. Stoddart's 1894-1895 Eleven, and he has grown better each succeeding year. Many good judges think him the equal of Trumper. And then there are Noble, so remarkably safe a player, with an easy and accomplished style, and a man who delights in the crisis of a match; Duff, thick-set and wiry, the companion of Trumper in many a long first-wicket stand, and as fast a scorer; Darling, very strong in the arms and shoulders, who can defend like a Barlow or hit like a Bonnor, and who is never flurried or put out; and Armstrong, the giant of the team, whom Australians regard as the coming Trumper.

M. A. NOBLE.
From a Photo by Kriscock, Adelaide.

These are the principal batsmen of the team, but they by no means exhaust the run-getters of the side, for there are Gregory—who, though a little past his best now, has played in more test matches than any other living cricketer, and has made more runs in them than anyone except Hill; McLeod, who has made a hundred in a test match; Hopkins, a dashing, firework style of bat of great possibilities; and Gehrs, a sound, attractive bat, besides Howell, Kelly, Cotter, and Newland, all of whom have proved themselves capable of getting runs; indeed, there is not a man on the side who can be called a "duffer" with the bat. And there are no fewer than three left-handers—Hill, Darling, and Howell—a source of strength which is not generally appreciated, as the majority of bowlers dislike bowling to left-handers; and, besides, a long stand between a right-handed batsman and a left-handed batsman entails an amazing amount of "changing over" by the fieldsmen, especially when those two batsmen happen to be Trumper and Duff, who are always on the *qui vive* for a short run.

With so many accomplished batsmen of such varied styles it is hard to foresee how the Australians can fail to make large totals, even against our best bowlers. Indeed, the batting is so conspicuously good and so suitable to every kind of wicket that it is just as well for England's chances of winning the rubber that the bowling of the Australians is admittedly not up to the same standard; if that were so, one would be inclined to think that the eleven were the absolutely best side that ever went on to a cricket ground. Still, if Noble, Cotter, Hopkins, Armstrong, Howell, and McLeod are not individually quite the same class as one or two Australian bowlers of an earlier generation, collectively they form a set of bowlers who will be very hard to get runs off because

of their accuracy of length, and two of whom —Noble and Cotter—on their day might well "go through" an England Eleven. Noble's bowling is chiefly remarkable for its peculiar flight. He keeps a good length, and on a wicket which gives him the least help can make the ball break back very quickly. He has done some remarkable things in test matches, and at his best is to be ranked with Spofforth, or Palmer, or Turner.

Cotter carries a great weight on his shoulders, for if he fails to come off I do not see how Australia can beat England on a good wicket. But I think there is very little chance of his failing. He is young, and keen, and strong, and exceedingly fast —the third fastest bowler I have ever played, J. J. Kotze, the South African, being the very fastest and C. J. Kortright just behind him. On a wet wicket Cotter can keep his feet in a manner I have never seen equalled by a bowler of his pace, and he is accurate enough to be extremely disconcerting when he is erratic. It is difficult to settle down to one's game when the first two balls of an over may be of good length, the third rather short, the fourth flying past one's nose, the fifth a yorker, and the last like the fourth! On a fiery wicket he is bound to be very awkward to play. Somewhat like G. L. Jessop in build — though not so thick about the shoulders—and reminding one of him for half-a-dozen steps in the middle of his run—he has an action somewhat similar to Wilson, of Worcestershire.

From a] A. R. GEHRS. *[Photo.*

Hopkins is a good bowler—medium-pace right-hand, with a nice, easy, overhead action and an awkward flight. He is one who does not believe in anything stereotyped, his aim being to give you so many different kinds of balls that you may become accustomed to none of them. He can swerve in the air from leg with a new ball—generally at the last moment, which makes timing him difficult; can send down a very fast yorker; and has the knack, like Noble, of pulling the ball back in the air. He has improved so greatly since he was in England in 1902 that he is sure to be one of the best bowlers on the side.

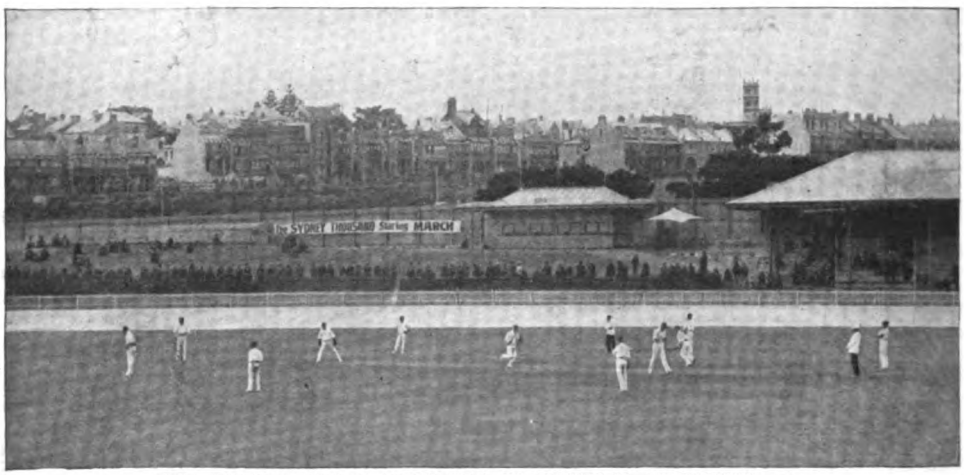
McLeod and Howell are both medium-pace right-handed bowlers, but there their similarity ends. McLeod usually bowls round the wicket, and when the ground is hard relies chiefly on the ball which goes with his arm to get batsmen out. When the ground is sticky he can get on a formidable off-break. He has a quick, jerky action. Howell, like Jack Hearne, has a genius for bowling a good length. Even on the most perfect pitches he can turn the ball, and on a sticky one he breaks too much.

Armstrong is a leg-breaker, with eight fielders on the on-side. Probably he would do better if he bowled more at the wicket. In inter-States matches last winter and in New Zealand he did very well, and it is possible that he may have developed an off-break as well as a leg-break. If that is so he will be a formidable bowler. He keeps a very accurate length, and every now and then shoots a very fast yorker at you. On the whole the bowling is wanting in

variety. Trumble will be greatly missed; and there is no left-hander like Saunders, who did so well on the last tour—a want which is bound to be felt on sticky wickets. In Australia the wickets are so perfect that he who would rely on mere accuracy of length to get his opponents out might just as well stay in the pavilion for all the good he is likely to do his side; and these billiárd-table wickets—which have a glazed appearance, as if a hot iron had been passed over them—have one advantage, in that they of necessity tend to produce a race of bowlers who do not rely on the heavens to get their opponents out. The chief characteristic of a good Australian bowler is that he is difficult to play before the ball has pitched; by that I mean that there is some peculiarity of flight—the ball does something in the air, or leaves his hand with a spin which makes it far from easy to time correctly. The bowler has to get you out; he can so seldom rely on any assistance from the pitch, and every trick and artifice is brought into operation. To succeed he must be full of resource.

Since the days when they first came to this country in 1878 the Australians have deservedly gained great repute as fieldsmen. It is no uncommon thing in a big match in England to see men jerking the ball in from the field, but in Australia it is exceptional to find a cricketer who cannot throw eighty yards, and a few, like Trumper, Gregory, etc., can throw over a hundred. There are no cold winds and little damp in the Southern Hemisphere to stiffen the muscles of the arms and shoulders, and in throwing especially our kinsmen have a great pull over us. Englishmen catch quite as well as Australians, but in throwing and in returning the ball quickly to the wicket they beat us. A. C. MacLaren's 1901-1902 Eleven was a magnificent fielding side—with Quaife at cover, G. L. Jessop at extra-cover, J. Gunn at mid-off, MacLaren and Braund in the slips, and Tyldesley and A. O. Jones in the long-field—so good all round that Australians rank them as the best of all fielding teams; but, as a general rule, eleven Australians will save more runs than eleven Englishmen.

This present team is likely to be the equal in the field of any of its predecessors. Kelly and Newland are the wicket-keepers. Though not a Blackham, Kelly is thoroughly sound and reliable, and takes the hard knocks with a calm stoicism. Newland is neat and quick, but rather apt to snap at the ball.

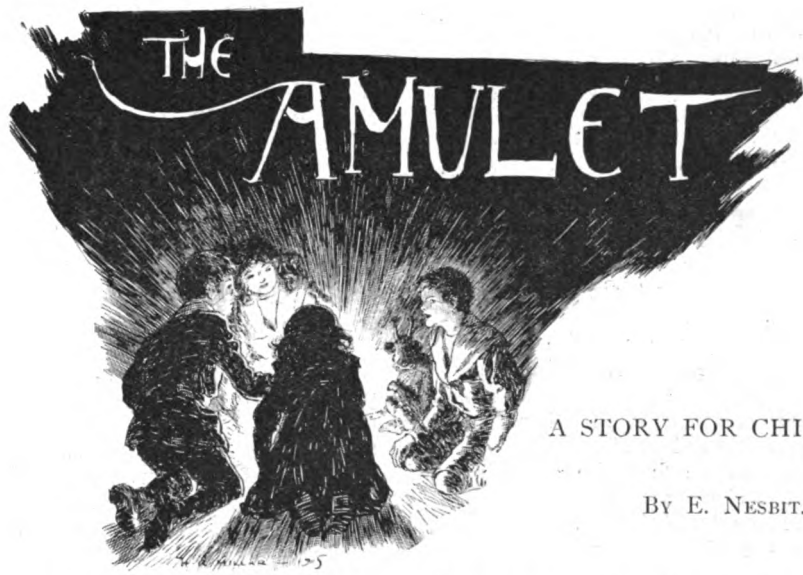


THE AUSTRALIANS PLAYING IN A TEST MATCH, AT SYDNEY, 1904.

From a] P. F. WARNER AND RHODES BATTING, TRUMBLE BOWLING. [*Photo.*

Then Noble will be at point, Gregory at cover, Gehrs at extra-cover, and Duff at mid-off—a phalanx of fieldsmen hard to break through; for Gregory is Jessop's rival, Gehrs is as good as either, Duff like a sand-bank at mid-off, and Noble equally impenetrable at point. Then Howell and Armstrong will be in the slips, Trumper, Hill, and Hopkins for third man and long-field, and Darling, McLeod, and Cotter for positions near the wicket—a magnificent fielding side — nearly every man a brilliant catcher, quick and keen, and a good thrower.

To sum up, the batting and fielding of the Australians are exceptional; their bowling fair; their capacity to play an uphill game remarkable.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By E. Nesbit.

CHAPTER II.

EIGHT THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BUT the light grew stronger. It was greeny, like glow-worms' lamps, and it grew and grew till it was as though thousands and thousands of glow-worms were signalling to their winged sweethearts from the middle of the circle. And the voice grew—not so much in loudness as in sweetness (though it grew louder too)—till it was so sweet that you wanted to cry with pleasure just at the sound of it. It was like nightingales, and the sea, and the fiddle, and the voice of your mother when you have been a long time away and she meets you at the door when you get home. And the voice said :—

"I speak. What is it that you would hear?"

I cannot tell you what language the voice used. I only know that everyone present understood it perfectly. If you come to think of it, there must be some language that everyone could understand, if we only knew what it was. Nor can I tell you how the charm spoke—nor whether it was the charm that spoke or some presence in the charm. The children could not have told you either. Indeed, they could not look at the charm while it was speaking, because the light was too bright. They looked instead at the green glow on the faded Kidderminster carpet at the edge of the circle. They all felt very quiet and not inclined to ask questions or fidget with their feet. For this was not like the things that happened in the country when the psammead had given them their wishes. That had been funny, somehow, and this was not. It was something like Arabian Nights' magic, and something like being in church. No one cared to speak.

It was Cyril who said at last :—

"Please, we want to know where the other half of you is."

"The part of me which is lost," said the beautiful voice, "perished by fire, with much of the wisdom of the Egyptians, at the burning of the House of Learning at Thebes. It and the pin that joined us are dust, and the dust is scattered over many lands and sunk in many seas."

"Oh, I say!" murmured Robert, and a blank silence fell.

"Then it's all up!" said Cyril, at last. "It's no use our looking for a thing that's burned up and its ashes all over the place."

"If you would find it," said the voice, "you must seek it where it is—perfect as ever."

"I don't understand," said Cyril.

"In the past you may find it," said the voice.

"I wish we *may* find it," said Cyril.

The psammead whispered, crossly:—

"Don't you understand? The thing existed in the past. If you were in the past too, you could find it. It's very difficult to make you understand things. Time and space are only modes of thought."

"I see," said Cyril.

"No, you don't," said the psammead, "and it doesn't matter if you did, either. What I mean is that if you were only made the right way you could see everything happening in the same place at the same time. Now do you see?"

"I'm afraid *I* don't," said Anthea. "I'm sorry I'm so stupid."

"Well—at any rate, you see this. That lost half of the amulet is in the past. Therefore it's in the past we must look for it. I mustn't speak to the charm myself. Ask it things. Find out."

"Where can we find the other part of you?" asked Cyril, obediently.

"In the past," said the voice.

"What part of the past?"

"I may not tell you. If you will choose a time I will take you to the place that then held it. You yourselves must find it."

"When did you see it last?" asked Anthea. "I mean, when was it taken away from you?"

The beautiful voice answered:—

"That was many thousands of years ago. I was perfect then, and I lay in a shrine and worked wonders. Then came strange men with strange weapons and destroyed my shrine, and me they bore away with many captives. But of these one knew the word of power and spoke it for me, so that I became invisible and thus returned to my shrine, but it was broken down, and one had spoken a word before which my power bowed down and was still. And I lay there—still perfect—but enslaved. Then one coming with a stone to rebuild the shrine dropped it on me as I lay, and the half of me was sundered from the other. I had no power to seek for that which was lost. And there being none to speak the word of power I could not rejoin it. So I lay in the dust of the desert many thousand years, and at last came a small man, a conqueror, with an army, and after him a crowd of men who sought to seem wise, and one of these found me and brought me to this land. But none could read the name. So I lay still. And this man dying, and his son likewise, I was sold, by those who came after, to a merchant, and from him you bought me, and I am here."

This is what the voice said. I think it must have meant Napoleon by the small man the conqueror. Because I know I have been told that he took an army to Egypt, and that afterwards a lot of wise people went grubbing in the sand and fished up all sorts of wonderful things older than you would think possible. And of these I believe this charm to have been one—and the most wonderful one of all.

Everyone listened, and everyone tried to think. It is not easy to do this clearly when you have been listening to the kind of talk I have told you about.

At last Robert said:—

"Can you take us into the past—to the shrine where you and the other thing got parted? If you could take us there, we might find the other part still there after all these thousands of years."

"Still there? Silly!" said Cyril. "Don't you see that if we get back into the past it won't be thousands of years ago. It will be *now*—for us—won't it?"

He appealed to the psammead, who said, kindly:—

"You're not so far off the idea as you usually are."

"Well," said Anthea, "will you take us back to when there was a shrine and you were safe in it—all of you?"

"Yes," said the voice. "You must hold me up—and speak the word of power—and one by one, beginning with the first-born, you shall pass through me into the past. And you shall be near my shrine. But let the last that passes be the one that holds me, and let him not loose his hold, lest you lose me, and so remain in the past for ever."

"That's a nice look-out," said Robert.

"When you desire to return," the beautiful voice went on, "hold me up towards the east and speak the word Then passing through me you shall return to this time, and it shall be the present to you."

The beautiful light faded slowly. The great darkness and silence came once more, and these suddenly changed to the dazzlement of day, and the great, soft, rustling sound of London that is like some vast beast turning over in its sleep.

The children rubbed their eyes. The psammead ran quickly to its sandy bath. And the others went down to tea.

And until the cups were actually filled tea

seemed less real than the beautiful voice and the greeny light.

After tea Anthea persuaded the others to allow her to hang the charm round her neck with a piece of string,

"It would be so awful if it got lost," she said. "It might get lost anywhere, you know, and it would be rather beastly for us to have to stay in the past for ever and ever."

"ANTHEA PERSUADED THE OTHERS TO ALLOW HER TO HANG THE CHARM ROUND HER NECK."

It is no use to pretend that the children did not feel a good deal of agitation at the thought of going through the charm into the past. The idea that perhaps they might stay in the past and never get back again was anything but pleasing. Yet no one would have dared to suggest that the charm should not be used; and, though each was in its heart very frightened indeed, they would all have joined in jeering at the cowardice of any one of them who should have uttered the timid but natural suggestion, "Don't let's!"

It seemed necessary to make arrangements for being out all day, so they asked permission to take their dinner into the Regent's Park, and this, with the implied cold mutton and tomatoes, was readily granted, and they all started off. They stopped in the Tottenham Court Road to buy a piece of waterproof sheeting to put over the psammead, in case it should be raining in the past when they got there. For, as you know, it is almost certain death to a psammead to get wet.

The sun was shining very brightly, and even London looked pretty. Women were selling roses from big basketfuls, and Anthea bought four roses for herself and the others. They were red roses, and smelt of summer — the kind of roses you always want so desperately at about Christmas-time, when you can only get pale mistletoe which is pale right through to its very scent, and holly which pricks your nose if you try to smell it. So now everyone had a rose in its buttonhole, and soon everyone was sitting on the grass in Regent's Park under trees which would have been clean, clear green in the country, but here were dusty and brown at the edges.

"We've got to go on with it," said Anthea, "and as the eldest has to go first you'll have to be last, Jane. You quite understand about holding on to the charm as you go through, don't you, Pussy, and carrying the psammead?"

Jane with trembling hands took the psammead and its fish-basket under one arm. The charm's long string was hung round her neck. Then they all stood up. Jane held out the charm at arm's length, and Cyril solemnly pronounced the word of power.

As he spoke it the charm grew tall and broad, and he saw that Jane was just holding on to the edge of a great red arch, of very curious shape. The opening of the arch was small, but Cyril saw that he could go through it. All round and beyond the arch were the faded trees and trampled grass of the

Regent's Park, where the little ragged children were playing ring o' roses. But through the opening of the arch shone a blaze of blue and yellow and red. Cyril drew a long breath and stiffened his legs, so that the others should not see that his knees were trembling and almost knocking together.

"Here goes!" he said, and stepping up through the arch disappeared. Then followed Anthea. Robert coming next held fast, at Anthea's suggestion, to the sleeve of Jane, who was thus dragged safely through the arch. And as soon as they were on the other side of the arch there was no more arch at all, and no more Regent's Park either, only the charm in Jane's hand, and it was its proper size again. They were now in a light so bright that they winked and blinked and rubbed their eyes. During this dazzling interval Anthea felt for the charm and pushed it inside Jane's frock, so that it might be quite safe. When their eyes got used to the new wonderful light the children looked around them. The sky was very, very blue, and it sparkled and glittered and dazzled like the sea at home when the sun shines on it.

They were standing on a little clearing in a close, low forest—there were trees and shrubs and a thick, thorny, tangly undergrowth. In front of them stretched a bank of strange black mud—then came the browny-yellowy shining ribbon of a river. Then more dry, caked black mud and more greeny browny jungle. The only things which told that human people had been there were the clearing, a path that led to it, and an odd arrangement of cut reeds in the river.

They looked at each other.

"Well," said Robert, "this *is* a change of air."

It was. The air was hotter than they could have imagined, even in London in August.

"I wish I knew where we were," said Cyril. "Here's a river, now—I wonder whether it's the Amazon or the Tiber or what?"

"It's the Nile," said the psammead, looking out of the fish-bag.

"THE OPENING OF THE ARCH WAS SMALL, BUT CYRIL SAW THAT HE COULD GET THROUGH IT."

"Then this is Egypt," said Robert, who had once taken a geography prize.

"I don't see any crocodiles," Cyril objected.

The sand-fairy reached out a hairy arm from its basket, and pointed to a heap of mud at the edge of the water.

"What do you call that?" it said—and as it spoke the heap of mud slid into the water just as a slab of badly-mixed mortar will slip from a bricklayer's trowel.

"Oh!" said everybody.

There was a crashing among the reeds on the other side of the river.

"And there's a river-horse!" said the psammead, and a great beast like an enormous slaty-blue slug showed itself against the black bank on the other side of the river.

"It's a hippopotamus," said Cyril; "it seems much more real, somehow, than the one at the Zoo. Doesn't it?"

"I'm glad it's being real on the other side of the river," said Jane.

And now there was a crackling of reeds and twigs behind them. This was horrible. Of course, it might be another hippopotamus, or a crocodile, or a lion, or, in fact, almost anything.

"Keep your hand on the charm, Jane," said Robert, hastily. "We ought to have a means of escape handy. I'm dead certain this is the sort of place where simply anything *might* happen to us."

"I believe a hippopotamus is going to happen to us," said Jane; "a very, very big one."

They had all turned to face the danger.

"Don't be silly little duffers," said the psammead, in its friendly, informal way; "it's not a river-horse. It's a human."

It was. It was a girl of about Anthea's age. Her hair was short and fair, and though her skin was tanned by the sun you could see that it would have been fair too if it had had a chance. She had every chance of being tanned, for she had no clothes to speak of, and the four English children, carefully dressed in frocks, hats, shoes, stockings, coats, collars, and all the rest of it, envied her more than any words of theirs or of mine could possibly say. There was no doubt that here was the right costume for that climate. She carried a pot on her head, of red and black earthenware. She did not see the children, who shrank back against the edge of the jungle, and she went forward to the brink of the river to fill her pitcher. As she went she made a strange sort of droning, humming, melancholy noise all on two notes. Anthea could not help thinking that perhaps the girl thought this noise was singing.

The girl filled her pitcher and set it down by the river-brink. Then she waded into the water and stooped over the circle of cut reeds. She pulled half-a-dozen fine fish out of the water within the reeds, killing each as she took it out and threading it on a long osier she carried. Then she picked up the pitcher and turned to come back, and as she turned she saw the four children. The white dresses of Jane and Anthea stood out like snow against the dark forest background.

"SHE WENT FORWARD TO THE BRINK OF THE RIVER TO FILL HER PITCHER."

The girl screamed and the pitcher fell, and the water was spilled out over the hard mud surface and over the fish, which had fallen too, and then the water slowly trickled away into the deep cracks.

"Don't be frightened," Anthea cried; "we won't hurt you."

"Who are you?" said the girl.

Now, once for all, I am not going to be bothered to tell you how it was that the girl could understand Anthea and Anthea could understand the girl. *You*, at any rate, would not understand *me* if I tried to explain it. You may think what you like. Perhaps the children had found out the universal language which everyone can understand, and which wise men so far have not found. You will have noticed long ago that they were singularly lucky children, and they may have had this piece of luck as well as others. Or it may have been that——but why pursue the question farther? The fact remains that in all their adventures the muddle-headed inventions which we call foreign languages never bothered them in the least. They could always understand and be understood. If you can explain this, please do. I dare say I could understand your explanation, though you could never understand mine.

"THE GIRL HELD OUT HER ARM. ANTHEA SLID THE BANGLE ON IT."

So when the girl said, "Who are you?" everyone understood at once, and Anthea replied:—

"We are children, just like you. Don't be frightened. Won't you show us where you live?"

Jane put her face right into the psammead's basket and burrowed her mouth into its fur to whisper: "Is it safe? Won't they eat us? Are they cannibals?"

The psammead shrugged its fur.

"You can always get back to Regent's Park in time if you keep fast hold of the charm," it said.

The strange girl was trembling with fright.

Anthea had a bangle on her arm. It was a sevenpenny-halfpenny trumpery brass thing that pretended to be silver. It had a glass heart of turquoise-blue hanging from it, and it was the gift of the maid of all work at the Fitzroy Street house.

"Here," said Anthea, "this is for you. That is to show we will not hurt you. And if you take it I shall know that you won't hurt us."

The girl held out her arm. Anthea slid the bangle on it, and the girl's face lighted up with the joy of possession.

"Come," she said; "it is peace between your house and mine."

She picked up her fish and led the way up the narrow path by which she had come, and the others followed after her.

"This is something like!" said Cyril, trying to be brave. "The Phœnix adventures were nothing to this."

"Yes," said Robert, also assuming a boldness he was very far from feeling; "this, really and truly, *is* an adventure."

The belt of thick-growing acacia trees and shrubs—mostly prickly and unpleasant-looking—seemed about half a mile wide; the path was narrow and the wood dark; at last ahead daylight shone through the boughs and leaves.

The whole party suddenly came out of the wood's shadow into the glare of the sunlight that shone on a great stretch of yellow sand, dotted with heaps of grey rocks, where spiky cactus plants showed gaudy crimson and pink flowers among their shabby, sand-peppered leaves. Away to the right was something that looked like a grey-brown

hedge, and from beyond it blue smoke went up to the bluer sky. And over all the sun shone till you could hardly bear your clothes.

"That is where I live," said the girl, pointing.

As they got nearer to the browny fence they saw that it was a great hedge about eight feet high — made of piled-up thorn bushes.

"What's that for?" asked Cyril.

"To keep out foes and wild beasts," said the girl.

"I should think it ought to," said he. "Why, some of the thorns are as long as my foot."

There was an opening in the hedge and they followed the girl through it. A little way farther was another hedge not so high, also of dry thorn bushes, very prickly and spiteful-looking, and within this was a sort of village of huts.

There were no gardens and no roads. Just huts dumped down anywhere, built of wood and twigs and clay and roofed with great palm leaves. The doors of these houses were very low, like the doors of dog-kennels. The ground between them was not paths or streets, but just yellow sand trampled very hard and smooth.

In the middle of the village there was a hedge that enclosed what seemed to be a piece of ground about as big as their own garden in Camden Town.

No sooner were the children well within the inner thorn hedge than dozens of men and women and children came crowding round, from inside the huts and from behind them.

The girl stood in front of the four children and said:—

"They are wonder children from beyond the desert. They bring marvellous gifts, and I have said that it is peace between us and them."

She held out her arm with the Lowther Arcade bangle on it.

The children from London, where nothing now surprises anyone, had never before seen so many people look so astonished.

They crowded round the children—touching their clothes, their shoes, the buttons on the boys' jackets, and the coral of the girls' necklaces.

"Do say something," whispered Anthea.

"We come," said Cyril, with some remembrance of a dreadful day when he had to wait in an outer office while his father interviewed a solicitor, and there had been nothing to read but the *Daily Telegraph*—"we come from the world where the sun never sets. And peace with honour is what we want. We are the great Anglo-Saxon or conquering race—not that we want to conquer *you*," he added, hastily. "We only want to look at your houses and your—well, at all you've got here, and then we shall return to our own place and tell of all that we have seen, so that your name may be famous."

Cyril's speech didn't keep the crowd from pressing round and looking as eagerly as ever at the clothing of the children. Anthea had an idea that these people had never seen woven stuff before, and she saw how wonderful and strange it must seem to people who had never had any clothes but the skins of beasts. The sewing, too, of modern clothes seemed to astonish them very much—they must have been able to sew themselves, by the way, for men who seemed to be the chiefs wore knickerbockers of goat-skin or deer-skin fastened round the waist with twisted strips of hide—and the women wore long, skimpy skirts of animal skins. The people were not very tall — their hair was fair, and men and women both had it short. Their eyes were blue, and that seemed odd in Egypt. Most of them were tattooed like sailors, only more roughly.

"What is this? What is this?" they kept asking, touching the children's clothes curiously. Anthea hastily took off Jane's frilly lace collar and handed it to the woman who seemed most friendly.

"Take this," she said, "and look at it, and leave us alone. We want to talk among ourselves."

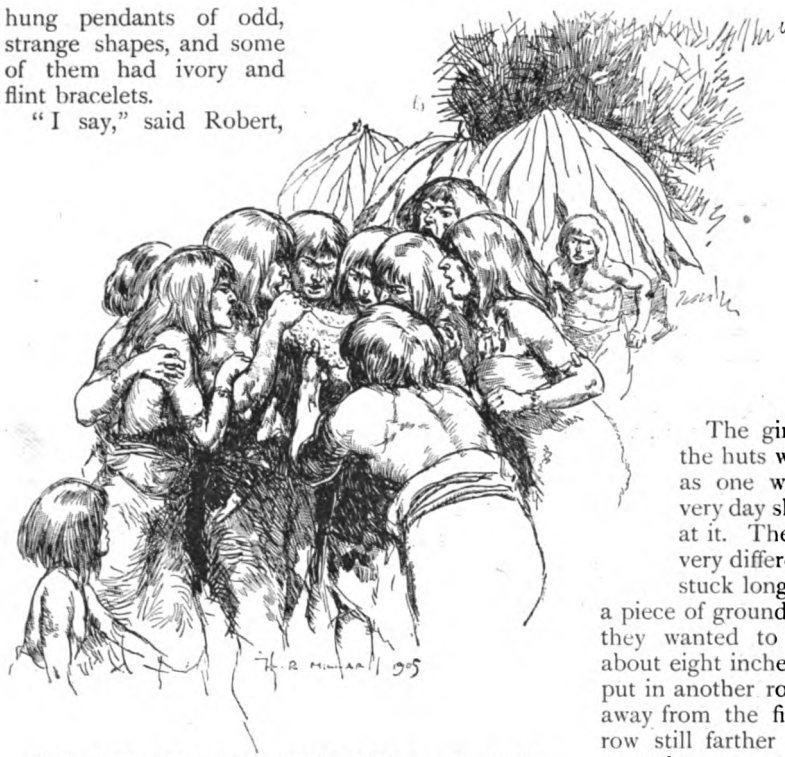
She spoke in the tone of authority which she had always found successful when she had not time to coax her baby brother to do as he was told. The tone was just as successful now. The children were left together and the crowd retreated. It paused a dozen yards away to look at the lace collar and to go on talking as hard as it could. The children knew well enough that they, the four strangers, were the subject of the talk. They tried to comfort themselves by remembering the girl's promise of friendliness; but, of course, the thought of the charm was more comfortable than anything else.

They sat down on the sand in the shadow of the hedged-round place in the middle of the village, and now for the first time they were able to look about them and to see something more than a crowd of eager, curious faces.

The women wore necklaces made of beads of different-coloured stone, and from these

hung pendants of odd, strange shapes, and some of them had ivory and flint bracelets.

"I say," said Robert, "what a lot we could teach them if we stayed here!"



"THE CROWD PAUSED A DOZEN YARDS AWAY TO LOOK AT THE LACE COLLAR."

"I expect they could teach us something, too," said Cyril; "did you notice that flint bracelet the woman had that Anthea gave the collar to? That must have taken some making. Look here, they'll get suspicious if we talk among ourselves, and I do want to know how they do things. Let's get the girl to show us round, and we can be thinking about how to get the amulet at the same time. Only, mind, we *must* keep together."

Anthea beckoned to the girl, who was standing a little way off looking wistfully at them, and she came gladly.

"Tell us how you make the bracelets—the stone ones," said Cyril.

"With other stones," said the girl; "the men make them. We have men of special skill in such work."

"Haven't you any iron tools?"

"What is iron?" said the girl. "I don't know what you mean."

It was the first word she had not understood.

"Are all your tools of flint?" asked Cyril.

"Of course," said the girl, opening her eyes wide.

I wish I had time to tell you of that talk. The English children wanted to hear all about this new place, but they also wanted to tell of their own country. It was like when you come back from the holidays and you want to hear and tell everything at the same time.

The girl showed them how the huts were made. Indeed, as one was being made that very day she took them to look at it. The way of building was very different to ours. The men stuck long pieces of wood into a piece of ground the size of the hut they wanted to make; these were about eight inches apart. Then they put in another row about eight inches away from the first, and then a third row still farther out. Then all the space between was filled up with small branches and twigs, and then daubed over with black mud worked with the feet till it was soft and sticky like putty.

The girl told them how the men went hunting, with flints, spears, and arrows, and how they made boats with reeds and clay. Then she explained the reed thing in the river that she had taken the fish out of. It was a fish trap—just a ring of reeds set up in the water with only one little opening in it, and in this opening, just below the water, they stuck reeds slanting the way of the river's flow, so that the fish, when they had swum sillily in, couldn't get out again. She showed them the clay pots and jars and platters, some of them ornamented with black and red patterns, and the most wonderful things made of flint and different sorts of stone—beads and ornaments and tools and weapons of all sorts and kinds.

"It is really wonderful," said Cyril, patronizingly, "when you consider that it's all eight thousand years ago."

"I don't understand you," said the girl.

"It *isn't* eight thousand years ago," said Jane. "It's *now*—and that's just what I don't like about it. I say, *do* let's get home again before anything more happens. You can see for yourself the charm isn't here."

"What's in that place in the middle?" asked Anthea, suddenly, pointing to the fence under which they had been sitting.

"That's the secret sacred place," said the girl, in a whisper; "no one knows what is there. There are many walls, and inside the insidest one *It* is—but no one knows what It is except the headmen."

"I believe you know," said Cyril, looking at her very hard.

"I'll give you this if you'll tell me," said Anthea, taking off a bead-ring which had already been much admired.

"Yes," said the girl, catching eagerly at the ring, "my father is one of the heads, and I know a water-charm that makes him talk in his sleep. I will tell you. But if they know I have told they will kill me. In the insidest inside there is an earthen box, painted, and in it there is the amulet. None knows whence it came. It came from very far away and very long ago."

"Have you seen it?" asked Anthea.

The girl nodded.

"Is it anything like this?" asked Jane, rashly producing the charm.

The girl's face turned a sickly greenish white.

"Hide it! hide it!" she whispered. "You must put it back. If they see it they will kill us all. You for taking it, and me for knowing there was such a thing. Oh, woe, woe! Why did you ever come here?"

"Don't be frightened," said Cyril; "they sha'n't know. Jane, don't you be such a little jack—ape again, that's all. Now, tell me——" He turned to the girl, but before he had time to speak the question there was a loud shout, and a man bounded in through the opening in the thorn hedge.

"Many foes are upon us!" he cried. "Make ready the defences!"

His breath only served for that, and he fell on the ground and lay there panting.

"Oh, do let's go home," said Jane. "Look here; I don't care—I will!" She held up the charm. Fortunately the village people were too busy to notice her. She held up the charm, and *nothing happened!*

"You haven't said the word of power," said Anthea.

Cyril hastily said it—and still nothing happened.

"Hold it up towards the east, you silly," said Robert.

"Which is the east?" said Jane, dancing about in her agony of terror.

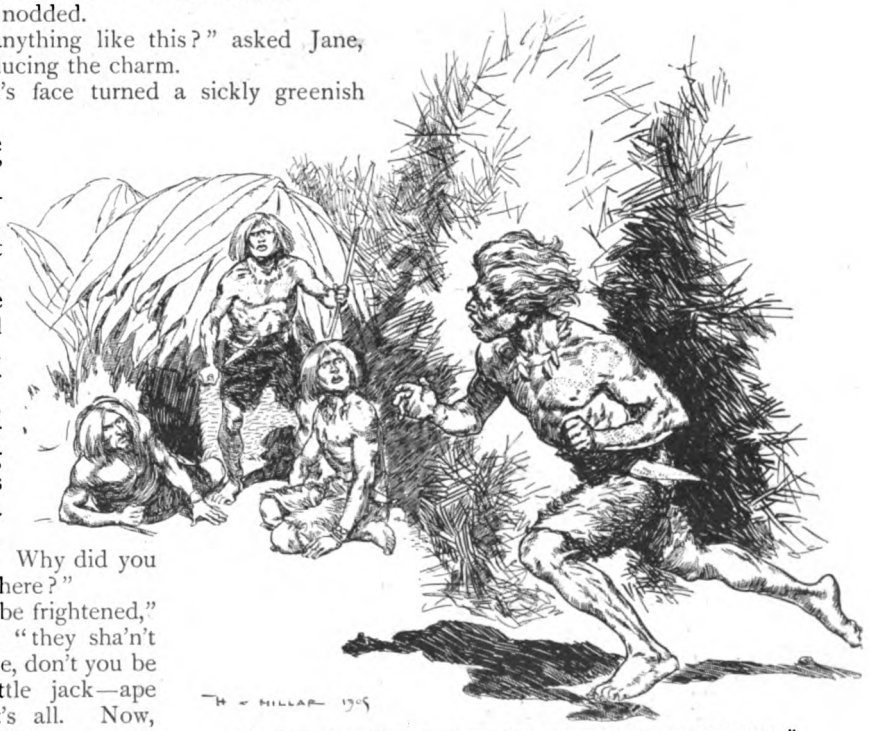
Nobody knew. So they opened the fish-bag to ask the psammead. And the bag had only a waterproof sheet in it.

The psammead was gone.

"Hide it! hide it!" whispered the girl, pointing to the charm.

Cyril shrugged his shoulders, and tried to look as brave as he knew he ought to feel.

"Hide it up, Pussy," he said. "We are in for it now. We've just *got* to stay and see it out."



"A MAN BOUNDED IN THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE THORN EDGE."

(To be continued.)

Hans Christian Andersen.

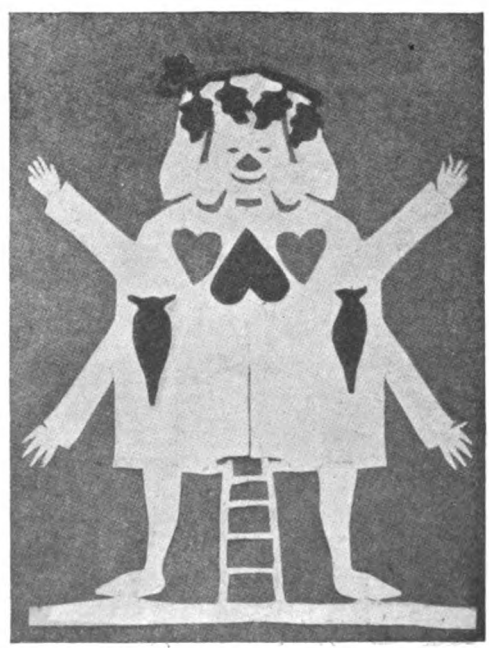
HIS METHODS OF AMUSING CHILDREN.

By Rigmor Bendix.

THE question has often been asked whether Hans Christian Andersen, the writer of the world's best fairy tales, was really fond of children. Of this I can speak personally from an experience extending over many years, as from my earliest childhood I was in the habit of seeing him constantly, both at the house of my great-grandfather, Jonas Collin, at his children's, and in my parents' home.

When he could give us children pleasure he never neglected the opportunity of doing so. He presented his fairy tales to us, took us to the theatre, and even went so far as to bring one of his especial little favourites a present every day for a long time. On the smallest provocation the fairy-tale writer appeared in him. Once, when the wine merchant on the opposite side of the road had invested in a big new signboard on each side of his door, which were decorated with clusters of grapes and infant angels, Andersen at once noticed it, sat down near the window with a child on his lap, and made up a fairy tale about the gaudy paintings opposite.

THIS PAPER FIGURE AND THOSE FOLLOWING WERE MADE BY ANDERSEN TO AMUSE CHILDREN.



We children also thoroughly enjoyed hearing him tell anecdotes for the edification of our elders. In an evening after tea, when we sat round the long table and Hans Andersen was in good spirits, he could tell us most entertainingly about old times, of his experiences with commonplace people, and of his travels. At times his way of telling his stories became quite dramatic, and was often marked by an amiable irony of himself with which one would hardly have credited him; for instance, when he told us about his meeting with foreign celebrities, with whom he was often brought in contact, but from whom he never derived any real pleasure, as he was not an adept at foreign languages.

He told us, amongst other things, about his meeting with Charles Dickens in London. Dickens had looked forward to making his acquaintance, had presented him with "Nicholas Nickleby," in which he had written some complimentary words, and now the two great writers were to have a really comfortable talk together. But when the "conversation" had lasted some time Dickens exclaimed, "You had better speak Danish; I think I could understand you better."

One of his favourite ways of gaining the hearts of his juvenile friends was by making scrap-books for them. The materials for

these he gathered from all quarters—from advertisements, illustrated papers, book-covers, or farthing pictures.

But what interested us most of all were the figures he cut out, and which he often pasted into the books. He had a special talent for making these figures. He never drew them, but whilst he was sitting talking to us he folded the paper together, and, without the slightest thing to go by, he merrily cut away—and there was the idea, true to life. His favourite figures often cropped up: swans, dancers, cupids, but never twice alike. Without any special effort he cut out the most marvellous figures, and their expression was always striking and characteristic. There was much of the spirit of fairyland over these figures, which made them attractive and impressed them on the memory.

He also used his gift for cutting out in other ways. One of his smaller talents was making bouquets: a single flower, an ear of corn, a brightly-coloured leaf, tied together with a piece of grass. It was all the more original because Japan was not then generally known. Round these bouquets he arranged white and gold paper, cut out at the edges into danseuses and cupids.

Amongst the most amusing things he ever cut were a set of figures, which he sent us one Christmas Eve in the beginning of the fifties to put on our Christmas tree. These are the examples reproduced in this article. They were made of different-coloured paper, which was cut out and pasted together, so that they made a dress with a pattern, with pleats and flower trimming, or armour or uniform. It is a pity that the reproduction cannot give the colours of the figures; what appears black in the picture is red and gold, and the originals are about twice the size of the accompanying illustrations.

Hans Christian Andersen never forgot the children of his friends, but thought of them with love and interest, even as an old man. When he was lying on his death-bed Andersen sent a message asking if he might see a little boy, the new-born baby of one of his friends, but he passed away before his request could be complied with. On his table were found some verses written to Little Svend, which showed how busy his mind had been with the little boy whom he had never seen. "It is the funniest weather we have," he begins, and goes on to enlarge upon the strange capriciousness of the winter in question.

Those for whom these verses were intended, and who remember all his kindness and gentleness, honour and keep green the memory of Hans Christian Andersen with twofold veneration and gratitude.

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1905, by George Newnes, Limited.

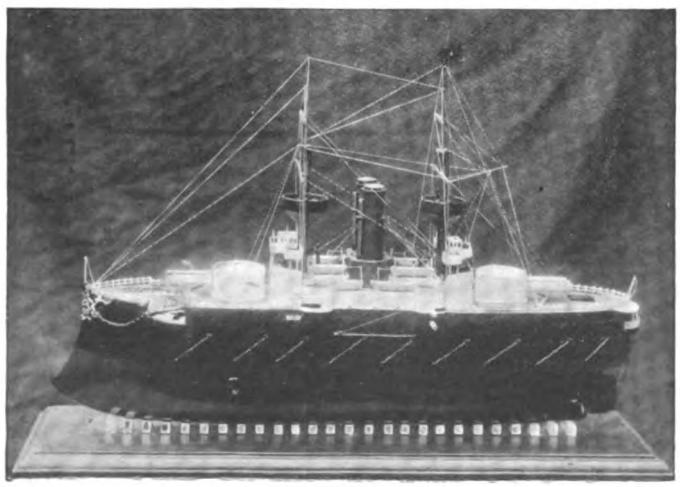
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

FIND HIS MASTER.

"I send you the photograph of my pedigree blood-hound, Brunswick. When held upside down an old man's face appears in the dog's head."—Mr. V. R. Hughes, Powick Vicarage, Worcester.

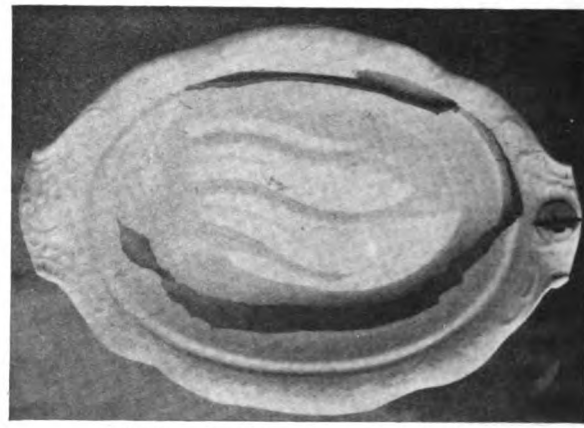
AN INEXPENSIVE WARSHIP.

"The model, a photograph of which I send you, is interesting, inasmuch as it was built by myself at the cost of nothing whatever. It is a model of H.M.S. *Nile*. The hull is cut out of a piece of wood, the figure-head is off the corner of an old sixpenny-halfpenny picture-frame. The guns and ventilators are nails, the hatches are Blakey's boot protectors, the fighting-tops are Beecham's pill-boxes, and the rest is made up of three Hinde's hair-curlers and pins and cotton." — Mr. George Packer, 3, St. John's Terrace, Leeds.



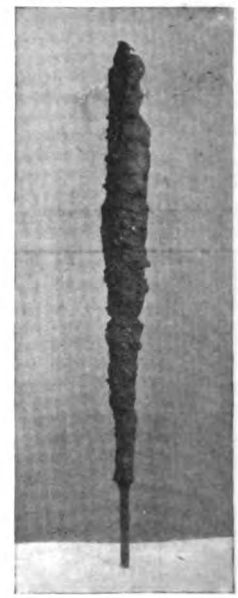
AN OBJECT-LESSON IN ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

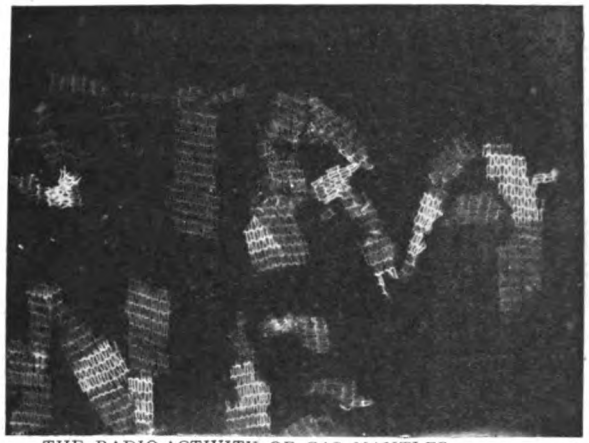
"Below is a picture of a hot-water dish which collapsed with a noise like a pistol-shot one morning at breakfast, causing considerable alarm. The cause was as follows. The water space had been only half filled with boiling water, and then corked tightly. As the water cooled so the steam condensed, forming a partial vacuum. Consequently, the pressure of the atmosphere, amounting to fifteen pounds on the square inch, forced in the bottom with a crash. The photograph is by Bartlett, Clevedon." —Forwarded by "H. N. S.," Clevedon, Somerset.



A FOSSIL UMBRELLA.

"The accompanying photograph is an umbrella, minus its handle, that was picked up on the sea-shore near Luccombe. Time and the action of the water running from the cliffs, thereabouts of peculiar formation, had so affected the derelict gamp that to all appearance it is now composed of brown stone as hard as iron. The photo. is by Horace Mew, Shanklin." —Mr. H. J. Holmes, Shanklin.



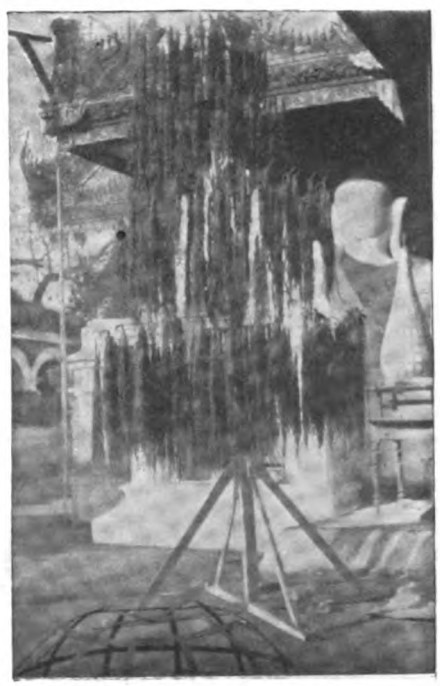


THE RADIO-ACTIVITY OF GAS MANTLES.

"It is not generally known that the common gas mantle contains a radio-active substance called thorium. The above photograph shows how this may be proved. A plate is turned film-upwards in the dark-room and pieces of mantle laid on it; it must be then left for several days, when on development an impression of the mantle will be seen. The reader will see that the letters on the print spell the word 'STRAND.'"—Mr. J. Burckhardt, Brighton Lodge, Cheltenham.

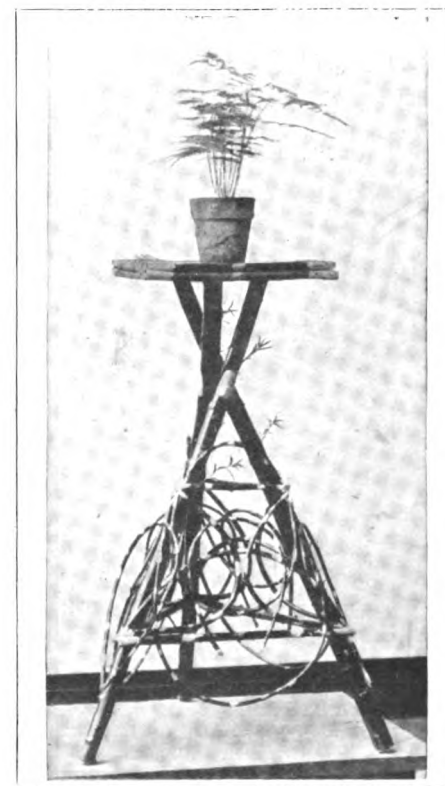
HUMAN HAIR FOR BUDDHA.

"What you see in this photograph is an imitation tree of human hair. The tree consists of three hundred and fifty tufts of hair hung down in circular rows, one above the other. These tufts of hair were at first bestowed as offerings upon a Buddhist priest, famous by the name of Utiloka, by the dwellers of a small village in the vicinity of Kyaitto, a town in Burma. Being greatly moved by the preachings of the monk, the villagers, through their religious zeal, cut off their hair and offered it to the monk, who in his turn formed it into a tree-like thing and placed it, with some ceremonial accompaniments, on the platform of Shurdagon Pagoda as a religious offering to Buddha."—Mr. Maung Maung, care of U. San Dun, Municipal Commissioner, Thayetmyo, Burma.



A LIVING TABLE.

"When the winter approaches in the colder States of America the tramp sets out on his travels west to the warmer clime of California. One of these tramps took up his abode on the outskirts of this town, by the river, amongst a clump of willows, and being rather ingenious and needing some pocket-money, he cut down some of the larger willows and made table legs out of them; then with a flat piece of board



covered with cloth, the willow legs dried, painted, and varnished, he made some little fancy tables suitable for standing ladies' work-baskets on, and sold a number to the people of the town. The table of which I send you a photograph belongs to Mr. Frank Angelo Dudley, and has been standing in his wife's boudoir for the last four months. About two months after purchase it commenced to sprout, and about four months after it was bought it had seven or eight long shoots, straight and strong and apparently intending to grow. There was one sprout nearly six inches long, but, unfortunately, a little child knocked it off."—Mr. A. H. Slade, Ventura, California.

CODFISH '

"The pile of objects shown in this picture looks like pieces of bark or wood, but as a matter of fact it is composed of thousands of codfish. In Newfoundland the fishermen spread the catch upon the ground or on scaffolding, and preserve the fish by sprinkling salt on them and letting them dry in the sun. When 'cured' the codfish are as stiff as cardboard, and are stacked up as shown in the illustration for shipment to market." — Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore, U.S.A.

A CULINARY WALL.

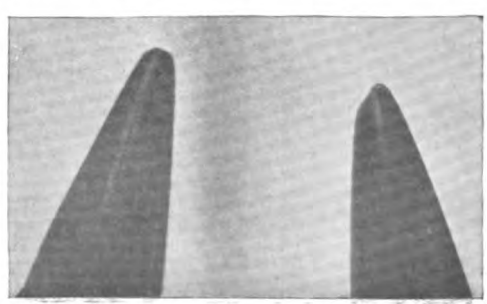
"The accompanying photograph is of one of the many curious walls to be found in Devonshire and Cornwall. The wall consists of all kinds of culinary articles wedged in with bricks." — Mr. John Woodhead, Marypole Villa, Pennsylvania, Exeter.

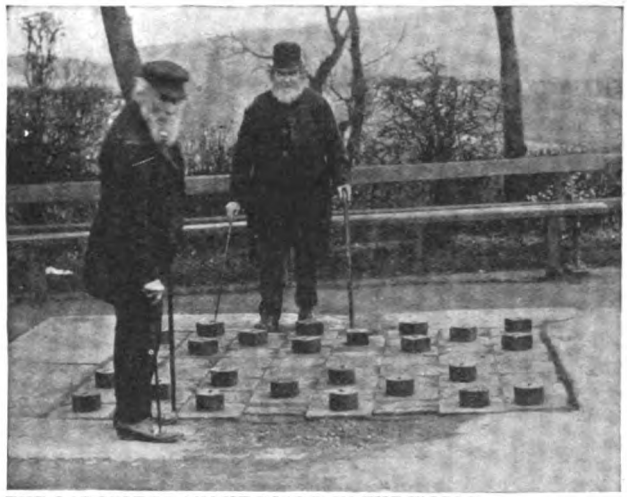
HOW GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES WEAR.

"Here is a photograph, taken through the microscope, of two gramophone needles The one on the left of the photo. has not been used, that on the right has been used once. Note how the perfectly round point has been worn flat on the inner side of the right needle. You will thus see how important it is that a fresh needle be used for each selection, as the needles, instead of being blunted by use, wear to a sharp point and are thus liable to scratch and perhaps ruin a good record if used more than once."—Mr. F. E. Scurragh, 23, Baumont Road, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.

A BURNING OATH.

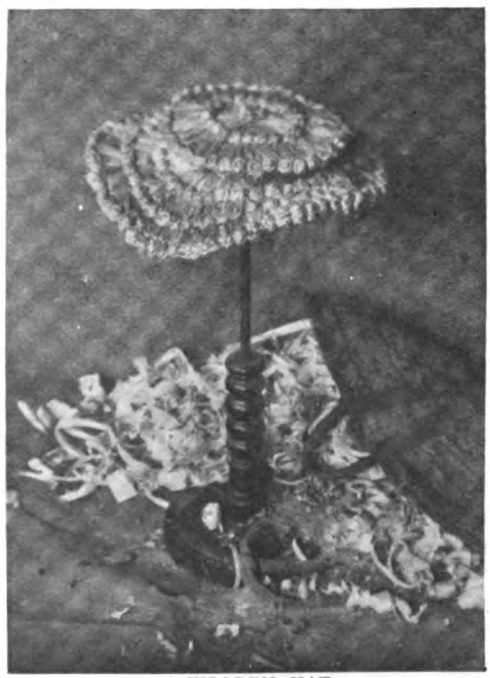
"Amongst the many ingenious methods of delivering the oath to the different nationalities subject to the British Flag in the East, that for the Chinese is not the least remarkable in its way. The above illuminated yellow scroll, with Chinese characters written in black, is prepared from the Sacred Books by Chinese priests for use in British Courts of Justice in Burma. The scroll is taken before the witness in the box and a lighted match applied to it. Bending devoutly over the slowly burning paper, John Chinaman calls upon his gods to witness his oath: 'That should his evidence be anything but the truth, and the whole truth, may he be burnt alive even as the holy scroll before him.'" — Mr. Clement A. Wade, c.o. Mr. O. H. McCowen, LL.B., Sparks Street, Rangoon.





THE LARGEST DRAUGHT-BOARD IN THE WORLD.

"The above photo. is of a draught-board which is recognised as the largest in the world. It is situated in the east end of Wellington Public Park, Greenock. The actual size of the draught-board is eight feet square, or ten feet over all. The draughtsmen, which are made of iron, weigh sixteen pounds each. The draught-board is much patronized by the working men of the district."—Mr. John Campbell, 64, Ann Street, Greenock, Scotland.

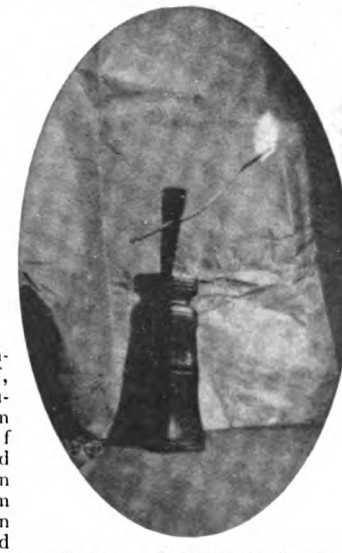


A WOODEN HAT.

"Inexpensive millinery may be a 'Curiosity' to some ladies. The hat shown in the photograph was made entirely of wood shavings by two young ladies. About five hundred ordinary carpenters' shavings were used in its construction."—Mr. A. W. H. Weston, 122, Chester Terrace, Brighton.

A RUSHLIGHT.

"Many people have heard of rushlights, few have actually seen them. The picture herewith shows a rushlight burning. It is about eight or nine inches in height, with a base of heavy, polished wood, into which is fitted an iron upright, in which a strong spring holds the rushlight itself, which is manufactured from the pith of rushes, dipped in hot mutton fat. This form of illumination has been used until quite recently in some of the lonely Cumberland Dale farms. Tallow candles are still made and used in these farms."—Miss M. C. Fair, Eskdale Vicarage, Boot S.O., Cumberland.



A TRICYCLE CARAVAN.

"The following illustration shows an old-fashioned tricycle converted into a caravan. On close inspection it will be seen that there is sleeping accommodation for two persons. The owner and his friend were touring through Kent when this photo. was taken."—Mr. William Sanders, General Register Office, Somerset House, W.C.

MEMORIAL STONE TO A PIG.

"Memorial stones to dogs, horses, and other domestic pets, who naturally kindle love by their affectionate demeanour, are no novelty, but it is indeed unique to find such a token of appreciation extended to a pig! The stone shown in the above photograph has been erected over the grave of a sow by Mrs. A. V. Taylor, of the Cock Hotel farmstead, Worsley, near Manchester. The photograph is by Mr. Harrison, of Worsley."—Mr. W. A. Mountstephen, 132, Sabine Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

"Mr. Wink Busch, the owner and driver of the automobile shown in the adjoining photograph, lives in Salina, Kansas, and left that place on Sunday morning, January 8th, to take his lady friend out in the country, a distance of fourteen miles, where she was teaching a school. He reached the place safely, but directly he started on his return journey he had an accident to one of the wheels. Being a young man of business it was necessary that he should get back to town at a certain time, so he set his ingenious mind to work and hit upon the following scheme. He borrowed a two-wheel sulky, a road vehicle largely in use here and built for light running and speed. He reversed the vehicle, improvised wooden po'es up to the front of the automobile, and used them as shafts to guide by. He then persuaded the old farmer to sit in the seat of the vehicle in order to balance it, and came back to town almost as fast as he left it. The photograph was taken by Mr. George Wisegerber, jeweller and automobile agent, of Salina, Kansas." — Mr. J. B. Hunt, watchmaker, 106, West Eighth Street, Topeka, Kansas.

WHO KNOWS THIS WOMAN?

"I send you a photograph taken by Mr. E. L. Graeff, of Oxford, New York, with the inquiry, 'Who knows this woman?' and not one in ten thousand could tell who she is or what it is. It is nothing more than the photograph of a cow's horn sawed off just below the button on the tip. The owner wanted to save the button, sawed the horn off, and noticing the singular picture of a woman's head in the pith part of the horn, which, by the way, is more pronounced in the original, had it photographed." — Mr. Theo. B. Galpin, Oxford, Chenango Co., N.Y.

INDEX.

PAGE.

ADVENTURE OF MONICA, THE. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson 553
(*Illustrations* by P. B. Hickling.)

ALBANI, MADAME, ON THE ART OF SINGING. By Basil Tozer... 545
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

AMULET, THE. A Story for Children. By E. Nesbit 584, 705
(*Illustrations* by H. R. Millar.)

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN. His Methods of Amusing Children. By Rigmor Bendix 714
(*Illustrations* from Paper Designs.)

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS, THE. By P. F. Warner 700
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

AUTOMATON GIRL, THE. By M. Dinorben Griffith 450
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BERNHARDT, SARAH, THE MEMOIRS OF.
X.—A Visit to Edison—An Adventure with a Whale 65
XI.—A Swindling Grotto—A Train Robber—A Narrow Escape, Etc. 169
XII.—Pittsburg—Niagara—Home Again 318
(*Illustrations* from Drawings and Sketches.)

BIRDS COME, HOW THE. By C. J. Cornish 561
(*Illustrations* by A. J. Johnson.)

BIRDS MAKE LOVE, HOW. By Jerrard Grant Allen and Leonard Buttress... .. 400

BOB'S REDEMPTION. By W. W. Jacobs 385
(*Illustrations* by Will Owen.)

BOHEMIAN, RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A. By M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon. 576, 621
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BUGLE CALL, A. By L. J. Beeston 41
(*Illustrations* by W. B. Wollen, R.I.)

CAPTAINS ALL. By W. W. Jacobs 692
(*Illustrations* by Will Owen.)

CENSOR WORKS, HOW THE RUSSIAN. By Frederick Dolman 209
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

"CHESHIRE CHEESE," THE BOOK OF THE 434
(*Illustrations* from Sketches and Facsimiles.)

CHILD, WHICH IS THE BEST PAINTING OF A? By Adrian Margaux 493
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

CIGAR CAT, A. By W. L. Alden 456
(*Illustrations* by W. S. Stacey.)

CLERICAL LIFE, HUMOUR IN. By The Rev. D. Wallace Duthie... 146
(*Illustrations* by A. Wallis Mills.)

CONGRESS, FROM BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR IN. Viewed by Henry W. Lucy 195
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COURT MISSIONARIES. By Ellis Deane 84
(*Illustrations* by T. H. Robinson and from a Photograph.)

CRICKETERS, THE AUSTRALIAN. By P. F. Warner 700
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CURIOSITIES 116, 235, 356, 476, 596, 716
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DARK DUEL, THE. By Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds (G. M. Robins) 502
(*Illustrations* by Paul Hardy.)

PAGE.

DESERT ROAMING, ON. By EDMUND MITCHELL 13
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and a Drawing.)

DOWNING STREET 375
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

ESCAPE OF THE MULLINGONG, THE. By G. E. FARROW 106, 222
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD and HARRY FURNISS.)

EXPLOSION, AN INTENTIONAL 113
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

EYES, THINGS THAT GET IN OUR. By FRED. W. SAXBY 381
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FACE AND ITS FORTUNE, THE. By GEORGE MEYNERS... 49
(*Illustrations* from Drawings by MISS ALICE WOODWARD and MISS ALICE CLARKE.)

FATIGUE. By MARGARET DRUMMOND 217
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

FINGER-PRINTS WHICH HAVE CONVICTED CRIMINALS. By G. E. MALLETT ... 531
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FORMS IN FALLING WATER. By JOHN SWAFFHAM 229
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GARCIA, MANUEL, AND HIS FRIENDS. THE REMINISCENCES OF A CENTENARIAN. By MALCOLM STERLING MACKINLAY, M.A. 257
(*Illustrations* from Photographs, Paintings, and a Facsimile.)

GIFT HORSE, THE. By RICHARD MARSH 281
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

HEART OF A GRANDFATHER, THE. By KATHARINE TYNAN... 59
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

HOUSE BY THE VAULTS, THE. By FLORENCE WARDEN 639
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

HOW FITZ-DENNIS LIFTED THE CUP. By BASIL TOZER 664
(*Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM.)

HUMOUR IN CLERICAL LIFE. By THE REV. D. WALLACE DUTHIE 146
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.
LXXXII.—MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON. By FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES 415
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)
LXXXIII.—EARL NELSON AND TRAFALGAR. By BECKLES WILLSON 670
(*Illustrations* from Paintings, Sketches, and Photographs.)

INTENTIONAL EXPLOSION, AN... 113
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

INVENTIONS, SOME RECENT REMARKABLE 651
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

IRISH R.M., SOME FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN. II.—THE BOAT'S SHARE. By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS 72
Illustrations by E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

KETTLE, A BOILING, AND A WORKING STEAMBOAT MADE OF PAPER. By LOUIS NIKOLA 351
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Photographs.)

LADY OF THE LILIES, THE. By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON 151
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

LAFAYETTE: AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND. By MAX PEMBERTON 243, 363, 483, 603
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

LANDLORDS, LONDON'S LARGEST. By ARTHUR T. DOLLING 633
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

LAST OF THE CARRAWAYS, THE. By J. J. BELL 626
(*Illustrations* by L. RAVEN-HILL.)

PAGE.

LOBSTER MOTH, THE LIFE-STORY OF THE. By JOHN J. WARD 35
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD, THE 162
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MAN WHO LIVED BACKWARDS, THE. By ALLEN UPWARD 517
(*Illustrations* by REX OSBORNE.)

MECHANISM, SOME MARVELS OF DELICATE. By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS 291
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MISSIONARIES, COURT. By ELLIS DEANE 84
(*Illustrations* by T. H. ROBINSON and from a Photograph.)

MR. LION OF LONDON. By J. J. BELL 425
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

MUSCADEL. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By E. NESBIT 342
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

MUSICAL BOX, THE. By EDITH GRAY HILL 325
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

MUSIC OF FIRE, AIR, EARTH, WATER, AND ICE, THE. By J. F. ROWBOTHAM ... 393
(*Illustrations* by A. J. JOHNSON and from Photographs.)

"MY FAVOURITE CARICATURE." EXAMPLES SELECTED BY THE SUBJECTS. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 334
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

MY WEDDING-DAY. By RICHARD MARSH 87
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

NEST EGG, THE. By W. W. JACOBS 202
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

NIGHTINGALE, THE STORY OF A. By S. L. BENSUSAN 657
(*Illustrations* by A. GUACCIMANNI.)

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN" 312
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

OVERCROWDED ICEBERG, THE. By MORLEY ROBERTS 177
(*Illustrations* by E. S. HODGSON.)

PAINTING OF A CHILD, WHICH IS THE BEST? By ADRIAN MARGAUX 493
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

PAPER, A BOILING KETTLE AND A WORKING STEAMBOAT MADE OF. By LOUIS NIKOLA 351
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Photographs.)

PAP SPOONER. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL 536
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

PHOTOGRAPH, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A 617
(*Illustrations* from Pictures.)

PICTURES, ODD, BY FAMOUS ARTISTS. By RONALD GRAHAM 133
(*Illustrations* from Drawings and Sketches.)

PICTURES, WHICH ARE THE MOST POPULAR? II.—IN THE TATE GALLERY 97
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

POWER OF DARKNESS, THE. By E. NESBIT 441
(*Illustrations* by ARTHUR WATTS.)

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY, THE—HAS HE DETERIORATED? THE OPINIONS OF HEAD MASTERS 189
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOHEMIAN. By M. STERLING MACKINLAY, M.A. OXON. 576, 621
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

RUSSIAN CENSOR WORKS, HOW THE. By FREDERICK DOLMAN 209
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

SCHOOLBOY, THE PUBLIC—HAS HE DETERIORATED? THE OPINIONS OF HEAD MASTERS 189
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE.

SILVERSTRAND: A FORECAST OF ENGLAND'S SEA CITY. By E. S. VALENTINE ... 522
(*Illustrations* by WARWICK GOBLE.)

SINGING, MADAME ALBANI ON THE ART OF. By BASIL TOZER 545
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

SPEAKER'S CHAIR IN CONGRESS, FROM BEHIND THE. Viewed by HENRY W. LUCY 195
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

STINGAREE STORIES. By E. W. HORNUNG.
V.—THE REAL SIMON PURE 3
VI.—"TO THE VILE DUST" 123
VII.—THE VILLAIN-WORSHIPPER 298
VIII.—THE MOTH AND THE STAR 405
(*Illustrations* by G. W. LAMBERT.)

"STORY-TELLING." By WINIFRED GRAHAM 679
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

THINGS THAT GET IN OUR EYES. By FRED. W. SAXBY 381
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TIP AND TOP VIEWS 593
(*Written* and *Illustrated* by JAMES SCOTT.)

TOGO, ADMIRAL, AS A YOUTH. By THE REV. A. D. CAPEL, M.A. 474
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TORNADO TRAP, THE. By FRANK SAVILE 140
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

TRIPS ABOUT TOWN. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
I.—A SAUNTER IN SOHO 273
II.—IN BETHNAL GREEN 462
III.—ROUND LITTLE ITALY 510
IV.—ROUND ST. GEORGE IN THE EAST 685
(*Illustrations* by T. H. ROBINSON.)

TROUBLE-SHOOTER'S WOOING, THE. By FRANCIS GARDINER 268
(*Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM.)

TUNNEL, THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD 162
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TURNIP! ONLY A 355
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

WATER, FORMS IN FALLING. By JOHN SWAFFHAM 229
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

WHITE CAT, THE. By W. W. JACOBS 569
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

WHY THE DRAGONS DISAPPEARED. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By PHILIP CARMICHAEL 469
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

WOMAN IN IT, A. By FLORENCE WARDEN 23
(*Illustrations* by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

"WORD-BLOTS" 234
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 3—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

£100 for a PHOTOGRAPH. Novel Prize Competition. (See Page 617.)

SIX PENCE

W. W. JACOBS Complete Story. (See Page 692.)

Support Home Manufactures and purchase . .

FRY'S COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES.

Estd. 1728.

The Oldest House in the Trade.

See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

120 Literary Pages.

130 Illustrations.

EDITED BY Geo: Newnes

OFFICES

No. 174 VOL 29

JUNE 1905

AN · ILLUSTRATED · MONTHLY

BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. Discount for Cash or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years' System. — Lists free of C. STILES & CO., 74 and 76, Southampton Row, London, W.C. (removed from 40 and 42, Southampton Row). PIANOS EXCHANGED.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at advantageous prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 74 and 76, Southampton Row, London, W.C. (removed from 40 and 42, Southampton Row).

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Beecham's Pills

Strengthen the Stomach, Regulate the Bowels,
Purify and Enrich the Blood, and
Tone the whole Nervous System.

BEECHAM'S PILLS contain no drug of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure.

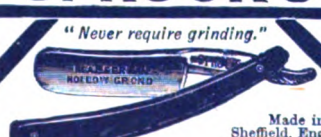
They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are specially suitable for **FEMALES** of all ages. Every woman who values health should read the instructions wrapped round each box.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, labelled 1/1½, containing 56 Pills, and 2/9, containing 168 Pills.

SPROCK'S

"Never require grinding."



Made in Sheffield, England. Ground in Germany.

Black Handles, 5/- each; Ivory Handles, 7/6 each.
Sprock's Razor Strops. Pocket & Table Cutlery.
From all Cutlers and Hairdressers.
Wholesale: Parton, Son & Co., Ld., 5 & 6, Bull Ring, Birmingham.

RAZORS.

A PERFECT UNDERWEAR.

"PYRENO"

(REGISTERED.)

VESTS, SPENCERS, COMBINATIONS,
BODICES, DRAWERS, SLEEPING SUITS.

Should any Garment shrink in the wash, it WILL BE REPLACED.

Made by **BARLOW & JONES, LIMITED,** MANCHESTER;
AND SOLD BY ALL HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS & UPHOLSTERERS.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 80 AND 81.

Egerton Burnett's Royal E.B. Serges

Last Long. Look Well. Various Prices and Makes. Light Weights for Warm Climates.

For **Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.** In Navy Blue, Cream, Crimson, Black, Brown, Grey, Purple, &c.

Summer Tweeds, Flannels, Delaines, Cottons, Linens; also Winceys, &c. **"Wontarewilware"** for boys, 54 inches, **4/11** per yard.
"Picnic" Rugs, 48 by 66 inches, at **3/11** each, in Art Shades.

Tailoring, to Measure:
Ladies' Costumes from 26/-; Motor Coats from 32/-; "Egerton" Cycle Skirts from 12/6; Bathing Dresses from 8/11; Girls' Dresses from 9/-; Men's Suits from 36/6; Men's "Shrinknaught" Coat and Trousers from 31/3; Boys' Suits from 10/6, &c.
Special rates for Export. Any Length Sold. Patterns, Self-Measurement Forms, and Price Lists post free from
EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., L. Dept., Wellington, Somerset, England.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

"Luxury's Necessity."

THRONE

THE ROYAL TOILET SOAP.

Will enhance the softness and beauty of the most delicate skins.

FRAGRANTLY PERFUMED. *DELICIOUSLY EMOLLIENT.*

4d. per Tablet; 10½d. per 3 Tablet Box.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Six Dainty Samples of Cook's Pure Soaps, including "Throne," will be sent, post free, for Six Penny Stamps.

EDWARD COOK & CO., Ltd., *The Soap Specialists,*
LONDON, E.

75th Year

Carter's Concentrated Lemon Syrup

1s 2d LARGE BOTTLE

LEADING GROCERS

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn £5 per Week.

You should learn the business of advertising, no matter what your line may be, because it is a fundamental requisite to your success. It does not require a moment more time or a whit more energy to earn **£250** a year than it does to earn **30s.** or **£2** per week. You are helped to write advertisements for your firm, to work up an advertisement business in your own home, or to secure a position of not less than **£5** per week if you desire it. Illustrated Prospectus Post Free.

Page-Davis Co. (Dept. L), **195, Oxford St., London, W.**

MACKENZIE'S
80 NEW BOND ST. W.

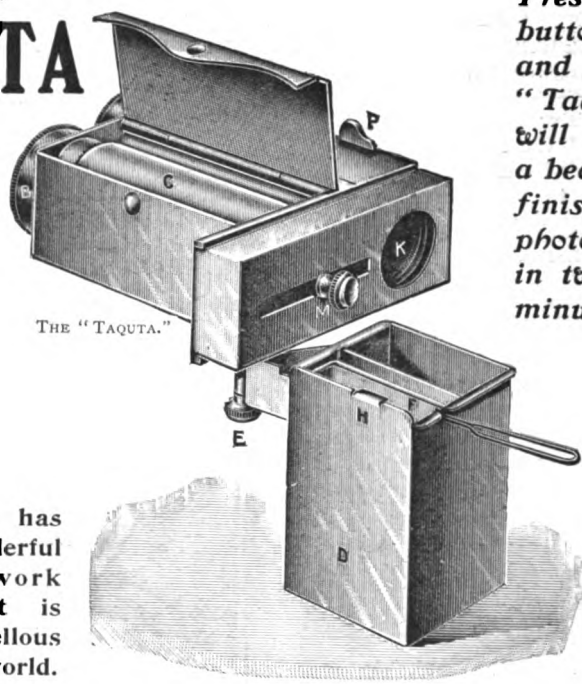
THE DAINTY DEPÔT
FOR CHOICEST
CHOCOLATES and SWEETS

PARCELS BY POST ANYWHERE
Prices Moderate Write for List
THE SMART RESORT FOR
AFTERNOON TEA & LUNCHEONS.

The . . .

TAQUTA

brings Photography to the Million.



THE "TAQUTA."

Press the button 'M' and the "Taquta" will produce a beautifully finished photograph in two minutes.

Everyone who has seen this wonderful Camera at work admits that it is the most marvellous Camera in the world.

No dark rooms, developing dishes, printing frames, etc., etc., are required with the "Taquta." The whole process, from focussing the sitter to handing him his portrait beautifully finished, is accomplished with the "Taquta" in less than two minutes, and is turned out in such a manner that it can be carried loose or mounted up in a brooch as shown in the annexed illustration.

The exact size of a finished "Taquta" Portrait.

Price of the "Taquta" in strong box, complete with magazine containing forty-five plates, post free,

£1-1-0.

"Taquta" Magazines containing forty-five plates, 2s. each, post free.

Special Tin of "Taquta" Developer, 10-oz. of solution, 6d. Post Free, 7d.

The "Taquta" is sold by all dealers, or will be sent post free on receipt of remittance from the

QUTA PHOTO MACHINE CO., 34 & 35, Norfolk St., London, W.

Wholesale Agents for Great Britain and the Colonies: JOHNATHAN FALLOWFIELD, 146, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY AND PLATE, FRESH FROM THE FINISHERS' HANDS, AT GREAT SAVING IN COST.

Every description of Cutlery and Plate. Replating and Repairs. Hotels, etc., supplied. Special attention to Foreign and Colonial Orders.

Any quantity supplied Post Free.

SAMPLES of any of these Goods POST FREE ON APPROVAL.

ELECTRO PLATED WITH REAL SILVER.

Full Size. Strong & Elegant. Hand Engraved.

Hot/d-down supplied Post Paid.

The Christian Commonwealth, 15th March, 1888, says: "We can honestly say we are surprised that such articles can be supplied at so small a cost. The table knives (6/- doz.) are both strong and handsome, and would be cheap at double the price. The same remark applies to the nickel silver." ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. Money returned or Goods exchanged if not approved. Cheques crossed "London City & Midland Bank."

SHEFFIELD GOODS MANUFACTURING SUPPLY COMPANY (Dept. S.), Havelock Works, Young St., SHEFFIELD.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) FREE.

MOTHER and CHILD.
Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.

The "Allenburys" Foods.

give strength and stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd.,
Lombard Street, LONDON.

U.S.A.—Niagara Falls, N.Y.
AUSTRALIA—Sydney.
SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town.

SOUTHALL'S Patent BOOTS

have achieved a world-wide reputation for comfortable and lasting wear. On and off in a moment, they always look smart and are always easy.

Retail Branches: **72, Pinstone St., Sheffield; 27, Bridge St., Bradford; 35, Norfolk St., London, W.C.**

Sold by all Leading Bootmakers.
Catalogue Free on application.

SOUTHALL & CO.
Dept L Kirkstall Rd. LEEDS

Model 737 **12/9** Carr. 6d. extra.

Stylish Summer Costume in **J.N. Cheviot Serge** and **Vicuna Cloth.** The **Russian Coat** which can be worn open or closed, has embroidered Velveteen Vest and shoulder-cape, trimmed good braid to match. Price **12/9.** Carr. 6d. extra. To fit figures 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Larger sizes **2/6** extra.

Colours : — Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grey, Heliotrope, Wedgwood, Old Rose, Royal, Electric, &c.

Model 583 **4/11½** Carr. 4d. ex.

Smart Jap Silk Blouse (as sketch above) fastening at back. square yoke effect, with Paris lace insertion gauged below the yoke, and sleeves gauged to match. In Ivory only. Price **4/11½.** Carr. 4d. extra.

Model 578 **From 9/6** Carr. 6d. extra

Girls' Smart Walking Costume in the **J.N Vicuna Cloth** (as sketch above). **Russian Coat**, which can be worn open or closed. Is effectively trimmed with braid; new sleeves. Skirt well cut and with pleats at hem. Lengths and Prices :—

36 39 42 46 50 ins.
9/6 10/- 10/6 10/6 10/6

Also made to special measure in **The Goodrich New Fashionable Suiting :—**
13/9 14/6 15/3 16/- 16/9
The Sterling All-Wool Serge :—
16/6 17/6 18/6 19/6 21/-
In all leading colours.

Model 659 **3/11½**

Carriage 4d. extra.

Very Dressy Spot Delainette Blouse (as sketch above). Daintiness itself, describes this attractive Blouse, which fastens at back, with detachable stock collar trimmed to form V in front with lace insertion finished dainty frill extending right round back, which is also trimmed lace insertion. **Colours :** Navy, Turquoise or Red, in fancy design on Ecru ground. Price **3/11½**, postage 4d. extra.

Model 738 **From 4/9** Carr 5d. ex.

Girls' Dressy Frock (as sketch above), lined through and prettily made with fancy stitching and tucked yoke; full gathered skirt below yoke, and frill at hem. New sleeves supplied in Nun's Veiling.

Colours: Eau de Nil, Cream, Pale Pink, Pale Blue, Cardinal, Navy, and Black.

Lengths and Prices:—

21 24 27 30 ins.
4/9 5/6 6/3 7/- each.
33 36 39 ins.
7/9 8/3 9/3 each.

Model 739 **6/11** Carr. 5d. extra.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER WALKING SKIRT, smartly cut and shaped, arranged with pointed panels and pleats, as sketch, with new back slightly gathered, as now worn.

Supplied in good **Black** and **Navy Serge.**

To fit 24, 26 and 28 inches Waist measure. Length in front, 38, 40 and 42 inches.

Price only **6/11.** Carriage 5d. extra.

7/6 Dress Lengths

We will post six yards of either of the three fashionable fabrics :—
J.N. CHEVIOT SERGE (52 inches wide). **J.N. VICUNA CLOTH** (52 inches wide). **J.N. SPECIAL ZIBELINE** (48 inches wide) on receipt of **7/6.** Carriage 8d. extra. Superior in weave, finish and durability to anything ever offered at the price.

Colours:—Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grey, Heliotrope, Royal, Wedgwood, Old Rose, Electric, &c.

The resources of an enormous establishment (including a staff of highly skilled dressmakers) enable John Noble, Ltd., to carry out any design to ladies' own measurements.

Half-Guinea Models are also **Specially Made to Measure** in a wide choice of High-class Dress Materials including **Tweed** and **Plain Cloths** in all the most up-to-date styles and colourings at the following prices :—

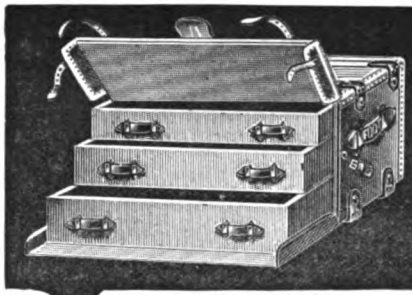
RANGE F.A. FABRICS, 18/6
RANGE F.B. FABRICS, 21/9
RANGE F.C. FABRICS, 25/6
RANGE F.D. FABRICS' 29/6

Patterns and Estimates Free. State Requirements.

Attractive Attire.

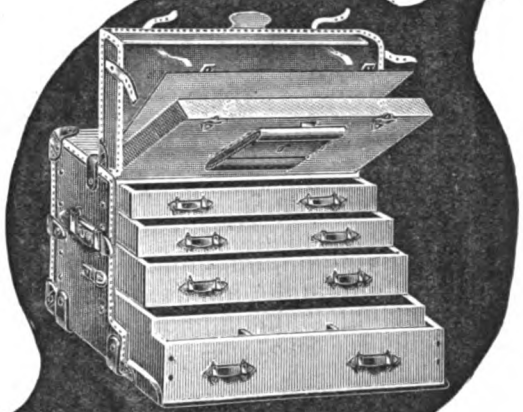
Is the title of our **New Booklet of Summer Fashions**, now ready. It will put money in your purse to possess it—sent free for Post card request.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. 48 Brook St. Mills. MANCHESTER.



FOOTS' TRUNKS

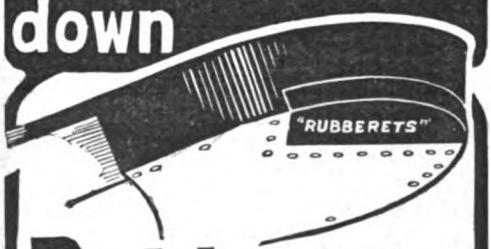
No Crushing
No Confusion
More Convenience
Easy Access
to all Parts
Contents Always
in Order
Every Article
Get-at-able



Catalogue "*Trunks for Travellers*" Post free.

J. Foot & Son,
DEPT. T.B. 3,
171 New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

Won't wear down



Rubberets

Light, Springy, and Durable, Rubberets are a boon to all who want ease and comfort in walking. They keep the heels level and save their trifling cost many times over. Infinitely superior to Revolving Rubber Heels.

OF ALL BOOTMAKERS.

See Trade Mark "Rubberets" on every pair.

Send 6 stamps for Sample Pair, Lady's or Gent's. Pamphlet Post Free.

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, Ltd.
(Dept. S),
142—146, Old St., LONDON, E.C.

WHAT NON-FLAM IS.

NON-FLAM IS A PATENT SAFETY FLANNELETTE—the invention of a distinguished Scientist. There is no other Flannelette like it, for its fire and disease-resisting properties are retained even after repeated washings.

Non-Flam

is sterile and aseptic—disease germs cannot live upon it.

NON-FLAM is warm, soft, and comfortable; it causes no injury to the skin; costs very little more than the ordinary Flannelette, and lasts much longer.

NON-FLAM is the safe Flannelette recommended by the Coroners. *Sold by Drapers everywhere.* **SEND POSTCARD TO-DAY AND TEST FREE SAMPLE FOR YOURSELF.**
Patentees—"NON-FLAM," Desk 20, Aytoun Street, MANCHESTER.

Made to Fit.

There's a difference between "made to order" and "made to fit." Made-to-order-boots don't always fit.

PHIT-FOOT

Boots are made to fit. Made to last too. Made just as well as the best bootmakers in England know how. Send for Catalogue, which tells all about our system.

Bespoke Boot Factory, Rushden, Northampton.
Depôts at Nottingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Hull

"ALFOSCO" REGD. Call or Write.

Allen Foster & Co

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

"ALFOSCO" REGD. Call or Write.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

All are pleased with the "Alfosco" Costumes and Costume Skirts. Send post-card to-day for our new Illustrated Sketch Book; you would like to see it very much. It contains some really pretty styles.

Don't forget to write; we shall be most pleased to send it you.

Design No. 750 **10/6**

DESIGN No. 750 10/6

ETON COAT AND SKIRT.

Made in **Specialite Serge** or **Venetian Cloth** (all colours). The smart little Coat is trimmed fancy silk galon, contrasting shade. Skirt cut full, trimmed foot pleats and metal buttons. Price **10/6**, carr. 6d. Skirt alone **5/6**, carr. 5d. This Costume in the **"Princess"** Tweed, **16/6**; in the **"Alexandra"** Tweed, **18/6**; or in the **Superfine Vicuna, 21/-.**

DESIGN No. 308 4/6

STYLISH COSTUME SKIRT.

Black or Navy Serge, Medium weight. A cloth that will stand hard wear. Trimmed silk ornaments and four panels, fastened at side, with pocket. Price only **4/6**, carr. 5d. extra. A Great Bargain. Also made in all the beautiful colourings of the **"Princess"** Tweed, price **7/6**; **"Alexandra"** Tweed, price **8/6**; **Superfine Vicuna** Cloth, price **9/11**; or in **Good Washing Holland**, only **3/6**. Carr. 5d.

DESIGN No. 749 10/6

SPECIAL LINE in COATS AND SKIRTS.

Made in **Specialite Serge** or **Venetian Cloth.** Stocked in all sizes and colours. Coat can be worn open or closed, tastefully trimmed silk strappings and fancy silk galon. Skirt cut full and trimmed foot pleats and small buttons. Price only **10/6**, carr. 6d. Skirt alone **5/6**, carr. 5d. Made in the **"Princess"** Tweed will be **16/6**; in the **"Alexandra"** Tweed, **18/6**; or in ALLEN FOSTER AND Co.'s **Superfine Vicuna, 21/-.** Skirt lined throughout, **2/-** extra.

Patterns and Colourings Post Free.

Design No. 749 **10/6**

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers,

47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

MACKENZIE'S

Really Delicious Toffee.
Free Sample at most Confectioners'.
Insist on **MACKENZIE'S.** Steam Works, London.

CREAM TOFFEE

GENUINE HOME WORK

CLEAN, LIGHT, FOR EITHER SEX.

AUTOMATIC KNITTER

Unsurpassed for Domestic or Business Use. Enables You to Work at Home, earning good money. No Risk. Experience unnecessary. Work taken.

Est. 1879. Write—

SADIN, 67, Southwark Street, LONDON.

THE IDEAL SHOE! For HOUSE and ALL SPORTS.

See Testimonial below.

Made with strong flaxlaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear.

Mrs. Reischach, 2, Stowe Rd., London, W., writes (3/1/05): "Have benefited greatly; foot was much inflamed, but by wearing your shoes soreness has disappeared."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. White, Brown, or Black—	Prices (post free). Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ..	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Boots (no Strapping or Toe Cap) ..	—	3/-	3/3
Superior Red Rubber (Canvas or Leather Uppers)		3/9	5/9
Felt Slippers, Best Quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes (Superior) ..	3/6	4/-	4/9
Ditto, White Buckskin-Leather Soles) ..	—	—	7/6

Off three pairs at one time, we allow 2d. per pair. Nearly 20 years before STRAND readers, which proves their worth. They have stood the test of time. *Post free British Isles abroad extra.*

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 90 S, Sauchiehall St., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, Post Free, 1d.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH

IS

"BLACK & WHITE"

WHISKY.

GLOSS JUST LIKE CHINA

A CLEVER IDEA.

There's no difficulty in getting a china-like gloss on linen if you go the right way about it. The right and easy way is to use Redford's Starch Gloss.

REDFORD'S GLOSS.

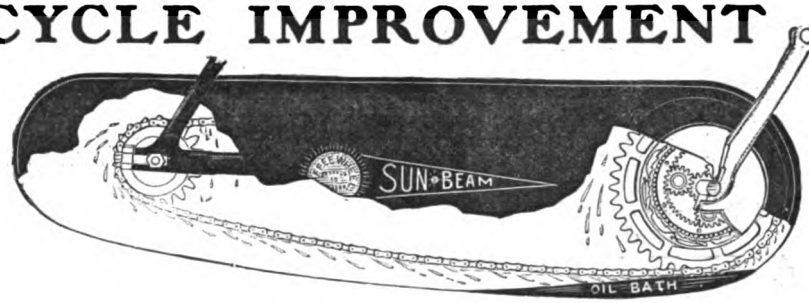
Don't add this to the Starch, but rub on the linen before ironing, and you get a beautiful polished surface. No sticking, no trouble. Send a **1/-** P.O. for large box to S. A. REDFORD & SON, Oxford Street, Liverpool.

SEND POSTCARD FOR SAMPLE.

Goddard's Plate Powder.

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere, 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

THE GREAT BICYCLE IMPROVEMENT



This is the Royal Sunbeam's little oil bath, with the variable speed-gear running in it. These Inventions have given a new impetus to cycling. They make the Royal Sunbeam run as on velvet, and give its rider an easy gear for hard work and a high gear for easy work.

New Illustrated Catalogue No. 4, sent post free on application to the Maker—

JOHN MARSTON, LTD., Sunbeamland, WOLVERHAMPTON.

The largest private firm of Cycle Makers. *Estab. 1790.*

London Depots: 157 and 158, SLOANE STREET, S.W.; and 57, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Globe-Wernicke

OFFICE & LIBRARY FURNITURE.

ROLL TOP DESKS from £4-19-6.

In Oak, Walnut, and Mahogany. Every Modern Convenience. Handsome, Well-finished, Serviceable. Full of Useful Pigeon-holes and Drawers.

SUPPLIED FOR CASH OR "DEFERRED PAYMENTS."

Send for Catalogue No. 5 D.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Ltd

Office and Library Furnishers,

44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C., and 82, VICTORIA STREET, S.W., LONDON.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

A CURIOSITY IN CALIGRAPHY.

Our photo shows Mr. C. H. Unthan, whose unique public exhibitions attract great attention, performing one of his "feats." Mr. Unthan, the Armless Wonder, is engaged writing with a Waterman's Ideal. If he finds, as he says he does, that Waterman's Ideal is the pen that best suits his foot, you will realise that Waterman's Ideal will give you extra ease and facility in writing with the straightforward use of your hands.

From 10/6. In Silver and Gold for presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, &c. Booklet on pens, illustrated, post free from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.
(NEW YORK: 173, Broadway.)

CALTON STYLO PEN.

Get a "Calton" Stylo—no scratching, no blots. The "Calton" flows freely, get one and test—you'll find it just perfect—just the one that won't go wrong. It can't, that's why. Price 3/- complete. "Jewel" Fountain Pen, Gold Nib, 5/- complete. Of Stationers, or Sole Makers, Dept. 52, **JEWEL PEN CO.,** 102, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, E.C.

The Pen that wont go wrong

I provide everything

CASH OR EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Send for any of my Departmental Catalogues, Post Free on application.

Watches	Books & Stationery	Bassinettes, etc.
Clocks & Bronzes	Athletic Goods	Boots and Shoes
Jewellery, etc.	Ladies' Outfitting	General Drapery
Sheffield Cutlery	Mantles & Costumes	Furniture
Silver Plate	Ladies' Millinery	Tools
Travelling Bags and Requisites	Men's and Boys' Tailoring	Machinery
Cameras	Men's and Boys' Outfitting	Glass and China
Musical Goods		Bicycles
		Harness & Vehicles

Buyers' Guide for Colonial and Foreign Trade (944 pages of Illustrations and Descriptions of Goods in our various departments) sent to any part of the world.

AGENTS WANTED. GOOD PAY. No RESPONSIBILITY.

J. G. GRAVES, *The World's .. Supply Warehouse,* **SHEFFIELD**

IMPROVED SELF-PROPELLING & SELF-ADJUSTABLE

WHEEL CHAIRS

And other Invalids' Goods.

Reclining Chairs, Bath Chairs, Carrying Chairs, Adjustable Couches, Back Rests, Leg Rests, Head Rests, Commodes, Bed Trays, Bedside Tables, Reading Stands, &c., in many different styles, meeting every demand for necessity and luxury. Comfort for all.

Write for Catalogue F 3.

J. FOOT & SON, Patentees & Manufacturers, 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Have you anything handy in the house in case you cut yourself? A cut is not only painful and inconvenient, but it may lead to blood poison. A few drops of Pond's Extract will stop the bleeding and the pain almost immediately. You can use it in a hundred ways. Burns, Bruises, Inflammation, Piles, Sores—these all call for Pond's, and there is NO substitute. Get a bottle to-day and keep it in readiness. 60 years' reputation.

1/1½, 2/3, 4/6. Of all chemists.

Pond's EXTRACT

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

TEREZOL

FOR

POLISHING FURNITURE

TEST TEREZOL! Test it at Our Expense!

TEREZOL is *the* polish for furniture. It produces a brighter and more durable finish than the old-fashioned article, it is more economical, collects less dust, is not so readily affected by damp, and requires a minimum of exertion. 3d., 6d., 1/-. Grocers, Stores, and Ironmongers. TEREZOL will come as a revelation. Test it at our expense. Write out a postcard *now* for free sample. **Terezol Co., Ltd.,** Desk 10, **Pendleton, Manchester.**

A CURE REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

All sufferers are earnestly requested to write for my new remedy,

3003 "ANTICAPILLA" (Regd.),

a fragrant liquid compound, entirely free from all poisonous ingredients, which entirely and permanently destroys the cyst and follicle (after which the reappearance of the hair is impossible), without the slightest pain or injury to the skin, leaving the latter as white and smooth and clear as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to cure the most stubborn and painful cases, even when all other and oft-repeated treatment has failed to have the desired effect. One bottle, sufficient to cure, sent post free for **4/6** (to Foreign Countries, 5/6), which I offer to return if results are deemed in any way unsatisfactory. No plucking or burning or cutting off required, as it is entirely unlike any other preparation offered for a similar purpose. Letters strictly confidential. Address—**Mr. R. H. THOMPSON** (DEPT. 7), **149, Strand, London, W.C.** (Wholesale BARCLAY'S.)

A CURE REGISTERED BY GOVERNMENT

DAZZLEINE

THE LIQUID PLATE POLISH

Preserves Plate, Silver, & Gold.

Contains no Acids, Mercury, Explosives, or Poisons. Causes no Dust, no Dirt, no Danger. Gives an almost Instantaneous but Lasting Polish

No Friction, consequently no Wear. Guaranteed Harmless to the Most Delicate Gold or Silver Article.

From all high-class Grocers, Stores, and leading Silversmiths, at **6d., 1/-, & 2/6,** or sample bottle post free at these prices from the Manufacturers:

THE DAZZLEINE CO., Ld., 10, Mail Dept., Greenwich, S.E.

Free Sample on application

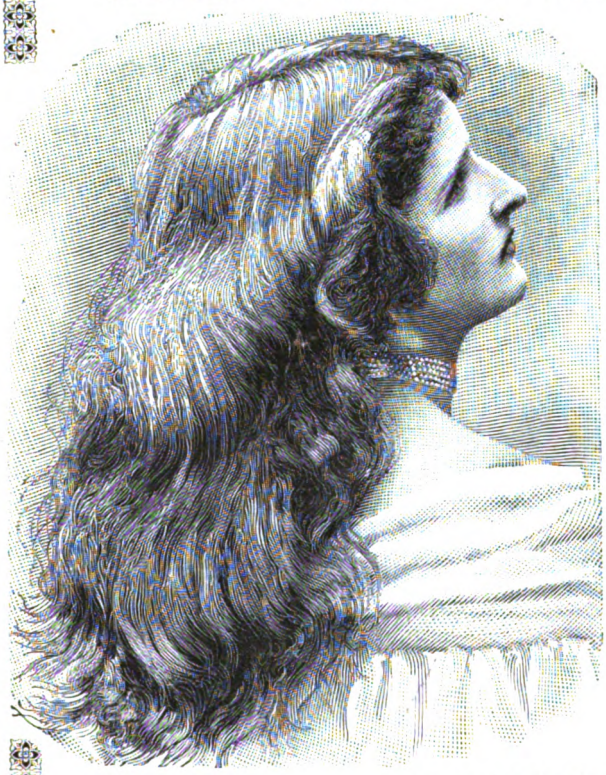
EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing. ***Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.***
A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE AND SUPPLIED DIRECT TO

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
H.H. PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
H.I.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
H.I.H. PRINCESS DI SIPINO.
PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE, &c.



Restores, Strengthens, Beautifies, and Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

PREVENTS ITS FALLING OFF AND TURNING GREY.

The World-Renowned Cure for Baldness.

MISS MABEL LOVE

writes: "I find 'HARLENE' a most excellent preparation for improving the quality and quantity of the Hair, and shall be pleased to recommend it to my friends."

MRS. BROWN POTTER

writes: "I have used your 'HARLENE,' and find it gives the most beautiful results. I consider it a wonderful hair tonic."

MISS JULIA NEILSON

writes: "I am at present trying your 'HARLENE' for my hair, and I find it one of the best hair tonics and restorers I have ever used, and I have tried many."

MRS. LANGTRY

writes: "Previous to my using 'HARLENE,' my hair had become brittle and was falling off. I have used your preparation daily for 18 months, and my hair is quite restored. I cannot recommend 'HARLENE' too highly."

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Will be sent to any part of the world to any person filling up this form and enclosing 3d. for postage (Foreign stamps accepted). If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

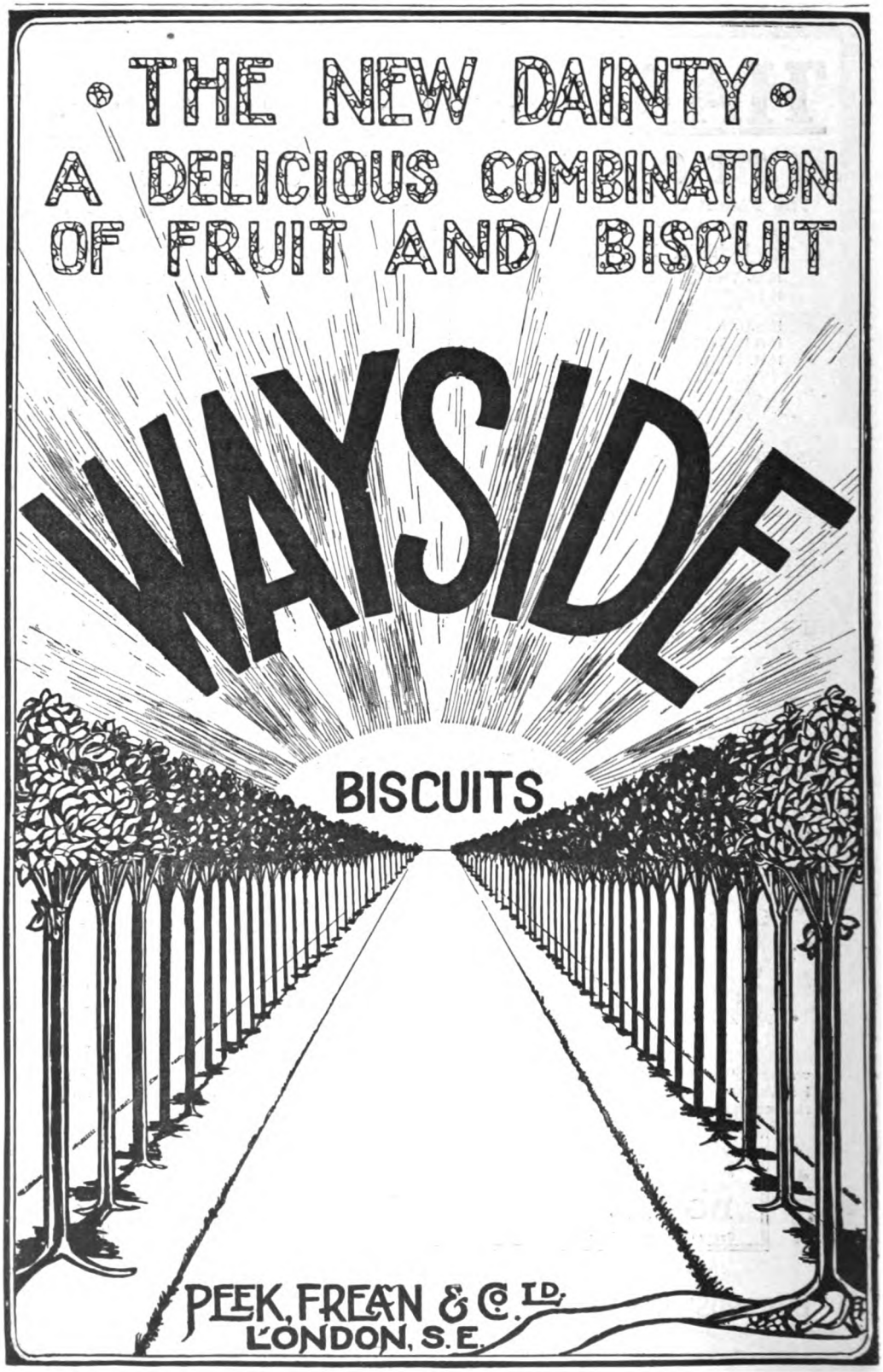
Name .....

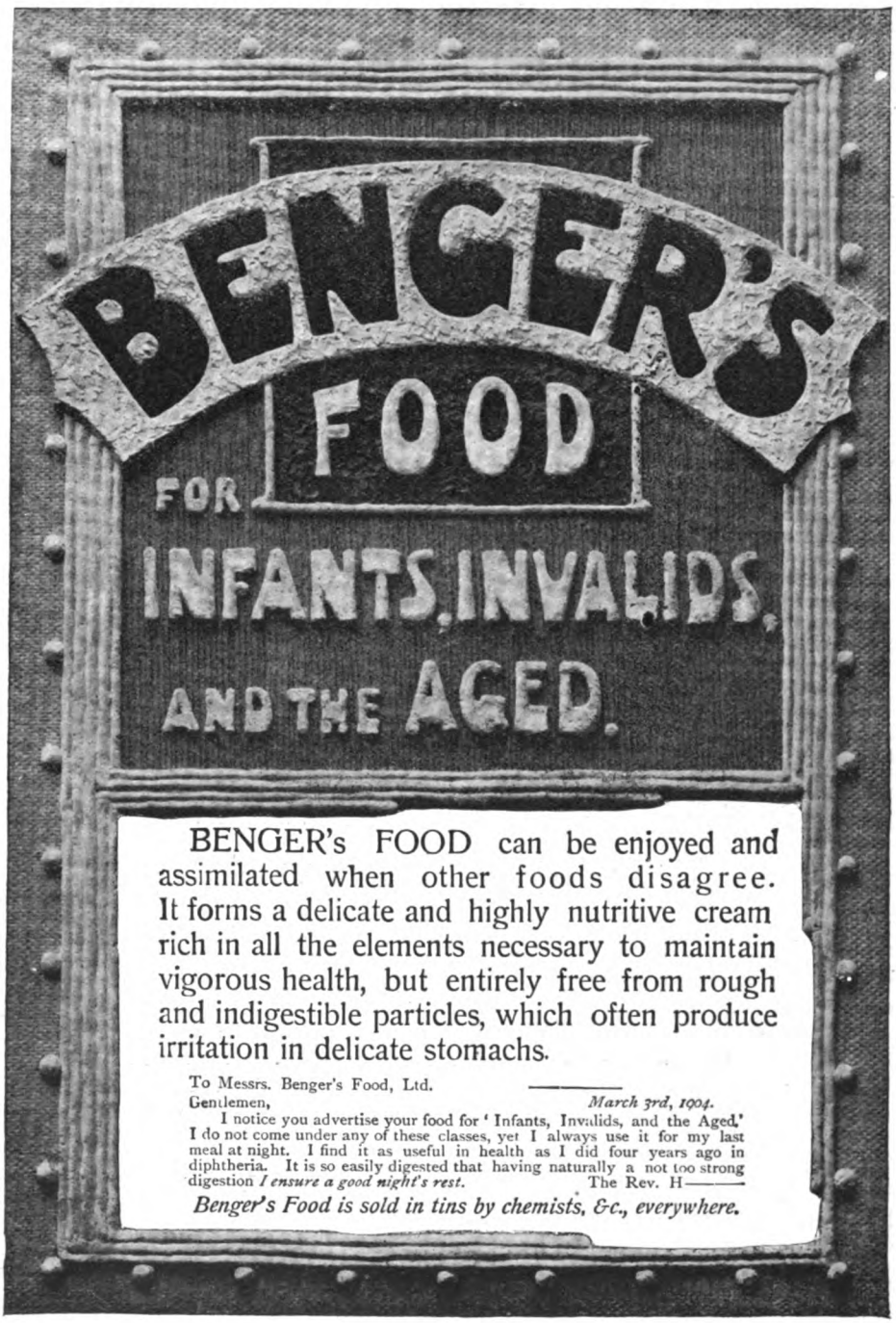
.....

STRAND MAGAZINE (June, 1905). .....

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.


THE NEW DAINTY
A DELICIOUS COMBINATION
OF FRUIT AND BISCUIT
WAYSIDE
BISCUITS
PEEK, FREAN & Co. LD.
LONDON, S.E.



BENGER's FOOD can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It forms a delicate and highly nutritive cream rich in all the elements necessary to maintain vigorous health, but entirely free from rough and indigestible particles, which often produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

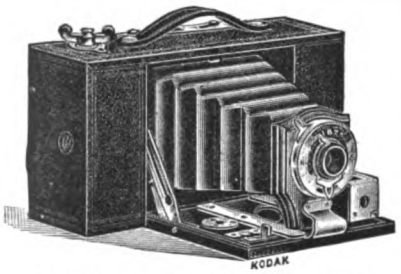
To Messrs. Benger's Food, Ltd.

Gentlemen, *March 3rd, 1904.*

I notice you advertise your food for 'Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.' I do not come under any of these classes, yet I always use it for my last meal at night. I find it as useful in health as I did four years ago in diphtheria. It is so easily digested that having naturally a not too strong digestion *I ensure a good night's rest.* The Rev. H———

Benger's Food is sold in tins by chemists, &c., everywhere.

TWO NEW KODAKS.



No. 2 for Pictures 3¼ by 2¼ inches.
No. 3 for Pictures 4¼ by 3¼ inches.

PRICES—

21/= & 37/6

Of all Dealers, or

KODAK, Ltd., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road,

LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES:—96, Bold Street, Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.

The No. 2 & No. 3 Folding Brownies

Daylight Loading & Unloading.

Well designed and strongly made. Light, compact, and efficient. Fitted with Brownie Automatic Shutter giving instantaneous, "bulb," and time exposures by a trigger release. Iris diaphragm. Reversible finder, and screw sockets for stand work.

AUTOMATIC LOCK FOCUSSING DEVICE.

Ideal Cameras for the Beginner.

Write for Prospectus of the 1905 Kodak Competition — £400 in Prizes for Pictures taken with a Kodak.

BLICKensderfer Portable TYPEWRITERS.

Half the Price.
A Third the Weight.
All the Quality.

Worth investigation.

List 28 tells all about it.

Post Free from

£9 to £11 11s. Fcap. Size.

Large cash discounts, or easy time payments.

BLICKENSDERFER CO., Ltd.,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

London Depot:
9, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
Manchester:
74, MARKET STREET.

Also Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

DO YOU NOT THINK THAT IT WOULD PAY YOU TO MAKE HIM A PRE-SENT OF A

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN?

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

10/6, 16/6, 25/- to £20 POST FREE.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

MABIE TODD & BARD,
79 & 80 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
93 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
95A, REGENT ST., W. LONDON.
3 EXCHANGE ST., MANCHESTER.
37, AVE. DE L'OPERA PARIS.

YOU CAN AVOID INDIGESTION

OR YOU CAN CURE INDIGESTION

BY TAKING AFTER EACH MEAL
THIRTY DROPS OF

Mother Seigel's Syrup, a purely vegetable compound, having a gentle tonic action on the stomach, liver, and kidneys, and which has cured more dyspeptics than any other medicine in the world.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

TO KEEP YOUR

STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEYS HEALTHY AND ACTIVE.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per bottle.

FOR COUGHS

Delightful and Immediate Relief for Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

To those subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete Cure. It allays irritation in the throat, gives strength to the voice, and never allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, or Consumption to develop. Taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete Cure is certain.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Dealers everywhere, and by the Proprietor:—

W. G. HEARNE, 43, Victoria Street, LIVERPOOL.

PRICES—
1/1½, 2/9 & 4/6
per bottle,
Post Free.

A TRIAL BOTTLE
Will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps for 1/-, if this coupon is cut out and enclosed. Send full name and address to
W. G. HEARNE,
43, Victoria Street,
Liverpool.
86.

. . THE . .

London Glove Company's GLOVES

The "Esmè" **Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, Gold Medal,** each pair guaranteed; in Black, White, Pastel, Putty, Beavers, Tans, or Greys, with self points; Grey, Lavender, or White with Black Points, 4 buttons, **2/6** pair.

WRITE FOR NEW PRICE LIST.

Post Free Great Britain or Abroad.

LADIES' WASHABLE KID GLOVES.

The "DANTZIC" in Tan, Beaver, Putty, Pastel, Grey Shades or White, 2 large Pearl Buttons, per **1/11** pair.

The "NONPARIEL" in White and Lavender, Plain Points, 3 Pearl Buttons, per **2/6** pair.

"ESPERANCE" in Tan, Beaver, Putty, Pastel, Grey, Lavender, or White, 2 large Pearl Buttons, per **2/11** pair.

Gentlemen's Gloves.

Natural Chamois Gloves, Smart Style, English make, 1 Button, per **1/10** pair.

Smart Doeskin Gloves, in Light Drab or Grey, English make, Pique Sewn, 1 Pearl Button, per **2/4** pair.

Gentlemen's Grey Suède Gloves, Pique Sewn, 1 Press Button, per **2/6** pair.

ONLY ADDRESSES—
45 & 45a, Cheapside, E.C., and 82 & 83, New Bond Street, W., } LONDON.

SMART WOMEN

who study their appearance and health wear the

"DOLABEL" (Regd.) **Perfect Fitting**

Shoulder Brace,

because it prevents stooping and round shoulders. Imparts a graceful carriage and smart appearance. Expands the chest. Strengthens and supports the back. Permanently improves the figure. Conceals the outline of the corset at the back of the bodice.

THE 'DOLABEL' (Regd) SHOULDER BRACE

Is Perfect Fitting.

It is indispensable to ladies who sit much or have any inclination to stoop. Light and comfortable to wear at any time with or without Corset. Unquestionably the simplest and most effective aid to deportment ever introduced. Warmly recommended by the medical profession. Does not increase the size of waist or figure. Money instantly refunded if not approved.

In ordering, please state size Corset worn.

Price **4/6** post free; from the sole makers only—

H. SAMPSON & CO. (Dept. 3), 33, Ferntower Road, Newington Green, London, N.

Foreign and Colonial Postage, 9d. extra.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

PERMANENT REMOVAL ASSURED

By my Scientific Treatment.

Specially Prepared for Each Individual Case.

For years I suffered with a humiliating growth of hair on the face. I tried many remedies without success. Ultimately I discovered the TRUE SECRET of PERMANENT REMOVAL, and for more than two years I have rendered happiness to, and gained the thanks of, ladies whom I have treated. That my treatment will destroy the FOLLICLE, thus PERMANENTLY removing the hair FOR EVER, I WILL PROVE TO YOU. After using, no trace is left on the skin, and the treatment is made in your own chamber. I will give careful, personal, and strictly confidential attention to any lady who is thus troubled and writes to me, convincing her of all I claim, and that I can afford her equal relief. Being a woman the delicacy of the matter is known to me and I act accordingly. Write to me to-day.

HELEN C. TEMPLE, 9 PUGH'S PLACE, CARNABY ST., LONDON, W.

THOMAS PADMORE & SONS,

Billiard Table Manufacturers.

Sole Makers of the New "PREMIER" PATENT LOW FAST CUSHIONS.

Fastest and Strongest on the Market by actual tests.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

118s, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

FOR PRIVATE HOUSES

40/-

PER SET.

Please write at once for Descriptive Circular.

Chimney-sweeping and Drain-clearing Machines. Specially designed for Private Houses, Country Mansions, Hotels, Farms, etc. They are always useful, and last a lifetime.

W. & G. ASHFORD, 4, Barnt Green, Birmingham.

EVERY MAN

suffering from Varicocele and its consequent nervous exhaustion speedily relieved and cured by the most advanced and rational method of treatment yet introduced. An Illustrated Circular, giving full particulars and testimonials, showing Successful Cures, sent sealed post free, three stamps.

E. W. NORTON, 59 & 60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Established over 30 years. Consultation Free.

The OLDEST and BEST.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

"Having made a fresh trial of its virtues, we feel no hesitation in recommending it to all housewives."—THE QUEEN.

Unequalled for Brilliance and Cleanliness.

For Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, Oil Cloths, and all Varnished and Enamelled Goods.

A Beautiful Bookmark will be sent to you free on receipt of your address.

Victoria Park Works, Sheffield.

Victorious Japan

JIU-JITSU is the most wonderful system in the world of all-round physical culture and self-defence. It has made the Japanese, though small of stature, the Greatest Athletes in the world, and made them the superiors of Western people in health, endurance, vitality, and cheerfulness of temperament. JIU-JITSU was for hundreds of years the closely-guarded secret of the powerful samurai, hereditary fighters of Japan. Strategy and skill are its basis. A mysterious art of self-defence by which the well-trained Jiu-Jitsian, man or woman, is able to meet and defeat at all points the fistic expert much larger and stronger than themselves. The weaker man, if skilled in JIU-JITSU, is able to vanquish his stronger, but unversed opponent. TAUGHT BY POST with perfect success. Mr. Kara Ashikaga, of Tokio, has arranged a correspondence course, which completely and successfully teaches this marvellous system by post. It develops health, strength, and endurance. It positively cures constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, corpulency, loss of vitality, and improves the mental capacity. In order to show how marvellous this system is, we will send explanatory booklet, full particulars, and

ONE LESSON FREE,

which teaches one of the numerous Japanese methods of defeating a dangerous assailant.

THE ASHIKAGA SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU,

4, ELECTRIC BUILDINGS, MARYLAND STREET, LIVERPOOL.

The History of the Sandow Treatment.

For INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, INSOMNIA, LOSS OF VIGOUR, And NERVOUS and FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS

AT the age of ten Eugen Sandow was a delicate, puny lad. To-day he is probably the grandest specimen of physical manhood in the world.

EUGEN SANDOW AS A DELICATE LAD OF 10 YEARS.

How was this wonderful transformation effected? Simply by a careful study of the human body and a scientific application of the laws of nature. The result of Sandow's studies and numerous experiments convinced him that not only could the physique itself be improved by natural means, but that many illnesses could be cured by a system of curative physical treatment without medicine, especially the more common ailments of the day, such as indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, or nervous and functional disorders.

In this way the Sandow Treatment had its inception. But the Treatment, to fulfil its mission, had to be designed so that it could be undertaken in the patient's own home, controlled and directed by correspondence. It was quite impossible for one man to personally visit every sufferer, but a carefully and scientifically thought out method of treatment was evolved, which enables everyone under the direction of the Sandow Treatment to cure themselves of illness by natural means alone.

EUGEN SANDOW ADDRESSING A CONFERENCE OF MEDICAL MEN.

EUGEN SANDOW AND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR MOTOR-CAR.

The results effected by the Sandow Treatment have astonished even the staunchest believers in the theory of curing illness without medicine. In case after case the most marvellous cures have been brought about, and to-day the chorus of gratitude from the ill and suffering who have received relief from the Sandow Treatment swells like a mighty anthem.

THERE IS A GREAT LIKENESS BETWEEN EUGEN SANDOW AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Sandow Treatment does not, of course, pretend to be a panacea for all the ills of the flesh, but its success in curing the common ailments of to-day, such as those mentioned above, has been demonstrated over and over again. The medical profession has endorsed the Treatment, which has cured in many obstinate cases where medicine has failed.

Everyone who suffers from indigestion, constipation, insomnia, loss of vigour, or nervous or functional disorders, will be interested in Sandow's book, entitled "Curative Physical Culture." It will be sent post free and gratis to all applicants writing, with details of their ailments, to Eugen Sandow, Department A, 17, Basinghall Street, London, E.C. It contains much valuable information, and gives full particulars of the Sandow Treatment.

SOLID GOLD STATUETTE OF EUGEN SANDOW.

WILL DEVELOP OR REDUCE ANY PART OF THE BODY.

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles.

Dr. Wilson Gibbs' THE ONLY ELECTRIC

MASSAGE ROLLER

"This electric beautifier is the only genuine electric roller in existence. Not only does it remove facial blemishes, but will also develop or reduce any part of the body as desired. The great simplicity of the roller, which involves neither batteries nor other superfluous paraphernalia, and its moderate price, are two special points in its favour, to say nothing of its marvellous effects."—*Hearth and Home.*

"Dr. Wilson Gibbs' Electric Massage Roller is a most *positive remover of wrinkles* and most effective in building up tissue, as well as reducing unsightly corpulence. The use of this roller need not be confined to the face alone, but can be used upon different parts of the body for curing nervous diseases, removing muscular pains, neuralgia, etc. It allays pain of indigestion and flatulence and spasms, besides rounding out thin faces, making them blooming and rosy."—*Lady's World.*

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES.

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. (**Magnetized or attached to batteries are not.**) *No charging. Will last for ever.* No shock, sting, or burn, as in old style batteries, but pleasant and soothing in its action. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism and Nervous Diseases a specific. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and America, is a perfect guarantee.

PRICE, by post: GOLD, **25/-**; SILVER **21/-**

FREE—*valuable booklet* *Send to-day certain.*

Dr. A. WILSON GIBBS' CO., 6, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DICHROIC INK

Is the BEST INK for ***Fountain Pens.***

The Proprietors,

BEWLEY & DRAPER, Ltd., DUBLIN,

issue in a neat case their combined Filler and Reservoir, containing sufficient ink for several months' use.

PRICE 1/-, POST PAID.

Use . . . MASON'S

KILLCORN

The World-Renowned **CURE FOR CORNS** Never Known to Fail.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the World.

IF YOU SUFFER, TRY IT AT ONCE. **1/-** Per Bottle, of all Medicine Vendors, or Post Free from the Proprietor—W. B. MASON, 26, High Holborn, London, W.C.

RHEUMATISM

CURED BY

MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS.

If you want to get cured without spending a penny, send your name and address and get

4/6 WORTH FREE

The marvellous success of Magic Foot Drafts is steadily increasing. The number of grateful testimonials we are receiving almost daily is hard to believe without seeing. However, to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, or any uric acid trouble, who send us their name and address, WE WILL SEND 4s. 6d. WORTH OF MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS ABSOLUTELY FREE, together with a splendid little book on Rheumatism, beautifully bound, and illustrated in colours. Read this very interesting letter:—

Mr. C. DAVIDSON. *(From Photo.)*

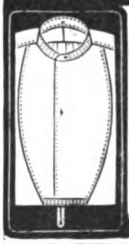
"Bramell, Castle Fraser,
"Sauchen.

"Dear Sirs,—After applying your Magic Foot Drafts my leg is entirely free from pain. I will recommend your Drafts to all suffering from Rheumatism.—I remain, yours very truly, C. DAVIDSON."

We will also send at the same time a long list of testimonials from people of all ages who have been cured by these wonderful Drafts—from young boys to old men over 80 years of age—some of them from men and women who were once bedridden, and who to-day go about their work as strong and healthy as ever. Don't forget we will send you 4s. 6d. WORTH OF MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS FREE, a real gift. Don't send any money or stamps, only your name and address. It's a genuine offer, and we guarantee to cure. So write now.—MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 632, Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Direct from Needle to Wearer at First Cost.

THE FINEST SHIRT MADE FOR 2/4.



UNDRESSED WHITE SHIRTS.

3 for 6/6, 6 for 12/6; Carriage Paid.

Just the shirt for business and every-day wear. Splendidly made four-fold Fronts and Cuffs. Real Irish manufacture. Most marvellous value in the trade. Made scientifically to FIT. When ordering state size of collar worn, to open in front or back, or whether with cuffs or wristbends

J. & S. SAMUELS, Shirt Manufacturers, 94, 96, 98 & 100, London Rd., LIVERPOOL

FREE—Write for Illustrated Catalogue with special prices and save 20 to 50 per cent.

Profitable Home Employment on the original "FOSTER" Patent

KNITTER

which rapidly makes all size Stockings, Vests, and Clothing.

28 Gold and Silver Medals. Established 1861.

Write for Cash, Hire or Work Terms. Wools Wholesale.

JAMES FOSTER, Dept. B, **41, Friargate, PRESTON.**

BOYD ORGAN

As Illustration.

In bright polished Walnut Case, with Gilt Pipes, large centre bevelled Mirror,

4 SETS OF REEDS, Bass and Treble Couplers, **2** Knee Swells, **10 STOPS,** including the Vox Humana. Height, 6ft.

TEN YEARS' WARRANTY.

£14 CASH, or 36 Monthly Payments of 9/6

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

Illustrated PIANO and ORGAN Catalogues Free.

BOYD, Ltd.,

19, Holborn, London, E.C.

(Near Holborn Circus). Open 9 till 9; Saturdays 9 to 8.

By Appointment

Watchmakers to the Admiralty.

LONDON OFFICE: 34, Piccadilly, W.
(Over the L. & N.W. Rly. Co., next to the Criterion.)

The Clients of the **H. WHITE Manufacturing Company** will be interested to learn of the appointment of the firm as **Official Watchmakers to the Admiralty.** This coveted distinction necessitates the production of **Chronometers** of the **Highest Class,** which are subjected to the **severest tests** that the Admiralty Hydrographers can devise. Such Watches can only be produced by a firm possessing the widest experience, and is in itself an **irrefutable proof** of the **superlative merit** of the **H. White Manufacturing Company's** Watches, which have **long** been recognised throughout Great Britain and the Colonies to combine the **greatest excellence** with the **utmost moderation in price.**

WHAT WE DO FOR THE ADMIRALTY WE CAN DO FOR YOU!
A GENEROUS TRIBUTE.

"WESTFIELD, CHEAM RD., SUTTON, SURREY, March 13th, 1905.
"(*Extract.*) You will be pleased to learn that the watch has kept **splendid time** and that the **Case** has never been opened since last summer. I was away last year for six weeks upon the Continent, and there is, as you know, an hour's difference between the time there and Greenwich; but, allowing for this, I never adjusted the watch, and when I got back to England **the watch required no alteration. I thought this was a wonderful feat.**—Yours, etc., "J. F. COLE."

Colonial Orders. Clients resident in the Colonies may rely upon their orders being executed with the utmost fidelity. They are the object of the **Managing Director's** *personal* attention. Thereby Colonial purchasers secure an article of the **Highest** Class at an almost **incredible** saving as compared with Colonial prices. Sent at the **Company's Risk.** Insured postage (British possessions), 2/6 extra; elsewhere, 5/-.

The "COUNTY" 14-ct. LEVER.

£4-17-6

The "COUNTY" WATCH

Sent **anywhere** at **our risk** on receipt of remittance. A splendid Keyless **Lever** with **real chronometer** Balance—*adjusted for all climates*—in **Strong** Solid **14-ct.** Gold Half-Hunting (full Hunter if preferred) Cases, polished plain for monogram (richly engraved, 5/- extra). **Supplied also in Heavy 18-ct. Cases, £7 15s. Fine Silver Cases, £2 10s.**

THE "COUNTY" ALBERT.

Solid Gold Curb or Fetter Links. Govt. stamped every link; heavy and substantial. **£3 5s. Solid 15-ct., £5 15s.** Single or Double. **Great Value!**

The "LADY'S" COUNTY, £5 5s.

with fine Lever Movement and Chronometer Balance, in **Strong 18-ct.** Gold Cases. Full or Half-Hunting. Richly Chased or Plain for Monogram. Extraordinary Value. **LONG SOLID GOLD GUARD** to match, **£2 10s.; Solid 15-ct. Gold, £4 15s.**

BUYERS' GUIDE BOOK of WATCHES, CHAINS, RINGS, BRACELETS, post paid anywhere to every reader mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Address Letters:
H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO., 104, Market St. *(Corner of Fountain St.),* **MANCHESTER.**

W. M. WALLACE & CO., Ltd.

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS
OF THE
GUINEA DEPARTMENT.

SOLID MAHOGANY OCCASIONAL TABLES, 21/-.

THE GATE LEG DINING-TABLE, IN FUMED OAK, 21/-.

HANDSOME DWARF BOOKCASE, IN CARVED OAK, 21/-.

AN ARTISTIC CATALOGUE, illustrating the numerous articles of every-day requirement, at the uniform price of 21/-, may be had post free on application. Orders of the value of £10 and upwards sent carriage paid within a distance of 100 miles.
FREE DELIVERY by our own carts in London and the Suburbs.

151, 152, 153, 154, & 155, CURTAIN RD., E.C.

FDB
FREEMANS' DARVEL BAY
SEGARS

appeal to smokers who prefer Quality to fancy names and fancy boxes. Their quality only needs testing to be appreciated.

3d. each, 5 for 1/-, 9/6 per Box of 50.
OF ALL PRINCIPAL DEALERS.

If any difficulty is found in obtaining these Segars, a Sample Box of five, and the name of the nearest Agent, can be obtained by sending 1/- to the Manufacturers:

J. R. FREEMAN & SON, London, N., or Grangetown, Cardiff.

WE GUARANTEE all Sets to be of finest quality and finish. Safe delivery or money refunded.

THE CHINA STREET POTTERY CO., (Dept. 1), VIVIAN WORKS, **Fenton, Staffs.**

The **"GEM"** Combination Tea and Breakfast Service, in Finest Transparent China. 55 Pieces, as here shown, less Coffee Pot.

17/6
Packed Free.
With Solid Gold Handles,
£1-1-0.

Same Size set in Ideal Semi-China, 11/6, Gold Edge & Handles, 15/6.

Sample Tea Cup and Saucer, 7d.

Dinner Service to match, 47 Pieces (12 Persons), in Special Semi-China,

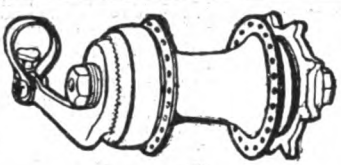
15/-
Packed Free.

Coffee Pot, 2/- extra.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

FREE—OUR CATALOGUE illustrated in 25 Colours, an Artistic Production, showing Tea, Breakfast, Dinner, Dessert, Toilet, and numerous other requisites for the household.
Exceptional Terms for Bazaars, Schools, Hotels, Caterers, &c., &c.

"*A Hubful of Certainty.*"



We Point a Way to Cycling Pleasure!

You cannot possibly realise how enjoyable cycling is until your machine is fitted with

THE NEW DEPARTURE COASTER HUB

This provides "three-brakes-in-one" and an absolutely free wheel—but "The Story of the New Departure" tells you everything. Send post-card NOW to Desk D,

BROWN BROS., Ltd.,
23-30, Gt. Eastern Street, London, E.C.

VARICOCELE

Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied nervous troubles should send for Treatise, describing its Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Cure, without surgical operation or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Sent sealed, post free, 2 stamps.

J. S. MURRAY, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

WITH NEW HEMSTITCH FRILLS, 3yds. long, **8/3** per pair. **PLAIN FRILLS, 6/9** per pair. Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins on approval. **CASEMENT BLINDS,** Fringes, &c. **ROLLER BLINDS** from **1/6. CARPETS, CRETONNES,** Tapestries, Art Silks, Art Linens, Plushettes, Art Serges. Patterns sent on approval. Price List of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Linoleum, Furniture, Bedsteads, Bedding, Post Free.

ART WICKER CHAIRS in Cretonne from 8/3, Tapestry 9/9.

LACE CURTAINS Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—Four Pairs Curtains, viz., Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Breakfast-Room, and Bedroom Curtains. ALL KNITTED EDGES. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot, carriage paid, **17/6.** White or écru. *Such handsome value has never before been offered.* Money returned if not approved.

GORRINGE ART CARPETS.

Seamless and Reversible, Moss-Green, Terra-Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson, plain or patterned centre. Most durable. 6 by 9, 9/-; 7½ by 9, 11/3; 9 by 9, 13/6; 10½ by 9, 15/9; 12 by 9, 18/-; 13½ by 9, 20/3; 10½ by 10½, 18/6; 12 by 10½, 21/6; 13½ by 10½, 23/9; 12 by 12, 24/-; 13½ by 12, 27/-; 15 by 12, 30/-; 18 by 12, 36/-. **RUGS** to match, 6 by 3, 3/- each. **STAIR CARPET** to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval.

GORRINGE LINOLEUM.

We cut and match this excellent material to any size required. 7½ by 9, 12/-; 9 by 9, 14/3; 10½ by 9, 16/9; 12 by 9, 19/-; 12 by 10½, 22/-; 12 by 12, 25/6; 13½ by 12, 28/6; 15 by 12, 31/6. Also for PASSAGES, 18in. wide, 5½d.; 27in., 1/3½; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Patterns on approval.

FEATHER BEDS, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weight 50lb., £1 17s. 6d.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 33a Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

WRITE NOW.

HAIR DESTROYER BEYARA

THE GREAT SYRIAN REMEDY

BEYARA has been in universal use for years in Syria, Asia, where certain religious customs require the hair to be extirpated from the body. Beyara is prepared from the Syrian formulæ by a veteran chemist, and is now offered for the relief of those in this country who are troubled with superfluous hair on **Face, Neck, Arms,** or other parts of the body. In no case does Beyara produce more gratifying results than where everything else has failed.

BEYARA IS THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE FOR ELECTROLYSIS.

The first person from each community who writes us can obtain **FREE** a large treatise on Superfluous Hair, and a

Full Size Package of Beyara FREE.

Don't delay in writing to us. Be the first from your locality. Attractive Terms to Agents. Ladies only.

THE BEYARA CO., B51, Leopold Road, LIVERPOOL.

Icilma

No woman's toilet table is complete without a bottle of **Icilma Natural Water** with its vulcanite spray, a bottle or tube of **Icilma Fluor Cream,** and a tablet of **Icilma Natural Water Soap,** but with these beside her she needs nothing to prevent and repair the ravages that hard water, heat, cold, dust, smoke, illness, or time must inevitably cause. **Natural Beauty,** the transparent skin, with its rose-white tints, the blue veins set in a pearly white, the pores of the epidermis cleansed from all smoke and dust particles, which ordinary soaps are unable to remove; all this will be the result of a daily use of **Icilma.**

Icilma vitalises the natural functions of the skin, enabling them to overcome irritations such as sunburn, chaps, chilblains, lip-sores, nettle-rash, pimples, styes, bruises, cuts, burns, &c., and at the same time produces the comfort that only a perfectly healthy skin can give.

Icilma Water is as clean to use as rain water, and much more cleansing. **Water, 1/-; Fluor Cream, 1/-; Natural Water Soap, 10d.**; for 2d. stamps we send samples of cream and soap with a beautiful illustrated booklet on the uses of **Icilma,** containing a coupon for those who do not possess an Icilma Spray.

ICILMA CO., LTD.

(Dept. 50), 142, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

To-day's memo.

WITH the advent of summer every lady and gentleman will be interested from a financial standpoint in our Patent Dry Cleaning Process, which, applied to SUITS, SILK BLOUSES, MUSLIN and DRILL COSTUMES, and expensive LACES, has met with such satisfactory results. We have no hesitation in saying that it is impossible to distinguish an article so treated from a new one. Neither in the colour nor in the feel of the material is the least injurious effect noticeable, and—an important point—no unmaking is necessary. Soiled SUNSHADES, WHITE and CREME SERGE COSTUMES, PANAMA and GENT.'S SOFT FELT HATS, as well as SUEDE and KID GLOVES (from 3d. per pair), can also be cleaned with equally good results. Gent.'s SUITS cleaned and Tailor pressed, 4/6.

Send a trial order at once. We feel sure you will be pleased with the results. If no branch in your town send direct to—

JOHNSON BROTHERS (Dyers), LTD.

(Dept. R), **Bootle Dye Works, LIVERPOOL.**

300 Branches. Chief London Office: 96, WIGMORE STREET, W.

Somatose

SOMATOSE

is a highly concentrated preparation in powder form, manufactured from Beef, and contains all its nutritive properties, including Meat, Albumen, and the valuable Salts required for the formation of Bone, in a readily soluble form. Being tasteless and odourless, **Somatose** differs entirely from all other meat preparations, and as a **Tonic** and **Invigorator** it stands **Alone. IRON SOMATOSE** for Anæmic Females. Sold in Tins at **1/8, 3/2, 6/-, 11/8,** by all Chemists. Brochure and Free Sample from **THE BAYER CO., Ltd., 19, St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.** *Mention this Magazine.*

MAKES HEALTH

DR. HORSEY'S PATENT ORIENTAL FIBRE TOOTH-BRUSH

The Brush which, without paste, powder, or liquid, cleanses both sides of the teeth, even to the interstices, leaving them beautifully white and sweet. It is a Brush made of an aromatic and antiseptic wood fibre prepared from the Al-arak tree of Arabia—a material which has whitened the teeth of the Orientals for 3,000 years (*vide* Medical Press). **Dr. Horsey's Oriental Fibre Tooth-Brush** is recommended by many leading dentists as a sure preventative of decay, and the *Lancet* says: "It presents many advantages over the brush made with bristles. From a personal trial we can say that it is a good cleanser." **Price—Imperishable Holder, 1/-. Box of Twelve Brushes, 1/-.** If your Chemist does not sell them, send **2/-** direct to—

ORIENTAL FIBRE TOOTH-BRUSH CO. (Dept. 19), **Al-Arak Works, Farnham, Surrey.**

Send a postcard for Free Booklet, giving the story of the discovery of this natural cleanser.

Face Spots · Tender Skin · Irritation · Eczema

Pimples, rashes, breakings-out, spots, redness or roughness of the skin, point unmistakably to the skin not being healthy, as it ought to be. It is not necessary to discuss the various causes of skin trouble, of which there are innumerable varieties, as the one thing that interests the sufferer is to find an answer to the question, "How can I obtain relief, and make my skin clear, pure, and healthy?" The answer is given in two words, "Use Antexema." There is no form of skin trouble, whether slight, such as mentioned above, or serious like eczema, psoriasis, nettle-rash, or erysipelas, that "Antexema" will not cure. "Antexema" was the discovery of a well-known doctor and is a genuinely scientific remedy, which forms an invisible coating over the affected parts, and under this kind of temporary scarf skin, fresh, healthy, and natural skin is enabled to grow again. That is the secret of the curative power of "Antexema."

"ANTEXEMA" TESTIMONY

The evidence of the value of "Antexema" is simply overwhelming. We ourselves are surprised at the enormous number of letters we receive every day asking for further information, supplies of "Antexema," or telling us striking stories of the wonderful cures "Antexema" has worked. We give two or three of those recently received, and which are typical expressions of opinion. In one letter after the other the writers say, the only regret they feel is that they did not hear sooner of "Antexema."

E.M., Strood, writes: "'Antexema' has done my baby more good than all other medicines put together."

W.R.V., Plymouth, writes: "I applied 'Antexema' every evening for a week, when my hands were completely healed, after suffering with chaps and eruptions for five years."

C.A., Saul: "'Antexema' has done me a lot of good, and I am so thankful, as I have been suffering with eczema for twenty years."

R.K., Acton, writes: "For years I have suffered from spots on the face and irritation, but since using 'Antexema' the irritation has stopped and the spots disappeared."

Do not delay · Get a bottle to-day

Have you any skin trouble? We are not simply asking if you have any serious trouble, but do you suffer from blackheads, roughness of the skin, a burn, scald, blister, cracked lips, or any other slight skin ailment? If so, "Antexema" is what you want and will soon remove any skin blemish. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ and 2/9, or will be sent post free in plain wrapper for 1/3. Our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," full of most valuable and interesting information as to the cause, nature, and cure of skin ailments, is enclosed with every bottle supplied. Any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE not absolutely convinced of the merits of "Antexema" can have a copy of the handbook, together with a free trial of this marvellous remedy, if they will mention this magazine when writing, enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and address the letter—"ANTEXEMA," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

AERTEX

THE ORIGINAL

CELLULAR

THE HEALTHIEST

Shirts & Underwear

Illustrated Price List of full range of Aertex Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent Post Free on application.

ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 24, Queen Victoria St., E.C.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford St., W.

And 1,000 other Depôts in London and Provincial Towns of U.K. See Price List for Names.

Vin. Bullen System.

The best and most intelligent method of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** in the World, taught by post with perfect success, without any apparatus of any kind whatever; takes up but ten minutes of your time each day. For both sexes, ages from 7 to 70, without overtaxing the heart.

A POSITIVE CURE for CONSTIPATION, INSOMNIA, INDIGESTION, and NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

It restores **HEALTH**, corrects defects which occur in the human body, imparts **STRENGTH** to the waning energies, restores nervous force, and ensures **SUCCESS.**

I am an **Englishman**, and my original System of Physiological Exercises is adapted to **English men** and **women.** I give my personal attention to each pupil. Write to-day for full particulars, photos, testimonials, &c., **FREE.**

VINCENT BULLEN,
SUITE 22, APSLEY HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *The Strand Magazine*, 1/6/1905. On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward, **Direct from our Looms** to your address, one of our

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

Suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and **large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.** These Carpets, with **FREE Rug,** will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST 12 MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY.—With every Carpet we shall **absolutely give away** a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send **Two Carpets** and **Two Rugs** for **10/6.**

FREE! FREE! FREE!

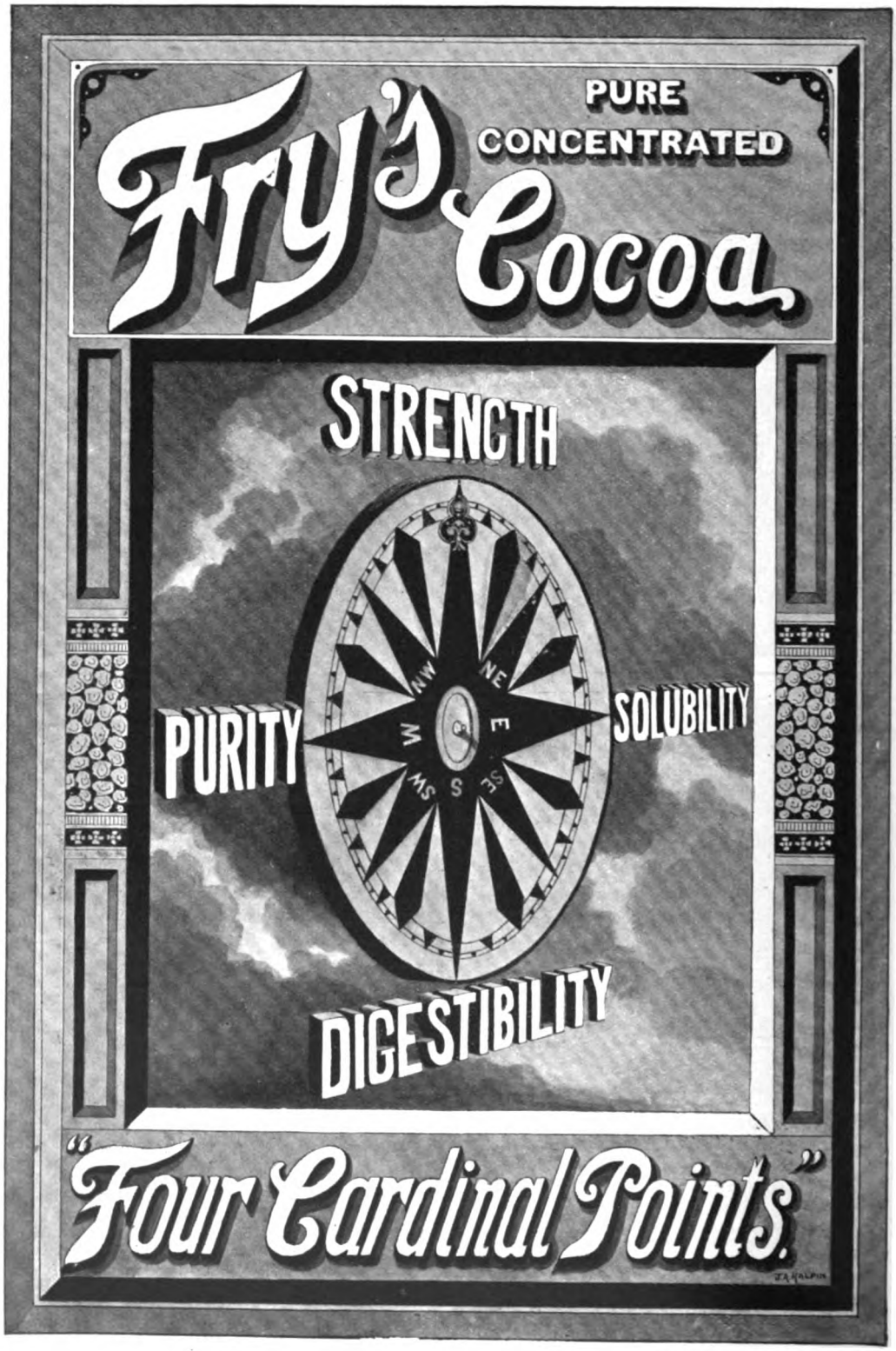
Every applicant for Skirts mentioning this Magazine (not otherwise) we shall enclose an 18-ct. Gold-pattern Brooch or Bangle, with Heart Pendant, cased with Pure Gold.

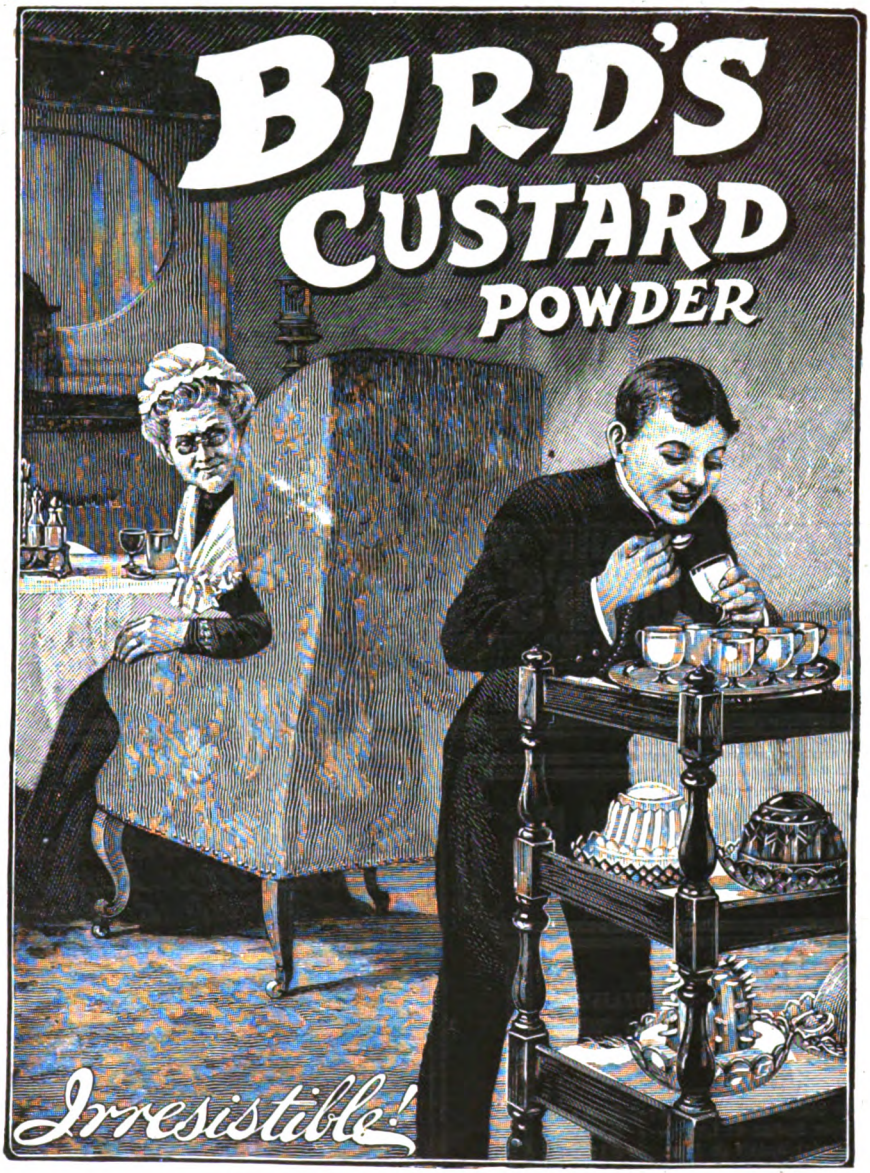
Half Price, **2/9**
2 for **5/4**
Half Price, **3/8**
2 for **7/-**

1,000 Special Venetian Serge Cloth Skirts in Black, Navy, &c., all sizes, **2/9**; silkette trimmed, pocket, side fastening. 600 Extra Super Vicuna Cloth, Tailor-made Skirts, Snowflake Grey Tweed, latest fashion, with pocket and side fastening, **3/8**, or two for **7/-**, postage 4d. extra. Sizes, 38, 40, 42. Money willingly returned if not approved. Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs Table Linen, Curtains, Skirts, &c., post free, if mentioning *The Strand Magazine* (1/6/1905) while writing. P.O.'s payable to—**F. HODGSON & SONS** (Dept. S), Manufacturers and Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

A Handsome Black Sateen Blouse, accordion pleated, sent for **2/-** extra.

Cheques and


PURE
CONCENTRATED
Fry's Cocoa
STRENGTH
PURITY
SOLUBILITY
DIGESTIBILITY
"Four Cardinal Points."



Seasonable Delicacies!

May and June.

FRUIT DISHES AND BIRD'S CUSTARD.

Stewed Gooseberries & Custard. | Stewed Rhubarb & Custard.
Stewed Cherries & Custard. | Sliced Bananas & Custard.

All Tinned and Bottled Fruits and Custard.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC Toilet Soap

quickly removes the discomfort caused by dust or perspiration, and leaves instead a delightful feeling of thorough purification. It is pleasantly perfumed, perfectly pure, and contains 10% of Crystal Carbolic, which has a healthy action on the skin and also affords protection against contagious diseases.

6d. tablets & 1/6 3-tab boxes from Chemists, Stores, &c. or F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.

LADIES, MARK WELL! — YOU CAN ONLY DO SO BY USING —

JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED. Awarded 45 Gold Medals and Royal Appointments for Superior Excellence.

FREE with enlarged 1s. size, a LINEN STRETCHER.

SOLD by STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES; or post free, 6 or 12 stamps, from 75, SOUTHGATE ROAD, LONDON, N.

SINGER CYCLES

"BEST OF ALL."

WORLD-RENOWNED for EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY . . . . and FINISH.

POPULAR PRICES.

The Singer Challenge	£ 8 - 10
Singer Modèle de Luxe	£10 - 10
Imperial Modèle de Luxe	£12 - 12
Grand Modèle de Luxe	£16 - 16
With Two-Speed Gear, from	£10 - 12
With Three-Speed Gear, from	£11 - 10

NOT, HOW LOW IN PRICE, BUT, HOW HIGH IN VALUE.

That is the Test.

Lists Free; Deferred Payments.

SINGER & CO., Ltd., COVENTRY.

LONDON: 17, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Never again will I write a business letter in this slow way. My friend Dickens says the Royal Barlock will save half my time. He says I can use it at once, because I can see what I'm writing, just as I can with this pen.

I'm going at once to buy one at the Showroom's 12 Queen Victoria St. E.C. from His Majesty's Typewriter Man.

Style 1. 8/6

Style 2. 8/6

Style 3. 7/6

Be Well Dressed!

Make your appearance distinctive from other men. A Fancy Vest of good style and make adds, by its touch of brightness, a smartness and life to your clothes. It lifts you from the sombre crowd. Not the horse-blanket variety, but have a pattern that has brightness without incongruity of colour combination.

Besides its brightening effect, it is more economical than the ordinary vest.

One Fancy Vest will go with many suits.

We are Vest specialists.

Our . .

20th Century Vests

are reasonable in price and good in quality. They are made in the best possible way by highly skilled tailors.

Let us send you patterns. We have many and they are good.

We guarantee to fit you. Your money returned without question if there is any dissatisfaction.

STYLE 1. Price **8/6** Postage 3d. extra	Bound with cream mohair braid on the edges about ¾″ in width. Solid mother of pearl buttons. Lined with striped sateen to tone with colour of Vest.
STYLE 2. Price **8/6** Postage 3d. extra	Bound with cream cloth ½″ in width on edges. Solid mother of pearl buttons. Lined with striped sateen to tone with colour of Vest.
STYLE 3. Price **7/6** Postage 3d. extra	Flap pocket, full-length style, cut away at bottom. A very smart and new shape. Dull silver-plated buttons. Lined with striped sateen to tone with colour of Vest.

J. E. BLOOM & CO.

Dept. S,

317 & 318 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Hawkins.
VICTOR TRUMPER, Contributor to FRY'S.

VICTOR TRUMPER,

The Famous

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETER,

Contributes to

The June FRY'S

A Special Article on

AUSTRALIAN BATSMEN

IN THE MAKING.

C. B. FRY

Writes and Illustrates

POINTS FOR BATSMEN.

G. A. OLLEY

Tells

HOW TO WIN MEDALS.

ATHLETES WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

An Eye-opening Article.

J. H. TAYLOR

On Golf Faults.

R. J. MECREDY

On Cycling.

FRY'S MAGAZINE.

6d. Net.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

Narcomania and Resultant Nervous Diseases.

Cured at Patient's own Home in 3 to 7 weeks by the now recognised

TURVEY TREATMENT

without inconvenience or interference with the ordinary routine of daily life. This Specific Treatment, in addition to creating a lasting distaste for Alcohol and Narcotic Drugs, has a most beneficial and recuperating effect upon the general health and nervous system, natural sleep and appetite being restored within a few hours of commencing the Cure. The Turvey Treatment is prepared under the direction of highly qualified English medical men, and can be sent to any part of the country or abroad.

An English Medical Man, who was cured by the Turvey Treatment over three years ago, writes:—

"I am glad to report that I have not touched a drop of anything Alcoholic since October 30th, 1901, on which day I began your Treatment. Prior to that date I had been more or less drunk for years. I was certainly always more or less under the influence of whisky. For the last year I have kept whisky in my house for my friends who like it, and I go regularly to my club, or anywhere else where 'drinks' are going, with perfect safety, for **I feel no inclination for anything Alcoholic; in fact, Alcoholic Drinks are really and actually repugnant to me.** I have been instrumental in getting at least half-a-dozen patients treated by your Method, and **in every case with perfect success."** [*Reference kindly permitted.*]

Where change of surroundings or medical attention is desired the patient may take the treatment at the Company's splendid and well-arranged Sanatorium, near London. Resident Medical Staff (full particulars on application).

Used with the greatest success by Officials of the Church of England Temperance Society.

Write for Illustrated Treatise, containing full particulars (post free), or call—

Med. Supt., TURVEY INSTITUTE, 1, Amberley House, Norfolk St., Strand, London.

Near SOMERSET HOUSE. Telegrams: "TURVERT, LONDON." Telephone: 5494, GERRARD.

STAMPS

USED BY ROYALTY & PHILATELISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE CISTAFILE (PATENT)

SUPERSEDES ALBUMS for STAMP COLLECTIONS.

NO LEAVES. NO BLANK SPACES. SECURE. ARTISTIC. INEXPENSIVE. EVERLASTING. UNBREAKABLE.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Lawn & Barlow, Sole Makers & Stamp Experts, 99 Regent St., London.

N.B.—The **Cistafile** may also be obtained from the Army and Navy Stores in London, Bombay, & Calcutta.

A **COVENTRY MADE CYCLE**

We supply the Lancer Cycle, which is Coventry made, and a first-class Machine, for £4 12s. 6d., or you can pay 5s. a Month. Send for our Catalogue, yourself that pay only the Bicycle, worth of enjoyment and satisfaction. Four Years' Warranty. Cycles sent on Approval and Carriage Paid. Money returned if not satisfied. Send for Catalogue TO-DAY.

Illustrated and convince though you £4 12s. 6d. for you get £100

LANCER CYCLE COY. (Dept. B) COVENTRY.

For **£4** 12s. 6d.

TYPEWRITERS

. . All Makes . .

BOUGHT, SOLD, EXCHANGED, REPAIRED, AND LENT ON HIRE.

TAYLOR'S, Ltd.,

74, Chancery Lane, LONDON;

and at 92, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

SANDOW'S SPRING-GRIP DUMB-BELL.

The best way to commence the Summer Season is to make yourself fit for the struggle that lies before you. The hot summer requires that you keep yourself **healthy and strong,** so as to be able to **enjoy the outdoor sports and pastimes,** and **the mind** should be fit to overcome the **exhaustion** caused by **heat waves!** All this you can do by **using** Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells for **only 15 minutes per day!**

Your breathing becomes easy and your **fully oxydised blood** carries a delightful **feeling of health** and vigour to all parts of your body, makes **your mind buoyant** and your **life a pleasure!** Could you spend 15 minutes a day better? **Think it over!**

The Dumb-Bells are nickel-plated, and handles covered with morocco. Packed in beautiful Tin Boxes with Charts fully describing how to use the Dumb-Bells.

Descriptive Circular mailed free on application.

Prices: 12/6, 10/6, 7/6, 5/- per pair. Sold by Stores, Athletic Outfitters, and by SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELL CO., SAVOY CORNER, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

Inventions for the Deaf.

The MASSACON & ACOUSTICON for the relief of Deafness.

The only Gold Medal was awarded these instruments at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The "ACOUSTICON"

enables the deaf to hear

The "MASSACON"

completes the work of the **"Acousticon,"** effecting in the majority of cases a complete cure of Deafness.

Free Trial given.
Call or Send for Booklet.

ACOUSTIC PATENTS, Ltd., 20, Bucklersbury, LONDON, E.C.

During April H.M. Government purchased Eighty-five (85) Empire Typewriters—making a total of Seven hundred and twenty-five (725) "Empires" now used by the Government.

The
Empire Typewriter
costs you
£13 : 2 : 6.

You may try it free.

The Empire Typewriter Company, Ltd.,
77, Queen Victoria Street,
London, E.C.

A comfortable saddle makes cycling the pleasure it is intended to be—an uncomfortable saddle makes it a torture!

THE RIDEASY

Is the most perfect saddle made. NEVER GETS HARD. PADDED TOP. Scientifically Constructed.

LADIES' PATTERN, 874B.

Price, Enamelled .... 12 6 each. Plated ..... 15/- „ } Extra Large Size, 2/6 extra. { **Gent.'s Pattern Same Price.**

Sent per post on trial to any address on receipt of **2/6**, which forms part payment if saddle is kept. *Booklet Post Free on application.*

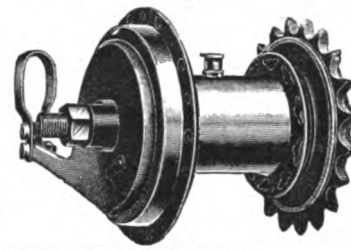
MIDDLEMORE & LAMPLUGH, Ltd., COVENTRY.

EADIE

EADIE EADIE

Cyclists, control your Bicycles!

A PERFECT BRAKE,
operated by the feet,
thus leaving the
hands free,
and a perfect
FREE WHEEL
are provided with



EADIE COASTER HUB.

Eadie Manufg. Co., Ltd.,
REDDITCH.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, post free, Dept. JY.

EADIE

BRACE COMFORT
'BULL'S-EYE' BRACES

Why BRACE COMFORT?
BECAUSE—

The material is strong and durable, yet soft and elastic, thus responding to every movement of the body. The fittings are non-rustable, and therefore will not injure the linen. The button-holes are fitted with Chamois Leather or Kid, easy to button and yet will not tear.

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send for booklet and name of nearest agent to Dept. A,
Brownsfield Mills, Manchester.

Please name your outfitter.

The "Bull's-Eye" Braces.
Thoroughly British.

2/- TO 6/- PER PAIR

WEAK EYES

that quickly tire, **cannot** bear bright light, and both look and feel sore, are cured by **SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT.** This marvellous remedy, is sold by all chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each, has 300 years' reputation, and if you keep it by you it does not lose its healing virtues. Send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for the little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight." This book should be seen by all who suffer from any eye trouble.

BORAX DRY SOAP

All the good qualities of other powder soaps are combined in Borax Dry Soap with a valuable quality none other possesses — the antiseptic virtue of the incorporated borax, which counts for health in the home, and white sweet clothes. The surprising way in which it lightens the labour of washing and eases the every-day household work pleases every user.

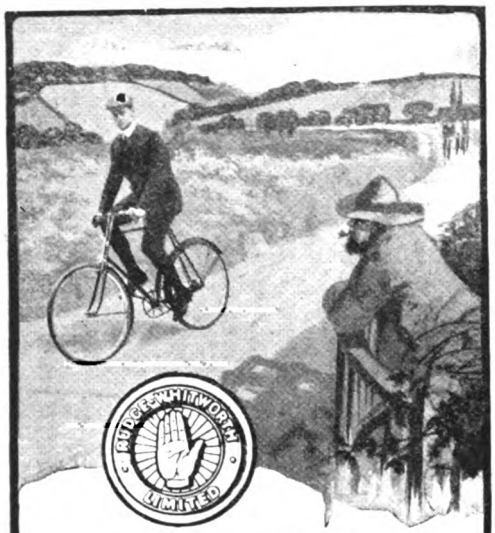
Ask your Grocer or Oilman for it next time.

By Special Appointment Makers to The King.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Birmingham.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE, etc.

BORAX STARCH GLAZE
IMPROVES ALL STARCH



RUDGE-WHITWORTH

THE JOY OF CYCLING can only be appreciated to the full on a Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle.

This fact is an example of the manner in which modern science has increased the personal comfort and pleasure of the community.

The immense improvements and the greatly reduced prices of Rudge-Whitworth's are due to important discoveries in the Rudge-Whitworth Chemical and Physical Laboratories and to the modern scientific methods of manufacture employed in the great Rudge-Whitworth works at Coventry.

Every Rudge-Whitworth is fully guaranteed in every detail, and there are 70 Models ranging in price from

£5 5s. to £15 15s.

PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.

EASY PAYMENTS

From 4s. 3d. Monthly

64 PAGE CATALOGUE POST FREE FROM

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd.

(DEPT. A 3), COVENTRY

PER 1/6 lb.

PEARKS' STANDARD TEA

IS · GAINING · WORLD-WIDE · REPUTATION · FOR ITS · STRENGTH · AND · DELICIOUS FLAVOUR ··

PEARKS, LD
6 BAYER · ST · LONDON

THE WORD "SECCOTINE" IS A REGD TRADE MARK

SECCOTINE

THE GREAT ADHESIVE

ANYTHING HELD BY "SECCOTINE" IS SECURELY HELD.

FREE SAMPLE FROM THE SOLE PROPRIETORS:

M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., BELFAST.

31 & 82, SHOE LANE, LUDGATE CIRCUS. LONDON, E.C.
93, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.
7, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM

White Shirts fitted with our original Reversible Cuffs

Wear twice as long as ordinary Shirts.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirt to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one-half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. **The invention has commended itself to thousands of customers all over the world.**

SIX STYLES at ONE PRICE **3/9 EACH.** **OR SIX SHIRTS for 21/6 post free.**

NOTE! They are sent out unlaundried just as they leave the factory, and are guaranteed equal when dressed to the 6/6 Shirt of the ordinary Trade.

STYLE A. Ordinary Front, Reversible Cuffs.
STYLE B. Short "Business" Front, Reversible Cuffs.
STYLE C. Ordinary Front, Single Cuffs.
STYLE D. Short "Business" Front, Single Cuffs.
STYLE E. Short "Business" Front, Wristbands for attaching Cuffs.
STYLE F. Evening Front, Single Cuffs.

Colonial Postage **3/-** *extra per half dozen.*

When ordering mention style chosen, size of COLLAR worn, and whether to open at back or front.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Ltd. (Dept. G), Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

DIRECT FROM THE CROWN POTTERY. 10/6

As here shown.

Money returned if not approved.

Complete Combination TEA and BREAKFAST SERVICE.

The "DAVENPORT," in Vert Blue and Gold.

A New Feature

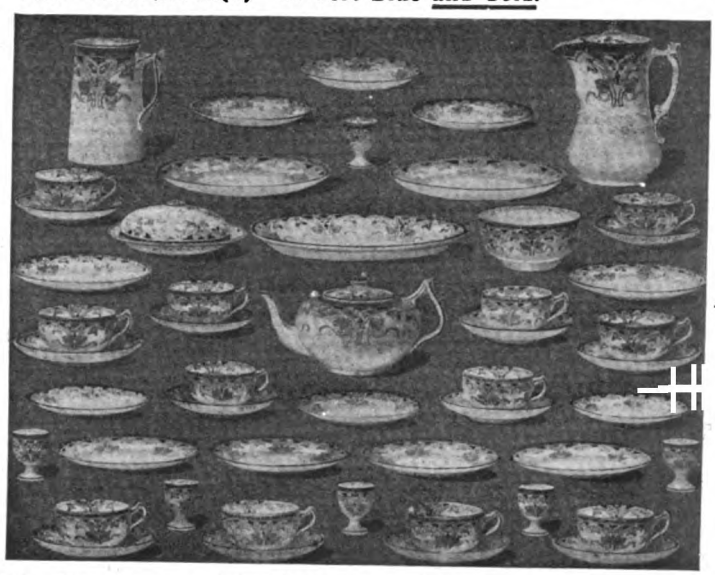
All the Saucers in this Set prevent Tea dropping off the Cup on the Table Cloth.

Note the Well in the Saucer.
(PATENTED.)

The complete Service consists of :

6 Tea Cups.
6 Tea Saucers.
6 Breakfast Cups.
6 Breakfast Saucers.
6 Tea Plates.
6 Breakfast Plates.
1 Slop Basin.
1 Milk Jug.
1 Tea Pot, Lock Lid, 1½ pints.
1 Cocoa Jug, 1½ pints.
1 Breakfast Dish.
1 Covered Butter Dish
6 Egg Cups.
2 Cake Plates.

Altogether 53 pieces for **10/6**, Packed Free.



DINNER SERVICE in Vert Blue, to match the above, consisting of 12 Meat, 12 Pudding, 12 Cheese, and 12 Soup Plates, 5 Meat Dishes, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Sauce Boats, 1 Soup Tureen and Stand. Altogether 62 pieces, **19/6**, Packed Free. For 7/6 extra we finish every piece in best English Gold.

FREE During this month we will give one of our Half-Guinea Boudoir Clocks to every purchaser of the THREE SERVICES (Breakfast, Tea, and Dinner, all richly gilt, complete for **£1 17s. 6d.**) **FREE**

CERAMIC ART CO., LTD., STOKE-ON-TRENT. STAFF. POTTERIES.

JOHN W. COOPER, Managing Director. **Bankers: LLOYDS BANK, Ltd.** Price Lists Free.

4½D. net.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is published monthly by George Newnes, Limited.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is an all-letterpress magazine.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is the most original magazine in the world.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is published under the same auspices as the "STRAND MAGAZINE."

THE GRAND MAGAZINE has met with success which can only be described as phenomenal.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is the smartest magazine published.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE contains fiction of a high degree of excellence.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE contains topics of current interest.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is up-to-date, novel, and interesting.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is an instructive magazine.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is a magazine with an individuality.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE is a new light in the literary firmament.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE **is** a GRAND MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

4½D. net.

THE FENTON POTTERY Co., Dept W FENTON, STAFFS

ROYAL CHINA WORKS.

FINE CHINA COMBINATION TEA & BREAKFAST SERVICE

To advertise our China, we will give HALF GUINEA CLOCK to every purchaser of this Set.—Perfect Timekeeper.

HAND PAINTED. £1 Packed Free. Finished in Best English Gold.

53 PIECES DAINTY ARTISTIC CHINA

HALF GUINEA CLOCK FREE.

HAND PAINTED. £1 Packed Free. Finished in Best English Gold.

53 PIECES HALF GUINEA CLOCK FREE

SAMPLE TEA CUP AND SAUCER POST FREE 1/.

DINNER SERVICE TO MATCH, 47 PIECES, 21/-

ART POTTERY ALBUM, **Post Free. A Work of Art in 25 Colours and Gold,** Showing Dinner, Tea, Chamber, Dessert Services, Glass, every article requisite for Household.

POULTON & NOEL'S

SOUPS in Glasses, Tins, Tablets, and Powder.
POTTED MEATS in Tins, Glasses, and Jars.
MARMALADE AND PICKLES in Jars and Glasses.
BRISKET OF BEEF in Fresh Blocks, Glasses, and Tins.

Order from your GROCER. Sample, **6d.** Sample Tongue, **4/-.**

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to

POULTON & NOEL, LTD., Belgravian Works, LONDON, N.

BOOKLET SENT FREE.

OX TONGUES IN TINS & GLASSES

FROM FACTORY TO RIDER

Buy direct and save middlemen's Profits. Highest grade, fully warranted six years.

Coventry Made Cycles

LATEST MODELS **£2 . 10 to £6**

Packed Free, Carriage Paid

Eadie Free Wheel and Hub Brake, Dunlop or Clincher A Won Tyres. Inverted Lever Rim Brakes.

200 ***Second-Hand Cycles*** all makes, good as new. **£1 to £2 . 10**

Great **Factory Clearing Sale** at *half prices.*

EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample machine furnished by us. Large profits easily made. ***Ten Days' Free Trial*** is allowed on every cycle. **Money** in full **refunded** without question if not *satisfactory.* Write at once for **free art catalogues** and our *special offer.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. **Dept. 60 F**

91, Paradise St., Liverpool, and 19, Charing Cross Road, London.

"THE NEPTUNE"

Fountain Pen (No 106) made entirely in England, is guaranteed to give **16/6**

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

You want a pen which writes directly it touches the paper. You get this in the "Neptune." Try it for a week. We will return your money if you are not satisfied then.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

tells you all about our pens (2/6 to 16/6). Free on receipt of a postcard. Of all Stationers or direct from the Manufacturers

BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, Ltd.,

91 & 92, Gt. Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

Without Asbestos Socks.

A GOOD STEP

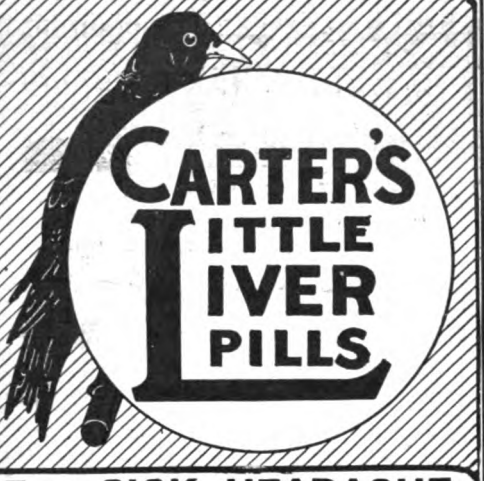
in the direction of Health, Ease, and Comfort is taken when you buy a pair of

Dr. HÖGYES (Patent) ASBESTOS (Hygienic) SOCKS.

They Prevent Wet, Hot, Perspiring, or Tender Feet, and Cure Corns, Bunions, and Callosities, and are the most practical boot sock ever made. **Try a pair, they'll please you.**

Made in 3 qualities, **6d.**, **1/-**, **2/-** per pair, post free all over the world on receipt of P.O. or stamps. Write for descriptive pamphlet. Large Discount to Retailers. Wholesale Export Agents Wanted.—**Dr. F. Högyes** (Dept. 7), 67, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

With Asbestos Socks.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR SICK HEADACHE

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL.
SMALL DOSE.
SMALL PRICE.

Look for Signature—

Brent Good

Write for Booklet "Character Reading by Handwriting."
British Depot: 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

BUNIONS

Relieved and Cured by

POND'S TOE SPRING

(*Patented*).

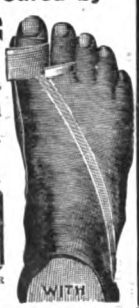
Supplied to Royalty.

Worn at Night without inconvenience.
Recommended by Medical Men. **Price 3/9 each.**
Packed in Plain Wrappers.
Money returned if not approved of.
Send outline of foot for size.

POND'S ARCH-SUPPORT SOCKS.
Ladies', 5/-, Gent's, 6/-, per pair. Cure Flat Feet.

SOLD BY ALL BOOTMAKERS, OR

J. POND,
Footwear Specialist, 21, Castle Meadow, Norwich.



LEARN TO SWIM

BY ONE TRIAL.

Ayvad's Water-Wings.

Price **1/6**

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER.

A person weighing from 50lb. to 250lb. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of anyone who has used Ayvad's water-wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Take no more room than a pocket-handkerchief. Sold by all General Stores, Dealers in Sporting Goods, Druggists, &c. British Agents—NICHOLS & SELLERS, 6—8, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING Co., Hoboken, N.J., U.S.A.
British Patent Rights.

DON'T BLAME THE RAZOR

until you have tried

HILL'S CHEMICO RAZOR PASTE

Dainty little push-up tubes, **6d. each.**

Sharpens the dullest razor, keeps it in perfect trim, and makes shaving a luxury.

From Hairdressers or Ironmongers, or, if unobtainable, post free for 6d. P.O. or stamps.

THE COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.,
Excelsior Works,
Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.

THE "HURRICANE" CIGAR LIGHTER.

A Pipe, Cigar, or Cigarette may be instantly lighted in the strongest wind. Used by travellers on land or sea; can also be used for signals in the night. The fiercer the wind the better the light. Will wear for years. Size less than an ordinary matchbox. Beautifully nickelled and finished. A handsome present. **No caps, no oil, and no batteries required;** creates own light on tinder-box principle. Price, post free, **1/3** each. Money refunded if box unapproved. Send for list of other novelties.

FRANK CLARKE, 66, Great Charles Street, Birmingham.

10/- Down Buys our

"ROYAL AJAX" CYCLE

Price £5 15s. Net.

Payments only **10/- PER MONTH.** Write for Our 50-Page Free Price List.

THE BRITISH CYCLE MFG. CO. (1901), Ltd.
(Y Dept.), 1 & 3, BERRY STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

FREE to all afflicted. To remove root and stem, send for the treatise compiled from MSS. of the warrant-holder to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide. The proprietor will hold himself personally responsible for efficacy, permanency of cure, and harmlessness.

ROBERT LOW, 5 R, Great Queen Street, London.

THE WINDOW BLIND OF THE PERIOD OR PATENT METALLIC VENETIAN

Beautifully Enamelled in any colour.

Makes the room more cheerful, is light, durable, and elegant, is fireproof, can be fixed in half the usual space. Only requires washing to make it new after years of wear.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

HODKINSON & Co., Ltd., Canada Works, Small Heath, BIRMINGHAM.

OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

The Shilling Bottle Makes 20 Gallons

IZAL

To disinfect with Izal is to kill disease at its inception.

The use of a little of this Ideal Disinfectant daily is all that is required to keep down the most persistent smells and to destroy the germs of infection they carry. Izal is

THE IDEAL DISINFECTANT

at once the most powerful and harmless. It is clean to use, and has no offensive smell.

To know how to disinfect your home properly read "The Izal Rules of Health," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. A copy will be sent you by NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 38), Thorncliffe, near Sheffield. Izal is sold everywhere in 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles. **FREE**

"From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia I come."

DEWAR'S

CHOICE OLD HIGHLAND MALT WHISKY.

SCOTSMAN BLEND.

A combination of the finest Malt Whiskies made in the Highlands of Scotland, thoroughly matured in wood after sherry, for family use, at wholesale prices.

Years old.	Per Doz.	
6 ...	36/-	2 Gallons.
10 ...	42/-	,,
15 ...	48/-	,,

NET CASH. CARRIAGE PAID.

SUPPLIED DIRECT. NO AGENTS.

SOLE PROPRIETOR—

J. H. DEWAR,

47, ROSE ST., GLASGOW, W.

N.B.—Please Note ONLY Address.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

Thrifty people don't waste health, time & clothes over a steamy washtub. They "SOAK"-"SQUEEZE"-"RINSE"-&"WRING" with SAPON OATMEAL WASHING POWDER

FREE SAMPLE, Sapon, Ltd., London.

SNOWITE COLLARS

Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Not distinguishable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. After this, snowy white as before. No starching required. **Collars, 6½d.** each, or **3** for **1/6** (state size, depth and style when ordering). **Cuffs, 1/-** pair. **Fronts, 1/-** each. **Cuff Protectors, 1/-** pair. All post free. Supplied only by **PARKER'S.** Full Illustrated List sent. Agencies granted to persons who can devote spare time. Good pay.

PARKER'S, Dept. 14, LANCASTER.

RUBBER HEELS.

Why? spoil the look of your boots or shoes? Why risk accidents by wearing turning-style heels? when you can have the **PENNA** Elastic Rubber Heels, an exact and secure fit to your leather heels, which do not betray their existence, look clumsy, or unsightly. If you wear Penna Heels no one can tell you are wearing Rubber Heels. The new **DECK PENNA** Heels have an **everlasting** device to prevent slipping on **Wet** or **Damp** pavements, or wet ship decks, and they wear twice as long as any other style of rubber heel (turning-style or any other form). See the words **DECK PENNA** on each heel. Insist upon having them and no other from your boot-maker and repairer. **LADIES', 9d.; MEN'S, 1/3 per pair.** Write for Pamphlet (FREE) to the Patentees—

PENNA

HOWISON & CO., 4, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

LADIES' FOOTWEAR

DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

Post Free, at Wholesale Prices, saving 5/- in the £.

DAINTY DESIGNS.
BEST MATERIALS.
FIT GUARANTEED.
UNEQUALLED VALUE.

High Grade Glacé Kid or Box Calf Boots or Shoes, **6/6** to **16/6** per pair.
TRIAL SOLICITED.

Write To-day for Illustrated Catalogue.

BRITISH BOOT CO.,
Dept. 2, 91, Humberston Gate, Leicester.

Bankers—Midland Counties District Bank, Ltd., Leicester.

FOR HEALTH & STRENGTH
COLEMAN'S
WINCARNIS
RECOMMENDED BY OVER 6,000 MEDICAL MEN
THE SAFEST AND BEST TONIC
Sample sent on receipt of 3d. for postage.
COLEMAN & Co., Ld., NORWICH & LONDON.

PRE-EMINENCE

PIANOS FROM 18 TO 100 GUINEAS.

The popularity of these Instruments is due principally to their exquisite rich and mellow tone. We guarantee the highest quality of workmanship and finish. We are manufacturers established over 50 years. Our record for supplying good Pianos at prices representing exceptional value to the public—is unsurpassed. Special Terms on the Hire Purchase System can be arranged. Delivery and tuning free. Bargains in secondhands, and high prices allowed for old Pianos in part exchange. Send a post-card to-day for our beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue No. 7, which fully describes and gives all particulars as to cash and Hire Purchase prices of our instruments. Address: **THOMAS OETZMANN & CO., 27, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.**

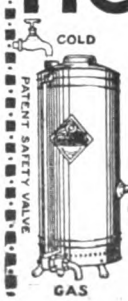
OETZMANN'S PIANOS.

CHOOSE 'HYDEA'

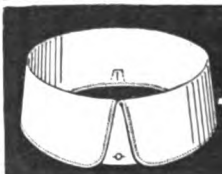
(**Regd.**)
It is the best English cloth—made of the best English wool. It is durable, attractive, exquisitely finished—no doubtful material ever put out.
For all kinds of clothing it is unequalled.
Name '**Hydea**' stamped on every two yards of the selvedge.
To be had of all Tailors.
Send for FREE Booklet and interesting facts to:—
APPERLY, CURTIS & Co., Ltd.,
Dudbridge Mills, Stroud, West of England.

"THE GENUINE HOME MADE ARTICLE"
"THE SMELL OF IT MAKES YOU HUNGRY"
Farrow's REAL MUSHROOM Ketchup
MAKES DELICIOUS SOUPS, GRAVIES, STEWS &c.
If your Grocer does not stock it send us his address, then we will send you a SAMPLE FREE or a reputed ½-pint for 10d. or reputed pint for 1/3 post free.
To make sure you get the Genuine Mushroom Article see the name "FARROW'S" on each bottle or you will be disappointed.
J. FARROW & Co., Dept. 88 Peterboro', Eng.

HOT BATHS
DAY OR NIGHT WITHOUT KITCHEN FIRE



MAUGHAN'S NEW GEYSERS
The Most Perfect Made.
Ask your Ironmonger or write for List.
MAUGHAN'S P.G. CO., LTD.,
Original Makers,
12, HOLYWELL ROW, WORSHIP ST., E.C.



COLLARS (*Four Fold*)
2/3 The Half-dozen.
Post free. All shapes.
White Business Shirts, 3/- each. White Shirts refitted, 2/3 each. Catalogue Post Free.
J. C. PHILLIPS,
Radford Rd., Nottingham.

THE HANDY ATLAS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.S.E. 120 Maps and Plans illustrating the Geography of the Colonies, with Statistical Notes and Tables. Cloth, 1/- net; limp lambskin, 2/- net. Postage 3d. extra.

THE HANDY TOURING ATLAS OF THE BRITISH ISLES
By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.
Cloth, 1/- net; limp lambskin, 2/- net. Postage 2d. extra.

THE HANDY SHILLING ATLAS OF THE WORLD.
Containing 120 pages of fully Coloured Maps, by J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, and a Gazetteer with 10,000 entries. Cloth, 1/- net. Postage 2d. extra.
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 3-12, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

GLOBE FURNISHING Co.,

Money Returned in full if not perfectly satisfactory.

OUR SPECIAL £10 10s. SUITE

THAT WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Sent Carriage Free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on the following terms:

Cash £10 10s. or Easy Payments of

£1 1s. down and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea, or
£1 1s. down and 21 monthly payments of Half-a-Guinea.

The Beresford Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6ins. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels and large long drawer underneath; Dressing Table with beautiful large bevelled mirror, two jewel drawers, two small drawers, and two extra large ones; Washstand fitted with fine Sicilian marble **slab, double** row of Majolica Tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, **and** towel rail; two Cane-seated Chairs are **also** supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black Walnut, Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is **solid throughout,** every article being well-polished by hand labour. In ordering please say wood required.

NOTE.—The dimensions, height and width, of this suite are clearly and correctly stated, consequently purchasers know exactly what they are buying.

FREE. Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our full Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc.

It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.

GLOBE FURNISHING Co.,

Dept. E, Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL.

Please mention this Mag.

South African, Colonial and Foreign Orders receive special attention. Bankers: London City and Midland Bank, Ltd.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

To Colour **GREY HAIR**

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, etc. Trial Bottle, 7d.; Large Bottle, 3/9, post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

S. T. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 58, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

FOLDING PANAMA HATS

From 6/-

West-End Style and Quality at IMPORTERS' Prices.

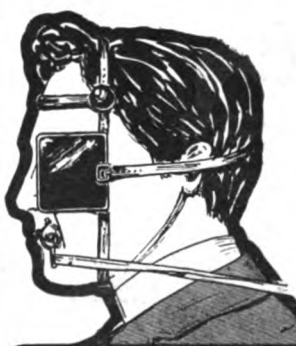
Best Genuine Panamas, finest Grass, close woven, nice wide brims, as now sold in the West-End for 21/-, our price only **13/6** post free. Ditto, finer quality, in several shapes, **17/6**. Also a number of Importers' samples. These are the very best hats obtainable, and are being retailed at from 3 to 5 gns. in the West-End shops. They are luxuriously trimmed with extra-fine Silk band and Russia Leather lined, only **21/-**. Exceptional value. **Curacoa Panamas,** Guaranteed Native made. A really smart-looking Colonial Hat, with tall crown and wide brim, as worn by all the West Indian Sugar Planters. Trimmed in latest London fashion, only **6/-**, postage 6d. extra. State SIZE, and whether for LADY or GENT., and say if WIDE, MEDIUM or NARROW Brim is preferred. *Specialty made of Colonial Orders.*—**IMPERIAL SUPPLY STORES** (Exporters and Shippers to all parts of the world; Contractors to H.M. Impl. Govt.), **4-6, Crampton St., Walworth, London.**

VEGESALIS

TABLE SALT WHICH IS SALT.

Dainty and Digestive, with Vegetable Virtues. Does not Blacken Silver.

Ask your Grocer for it, and insist that you have it.



Why Work like a Horse?

Many men do, because of lost opportunities in their youth. **You** need not, if you are still young, have had a fair education, and are possessed of **perseverance.**

Think of the advantages of Government Posts—good progressive salary, short hours, long holidays, sick pay, and a pension at the end of your service

Every year there are **hundreds of vacancies** in the Public Offices. Can we get one for you? That we can do what we say is proved by our accredited successes, which number over 15,000, including 550 who took first place in the United Kingdom!

Can any other College point to such a record?

What we have done, we can do again. May we help you?

SKERRY'S COLLEGE,
119, High Holborn (Corner of Southampton Row), **LONDON, W.C.**

ALL THE FAMILY

See that all the family are rubber-heeled with

REVOLVING HEEL PAD.

WOOD-MILNES

and you will be surprised at the immense saving in the BOOT BILL. They more than double the life of the boot, and cut down by half the cost of repair. Apart from this, they make walking so pleasant and comfortable, and protect the floors and linoleum from heel and nail marks. Start to wear them to-day. All bootmakers have them, and they can be fixed on in a few seconds.——————WORN BY ROYALTY.

RUBBER HEEL TIP

STATIONARY HEEL.

Look for the name WOOD-MILNE on the Heel.

The WOOD-MILNE Boot Polishes
——are the best in the world——

The reason you are not satisfied with the Coffee you drink is because you have not tried

"FRENCHMAN"

MOCHA COFFEE.

This blend possesses the true Arabian Mocha flavour hitherto unknown to the majority of Coffee drinkers in England.

Insist on your Grocer getting it for you, and trouble over the Coffee will never again enter your household.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.

In handsome Tins; look for the "FRENCHMAN" on every tin.

All Athletes

Use the Best International Dentifrice

Arnica Tooth Soap

Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath.

No powder or liquid to spill—most convenient package to carry or use—the leader for a third of a century.

At all Druggists 25c.

C. H. STRONG & CO., · Chicago, U. S. A.

Pen Portraits

YOU THIS TIME

A Wicked Complaint!

You look bad enough, but you feel far worse than you look! That horrible feeling in the lower part of the chest is beyond words, isn't it? Presently it will feel like a flame of fire searing you. It's a gnawing pain, and you've been trying to calculate how much of it would drive you mad. A smart, a thrust, a stab—anything would be better than that eternal gnawing at the pit of the stomach. Ah, indigestion is a wicked complaint. In an hour or two the gastric acid will fill you with wind that will press upon the lungs and heart, and stab you till you think you are dying, and almost wish you **were** dead—then will come those thunder throbs right through the brain from temple to temple!—there's no headache **just** like that one. It's cruel torture for a man to pass through. The loathing of food, the sense of fulness and the minor symptoms of indigestion are nothing compared with this. You'd give anything to get rid of the whole deadly incubus! Will you give 1/1½ or 2/9? If so, go into the nearest chemist's and get a box of Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills, which are done up in a green package to prevent fraud. If the first or second does not relieve you, you'll be their first failure in all the long years they have been on the market. They're your best friend. Get them!

Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS

WITH WHAT SHALL WE COVER THE FLOOR?

Treloar & Sons, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.,

are the ONLY FIRM IN LONDON DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN FLOOR COVERINGS. Write for free catalogue of Carpets or Linoleum, giving particulars of bargain offers in both quality and price. To every applicant a copy of illustrated booklet will be presented, entitled "The History of Ludgate Hill," by W. P. Treloar. Write to-day, mentioning *The Strand Magazine.*

'Skipper' Sardines

The practical test is the best test. Have you ascertained what your own mouth has to say in regard to "Skipper" Sardines?

Scaleless and practically boneless and cured by a special process, they are a revelation to those who have never tasted them before, and a necessity to those who have done so.

THEY ARE SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

If your Grocer does not stock them, send us his name and address, and enclose six penny stamps for Sample Tin of 20 Silver Fish, post free; or a postcard will bring you descriptive booklet.

Don't accept Substitutes.

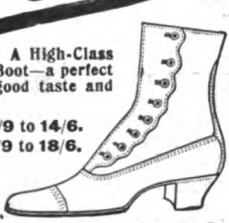
Sole Importers:
ANGUS WATSON & CO.
(Dept. H),
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

S.H.B.

The "Norvic"

A High-Class Glacé Kid Boot—a perfect model of good taste and smartness.

Shoes—12/9 to 14/6.
Boots—16/9 to 18/6.



Made in 4 shapes and in 13 sizes to fit like a glove.

THE MOST SHAPELY BOOT.

Sold by leading retailers. Name and address can be had on application from the

"NORVIC" BOOT FACTORY, NORWICH.

Triscuit

"A More Rational Product than Bread."
"Especially Richer in easily Assimilated Nutritious Matter." 24 Triscuits in Box, 6d.

SHREDDED WHEAT With Hot Milk Makes the Best Breakfast.

"A valuable and agreeable food product."
British Medical Journal.

WHOLE WHEAT

A Chippendale CABINET for £9 guineas

A gift to you of 6 Pounds 6 Shillings. We make you this offer, will you accept it? Of course you will, for who would refuse a gift of 6 Guineas. Just read the description of the Cabinet. It is 4ft. 6in. wide, which with the height of 7ft. 6in. is the most useful size you can have. It has a sunk centre top, a bow front, the plates are all bevelled, the shelves lined with plush, is most daintily carved, and, being well polished, it has a most handsome and effective appearance. A piece of beautiful furniture which the eye admires and without which no drawing-room is complete.

Remember the price is only

9 Guineas,

sent packed and carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

Write for List of 600 Bargains in Furniture, Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, &c.

RICHARDS & COODINGS
MANUFACTURERS,
(Dept. 53), **Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM, England.**

MOORE'S FAMOUS DRESS LINENS

New Effects in **WHITE** and **COLOURS** from 5½d. per yard.
BALLYMENA CRASHES from 6½d. per yard.
Patterns of these and other charming **WASHING FABRICS** post free. Ladies should write at once for collection B to—
MOORE'S BELFAST LINEN WAREHOUSE, Albion St., LEEDS.

THE RINGLEADERS

Supply a Single Ring at Wholesale Price.

Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, £2 10 0

18-ct. gold.

Pink Coral 24/6
Real Opals, £2 2 0

CASH RETURNED if not approved within 7 days.
JOHN MYERS & CO., Ltd., *Gold Ring Makers,* 135a, Westminster Bridge Rd., London. (Established 1817.) Price List Free.

One Diamond and Two Rubies, 27/6

Real Stones.

Three Sapphires and Four Diamonds, £4 10 0

PULL THE LEVER and off it goes.

27/6

Trade Agents Wanted.

THERE'S LOTS OF FUN and healthy exercise to be got out of the

HANDSMOBILE

the strong rubber-tyred Car for **big or little boys.** Propelled by hand; geared like a motor-car; steered by the feet. **Can't possibly upset.** Send for particulars.
Wincycle Trading Co., Ltd., 107a, Gt. Saffron Hill, London, E.C.

IF you are in receipt of the same low rate of wages, week in, week out, without prospects of advancement, then we are in waiting to help you to something better. We have qualified thousands to enter the profession of Electrical Engineering by our successful system of instruction by post, direct to their homes, in their spare time, and so assured them

BIGGER SALARIES AND BETTER POSITIONS.

We can do the same for you. Why not investigate this statement for yourself? We don't ask you to take our word for it, but want you to convince yourself as to what we can do. Our interesting book, "How to Become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer," which we are waiting to send you Free of Charge, tells you all about it. Write to us To-day.

THE QUESTION OF YOUR WAGES

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction,
427, Norwich House, Southampton Street (Corner of), Holborn, London.

THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER

Is Your Sight Failing?

All refractive errors, muscular trouble and chronic diseases of the Eye cured by scientific MASSAGE.

Illustrated treatise with affidavit testimonials free. Address,
THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 Broadway, New York.

A FREE PRIZE WHEN YOU BUY

To gain an adequate idea of the huge savings to be effected by purchasing at Factory Prices DIRECT, you should write to-day for a copy of

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF BARGAINS.

This Guide to careful spending describes an amazing collection of Factory Values, comprising

DIAMONDS, RINGS, WATCHES, BROOCHES, PLATED GOODS, TABLE CUTLERY, SILVERWARE, &c.

You can purchase any article on **ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL**, and retain full control of your money until you are convinced of the reliability of the article you purchase. In addition, you receive with your purchase

A HANDSOME FREE PRIZE,

which you can choose yourself from the complete lists in the Big Bargain Book.

WHY NOT ORDER ONE OF THESE SPECIAL BARGAINS TO-DAY AS A TEST?

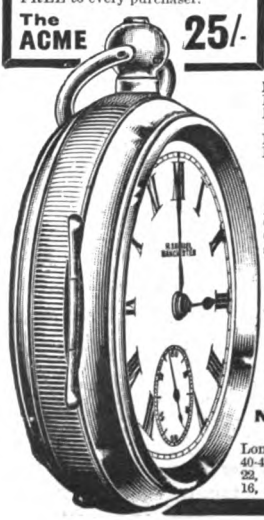
READ THIS NOW

"I have a watch in my possession, bought at your shop in Manchester, which has kept correct time for 15 years, without costing a penny for cleaning or repairs."

So wrote Mr. W. MERCER, of 86, COCKER ST., BLACKPOOL, on *Feb. 27th*, 1905.

Sketch below shows the famous "ACME" Lever, Fully Jewelled Lever Movement, in Solid Silver (stamped) Case, Dust-proof, and improved by many exclusive Royal Patents. Warranted 7 years. Handsome **Solid Silver Albert** FREE to every purchaser.

The ACME 25/-



11/-

No. 174. Gent.'s extra heavy Solid Gold Signet Ring, 9-ct. **11/-**; 18-ct. **20/-**

7/6

No. 7206. Solid 9-ct. Hall-marked Gold Betrothal or Dress Ring, set Five real Diamonds, **7/6.**

16/-

No. 7128. Solid Real Gold Heart Pendant, set Rubies and Pearls, **16/-**

A POST-CARD REQUEST FOR BARGAIN GUIDE entitles you to share at once in H. Samuel's

GREAT FREE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

Write for this Valuable Book to-day.

H. SAMUEL

No. 46, Market St., MANCHESTER.

London: 178, Strand, W.C.; 40-42, Powis Street, Woolwich; 22, Broadway, Stratford; 16, North End, Croydon.

Let's Talk . . About Pictures.

YES! Let's talk about pictures in general and of the one reproduced above in particular. It is taken at random from our Catalogue and is called "Baby's Birthday," by A. J. Elsley. Would you not like this very pleasing picture in your room? But if this one does not appeal to you, some of the 160 HIGH-CLASS AND NOTABLE ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS Illustrated in our Catalogue are sure to. The price of the Catalogue complete—in itself a bijou art gallery—is 1/-. This amount is returned if a purchase be made of one or more Engravings or Etchings.

Frost & Reed, 8, Clare Street, Bristol; 47, Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol; or 47, Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

Always

buy

MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER

For babies after bath, for chafing, heat spots, blisters, perspiration, rubbed limbs, and for sore feet it is quite THE BEST and most indispensable.

1/- of all Chemists and Stores. Samples Free.

LAMONT CORLISS & Co., 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE.

X. Bazin's Depilatory Powder removes Superfluous Hair on Neck, Face or Arms. Oldest and best Depilatory on the market. Absolutely harmless. Sealed package.

Sent post paid, 2/6 Write for Book.
46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

Astounding Value

Gentlemen's and Ladies' high-class Box Calf Boots, all sizes. Fit and quality guaranteed. Latest styles, tough wiry material, beautiful finish. **Send direct to us and save half the price you commonly pay.** Our thirty year's reputation safeguards you from risk.

7/6

Special.

A POSTCARD NOW will bring you our handsome Free Catalogue.

SEND TO-DAY.

Free to your door.

DAVIDSON & CO. (Dept. 5) **77 EASTER ROAD, EDINBURGH.**

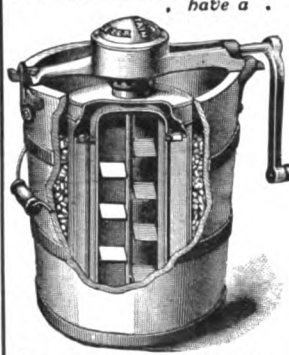
A Garden Party Success

None complete unless you serve Ice Cream.

SUFFICIENT for 25 GUESTS will cost you less than 3/-

A Book of 50 Recipes with each Freezer.

For smooth, delicious ice cream you must have a



WHITE MOUNTAIN TRIPLE MOTION Ice Cream FREEZER

It is the Triple Motion that does it so well and so quickly.

If your Ironmonger does not stock them, write direct to the importers—

S. GUITERMAN & CO., LTD.,
35—36, Aldermanbury, LONDON, E.C.

ROB ROY

FREE Box containing 30 Assorted Samples sent on receipt of 2d. to defray postage.

HINKS, WELLS & CO., Birmingham.

PENS

MACKINTOSH'S

Extra Cream

TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

The Purest Toffee ever made.

Sold Everywhere.

Large Sample Packet post free, eight penny stamps, from

J. MACKINTOSH, Ld., Halifax

6/- SEWING MACHINE 6/-

Patronised by H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.

This machine does work which bears comparison with that of others costing higher prices. Made of metal, plated fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. No complications, no experience required. It works all kinds of materials equally as well. Sent carriage paid in wood box for **6/9**; two for **13/-**. Extra needles 6d. and 1/- per packet. Write for Press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the machine at work.—**SEWING MACHINE CO.** (28 Dept.), 32 & 33, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.

TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

Madame H. M. ROWLEY'S

TOILET MASK

Or Face Glove (Patented)

Is a **natural beautifier** for **bleaching** and **preserving** the **skin** and **removing complexional imperfections.**

It is **soft** and **flexible** in form, and can be **worn** without **discomfort** or **inconvenience.**

It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientists as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves pounds uselessly expended for cosmetics, powders, lotions, etc. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Illustrated Treatise post free two stamps. Address, and kindly mention this Magazine—

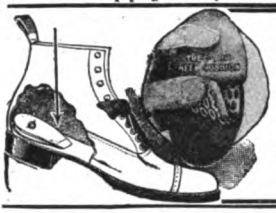
Mrs. H. M. ROWLEY,

THE TOILET MASK CO., 139, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

FAT PEOPLE
GIVEN FREE TREATMENT.

We have such marvellous records of reductions effected in hundreds of cases with Fell's Reducing Tablets, that we have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments.

7lb. PER WEEK REDUCTION IS GUARANTEED, without dieting. Perfectly harmless, pleasant; easy and quick results. Send no money. Simply address the FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 145 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W., when a free supply in plain wrapper and postage paid will be immediately forwarded.



BACK TO NATURE.

GET back to natural walking conditions. Then your carriage will be as straight, as elastic and as graceful as the Indian's. Of course, you can't return to moccasins and leaf-strewn forest paths, but you *can* get

Tred-Air Heel Cushions Ladies' & Gents'.

Their numerous pneumatic cells do away entirely with the nerve-racking bumps of your hard leather shoe heel on the flinty pavement. They take the strain off your spine, make you stand erect, add to your height. Nervousness, swollen or sore feet, tired limbs and backache disappear when you wear Tred-Air Heel Cushions, for they make you walk as the Red Man walked and as Nature intended *you* should—ON THE BALL OF YOUR FOOT. They fit inside the shoe directly under the heel. **Put them in yourself. Absolutely no trouble.** From all leading Shoe Stores, or a Sample Pair will be sent post free on receipt of **1/3**, with size of shoe, to any address from **LIVINGSTON & DOUGHTY, Ltd., Civita Works, LEICESTER.**

Dr. Deimel "DEIMELIN" Underwear

A hot spell is little feared by all who wear the Dr. Deimel Garments. They help to keep the body cool and comfortable.

ABOVE TRADE MARK ON EVERY GARMENT.

Booklet, with Price List and Samples, Free on application.

LIST OF AGENTS ON DEMAND.

The DEIMEL FABRIC Co.,
11, Bread St., Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

NEW YORK: 491, Broadway. MONTREAL: 2202, St. Catherine St. PARIS: 49, Bould. Haussmann.

TATTOOING by ALFRED SOUTH,

The World-famed London Tattoo Artist,
22, Cockspur St., Pall Mall, London, S.W.
(Nearly opposite Nelson's Monument, Trafalgar Sq.)

ORIGINAL DESIGNS. ALL COLOURS. ELECTRIC NEEDLES (Own Patents)

Charges from **2/6** upwards. **15,000** clients (including over 1,000 Medical Men). **The Art of Tattooing Taught by Correspondence.**

COMPLETE TATTOOING OUTFITS FOR SALE.
Write for Particulars.

MOTHS RUIN FURS AND BLANKETS
USE KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS MOTHS, BEETLES & FLEAS
Tins 3d., 6d. & 1/-

IF YOU WANT A BABY CAR

FROM 30/-

Don't pay a fancy Shop Price, buy a **"ROYAL EAGLE"** direct from Factory. Shopkeepers' profit saved. Prices from **30/-** or **3/6** monthly. Send for Art Catalogue. All Cars Carr. Paid. Money back if dissatisfied. Free bonus gifts to all. COVENTRY EAGLE CARRIAGE CO., Dept. B, COVENTRY.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS USE "OUR JACK."

PUREST CIGARETTE PAPER. Automatic.

FREE SAMPLE

HECHT, 14, Hamsell St., London, E.C.

WILL NOT BUZZ.

Any Spring Bothers with your Free Wheel?

THE MICROMETER

has no Springs—Entirely Automatic—Will not buzz—Worth insisting on. Booklet explains and quotes for . . . **2-Speed Gear for your old hub.**

Micrometer Engineering Co., Ltd., Coventry.

A CHARMING GOWN of

LEWIS'S WONDERFUL VELVETEEN AT 2s A YARD

Equal in appearance and durability to the best Silk Velvet, can only be obtained **direct from LEWIS'S,** in Market St., Manchester. Made in black and all colours, also the New Parisian and Pastel Shades. FAST PILE. FAST DYED. EVERY INCH GUARANTEED. This quality is sold *elsewhere* at double and treble the price, but **LEWIS'S** manufacture this Velveteen themselves and sell it direct to the public at **2/-** a yard. Ladies should write for PATTERNS (sent POST FREE). **LEWIS'S** pay Carriage on all Orders for Velveteen to any part of the Kingdom.

FASHIONABLE DRESS MATERIALS. WONDERFUL VALUE. Please mention "STRAND MAG." when writing for Patterns.

Address :—

LEWIS'S, In MARKET ST., **MANCHESTER.**

NECROCEINE For GREY HAIR

Stains Grey Hair any shade. Does not stain the Skin. Applied in a few minutes. Is Harmless, Washable, Lasting. Restores the Colour to the Roots, making detection impossible, and undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by post for **1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-,** and **10/-. LEIGH & CRAWFORD** (28 Dept.), **32 & 33, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.**

"DOCTOR'S SPECIAL"

McNISH'S

HAS NO EQUAL AND IS THE SAFEST STIMULANT

SCOTCH WHISKY

WHY BE BALD?

USE THIS POWERFUL HAIR RESTORER.

A MARVELLOUS HERBAL HAIR PRODUCER

HERBALDINE REG'D

Removes Scurf and Dandruff.

POMADE OR LOTION, 3/6 Postage Extra

Granville H. Sharpe, F.C.S., Analyst, states:—"I consider this preparation may be used with confidence as a Hair Restorer, and for preventing Baldness."

HERBALDINE Co., 20, Burlington St. Ashton-under-Lyne.

"INDISPENSIBLE TO THE BUSINESS MAN"

THE STEWART DESK

PRICE (SIZE 4 FEET) £4·12·6

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

ARCHD STEWART & Co 42 UNION ST., GLASGOW.

POWDER & LIQUID

Eureka WEED KILLER

Sample for 100 sq. yards, post free, 2s.

6s. tin makes 100 gallons killer.

Ask for this make. Safe in use! Never fails! Price List with particulars of "Eurekatine" fumigant and other sundries, *post free.*

Quality high! Prices low!

Write for gratis copy No. 21 Book, "Chemistry in Garden and Greenhouse."

TOMLINSON & HAYWARD, Ld. Lincoln

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. S. M. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 133, Oxford St. (opp. Berners St.), London, W.

Est. 100 Years.

РУБЛЬ КОФЕ

(ROUBLE COFFEE)

has a delicious and distinctive flavour. It is *par excellence* the Coffee of the Epicure. A delight and a revelation to all who can appreciate the subtle superiority of perfect Coffee.

OUR OFFER TO YOU.

Prices 2/4, 1/10, and 1/6 per lb.

A ¼-lb. packet of Quality No. 1 will be sent post free on receipt of **6d.** in stamps.

This Offer is good for this Month Only.

THE METATA AGENTS, 17b, Devonshire Sq., LONDON.

I HAVE FOUND POSITIONS FOR 15,000

young people of both sexes in the

GOVERNMENT SERVICE and in BUSINESS HOUSES.

This is unparalleled in the annals of Specialised Education, and means that in practically every Civil Service Examination held—both for boys and girls—Clark's students figure high in the success list. In the last four Boy Clerks' Examinations alone, 150 students succeeded in gaining appointments, while in the Examinations for Ladies, **Clark's students secure**

THREE FOURTHS OF ALL APPOINTMENTS OFFERED.

My staff numbers over 120, the teachers being experts in the subjects they respectively handle, and, whether here or at my branches, are under my personal supervision.

I HAVE RECEIVED TESTIMONIALS FROM THOUSANDS

of grateful students and parents—testimonials, mind you, bearing name, address, and date, and which will stand the closest scrutiny, being backed by absolute successes.

I CAN ALSO TEACH THROUGH THE POST,

and this course is recommended to those who cannot attend the Head College or any of the many branches. I shall be glad to send you the fullest particulars, and to show you over the various class-rooms on any day you choose to call. But in any case, do not omit to send for the Free booklets, a perusal of which may have a marked effect upon your future or the future of **your boys and girls.**

STUDENTS ENROLLED AT ANY TIME.

CLARK'S COLLEGE,
1, 2, & 3, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURE YOURSELF BY ELECTRICITY

New Book—Illustrated from Life—Sent FREE to all who write.

Write to-day for our new **Free Book**—"**Cure Yourself by Electricity**"—illustrated with photos from life. Shows how the New Home Batteries cure **GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION,** and all nerve affections and diseases arising from sluggish circulation; also how they afford **ELECTRIC BATHS** and **BEAUTY MASSAGE** without cost at home. We will send apparatus on receipt of postal order value 9/6, and allow you **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** If not satisfied, we refund money. **WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.**

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC MEDICAL CO.,
633, Byron House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HATHERLEY ORIGINALITIES

UNIQUELY COMBINE

GREAT STRENGTH WITH LIGHTNESS

Trade Mark, **"ALHATHLAT."**

CAMP, MESS ROOM, HOUSE-BOAT & EMERGENCY TABLES.

Large seating capacity. Compensation joints. Absolutely unique, reliable, and safe. Round, oval, or straight tops, Folded thickness, 4in. Prices from **17/6.**

HATHERLEY SEATS.

For Garden or Indoor use. Designed to afford strength, compactness, and rigidity. Can be opened and closed instantaneously. Cannot collapse when in use. Folded thickness under 5in. Prices from **12/-.** Of all House Furnishers, Ironmongers, and Stores.

Write to-day for Booklet of Hatherley Originalities.

ALLAN JONES & CO., Dept. S. **HATHERLEY WORKS, GLOUCESTER.**

LONDON: 96, Leonard Street, E.C.

CHALLENGE FOR SUPERIORITY

The **Leading Manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens** have decided to **give away,** until further notice, a **limited** number of

10/6 DIAMOND STAR GOLD FOUNTAIN PENS FOR 2/6

fitted with **guaranteed 14-carat Solid Gold Nib,** iridium pointed, **twin feed** of latest invention, **Spiral** to regulate Flow of Ink, and all latest **Improvements** to make it **thoroughly reliable.**

This picture shows part of pen.

15/- EXQUISITE GOLD MOUNTED DIAMOND STAR PEN FOR 5/-

Money returned to any dissatisfied customer.
Fine, medium, broad, or J points.

MYNART & CO., Ltd., 49, Newgate St., London, E.C.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

SEND A POSTCARD for **Our 1905 Illustrated Catalogue, POST FREE.** The most complete List of Lace Goods issued (26th year). **Exclusive Designs. Direct Loom Prices. Every Item means a Saving.**

LACE & MUSLIN CURTAINS | **MADRAS MUSLINS** | **LATEST IN BLOUSES** | **TABLE DAMASK**
LADIES' & GENT.'S HOSIERY | **ROLLER BLINDS** | **LACES ALL MAKES** | **HOUSEHOLD LINENS**

1905 POPULAR PARCEL, 21/- **Lot No. 112** contains **5 PAIRS** of Curtains, wonderful wearing qualities, specially made for this parcel, Registered Designs, as follows: **2** pairs ALIKE Dining-Room Curtains, choice design from Real Lace, 3½ yards long, 60 inches wide; **1** pair superb Drawing-Room Curtains, Full Lace Border, light centre, 4 yards long, 2 yards wide; **2** pairs ALIKE Bedroom Curtains, 3 yards long, Modern Art Design. Ecru if desired. Sold on its merits for 25 Years. Reliability the foundation of its success. Sent carriage paid for **21/-**. Prize Medals—Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. **SAMUEL PEACH & SONS, THE LOOMS, Box 112, NOTTINGHAM.** ESTABLISHED 1857. *N.B.—The above parcel sent Parcel Post to your address in India, Australia, Canada, for 26/-. South Africa for 28/6. China and New Zealand, 24/-.*

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the **World-Renowned BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.** It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by hospitals. The best remedy for Wounds and all Skin Diseases. A certain cure for Ulcers, Tumours, Abscesses, Eczema, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold by all Chemists, **7½d., 1/1½,** &c., per box, or post free for P. Order from proprietor, **E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London.** Advice Gratis.

CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
CURED BY
CONGREVE'S ELIXIR
J.C.K.&S.

See NEW BOOK on CONSUMPTION, etc., by **G. T. CONGREVE, 6d.** post free from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

CAMPBELL'S GOLD MEDAL MELODEONS

PATENT

MAKE CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES.

They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Dulcet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. **No Knowledge of Music Required. 300,000 TESTIMONIALS.**

Special Offer to the Readers of "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	price only	**6/9**
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	**10/9**
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	"	**14/-**
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	"	**16/6**

Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain & Ireland.

All lovers of music should send for Campbell's New Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments. **Talking Machines** from 6/9; also 10,000 Gold Moulded Columbia **Records,** reduced to **1/-** each. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 114, Trongate, GLASGOW. *Est.* 60 *Yrs.* N.B.—BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

Kaye's WORSDELL'S Pills.

In Use 100 Years.

Are a certain cure for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Complaints, &c. Invaluable for Ladies.
Of all Chemists, **1/1½, 2/9,** *and* **4/6** *per box.*

IMPROVED
Knitted Corsets
Support without Pressure.

Good Unshrinkable Sanitary Cotton and Pure Woollen Underclothing. Write for Illustrated List free; also our **UNBREAKABLE "HERCULES" CORSETS IN COUTIL,** from 3/11. *Sample steel free. Mention "Strand Magazine."*

KNITTED CORSET & CLOTHING CO., 118, Mansfield Rd., Nottingham.

JUST AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

A £2-2 SUIT FOR 10/6

Send us your name and address, and we will forward you FREE Patterns of Cloth, inch tape, and fashion plates. You will be delighted with what we send, and you need not return the samples, even if you do not order a suit.

CRAIG, CRAIG & CO.,
Dept. S.M.,
55, BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

The "COMBINE"
Boot-Tree and Stretcher

eases tight boots and keeps them in good shape. Does not fill the boot, and therefore ensures a free circulation of air, allowing the linings and insoles to dry without shrinking.

All Bootmakers, or post free . . . 3/6.

Give size of boot and shape of toe.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. **2** per cent. Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.
Deposits. **2½** per cent. Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.
Advances made. **Stocks & Shares** bought and sold.

Apply—C. F. RAVENSCROFT, *Secretary,*
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

In a new pair of trousers there is always that smart, dressy appearance which men like—which men want to and **could** retain, were they to use

The 'EASYFIX' Trousers Stretcher.

This contrivance has no loose parts, and is fixed in a second. Packs in small space. Post free, **4/6.**

Full money returned if not approved.

Address : **"EASYFIX," 1, Marlboro' Street, ACCRINGTON.**

From all Chemists & Price 2s.6d. & 4s.6d.

"Antipon"

Regd Trade Mark

Has Cured Thousands.

THE CASE STATED.

Why "Antipon" has been so successful is because it is a real genuine permanent cure, in the first place. Secondly, it is a tonic of the highest value, increasing appetite and assisting digestion. Thirdly, it is pleasant, harmless, easy to take, and does not cause the slightest stomachic or intestinal discomfort; and, Fourthly, it is not in the least an expensive treatment. That, in a few words, is the case for "Antipon." Now, the old-time remedies for Corpulence mostly relied on semi-starvation, sweating, and mineral drugs; were weakening, and often lastingly injurious to health; and, at best, never produced any but a merely temporary reduction of weight: they did not destroy the *tendency* to "put on flesh." "Antipon" does: it goes to the root of the evil, and whilst gradually clearing out of the system all superfluous and diseased fatty matter, helps to make richer blood, and sound, healthy muscular and nerve tissue, because it tones up the digestive system and requires the patient to eat with a natural appetite for wholesome and enjoyable food. There are no irksome dietary restrictions: Eat well—that is all that "Antipon" requires in the way of help towards the permanent restoration to beauty of form, robust health, and youthful energy and vigour. Within a day and a night of first dose "Antipon" will cause a decrease varying between 8oz. and 3lb. This is followed by a steady reduction day by day until complete cure, when further doses are needless. "Antipon" is a liquid tonic of pleasant flavour, contains nothing of a mineral nature or otherwise harmful, and may be taken in the strictest privacy and without any change in one's ordinary habits.

THE GREAT PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY,
13, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "CORPULENCE, LONDON."

The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News (For Town and Country) says—
"Antipon has a tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier .... and stronger."

The Sketch says—
"This most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

The Illustrated London News says—
"Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases health and vitality."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says—
"Readers troubled with *embonpoint* will find in Antipon a reliable and permanent cure, pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

The Methodist Recorder says—
"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches & discoveries so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Sheffield Daily Independent says—
"'Antipon' bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

Colonial readers of "The Strand Magazine" will be glad to know that "Antipon" is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

THE MIDLAND FURNISHING COMPANY'S

Celebrated Drawing-room and Bedroom Suites.

The "Dunrobin" Suite in Walnut, Satin Walnut, or other woods, comprising: Wardrobe, 3ft. wide and 7ft. high, with bevelled glass door and drawer beneath; Dressing Chest, with bevelled centre swing glass and two bevelled side swing glasses; marble top and double tiled-back Washstand with cupboard beneath and towel-rails fixed; 2 Chairs are included. Cash, **13 Guineas,** or 36 equal monthly payments, without extra charge.

The "Roseberry" Drawing-room Suite, comprising: High low Settee, 2 Tub-shaped Arm Chairs, and 4 Small Chairs, in stained Chippendale colour frames and upholstered in various shades of tapestry and Genoese velvet. Artistically designed and splendidly finished in every detail. Cash, **£9 19s. 6d.,** or 36 equal monthly payments, without extra charge. Country orders carriage paid. Goods packed and delivered free.

Furnish on Easy Terms. ***No Deposit Required.***

We have absolutely the most central position in London.
(Judd Street is close to all the King's Cross Railway Stations.)

TERMS. TOWN OR COUNTRY.

£10	*worth*	.. ..	6	0	*per Month.*
£20	,,	.. ..	11	0	,, ,,
£50	,,	.. ..	£1	8	0 ,, ,,
£100	,,	.. ..	£2	5	0 ,, ,,
£200	,,	.. ..	£4	10	0 ,, ,,

Any Amount pro rata.
NO INTEREST OR EXTRA CHARGES.

Business Hours:
9 till 8; Saturdays till 6.
Thursdays we do NOT close early.

Catalogue and Prospectus Free on mentioning "Strand Mag."

69 to 77, JUDD STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.
75 YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

NEAVE'S FOOD

"Admirably adapted to the wants of Infants."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D.

For Infants, Children, Invalids, and the Aged.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

CLAXTON'S
Double Chin Curer

Patent 19381/04.
For Restoring Contour of Face in Advancing Years.
Gives an even support under chin, will fit any size or shape head.
PRICE ONE GUINEA,
Post Free.

EAR-CAP Claxton's
IMPROVED PATENT
For Remedying PROMINENT EARS, Preventing Disfigurement in after life.
Cross Orders and Cheques "COUTTS."
In 21 sizes. Send measurement round head just above ears. Price 4/- post free.
Abroad, 6d. extra.
S. M. CLAXTON, 108, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., *and* 11s.

Owbridge's
LUNG TONIC, THE WORLD'S CURE
FOR COUGHS, COLDS BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, &c.

HARBUTT'S
PLASTICINE
For Home Modelling.
COMPLETE OUTFITS, Post Free.
1/3 WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A. (Lond.) **2/10**
3, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

18-ct. Gold
£20
Cash.

BENSON'S

WORLD-FAMOUS KEYLESS

"LUDGATE" WATCH.

Far excels all others in value and quality.

BEST LONDON-MADE. English Lever, Chronometer Balance. Strongly recommended. In 18-ct. Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, **£20** Cash (in Silver, **£8 8s.**).

BY "The Times" SYSTEM OF

20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Gold Chains (London Hall-Marked) to match **£3** to **£20.**

Benson's do not charge extra for purchasing on "The Times" System.

Brilliants, **£8 10s.**

Brilliants, **£10 10s.**

NOTE.
All Watches, Chains, Rings, Clocks, Plate, and Bags supplied on "*The Times*" Monthly Payment System.
Particulars free.

Rubies or Sapphires and Brilliants, **£17.**

Rubies or Sapphires and Brilliants, **£2 15s.**

J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,

Illustrated Books Post Free.
No. 1. Watches, Chains, and Jewels.
No. 2. Imperial Plate, Clocks, Bags.
No. 3. Silver articles for Presents. State which or if all are required. Mention STRAND MAG.

Steam Factory: **62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**

ROTHESAY
ON THE CLYDE,
QUEEN OF SCOTTISH WATERING PLACES.

Scenery unsurpassed. Yachting, Boating, Bathing, and every holiday attraction. Magnificent Pleasure Steamers. Cheapest Sailing in the Kingdom. Illustrated Guide free from the
TOWN CLERK, ROTHESAY, N.B.

OXFORD POSTCARDS.

Set with Embossed Crests and Views of 21 Colleges, 3/6. 2d. each.
Set of 6 Real Etchings, 1/-. 2d. each.
Set of 12 Photogravures, 1/-. 1d. each.
1d. Coloured Postcards, 200 different, 9d. doz.
1d. Black and White Postcards, 400 different, 6d. doz.
Send for Printed List. All post free from—
FRANK SMITH, HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

No. 1 Razor Complete 7/6
Extra Blades, 4/-.
The Original KAMPFE
STAR SAFETY RAZORS
KAMPFE BROS.
Are the Very Best. Trade Mark on every Blade.
Simplest—therefore Cleanest. Beware of Imitations.
Every blade bears a reputation of 29 years' standing. Recommended by Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES in his book, "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." Quick, Easy, Reliable, and Safe. In Morocco Cases, 2 blades, **14/6**; 3, **18/6**; 4, **22/6**; 7, **40/-**. Handsome Combination Cases, **23/-** to **100/-**. Solid Silver and Ivory 7-day Set, **80/-**.
Ask your Silversmith, Cutler, or Chemist for the Genuine STAR.
Write at once for List (free) and full particulars—
MARKT & CO., *S. Dept.*, **6, City Road, LONDON, E.C.**

MARVELLOUS HAIR PRODUCER

Read Analyst's Report.
I have made a **SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY** combined with a treatment of ancient usage which goes *direct to the Roots of the Hair*, destroying the germs which cause **BALDNESS, PREMATURE GREYNESS, SCURF, DANDRUFF, &c.,** and **PROMOTES** a **STRONG, VIGOROUS,** and **LUXURIANT GROWTH** in a few weeks, giving New Life to the growing cells, which quickly multiply, and **NEW HAIR IS POSITIVELY MADE TO GROW.**
Hundreds of Testimonials. Full names and addresses. Write to-day and test the Truth of my Assertions.
FREE SAMPLE tin in plain wrapper will be sent to anybody sending name and address with two stamps to cover postage.
JOHN HAYNES (Dept. 5), 28, Newman Street, LONDON, W.

The GEM pure water Still

TYPHOID, CHOLERA, Dysentery, Worms, and other intestinal complaints are caused by disease germs carried into the body **in water.** Rheumatism, Gout, Stone, Gravel, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Blood and Skin Diseases, Ossification and premature old age are diseases caused by **mineral impurities** in water. THE GEM PURE WATER STILL takes out **all** impurities and obviates all these diseases.

Price from 35/- *Pamphlet Free.*

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., Ld. (Dept. H), 121, Newgate St., London, E.C.

ZOX

CURES

TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

Try ZOX free. Mention THE STRAND MAG., and send stamped addressed envelope, and free samples will be sent you. Then you try at our cost, and you will be surprised to see how quickly excruciating nervous pain can vanish.

Zox Powders, from Chemists, Stores, etc., 1/- and 2/6 a box; post free direct from

THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

CHILDREN, RICH OR POOR

FACT

occasionally need cleansing lotion to eliminate nits and parasites, and to allay irritation. The best is

ROGERS' NURSERY HAIR LOTION

Absolutely safe and sure. Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles, 7d. & 1s. Of all chemists, perfumers, etc. Special bottles, post free, from observation, 15 stamps.

HAIRS ON THE FACE

have in **hundreds** of cases been **effectually removed without pain or injury** to skin by **HAIREMOVINE,** as many ladies have gratefully testified. Preparation and every requisite with **testimonials** and Dr. Griffith's **analytical certificate** of **value** and **harmlessness to skin, 2/9,** post free (**plain wrapper**). — **Madame S. Bond, 20, Dr. Johnson Passage, Birmingham.**

HANSEN'S UNKET TABLETS.

Junket is increasingly popular. It is one of the most attractive features in an up-to-date menu. Hansen's Junket Tablets make delicious health-giving Junket, and each Tablet is double the strength of any other at the price. Be sure you get Hansen's.

Sold by all Grocers, Chemists, etc., in Glass Tubes, containing 24 Tablets, each of which is sufficient to make a quart of milk into a dish of junket. Sample Tube and Book of Delightful Junket Recipes, **6d.,** post free, from HANSEN'S DEPOT, 77, St. Thomas's St., London, **S.E.**

THE

WALTHAM WATCHES

TWELVE MILLION IN USE.

THE MOST ACCURATE MADE.

ABOUT WATCHES.

About Watches. A good Watch is a treasure. You should give the matter consideration *before* purchasing. There are watches made *right* to-day, to last a lifetime. Why buy a poor watch that is never right? Buy a Waltham Watch, which is honest all through, particularly when you consult its face. Jewellers, etc., will show Waltham Watches.

Booklet No. 7 post free from

ROBBINS & APPLETON

(Wholesale only to the Trade),
125, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
Formerly of Waltham Buildings, Holborn Circus.
Also the only address of the **WALTHAM WATCH CO.**

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP.

A PAYING GUEST in your home.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

Removes Ink, Grease, and Dirt. Restores Colours like New. Disinfects and Prevents Contagion.

AT ALL STORES, 6d. PER BALL.

Saves Carpets,
Saves Health,
Saves Money.

TRIAL BALL sent on receipt of Sevenpence.

F. CHIVERS & CO.,
SOAP WORKS,
BATH, ENGLAND.

USED IN ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS.

GNL

FREE TO THE DEAF

Deaf from a Blow on the Head. Complete Restoration.

Mr. F. DURANCE.

GROVE AVENUE,
CHILWELL, NOTTS.

Dear Sir,—I cannot express how thankful I am for your kind attention in my case, as, thanks to your remedies, my hearing is now completely restored and I shall not require any further treatment of any kind.

As you may remember, my troubles first came on after a blow on the head from a football, causing Deafness and intermittent "rattling" noises in the head.

I have been waiting to see if the cure was a permanent one; I am pleased to say it is, and I have not had the slightest difficulty in conversing with anyone.

You can use my name in any way you please, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in recommending the "Keith-Harvey System" to anyone.

Yours truly,

25th April, 1905. F. DURANCE.

"My Hearing is Completely Restored."

Miss J. CASTLE.

10, LINDUM TERRACE,
ROTHERHAM, YORKS.

Dear Sir,—After a severe cold my hearing gradually became affected until I was only able to hear the watch tick when held close to the ear. In addition to this I was also very much troubled with a constant "buzzing" noise in the ear, which never ceased day or night.

After reading an account of the "Keith-Harvey System" in the *Sunday Companion*, I made up my mind to adopt your Treatment, and I have now much pleasure in stating that, thanks to your remedies and instructions, my hearing is completely restored and the head noises have entirely ceased.

You are at perfect liberty to use my name if it will be of any service to you or the community.

Yours truly,

25th April, 1905. (Miss) JANE CASTLE.

Deaf from Childhood—Wonderful Improvement.

Mr. W. MATTHEWS.

MATFORD COTTAGE,
EXMINSTER, near EXETER, DEVON.

Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Deafness and "ringing" and "beating" noises in the head ever since a child, and what made my case more difficult was the fact that it was a family complaint, my father, brother, and sister all suffering the same way as I did.

My wife happened to read an account of the wonderful cures effected by the "Keith-Harvey System," and, as so many cases were exactly like my own, induced me to send for the remedies.

I am now very pleased to state that my hearing has greatly improved under your Treatment, and I never thought I should hear so well after so many years' suffering.

You are quite at liberty to use my name.

Yours truly,

19th April, 1905. W. MATTHEWS.

IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. KEITH-HARVEY, 117, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C., for Pamphlet fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning 'The Strand Magazine.'

"Angelus" Piano-Player

The "Angelus" World-Famed

AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS.

The most perfect, artistic, and human-like. The most musicianly in its aim. The **SIMPLICITY** and **COMPLETENESS** of the **"ANGELUS" EXPRESSION DEVICES** are unique. **DEFERRED PAYMENTS** if desired. **DISCOUNT FOR CASH.**

You are invited to call to hear the **"ANGELUS,"** or write for Art Catalogue No. 20.

J. HERBERT MARSHALL, Dept. 20, Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

In Three Styles, 7/6, 10/6, 21/-.

RICHFORD'S

"Guaranteed" WATCHES.

The Best and Most Reliable Cheap Watches made—supplied in oxidised steel or highly finished Nickel Cases; Arabic or Roman Dials. No. 1, best quality cylinder movement, timed to a minute a day. Price **7/6**. No. 2, very fine jewelled lever movement, perfect timekeeper. Price **10/6**. No. 3, the thinnest watch made; highest grade jewelled lever, real silver dials; warranted 2 years; price **21/-**. Every watch warranted and exchanged if not satisfactory. Sent post free same day as ordered.

RICHFORD & CO.,

52a, High Holborn, W.C.; and at 153, Fleet Street, E.C.

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

The Typewriter has superseded the pen. The Stenotyper supersedes pencil shorthand. You can learn Stenotypy in three days—pencil shorthand requires three months. Stenotypy has only six fixed signs—pencil shorthand has thousands of signs and contractions to be learnt and remembered. Simply press the keys of the

STENOTYPER MACHINE

and it PRINTS your shorthand. You can use two hands instead of one. You can look at and understand the speaker. Stenotypy can be read as easily and quickly as other printing. *Certificated by the London Chamber of Commerce, Society of Arts, etc.*

ONE MONTH'S TRIAL to let the machine speak for itself for 7/6. Booklet free. Instruction Book 7d., free.

Agents Wanted.

Address—

STENOTYPER CO., 8, Bush Lane, LONDON, E.C.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE CURED

With or without the patients' knowledge. For free trial of remedy write: **Ward Chemical Co., 261 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.**

When you ask your Draper or Outfitter for

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

please insist upon seeing the small ticket marked EXCELDA, which is affixed to the corner of each handkerchief.

The EXCELDA Handkerchief is a good and reliable article.

PLEASE REFUSE IMITATIONS.

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER

Produces Pearly White Teeth, and Stops Decay.

Thousands of Testimonials from gratified users.

A 6d. tin sent as sample, together with a best quality Tooth Brush, on receipt of 6d. in stamps; or a 6d. tin only, as sample, on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

Eucryl, Ltd. (Dept. C), **Hull.**

MATHER'S NIGRINE

Millions of Garments Saved Yearly by Using this Splendid Black Marking Fluid for Linen, Cotton, &c. In bottles, **6d., 1/-, 2/6,** and **5/-,** of all Chemists and Stationers.

W. MATHER, Ltd., DYER STREET, MANCHESTER

HORNER'S CREAM CHEESE

Made from pure Cream by a process that produces its inimitable flavour and deliciousness.

First Prize London Dairy Show, 1903.

For use as solid Cream with fruit tarts, fruit pies, preserves, jams, &c. For use as Cheese with salt. For use as imitation crab with mustard, pepper, vinegar and salt mixed to taste.

Highly recommended by the Medical Faculty.

Of all Grocers, Fish Dealers, &c. If any difficulty in obtaining, send name of your dealer, and **9d.** stamps for sample packets to

Horner's Creamery,

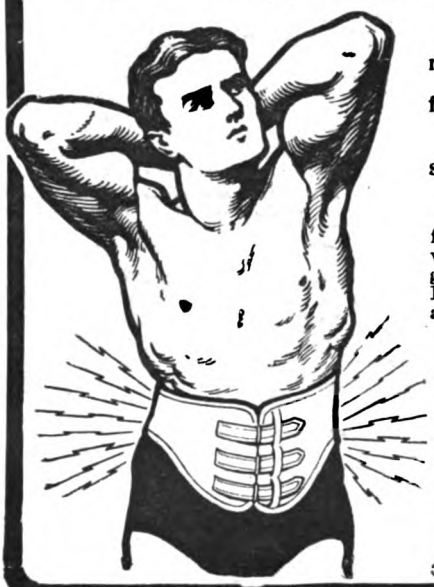
Cuddington, Cheshire,

Try HORNER'S RICH CREAMS

Sold everywhere in **Jars 6d. and 1s.**

PEOPLE, BE STRONG!

The Strong Man Wins in the Battle of Life.



Do *you* want to be strong?
Do *you* want to feel the Fire and Vigour of youth running through your veins?
Do *you* want to shake off that languid, drowsy feeling that depresses you?
In short, Do *you* want to be "made over again"?
If so, there is only one way. "Drugging?" you say. No!

ELECTRICITY IS THE REMEDY,

for "Electricity is life." It is Nature's own help. Nothing will relieve pain so easily, so quickly, so effectively, as a gentle stream of electric warmth infused into the nerves. The Pulvermacher Electric Belt does this every time it is worn. It assists Nature by a general reinforcement of the vital energy—it supplies the system with the very essence of nerve vigour and nerve strength while you are asleep.

THE FREE BOOK EXPLAINS IT.

Have you read this great work? It is a true "Guide to Health and Strength." All those who are sick, weary, and weak should read it—90 pages of physiological fact, and free. **You can't go on in the old way.** You have tried drugs, and they have failed. Consult us. We can tell you what electricity, the World's greatest power, will do for you. Don't lose your opportunity. Call or write for the book to-day.

J. L. PULVERMACHER CO., Ltd.,
36, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. *Office Hours, 9 to 6.*

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

The polish for well-dressed people. It PRESERVES and BEAUTIFIES box calf, glacé kid, and all boots; is DAMP PROOF, and the EASIEST TO USE. Unmatched for lustre and charm. Send for the FREE SAMPLE. Tins, 2d., 4d., 6d. Splendid complete OUTFIT, 1/.

Grocers, Bootmakers, Stores, etc.

Buttercup Metal Polish

does not scratch or wear metals. The most BRILLIANT and TIME-SAVING. It is BRITISH MAKE. 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Tins.

Grocers, Oilmen, Stores, etc.

CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

LUXURY *in* SMOKING *is represented by the*

"MASTA" PIPE

The most perfectly constructed of all pipes. The **"MASTA"** ensures a cool, clean, dry smoke, and nicotine is effectually prevented from entering mouth or pipe-bowl. Every pipe guaranteed. Sold at 2/-, 3/6, 5/-, and upwards. You should write for interesting booklet, "Points on Pipes," containing many valuable hints to smokers.

THE "MASTA" P. PIPE CO.'S

"MELHONA MIXTURE"

is a deliciously fragrant tobacco; mild and cool, yet of full flavour.

In Tins, ¼-lb. 2/-, postage 2d.; ½-lb. 4/-, postage 3d. Sample packet post free, 7d.

Both Pipe and Mixture may be had of all tobacconists, or direct from—

THE "MASTA" P. PIPE CO.
(Dept. 2),

Established 1897.
153 Fleet St., London, E.C.

NAIRN, N.B. FAVOURITE SEASIDE AND . . . GOLFING RESORT.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on Southern shore of Moray Firth. Climate dry and bracing. Lowest average rainfall in Britain. Golf Course (3½ miles), one of the finest in Scotland; and nine-hole Ladies' Course. Tennis. Bowling. Swimming Bath; also Seaweed, Pine, and other Baths. Bathing Beach unrivalled. Excellent Train Arrangements. For List of Hotels, Houses, and Apartments to Let, apply to the—
TOWN CLERK, NAIRN.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS
AND HEAD NOISES RELIEVED BY USING
WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.
A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.
Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.
WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.,
D. H. WILSON, 59 South Bridge EDINBURGH.

Better your position

From Clerk to Manager.

Do you want to better your positions, to increase your salary? If so, I can show you the way. If you know just as much and no more than the other man, you can't get promotion. Suppose you are in an office, engaged in business of some kind, I know that if you had a good knowledge of Shorthand, or Typewriting, or Bookkeeping, or Languages, or how to write a good Business Letter, that your services would be more valuable. In brief, I want to train you to hold a good business appointment, or to train you for a Government appointment.

I Want to Ensure Your Success in Life

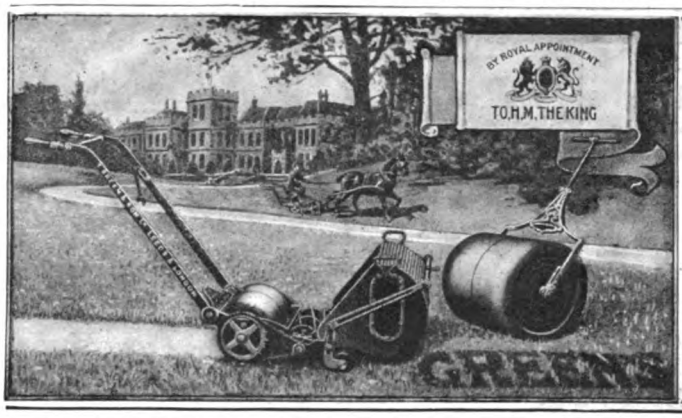
by training you under my unique system. I train you at the College, or just as well by post, direct to your home, and at little cost to yourself. No one is too old or too young for my System. I want you to investigate this for yourself, free of charge. Do not miss this opportunity, it is too good to lose, but write to-day for my FREE Book, "HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE," it tells you all about it.

EMPIRE CIVIL SERVICE AND BUSINESS COLLEGE,
6, Norwich House, Southampton St. (Corner of), Holborn, London.

GLOBE

RAIMES & Co., LTD.,
TREDEGAR WORKS, LONDON, E.,
and STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

Globe Polish is now supplied to the Public in the form of either a **paste** or **liquid.** It is universally acknowledged to be **the best Polish on the market,** and, indeed, commands **a Sale far exceeding all rivals.** It is unaffected by climatic changes, and is consequently **invaluable to Motorists.** Unlike certain liquid and other polishes containing Naphtha, it is in either form guaranteed to be **non-inflammable.** It will not scratch the softest metal-work. It is absolutely non-injurious to the skin of the user.



ESTABLISHED 1835.

GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS AND ROLLERS.

Sold by all Ironmongers.

THOMAS GREEN & SON, Ltd.,
Smithfield Ironworks, Leeds.
New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, London, S.E.
Please write for Price List No. 11

Bedsteads, Bedding, Furniture,

DIRECT FROM WORKS—SAVING RETAIL PROFITS.

To know all the advantages I offer send postcard for lists, which give full details and useful information

16 Years' Reputation

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.

Cash or Instalment Terms.

SHOWROOMS;—
LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.

PACKED FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.

Special Attention given to Export Orders.

Brass, Iron, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bedding for Domestic and Institution use.

Cots, Chair Beds, &c.

Folding Bedsteads, Wire Mattresses, &c., &c.

CHARLES RILEY, *(Desk 12)* **Moor St., BIRMINGHAM.**

HOSIERY and Underwear

Send us a POSTCARD for our New Catalogue.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY!

Do Your Shopping on Wholesale Terms **BY POST.**
No More Days of Shopping Fatigue and Worry.
We are Specialists—We Give Your Wants Expert Attention.

CATALOGUE SENT FREE **BY POST** **ALL GOODS CARRIAGE PAID.**

"OUR EMPRESS" **India Gauze Cotton Combinations,** specially adapted for Summer Wear. SIZES: Slenders and Women's; Low Neck; Short Sleeves. **2/3** per Sample Pair; **3** Pairs for **6/3**; **12/-** per ½-doz. Carriage Paid.

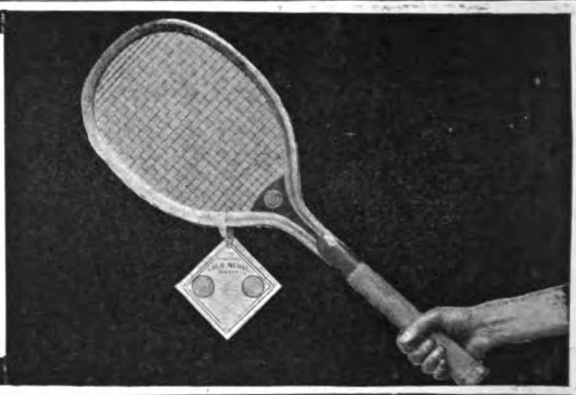
THE CHEAPSIDE HOSIERY CO., 97, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. (Dept. J)

THE
SPALDING
GOLD MEDAL
Racket,
32/- each.

We have endeavoured to make this the finest racket ever placed on the market, and as such, give it our unqualified guarantee.

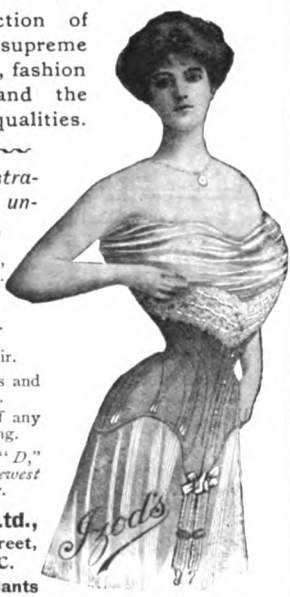
Write for our 1905 Catalogue No. 2a.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
53, 54, 55, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.



Izod's Corsets

represent perfection of manufacture, the supreme point of elegance, fashion and comfort, and the highest lasting qualities.



Corset as per illustration, Style 574, in undernoted qualities.

White or Dove Coutille, **10/-** & **14/6** per pair.
Black Mercerised Italian, **12/6** & **18/6** per pair.
Rich Floral Broche, **15/6** & **22/6** per pair.

To be had of Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

Communicate direct if any difficulty in procuring.

Write for Catalogue "D," containing all the newest shapes, Post Free.

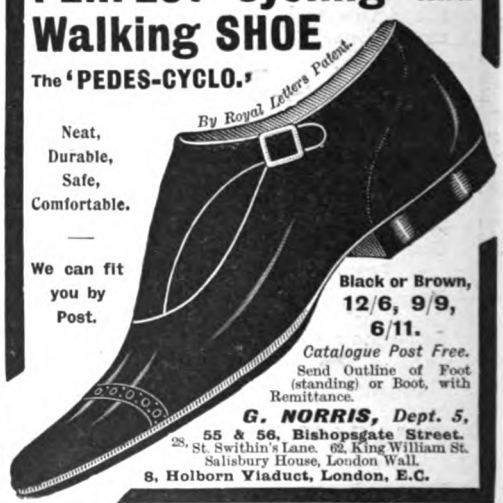
E. IZOD & SON, Ltd.,
30, Milk Street,
London, E.C.
Factory: Landport, Hants

A BARGAIN in Typewriters.
The . .
"SIMPLEX."

An efficient, handy, perfect machine; guaranteed for two years; capable of carrying out all correspondence. Learnt at sight; sent on approval, with full instructions. **25/-** to **63/-**. *Send for booklet.*—**The Practical Typewriter Company, 1, Mary Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

ONLY ONE
PERFECT Cycling and Walking SHOE
The **'PEDES-CYCLO.'**

By Royal Letters Patent.



Neat,
Durable,
Safe,
Comfortable.

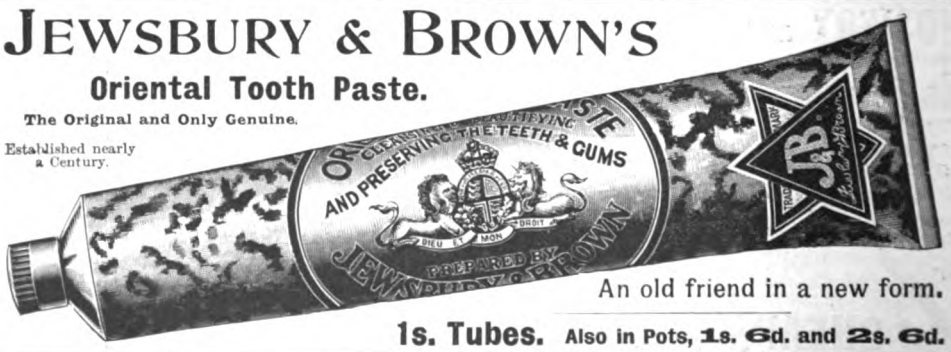
We can fit you by Post.

Black or Brown,
12/6, 9/9, 6/11.

Catalogue Post Free.
Send Outline of Foot (standing) or Boot, with Remittance.

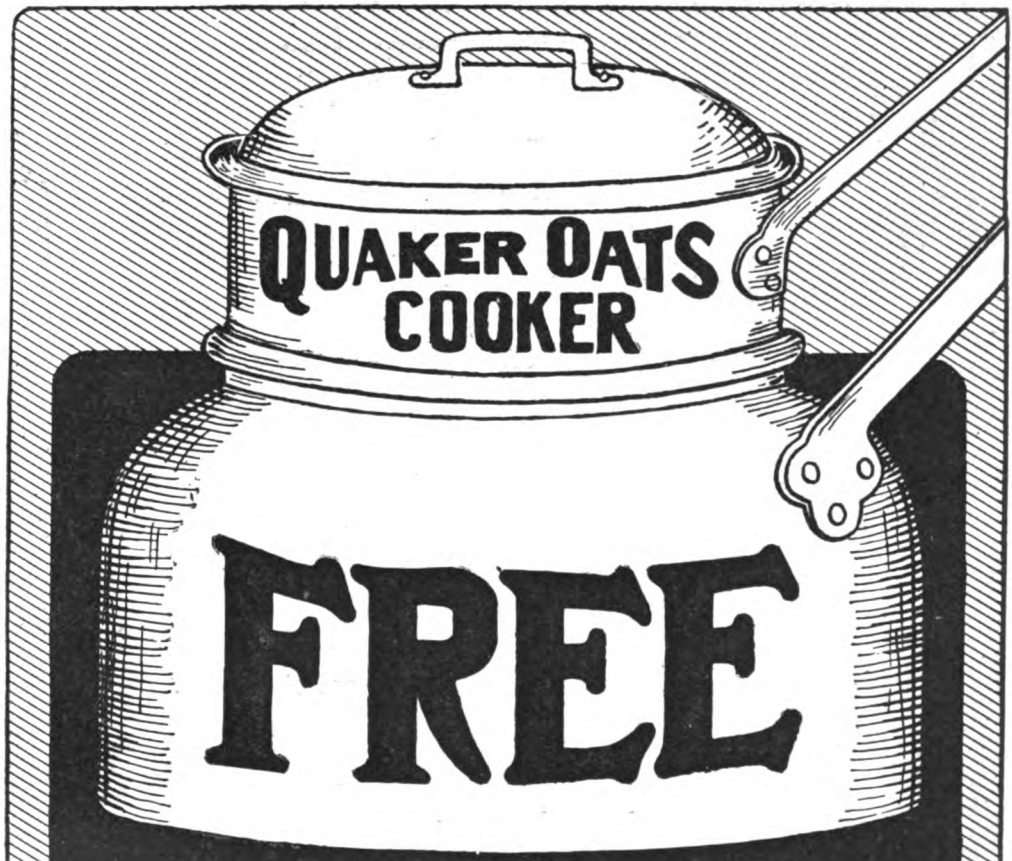
***G. NORRIS,* Dept. 5,**
55 & 56, Bishopsgate Street.
28, St. Swithin's Lane. 62, King William St.
Salisbury House, London Wall.
8, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
Oriental Tooth Paste.
The Original and Only Genuine.
Established nearly a Century.



An old friend in a new form.

1s. Tubes. Also in Pots, **1s. 6d.** and **2s. 6d.**



FREE

HOW TO COOK
Without Stirring or Burning

Custards, Sauces, Fruit, Porridge, and many other things that ordinarily have to be watched.

The QUAKER OATS COOKER is a real kitchen comfort all day long. Cooks with Steam. Broad Base for Quick Heating. Finest Quality of Enamel. Quaker Oats makes the most and best porridge however cooked—but unless you have cooked it in a Quaker Oats Cooker you don't know how good it can be.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE COOKER!—On receipt by us, POSTAGE PAID, of required number of WHITE SQUARES mentioned below, before December 31st, 1905, a Quaker Oats Cooker will be sent at once, carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.

PLEASE READ VERY CAREFULLY.

2-pt. Cooker	30 squares like this		from front of 2-lb. packet	or	Required number of White Squares must be sent in at one time.
	55 " "		" " 1 " "		
3 " "	50 " "		" " 2 " "	or	
	75 " "		" " 1 " "		
6 " "	100 " "		" " 2 " "	or	
	150 " "		" " 1 " "		

Even if you have not the required number of WHITE SQUARES, you can still obtain the Cooker at once, by sending 2/- for 2-pint size, 2/6 for 3-pint size, or 3/6 for 6-pint size.

The amount you pay will be refunded immediately correct number of WHITE SQUARES is sent us, postage paid, if received by us before December 31st, 1905.

Write your address plainly, and be sure it is enclosed with your request.

Address Dept. 74. QUAKER OATS, Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

JUNE

SUNDAY

Religious Pictures in the Tate Gallery. Part II.

By A. B. COOPER.

With splendid full-page reproductions of "The Two Crowns," by Frank Dicksee, R.A., "The Miracle of the Gadarene Swine," by Briton Rivière, R.A., and "The Harbour of Refuge," by Fred Walker.

"Wanted—More Bishops."

A startling article by . . .
Rev. F. L. H. MILLARD, M.A.

Illustrated by Eleven Portraits of English Bishops.

STRAND

The Coming Man—Rev. J. E. Rattenbury of Nottingham.

By W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

SPLENDID STORIES by

KATHERINE TYNAN.
SCOTT GRAHAM.
ELIZABETH M. MOON.
E. M. JAMESON.
Etc., Etc. AMY LE FEUVRE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. SIXPENCE.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES

Shaped to wind on spirally from ankle to knee without any turns or twists. Made in various qualities and colours.

Shade cards on application.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN—Light Weight. With Spats, **7/6** per pair. (Detachable 1/- extra.) Without Spats, **5/-** per pair. *Send size of boot.*

FOR MEN—With Spats, from **10/6** to **12/-** per pair. With Spats detachable 1/- extra. (*If detachable required, send size of boot.*) Without Spats, from **6/-** to **7/6** per pair.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers—

FOX BROS. & CO. LTD. (Dept. F)
WELLINGTON,
SOMERSET.

BUSINESS Success

can be secured by all who adopt the right course to qualify for it.

YOU CAN

STUDY AT HOME

and be coached in Commercial Subjects which will ensure a good position, or improve your present one. "Hints on Home Study," No. 32, sent free. Address:

The Secretary,
PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL,
Southampton Row, London, W.C.

25/- Solid Gold

The "Empress" Ladies' Gold Watch

Bids fair to be a society craze. Ladies are fascinated with this—Dainty—Little—Watch! Keyless—richly chased back—ornamented dial—high quality movement—jewelled with rubies—fine finish—an accurate timekeeper—absolutely sound and reliable. It is far **superior** to much higher priced Watches!

We Guarantee if you can obtain a watch of similar value at the same price, to return cost of purchase!

FREE A Post Card will bring you our beautifully illustrated catalogue of jewellery bargains.

PURSER & SON, DEPT. S.
MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS,
PORTSMOUTH.

THE MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS' CO., BIRMINGHAM,
(A Syndicate of Manufacturing Jewellers, Est. 1883.)

RING Manufacturers and General Jewellers, will send their Illustrated Catalogue Free on application. The largest Ring Catalogue published. All our Rings are 18-carat Hall Marked and Set with Real Stones, whatever their price. Any goods not approved of may be exchanged, or the money paid will be returned if desired. Send post-card for Illustrated Catalogue, addressed—

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS' CO., BIRMINGHAM.

No. 18. No. 19. No. 20.

Strong 18-carat Hall-Marked Rings, with Real Diamonds, Rubies, or Sapphires, 21/- each, including Case, Post, and registration. *Send for Size Card.*

TIT-BITS

from all the most interesting books, periodicals and contributors in the world.

THE PIONEER and STILL the BEST

PENNY WEEKLY PAPER.

ALWAYS INTERESTING,
ALWAYS INSTRUCTIVE,
ALWAYS AMUSING.

£15,800 Insurance Money has been Paid.

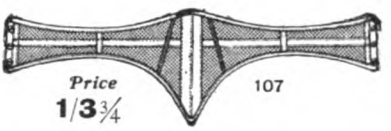
PRICE ONE PENNY. READY EVERY THURSDAY.

. . THE . .

"PHYLLIS"

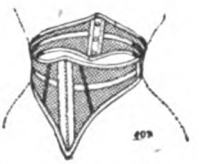
Featherbone Belt Frames

are perfect in shape and of superior quality. They are made in eight different styles, and can easily be covered with ¾-yard of any material.

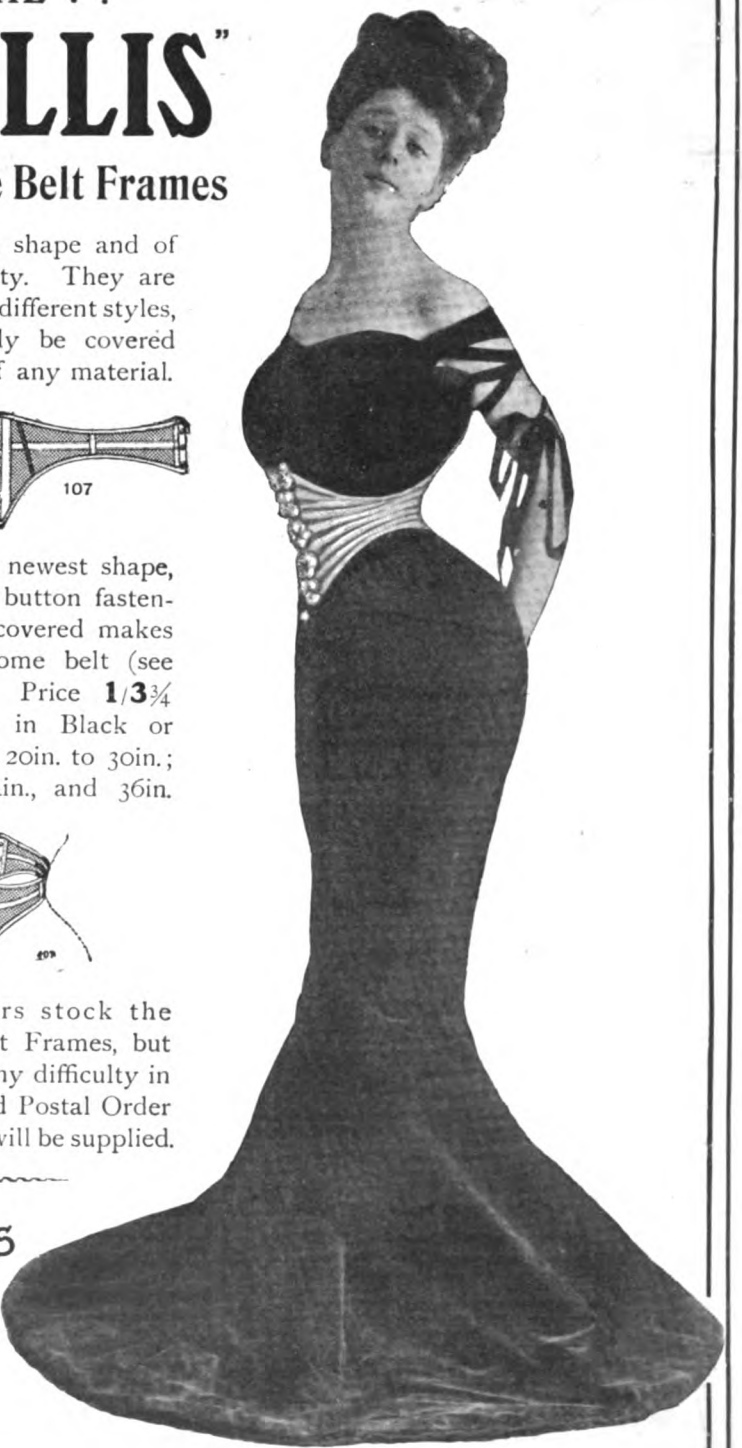


Price **1/3¾** 107

No. 107 is our newest shape, and has press button fastenings. When covered makes a very handsome belt (see photograph). Price **1/3¾** each. Made in Black or White. Sizes 20in. to 30in.; also 32in., 34in., and 36in.



Most Drapers stock the "Phyllis" Belt Frames, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining, send Postal Order to us, and you will be supplied.



C. B. Weeks

(Dept. L.),

5, Wells Street,

Oxford Street,

LONDON, W.

FOOTS' ADJUSTABLE CHAIRS

ARE DELIGHTFULLY RESTFUL.

The occupant can instantly change the position of the Seat, Back, or Leg Rest to accommodate the body in every desirable position of rest and comfort. They are made in various styles and qualities meeting every demand of necessity or luxury. If you wish to possess a really comfortable Reclining Chair we will guarantee to suit you.

Booklet, "Chair Comfort," Free.

J. FOOT & SON (Dept. R. C. 3),
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W. 18

The Treasures of The Toilet.

Dulsoline

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The basis of all Dulsoline Specialities is a Neutral Organic Substance free from Mineral Oils and Mineral Wax, and is, in fact, a true skin food.

DULSOLINE TOILET POWDER

is guaranteed absolutely free from Potato or Wheat Starch. These are injurious in that they dry up the skin. The Dulsoline base, instead of being injurious, is really beneficial. The highest medical authorities recommend Dulsoline; it possesses valuable antiseptic properties is beautifully smooth, free from grit, and instantly adheres to the skin. It can be had in two tints—natural or rose pink. Delicately perfumed with Old English Lavender. In Boxes, **1/-**.

As a special inducement, we will forward post free for **2/2** P.O. one Box of **Toilet Powder** and any three of the following:—

Glycerine Jelly, 6d.
Antiseptic Jelly, 6d.
Lip Salve, 6d.
Camphor Jelly, 6d.

Write for our Booklet "Health & Beauty," No. 9.

BERKELEY & PILLING,
20, Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

FERGUSON'S

BEST GIFT

10/6 Box filled with the finest Scotch *Carriage Paid.* Sweets FRESHLY MADE.
A. FERGUSON, *Melbourne Place,* **EDINBURGH.**

EDINBURGH ROCK

ONE Man may be Wrong

—two, six, a dozen for that matter—but when Medical and Scientific men all over the country testify to the good qualities of

CASUMEN

(THE NEW LIFE FOOD)

one is compelled to admit there must be reason in their assertions. Casumen is a food—a drink—more than that, a positive cure for indigestion, and a preventative of consumption and kindred ailments. Splendid for Weakly Babies, and for Rheumatic and Anæmic People—**Just mix it with all food and drink**

A teaspoonful equal to 1 lb of Beef Steak.

Sample Box, **1s.** Booklet Post Free.
Of all Chemists and Grocers. If unable to obtain, write, mentioning name of your Grocer, to
Prideaux's Food Co., Motcombe, Dorset.

Dirt is POISON to the cleanly mind of a good housewife, but she finds a perfect antidote in SAPON OATMEAL WASHING POWDER

FREE SAMPLE, Sapon, Ltd., London.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

It Cures while You Walk.

A Powder for the Feet.

Shake into your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new boots feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. *Try it To-Day.* Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1/1½. **Do not accept a substitute.** *Post Free* for 1/1½ in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by Post. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED.
PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

The Victoria Costume Co.

(The Up-to-date Ladies' Tailors).

VICTORIA BUILDINGS, MANCHESTER. **7/11** Carr. 6d. extra

A Real Bargain

This Costume is made of Striped Vicuna Cloth in eight shades, is thoroughly up-to-date and beautifully made. Coat has Chesterfield fronts, sac back, length 29in. Skirt is well designed, and has inverted back, with fan pleats to front seams. Tailor-made, and finished equal to expensive garments. Thoroughly **recommended.**

Money returned if not satisfactory.

Patterns Free in 8 Shades.

Stock Sizes: Coats, 34in., 36in., 38in. Bust. Skirt—Waist, 24in., 26in., 28in.; Front Length, 38in., 40in., 42in. To own measures, **2/-** extra.

Model X 72.

"Matchless"

METAL POLISH

Did it!

BRITISH ALL THROUGH

Manufacturers—
The "Matchless" Metal Polish C° Ltd Liverpool

HENDERSON'S Regd PERALIA

INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

A brilliantly clear skin after two or three applications. Speedy disappearance of **Roughness, Greasiness, Pimples, Unnatural Whiteness, Redness, Freckles, Tan,** etc. Gentlemen find it cooling after shaving. Recommended for Red Noses. This excellent preparation **differs from all others.**
In Bottles, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Postage 3d. extra.

CRIMPOLINE CURLS THE HAIR NATURALLY IN A FEW DAYS

Will keep in curl always. Makes the hair soft and silky. **Produces the fashionable wave.** Neither sticky nor greasy. For Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's hair. For keeping the hair in curl **at the seaside** it has no equal.
1/9 and 2/6 a Bottle. Postage 3d. extra.

Free with every order, a dainty booklet—"Beauty's Boudoir"—giving valuable toilet advice.

Your Chemist or Hairdresser will obtain Peralia or Crimpoline for you, or send direct to—

THE PERALIA PERFUMERY CO.,
72 & 73, Camden St. (Dept. S.M.), North Shields, Eng.

ARE YOU LITTLE?

If so, we will send you particulars of our Elevators, which will increase your height **1in. to 4in.** (without detection). Prices from **5s. 6d.** per pair. Send stamp for further particulars.—**PERALIA CO.** (Dept. S.M.), **73, Camden Street, North Shields, Eng.**

NOSE

If you have an odd-shaped or red nose, send stamps for further particulars of our **10s.** Nose Instruments.—**PERALIA CO.** (Dept. S.M.), **73, Camden Street, North Shields, England.**

WE MAKE IT EASY
for you wherever you live to avoid disease, etc., for

Pearson's Antiseptic

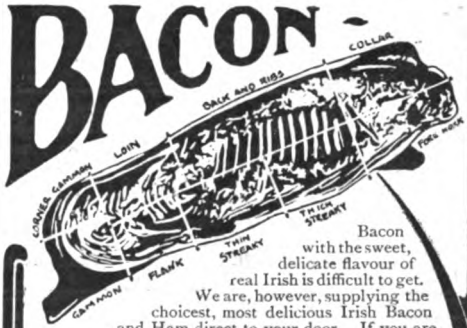
is proof against infection.

It is a Disinfectant, Deodoriser and Germicide.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.
All you have to do is to send **3d.** in stamps and a large sample will be sent you. We are sure you will be convinced that this preparation is unrivalled.

PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC CO. Ltd.
254a, High Holborn, London, W.C.

REAL·IRISH BACON



Bacon with the sweet, delicate flavour of real Irish is difficult to get. We are, however, supplying the choicest, most delicious Irish Bacon and Ham direct to your door. If you are not perfectly satisfied with it, return it, and we will willingly refund your money. We guarantee it to be Irish. Send to-day—you will be delighted with the HIGH QUALITY. State cut required.

— PRICES —
(P.O. with order) Carriage Paid.

6lb. IRISH BACON Unsmoked for - - **4/3**
12lb. IRISH BACON Unsmoked for - - **8/-**
6lb. IRISH BACON Smoked for - - - **4/9**
12lb. IRISH BACON Smoked for - - - **9/-**
6lb. IRISH HAM Smoked or Unsmoked for **5/3**
12lb. IRISH HAM Smoked or Unsmoked for **10/-**

IRISH CURING CO., BELFAST.

CND.

Foots' Bath Cabinet

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The only absolutely safe Bath Cabinet made

ADVANTAGES:
Outside Heater.
Adjustable Seat.
Bather is not fastened to Cabinet.

All the delights and benefits of hot air, vapour, medicated, & perfumed baths, can be enjoyed privately at home. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness or is so effectual in establishing and maintaining health and vigour. It can be used in any room and folds into a small compact space when not in use.

Send for Bath Book It is free.

J. FOOT & SON,
DEPT. C.B. 3,
171 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

RINGS

FOR years HYLANDS have been manufacturing and selling rings—rings of every conceivable shape and pattern—rings set with stones of every kind—Wedding Rings, Keeper Rings, Engagement Rings, Dress Rings, Mourning Rings. The workmanship in every ring is Hylands' own—the very best for finish and durability.

Whatever your purse—if you want a good ring for the money, get it at Hylands', at actual factory cost.

The best way is to first write for the free illustrated catalogue.

Department A,
HYLANDS, Ltd.,
32, Cheapside, London, E.C.
Established over 100 Years.

BABY CARS.

Buy direct and save Shop Profits. Easy Payments from **3/6** monthly. Lowest Prices for Cash. Sent on approval, carriage paid. Splendid new Catalogue—send for it.

DIRECT PUBLIC SUPPLY CO.,
COVENTRY.

Shorthand

SD

May we send you a booklet? We want to prove to you that the Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study, is legible as print, and produces the highest speeds.—**BOOKLET DEPT., SLOAN-DUPLOYAN COLLEGE, RAMSGATE.**

59 AND NOT A WRINKLE.

I have removed mine, and will remove yours, and guarantee you a Youthful Complexion. Particulars of a "guaranteed cure" sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials—genuine under a penalty of £1,000.

MADAME S. M. ELISE, 72, New Bond Street, LONDON.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

RECOMMENDS

Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles

(Broncho-Laryngeal) for Throat, Voice, and Chest. In Throat and Bronchial troubles their effect is most excellent. For Speakers, Singers, Teachers, Auctioneers, and Travellers, PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES are a perfect boon all the year round. Sold only in boxes, **1/-** and **2/6**, by Chemists and Stores, or posted from **Proctor's Pinelyptus Depot, Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

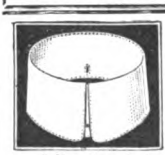
Are superior to all others for cleanliness, economy, and comfort.

May be obtained of all underclothing houses and chemists.

Two doz. No. 1 at 1s.; one doz. No. 2 at 1s.; one doz. No. 3 at 1/6, post free.

Mene Sanitary Towels

A Free Sample to any lady naming this Magazine. Miss G. HAYNES 55, Fann Street, London, E.C.



SIX FOR 2/- CASH WITH ORDER.

Why pay **8/6** per doz. when we can supply you with the **best Irish Manufactured 4-fold Collars,** any shape and any size, for **2/-** the half-dozen? Carriage paid. Order at once. Send old collar for size and shape, or simply state shape and size required. **All Collars are made to order.—J. & S. SAMUELS,** Shirt and Collar Manufacturers, 94, 96, 98, 100, London Road, Liverpool.

FREE. Write for Illustrated Catalogue with special prices and save **20** to **50** per cent.

NOSES AND EARS.

NOSES.—The only patent Nose Machines in the world. Improve ugly noses of all kinds. Scientific yet simple. Can be worn during sleep. Send stamped envelope for full particulars.

RED NOSES.—My long-established medically approved Treatment absolutely cures red noses. **3/9** post free. Foreign, **1/6** extra.

UGLY EARS.—My patent Rubber Ear Caps remedy ugly outstanding ears. Hundreds of successful cases. **7/6** post free. Foreign, **1/6** extra.

C. LEES RAY, 17a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

RUPTURE.

Dr. Pierce's *Electric Truss* is a Marvel. Nothing like it. Best Retainer on earth and a *Genuine Cure* for Rupture. World-renowned. 27 improvements. If ruptured, send a stamp (any sort) for our BOOKLET. **Call or Write** *to-day:* **MAGNETIC E. TRUSS CO., Nos. 11 & 12, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.** *Mention "Strand Magazine."*

The "FOOT-SHAPE" Boot

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES:

Shape of the Foot INSIDE.
Most Up-to-date Style OUTSIDE.

IMPORTANT.—These Boots can only be obtained by sending direct to our Works at NORTHAMPTON.

Every pair of boots sent out is exactly same style and pattern as the accompanying illustration, but to meet the requirements of different people we supply different leathers as follows:—

Stock No. 1630.—Box Calf Uppers, linen lined, English leather soles.
Stock No. 1430.—**Brown** Willow Calf Uppers, linen lined, English leather soles.
Stock No. 1730.—Glacé Kid Uppers, linen lined, English leather soles.
Stock No. 1230.—Kid Leg, Horse-skin Golosh Uppers, **leather lined,** English leather soles.

Price **12/6** Post Free.

Solid Leather. Hand Finished.

First-class Workmanship Guaranteed.

We can supply any of the following sizes by return of post:—
Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, **1/-** extra). Every size made in three different widths, 3 fitting (narrow), 4 fitting (medium), 5 fitting (wide). This means the width across joint and instep.

When ordering, please quote stock number, and state the size and fitting you require.

Foreign Orders.—Most Colonies **2/6** extra; South Africa, **3/6** extra.

Fully Illustrated Boot Catalogues Post Free upon application.

W. BARRATT & CO.,
Men's Boot Specialists, **Sterling Shoe Works, NORTHAMPTON.**

The Housewife

who lives at a distance from shopping centres is often at a loss how to obtain the best household articles without a trip to the city; not so with

ELECTRO *Plate Powder* SILICON

Simply send your address by postcard for
FREE TRIAL PACKET.
At Grocers and Stores 6d. per box.
Post free on receipt of price.
Fassett & Johnson, Agents, 32 Snow Hill, London, E.C.

THE BEST
OIL COOKING STOVES
in the WORLD.

Patent *Prize Gold Medal.*

THE "ALBIONETTE"

Universally acknowledged to be PERFECTION IN HOUSEHOLD COOKERY.

The EASIEST, CLEANEST, and CHEAPEST.

ONE-THIRD the cost of COAL or GAS.

Unsolicited Testimonials are being continually received. Illustrated Catalogue and name of nearest Agent post free on application to the SOLE Manufacturers:

"Rippingille's" Albion Lamp Coy., Ltd.,
ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM; or
6 & 7, Stonecutter Street, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Established 1872. (33 years' Reputation for Excellence.)

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH LABOUR.

★ COSTS LITTLE—WORTH MUCH.

Rubie
CARLSBAD

ACTS on the Liver and flushes the Kidneys. Cools the Blood, clears out the Bile, frees the Uric Acid, and cleanses the Stomach in a natural manner. A dose taken in the morning before breakfast acts immediately after. Of all chemists.

SOLD IN PACKETS 2d. EACH.

7 in a Box **1/-.** *ANY CHEMIST CAN SUPPLY; or a box, post free,* **1/-** *from*

THE RUBIE LABORATORY, Ilford, London.
FREE Sample Packet on receipt of stamp.

Not all the good Machines are
TRIUMPH CYCLES
But all the BEST ones are.
Prices from
£6-14-9 to £15-17-6
Or by Gradual Payments from 10/8 Monthly.

WRITE FOR THE TRIUMPH ART CATALOGUE AND NOVELTY POCKET PENCIL, POST FREE.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd. (Dept. O), COVENTRY.
ESTABLISHED 1885.
LONDON: 4–5, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
LEEDS: 4, King Edward Street.
MANCHESTER: 30, Deansgate Arcade.

THE ADAPTA TABLE

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, revolved, or tilted either way. Extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it. An ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. Change of position is effected simply by pressing the patent push button at the top of standard. It cannot swing round or over-balance. A modern Home Comfort, instantly adjustable to a score or more of convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

PRICES:

No. 1. Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top	£1	5 0
No. 2. Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders *(as Illustrated)* ..	1	12 6
No. 3. Complete as No. 2, but superior finish ..	2	2 0
No. 4. Complete as No. 2, but Nickel-Plated and Polished Metal Parts	3	0 0

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Money returned in full if not satisfied.

J. FOOT & SON (Dept. A.T. 3),
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

FREE

A Lady's Dainty Fancy
HANDKERCHIEF
(Real Irish Cambric)
will be given to every reader of *The Strand Magazine* sending stamp for postage of our *Illustrated List and Samples.*
British Linen Co., Oxford Street, London.

SOLD **LANCASTERS' CAMERAS.** **SOLD**
EVERY KIND.
Roll and Flat Film Hand and Stand Cameras, 2/6 to £25.
400,000
Catalogues Free.
Buy from the Manufacturers,
J. LANCASTER & SON, LD., BIRMINGHAM

From **5/-** Monthly.

Sample £10-10 Cycle for Cash, £4-15.
Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel (as advertisement), carriage paid.
CYCLES £2 10s. to £15 15s.
Agents Wanted. Big Commission. List Free.
DEREHAMROAD CYCLE CO., NORWICH.

STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA

For **13/9** carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland) we will forward direct from the factory this charming and superior China Tea Service in Peacock Blue and Gold (sample cup and saucer for twelve stamps). Please do not forget it will be carriage paid and carefully packed. A beautiful and lasting present. Contents:—

12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Plates, 2 Cake Plates, 1 Slop, 1 Cream Jug.
40 PIECES.

For **18/6** we will forward, carriage paid (2/- extra Scotland or Ireland), this complete Dinner Service. Lovely new design in Peacock Blue, 36 Plates (3 sizes), 5 Meat Dishes, 2 Covered Vegetable Dishes, 1 complete Sauce Tureen with Ladle and Stand, and 1 Butter Boat. If required, we can add a Soup Tureen (full size) and 12 Soup Plates for 9/- extra. Don't forget, carriage paid. On goods for export we pay carriage to English port and ship at lowest rates. Buy china fresh and bright from the potteries.

Our No. 8 Catalogue, a real work of art, containing numerous illustrations of Tea, Coffee, Dinner, Dessert, and Chamber Services, is now ready, and will be sent to any address FREE to intending purchasers.

Please mention THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Badged and Crested Ware for Schools, Clubs, Hotels, etc.

HASSALL & CO.,
CHARLES STREET, HANLEY (Staffordshire Potteries).

£100 TO £350
LOCAL GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS
Salaries £100 to £350 a year. Numerous successes. Men over 21 wishing to become Inspectors of Weights and Measures can obtain full particulars of these appointments and the Board of Trade examination from INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, Oakham, Rutland.

GRATIS TO EVERY LADY
HOSEZENE
..THE..
"PERFECT" SANITARY TOWEL.
With Girdle to Fit any Waist
(free by post).
The "HOSEZENE" Co., Nottingham.

EUCHRYMEO
HIDE YOUR FACE
if you neglect your skin, or use **Euchrymeo** and face the world. *Post Free* **1/3** *&* **3/-** *from*
Euchrymeo Co., 16, Parade, Leamington
London Agency: WILCOX & Co., 49, HAYMARKET.

Liquozone Cost £20,000

Yet We Give You a 2s./3d. Bottle Free.

This Company has paid £20,000 for the British rights to Liquozone. We have done this after Liquozone had been tested for five years, through physicians and hospitals and in thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. It has been amply proved that Liquozone does in germ diseases what nothing else known can do.

Now we want the sick to know it. We want those who need this help to have it, and at once. So we shall give one million bottles—our regular 2s. 3d. bottles—free to a million sick ones. If you need it, we will give one to you. The product itself will do more to convince you than all the testimonials, all the arguments that we ever print.

Not Medicine.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid which does much of what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalising, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of £250 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. Liquozone is almost certain. Diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone. And it cures diseases which medicine never cures.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anæmia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Liver Troubles
Bright's Disease	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula
Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumours—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitaliser, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

A 2s./3d. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then post you an order on a local chemist for a 2s. 3d. bottle, which he will give you, on our account, to try. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 1/1½, 2/3, and 4/6.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and post it in a sealed envelope under a penny stamp to the British Liquozone Co., Ltd., 60, Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

279 Give full address—write plainly.

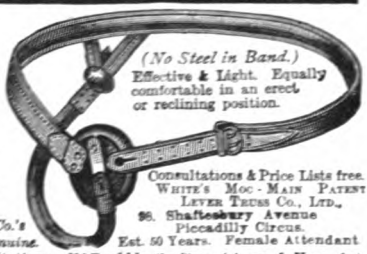
Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN.

WHITE'S Patent LEVER MOC-MAIN TRUSS

SCIATIC, RIDING, & other BELTS

All Kinds of ELASTIC GOODS.



(No Steel in Band.)
Effective & Light. Equally comfortable in an erect or reclining position.

Consultations & Price Lists free.
WHITE'S MOC-MAIN PATENT LEVER TRUSS CO., LTD.,
96, Shaftesbury Avenue
Piccadilly Circus.
Est. 50 Years. Female Attendant.

Insist on having White's Truss. Those bearing the Co.'s name are alone genuine. All others are imitations. NOT sold by the Stores (Army & Navy, &c.).

KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

Prince's Polishing Powder "THE KINGS OWN"

THE BEST FOR CLEANING
Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold in 6d. and 1/- Boxes.

ESTAB. 1875.

Sixpenny Sample Box post free for six stamps.
9 Clerkenwell Rd., London.
Of all Chemists and Stores.

Gentlewoman's 'K' SHOES

12/6
13/6

Gentlewoman's 'K' Boots
Lace or Button, 15/6, 16/6.

. . ALSO . .

Everybody's 'K' Boots
For Gentlemen, 14/9, 15/9

Of all 'K' Agents.

FOR NEAREST AGENT WRITE TO—
'K' Boot Manufacturers, KENDAL.

DO YOU KNOW

That ruptures are being cured every day by the Rice method without pain, danger, operation, or loss of time from work? Do you know what the Rice method is? If you don't it is a duty you owe yourself to find out what it is at once. You doubtless know from experience how the steel trusses cut and chafe and allow the rupture to escape and cause you intense pain during the warm weather. Do you want to wear them another Summer? Why don't you have your rupture cured and dispense with the truss entirely? Mr. J. Hubbard, Great Paxton, St. Neots, Hunts., is 67 years of age, and had been ruptured for 20 years. He tried the Rice method of cure, and now does his work without wearing any truss. The Rice method is fully described in a book which will be sent free upon application to **W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist, (Dept. 2400), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.** Don't put off writing for it until more convenient time. Do it now before you forget the address.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE HAIR

UNSURPASSED.
UNEQUALLED.

Use it for your own and your children's hair, and you will find it Preserves, Nourishes, Enriches, and Restores it more effectually than anything else.

Golden Colour for fair or grey hair.

Internal Medicines which cause nausea and irritation cannot possibly have the effect of Preserving and Strengthening the hair.

Bottles, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6. Sold by Stores, Hairdressers, & ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

THE ENTIRE STOCK of NORMAN & STACEY Ltd. PURCHASED ····· FOR · CASH ····

NOW BEING OFFERED AT ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

BEING IN MANY · INSTANCES ONE HALF TO ONE THIRD OFF ORIGINAL PRICES.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST · FREE

OETZMANN & CO

HAMPSTEAD ROAD. W.

CONTINUATION NORTH OF TOTTENHAM-COURT Rd

15/9

WILTON PILE CARPETS

Superfine Quality .. **5/6** per yard.
Norman & Stacey's price 10/6 ,,

AXMINSTER PILE CARPETS

4/11 per yard.
Norman & Stacey's price 7/6 per yard.

Solid Fumigated Oak Dining-Room Chairs, with cushion seats of antique-finished cowhide, **£1 17s. 6d.**

Polished Oak Liqueur Frame, fitted with nickel-plated top bar and three fine full-size cut-glass bottles, **£1 7s. 6d.**; original price, £2 7s. 6d.

Stained Chippendale Mahogany colour Palm Stand, fitted with removable brass lining, **8/6.**

MESSRS. NORMAN & STACEY'S · SYSTEM · OF · DEFERRED · PAYMENTS · WILL · BE · EXTENDED TO CUSTOMERS · DESIROUS · OF · AVAILING · THEMSELVES · OF · IT · WHEREBY · PURCHASES · OF · £20 · AND · UPWARDS · MAY · BE PAID FOR OUT OF INCOME ·····

CARRON

GARDEN Furnishings

Sold by all Ironmongers.

Absolutely the best that can be produced. Made of the right material by a firm with an unbroken experience of a century-and-a-half in the manufacture of Iron Goods. Used everywhere by everybody, because they do their work efficiently and are so substantially and carefully made. Carron Goods cost no more than unknown makes.

GARDEN SEATS and ROLLERS, LAWN BORDERS, FRAMES, RAILINGS, &c. Carron Products include every description of Iron work for the Cottage, Mansion, Hotel or Institution—Cooking Ranges, Grates, Stoves, Stable Fittings, Baths, Gates, Railings, &c., &c.

Write for Catalogue No. 36.

CARRON COMPANY · ESTO PERPETUA · FOUNDED 1759 · INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1773 ·

CARRON COMPANY,

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1773).

CARRON, Stirlingshire, N.B.

SHOWROOMS AND AGENCIES IN LONDON (CITY AND WEST END).

Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Birmingham, Dublin and Southampton.

Hamilton's Irish Homespuns

Every Fibre is pure wool—best pure wool, as poor material cannot withstand the process of hand spinning and hand weaving. Better material for outdoor and general wear it is impossible to procure; and, as to its smartness and fashionableness, see lists of our patrons on pages 29 and 31 in "The White House Budget." Please write for a copy, also patterns.

1/9 per yard. Sold by the yard, or in costumes and suits, made to measure and tailor-made. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Address:

THE WHITE HOUSE, DESK 42, DEPOT FOR IRISH PEASANT INDUSTRIES, PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

The whole Treatment for 3/-, Ointment, Tablets, and Soap.

HERE IT IS. TRY IT.

ECZEMA, RASHES,

Pimples, Spots, Sores, Ringworm, Chaps, Chilblains, Rough Skin, BAD LEGS,

CURED by the

ECZOLINE

TREATMENT.

STOPS ALL IRRITATION AT ONCE.
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

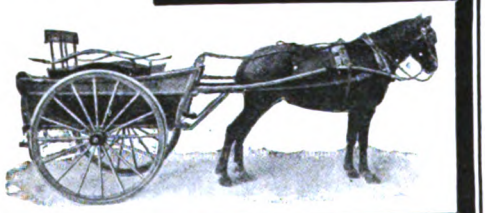
A Gentleman writes: "My sister was troubled for 20 years with Eczema; she only used half a pot when she was absolutely cured." A Lady states: "Your pots are worth 20/- each. I was cured when I had been sent home from the hospital as incurable." Ointment, **1**, **1½**, **2/9**, **4/6**. Tablets same price. Soap, **6d.** per cake; Shaving Stick, **6d.** Of any Chemist, or **HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, Eng.** Animal Eczoline same price, but Soap **1/-** per lb. Book, "How to Cure Eczema," **1d.**

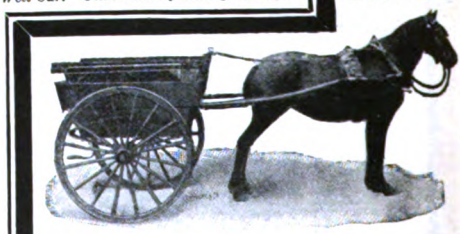
£15 15s

J. B. HUXLEY & CO., COACH BUILDERS, WHITCHURCH, SALOP.

Estab. 1850. Gold Medal Award. Inventors of the Well Car. Under distinguished patronage.

£12 12s





We beg to call attention to our special lines in Luggage Floats and Governess Cars, as shown above. Over 700 of these have already been sold. Fitted with Lancewood Shafts and Warner Wheels, Patent Turn-Over Seats; all warranted and sent on approval by expenses being paid, carriage being refunded if approved. **Anyone purchasing one of these special lines can have half cost refunded if returning vehicle in good condition within twelve months.** Rubber Tyres, £4 4 0 extra. Harness, £5 5 0 per set. Please send for list.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LD., BELFAST,
REGENT ST. & CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Carriage Paid on Orders of 20/- upwards in United Kingdom.

IRISH

Collars—Gentlemen's four-fold from **4/11** per dozen.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from **5/11** per dozen.

PRICE LISTS POST FREE. **COLLARS,** *Write for Samples of Damasks, &c.*

CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

Matchless Shirts. Fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Pure Linen Fronts, **35/6** per ½-doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

Manufacturers to His Gracious Majesty the King.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

The Stuff That Makes The World Go Round.

This is how Champagne is defined in that chic little brochure

'THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY'

Here are a few specimen definitions:

ALCOHOL: A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.
BIRTHDAY: Anniversary of one's birth observed only by men and children.
MANNERS: A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.
MINE: A hole in the ground owned by a liar.

"Breezy and frivolous," says THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Order from your bookseller or bookstall, **3s. 6d.** net.

London: DEAN & SON, Ltd., 160a, Fleet St., E.C.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Contents for June, 1905.

The rights of translation and reproduction in the contents of this number are strictly reserved.

FRONTISPIECE: "WE MET THEM AT THE SWORD'S POINT."

PAGE.
603 LAFAYETTE: AND THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WAS HIS FRIEND.
By MAX PEMBERTON. CHAPTERS XIII.—XVI. *Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

617 ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH! A NOVEL PRIZE COMPETITION. *Illustrations* from Pictures.

621 RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOHEMIAN.—II.
By M. STERLING MACKINLAY, M.A. OXON. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

626 THE LAST OF THE CARRAWAYS.
By J. J. BELL. *Illustrations* by L. RAVEN-HILL.

633 LONDON'S LARGEST LANDLORDS.
By ARTHUR T. DOLLING. *Illustrations* from Diagrams.

639 THE HOUSE BY THE VAULTS.
By FLORENCE WARDEN. *Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.

651 SOME RECENT REMARKABLE INVENTIONS. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

657 THE STORY OF A NIGHTINGALE.
By S. L. BENSUSAN. *Illustrations by* A. GUACCIMANNI.

664 HOW FITZ-DENNIS LIFTED THE CUP.
By BASIL TOZER. *Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM.

670 ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS. LXXXIII.—EARL NELSON AND TRAFALGAR.
By BECKLES WILLSON. *Illustrations* from Paintings, Sketches, and Photos.

679 "STORY-TELLING." By WINIFRED GRAHAM. *Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.

685 TRIPS ABOUT TOWN. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
IV.—ROUND ST. GEORGE IN THE EAST. *Illustrations* by T. H. ROBINSON.

692 CAPTAINS ALL. By W. W. JACOBS. *Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.

700 THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS. By P. F. WARNER. *Illustrations* from Photos.

705 THE AMULET. A STORY FOR CHILDREN.
By E. NESBIT. *Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.

714 HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. HIS METHODS OF AMUSING CHILDREN.
By RIGMOR BENDIX. *Illustrations* from Paper Designs.

716 CURIOSITIES. *Illustrations* from Photographs.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE *is Printed and Published monthly by the Proprietors,* GEORGE NEWNES, *Limited,* 3 *to* 12, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year,* 10*s. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Cases for binding any volume of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may be obtained to order from Booksellers for* 1*s., or post free for* 1*s.* 3*d., direct from the Office.*
American Agents: The International News Company, 83 *and* 85, *Duane Street, New York.*
MSS. and Drawings must be submitted at the owner's risk, and the Editor will not guarantee their safety, though when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return them. MSS. should be typewritten.

TO LIBRARIES, HOTELS, CLUBS, AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—A Reading Case for this Magazine can be had, post free, on application to the Publisher, GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Why buy Shop-made Pastry!

It is so easy to make your own Pastries, Jam Sandwiches, Shortbread, Scones, Tarts, Tea Cakes, Little Dinner Loaves, etc., with

Brown & Polson's

RAISING POWDER

"Paisley Flour"

Even first attempts are most successful. Try it next baking day. 7d. or 3½d. packets from any grocer.

DANGEROUS HABITS!

FREEDOM from the Insidious Slavery of DRINK and DRUGS!

Mr. W. T. STEAD, writing in the April issue of the *Review of Reviews*, says of the Keeley Cure: "If I were to become a drunkard or even to feel any inclination in that direction, I think I should tell my friends I was going to take a month's holiday in a place where I did not want to be bothered with letters, and shutting myself up in the (Keeley) Institute in West Bolton Gardens, I should not reappear until I had rid my system of the last trace of the craving for alcohol. . . . . There is no doubt that it can be done. It is being done to-day. Nor does there seem to be any reason to fear failure when the victim seeks the Institute with a genuine desire to rid himself of the clinging curse."

This is Mr. Stead's view of the work of the Keeley Cure as he has seen it.

The Keeley Cure is endorsed by the Rev. Canon Fleming, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King, Prebendary of York, and Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

It is also endorsed by Lord Braye, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and Mr. W. Hind Smith of the Y.M.C.A. movement.

It has the recommendation of thousands of distinguished publicists.

It has the evidence of thousands of victims of a clinging curse who, once and for all, have struck off their fetters, through the methods of Dr. Keeley.

The value of a drink or drug treatment is its effect. Does it cure?

Distinguished men say the Keeley Treatment cures, finally and absolutely.

Patients year by year prove by the beauty of their lives that there is a victor over the degradations of evil habits.

It is the Keeley Cure for Inebriety—the best and simplest known.

The patient must join voluntarily. The Keeley Institute is not a prison or an inebriates' home.

The patient is free to go in and out of the house just as he likes. There is no confinement.

The patient is in every respect just as free as he would be in a good-class hotel.

Only, he is treated for drink and drugs, and the craving for them which has grown from appetite to disease is eradicated.

Not to come back in a week, or a month, or a year.

Not to come back at all, unless the patient sets up the habit deliberately, starting as a boy starts, with a system innocent of a demand for alcohol.

Everyone interested should investigate. Enquiries, treated in strict confidence, should be addressed—

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,

9, West Bolton Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W.

Mention this Magazine.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings. Reliable, Economical.

The Best in the World.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—Lancet.

Manufactory: LONDON, W.C.

Everyone Eats and Enjoys

mustard with beef, but not everybody knows that it is just as suitable for use with mutton and that it imparts a very agreeable flavour to that meat.

Colman's Mustard

PLASMON

30 Times More Nutritious than Milk.

Braces the Nerves.

Aids Digestion.

Invigorates the System.

Makes Delicious Whipped Cream and Hundreds of Dainty and Nutritious Dishes.

All Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, 9d.

1/- Cookery Book, post free for two stamps. 56, Duke Street, London.

KOPS . . Lime-Juice Cordial . .

is made from the juice of the finest West Indian Fruit.

COOLS & PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

The Best Possible Quality at the Lowest Possible Price.

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, and Stores.

KOPS, FULHAM, S.W. MANCHESTER and BIRMINGHAM.

ECONOMICAL!

Some polishes perceptibly "sink." But JUST A SMEAR AND A RUB of

WREN'S BOOT POLISH

and a gloss of beauty is produced! **Half** the stuff, **half** the labour, **twice** the effect! Used in all the principal regiments.

Send 7½d. in stamps for samples (black and brown), and put them to the test!

WREN & CO., NORTHAMPTON.

A PIANO-PLAYER for £28.

We are selling a Piano-Player which, at **£28** net cash, is equal if not superior to many sold at nearly double. Everything essential will be found in this player. Further particulars free from IMHOF & MUKLE, 110, New Oxford St., London, W.C. *Also Easy Payment System.*

DOUBLE THE VALUE OF YOUR GRAMOPHONE

To get the very best results out of your Gramophone, you should use our

SEAMLESS TRUMPET.

You will be agreeably surprised at the difference these trumpets make—the total absence of seams precludes all possibility of that jarring sound which is so annoying. In addition the **FINENESS OF TONE** is immensely increased. A purchaser writes: "Your large Seamless Horn is highly satisfactory. It produces **the best possible result** from a record, and I cannot imagine anything **more perfect** in the way of Horns.—Dec. 29, 1904."

Obtainable **ONLY** *from* **IMHOF & MUKLE, 110, New Oxford St., London, W.C.**

Records, which can be had on approval, can be heard by ringing up Telephone No. 3,684 Central. Send for Illustrated Price List.

CRICKET.

WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIAL GUARANTEED.

OUR BATS are the outcome of many years' experience at Cricket, and for shape, driving power, balance, and general excellence, we claim, cannot be equalled, and are built by the most skilled Batmakers in the Trade.

PRICES
From ***5/6***
To ***21/-.***

FREE.
Write for Art Catalogue, No. 2 Gives Prices and Full Description of Our Goods.

BATTING GLOVES.
Rubber-faced Grip.
In White Mock Buck or Tan Leather.
MODERATE PRICES.

CRICKET BALLS.
Wear very hard, and retain their shape to the last. Prices from ***3/6*** upwards.

All Kinds of Athletic Goods Manufactured.

A. G. SPALDING & Bros., 53, 54, & 55, Fetter Lane (Holborn end), LONDON.

Tempus Fugit

TIME flies when you are indulging in a FLOR DE DINDIGUL Cigarette, all tobacco leaf (no paper). Those little everyday worries are clean forgotten under its sweet influence—those irritating waiting minutes, such as

WAITING FOR TRAINS,
WAITING FOR FRIENDS,
WAITING AT THEATRES, Etc.,

are filled in happily by smoking FLOR DE DINDIGUL Cigarettes, which are far more satisfying and gratifying than any paper Cigarette, being made of all tobacco leaf (no paper). 10 Gold Medals awarded for excellence. On sale at all good tobacconists, 1d. each, 8/- per 100. Importer:

BEWLAY, 49, STRAND.
Established 1780.

Try a Pipe
OF
MY TOBACCO
It's I know you'll like it
PLAYER'S
Navy
Mixture

SOLD IN
TWO STRENGTHS
MILD 5d Per oz. MEDIUM 4½d Per oz.

P. & R.

MESSRS JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM, will forward testing samples post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

IT is a very interesting fact in connection with the Pianola that it raises the standard of one's musical taste.

We can trace this by comparing the requisitions received from subscribers to the music library. Frequently the Pianola owner starts by selecting Rag times, and Popular music; later a Liszt Rhapsodie, or a piece of Moszkowski, or one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" is asked for, until finally the list is composed almost entirely of music of the best class. The truth of the matter is, that many people do not appreciate classical music because they have never had the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with it. It is, of course, different with those who possess Pianolas, for the world's music becomes known to them.

Although this advertisement deals with the Pianola's educational uses, it must not be supposed that it is the instrument's only charm. It interests and entertains, and as a social factor it is equally valuable.

The achievement of the Metrostyle Pianola is not even attempted by any other piano-player. It would interest you. Call!

Write for Catalogue F.

Orchestrelle Co.,

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Feel Baby's Flesh

A Frame-Food Baby has very firm flesh, because Frame-Food is rich in the proteids, potash, and phosphorus from wheat.

These are the Flesh Formers.

Now most infant foods are too fattening. They make babies Flabby.

This is unhealthy, because too much fat uses up Reserve Strength. The best test is—Feel Baby's Flesh.

You can tell a Frame-Food Baby.

He has fine limbs.

Because Frame-Food feeds the bones as well as the flesh.

Mothers say so, and so do Medical Authorities. Write to-day for book containing mothers' letters and medical opinions. This book gives much important advice about the care of children and will be a REAL HELP to you as a mother.

We will forward a free sample tin if you will send a penny stamp but please mention this magazine. Or get a 16-oz. tin, price 1s., from your grocer or chemist to-day, and start at once to give your child firm flesh, firm legs, and a firm hold on life. Address—

FRAME-FOOD

The Famous Factory, Southfields, London, S.W.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World Famed Blood Purifier and Restorer.

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY

for all Skin and Blood Diseases. If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials have been received from all parts of the world. A recent case is given below :—

WONDERFUL CURE OF ECZEMA.—Dear Sirs,—After long suffering from Eczema, being so bad I could not get on my feet for weeks, I was persuaded by my sons to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, which they purchased for me. I am so pleased to tell you the result. After taking several bottles I am able to walk out to work and home again at night in pleasure and comfort, although I am sixty-five years of age. I feel so grateful to you for my cure that I should like the public to know of it, and will answer any enquiries.—Yours truly, CHARLES MORTOCK, Grazeley, Newmarket.

This Mixture is pleasant to the taste and guaranteed free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex from infancy to old age.

REMEMBER: Clarke's Blood Mixture has permanently cured thousands of cases of **Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Blood Poison, Glandular Swellings, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples,** and **Skin and Blood Diseases** of every description. Of all Chemists and Stores, **2/9** and **11/-** per bottle.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THINGS OF THE PAST !!

SHORT-LEG

Effectually Concealed.

UNSIGHTLY HIGH BOOTS ABOLISHED.

Appliances supplied to the War Office, Principal Hospitals, etc.

Gold Medals & Awards obtained, London, Paris, Chicago, etc.

FLAT-FOOT.

THE NEW PATENT ARCH SUPPORT CAN BE ADAPTED TO RELIEVE ANY CASE OF FLAT FOOT.

Pamphlet Free on mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE. State particulars of case.

Address:—**THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,**

Surgical Appliance Makers to His Majesty's Government,

2, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE ELLIMAN R.E.P. (RUBBING EASES PAIN) HAND BOOK.

256 Pages Illustrated.
Cloth Board Covers.

What's the Matter?

A Knowledge of its Contents causes the **Elliman R.E.P. Book** to be kept upon the table for ready reference in **Massage** treatment, affections arising from taking cold, rheumatism, sprains, common ailments, first aid in accidents, hygiene of the athlete, &c. (256 *pag s illustrated*).

"It is an excellent example of concise and able writing, some 300 subjects being dealt with, and the book is full of diagrams, and recipes, and sound information, and of a handy size." *Stage* (London).

Four Ways of obtaining the **Elliman R.E.P. Book.**

1. Order at the Railway Bookstalls, 1s. net.
2. Order of your Chemist, 1s. net.
3. Order of Elliman, Sons and Co., Slough, Eng., 1s. post free to all parts of the world (*Foreign Stamps accepted*).
4. Upon terms to be found upon a label affixed to the outside of the back of cartons containing

1s 1½d., 2s 9d., Elliman's Universal Embrocation.

ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

Be Young Always.

SINCE arrangements of a business nature were completed by Mr. Geo. R. Sims by which the world might benefit by his discovery of "Tatcho" for the growth of the hair, hundreds of thousands have paid tribute to him for his remarkable specific. Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their berths to their being able to keep their hair in a youthful and wholesome condition. Unconsciously many men and women for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business career. Every year the cry

"TOO OLD AT FORTY"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who recently arrived from America to take the Chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that men should be chloroformed at sixty he was not seriously taken. From the point of view of being able to make a living, how true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

CHLOROFORMED AT FORTY,

because the man is bald or showing a tendency that way, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it. The aptest simile that can be applied to hair-growing is that just as your harvest is reckoned by the seed you sow in the ground, so will your hair be reckoned by the remarkable grower "Tatcho" rubbed into the roots.

THE DISCOVERER OF "TATCHO."
Photo. by Lewis, Eastbourne.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

Now to answer all argument, to let "Tatcho" show for itself what it can do, and to familiarize the public with it on terms within the reach of all, the company have empowered their Chief Chemist to supply all applicants with

A FULL-SIZE 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO" CARRIAGE PAID FOR 1/10.

This is tantamount to giving money away, but what is its bearing on the object the company have in view, *i.e.*, the placing of the genuine article on the toilet table of even the poorest in the land? Just this: that each user becomes a living testimonial to the powers of "Tatcho." A hundred thousand such users are of infinitely greater service than a hundred thousand pounds spent in press publicity. It is to this saving in publicity that the public owe the benefit of being able to obtain "Tatcho" on this mutually beneficial arrangement. Such is the company's faith in the possibilities of Mr. Sims's discovery. The present offer is made solely to convince you. The rest is in your hands.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE SPACE PROVIDED AND SEND WITH POSTAL ORDER 1/10 AND YOU WILL RECEIVE CARRIAGE PAID A FULL-SIZE 4/6 BOTTLE OF MR. GEO. R. SIMS'S "TATCHO."

.....

.....

S.M. VI., '05. Rt. Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

"TATCHO," Non-Oily, a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. **"TATCHO," Oily,** a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "Tatcho," Non-Oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair. **"TATCHO"** is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter, or any ingredient harmful to the scalp. **"TATCHO"** is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.**

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

EVERY WOMAN

Should wear a . . . . DOMEN BELT-CORSET. It ensures a GRACEFUL FIGURE combined with healthy and comfortable support. Especially suited to those inclined to CORPULENCY.

Our ABDOMINAL BELTS give support without pressure, and are largely recommended by physicians and surgeons throughout the country.

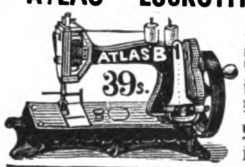
Testimonials received daily from grateful wearers.

Write for Illustrated Price List (No. 15 D) of Belts and Belt-Corsets.

Sent free on application to

DOMEN BELTS COMPANY,
456, Strand, London, W.C.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Four years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for Terms, Designs, Samples of Work.—**Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 186z, High Street, Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Road, and 14, High Road, Kilburn.

Stone's Cream

Servants cry for it.

WHY?

BECAUSE it is so easy to use.

BECAUSE it gives a perfect polish to all Wooden Furniture, Papier Maché, and Japanned articles.

BECAUSE the polish is not soiled by finger marks.

BECAUSE it is pleasant to the smell.

In Bottles at 6d., 1/-, and 2/6 each.

STONE & SON, Chemists, EXETER.

Stone's Cream

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE

FOR SKIN SCALP HAIR AND HANDS

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, complete **Treatment** for every Humour, from Pimples to Scrofula, are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props.

☞ Mailed Free, "How to Preserve, Purify, and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands."

Index to Advertisers.

PAGE.

ATHLETIC APPLIANCES, Etc.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell ... 28
Spalding Gold Medal Racket ... 56
Spalding & Bros. (Cricket Outfits) 74

BABY CARRIAGES.

Coventry Eagle Carriage Co. ... 43
Direct Supply Co. 64

BANKS AND INSURANCE.

Birkbeck Bank 46
Scottish Provident Institution Inset—part issue

BATH CABINETS.

Foot, J., & Son 64

BILLIARD TABLES.

Padmore, Thos., & Sons 14

BOOTS & SHOES, Etc.

Barratt, W., & Co. 65
Bespoke Boot Factory 5
British Boot Co. 36
Cherry Blossom Boot Polish ... 53
Combine Boot Tree 46
Davidson & Co. 42
"K" Boots 68
Livingston & Doughty Tred-Air Heel Cushion 43
Norris, G. 56
Norvic Boot 39
Patent Canvas Shoe Co. 6
Penna Heel 35
Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Rubberets) 5
Southall & Co., Leeds (Southall's Patent Boots) 3
Wood-Milne Rubber Heels ... 38
Wren's Boot Polish 73

CHINA.

Ceramic Art Co., Ltd. 31
China Street Pottery Co. 18
Fenton Pottery Co. 33
Hassall & Co. 66

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

Bewlay & Co., Ltd. (Flor de Dindigul) 74
Freeman, J. R., & Son (Darvel Bay) 17
Hecht (Cigarette Paper) 43

COACHBUILDERS.

Huxley, J. B., & Co. 70

CORSETS

Domen Belts 79
Izod, E., & Son, Ltd. 56
Knitted Corset and Clothing Co. 46

PAGE.

CUTLERY.

Hill's Razor Paste 34
Sheffield Goods Mfg. Supply Co. 3
Sprock's Razors ... ... Cover, 2
Star Safety Razor 49

CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Brown Bros. 18
Derehamroad Cycle Co. 66
Eadie Coaster Hub 29
Handsmobile 40
Lancer Cycles 27
Marston, John, Ltd. (Royal Sunbeam Bicycles) 7
Mead Cycle Co. 33
Micrometer Free Wheel 43
O'Brien Cycles 54
Rideasy Saddle 28
Royal Ajax Cycles... 34
Rudge-Whitworth 30
Singer & Co., Ltd.... 24
Triumph Cycles 65

DENTAL.

Browning, S. M. 44

DRESS MATERIALS, Etc.

Allen Foster & Co. 6
Apperly, Curtis (Hydea Cloth) ... 36
Egerton Burnett 1
Hamilton & Co. 70
Hodgson, F., & Sons 21
John Noble, Ltd. 4
Lewis's Velveteen 44
Victoria Costume Co. 62

EDUCATIONAL.

Clark's College 45
Electrical Engineer Institute ... 40
Empire College 54
Local Government Appointments 66
Harbutt's Plasticine 48
Page-Davis School... 1
Pitman's Metropolitan School ... 59
Skerry's College 37
Sloan-Duployan College 64
Stenotyper Co. 52

ENGRAVINGS, Etc.

Frost & Reed 41

FOUNTAIN PENS, INKS.

Burge, Warren, & Ridgley, Ltd. 33
Dichroic Ink (Bewley & Draper) 16
Jewel Pen Co. 8
John Bond's Marking Ink .. 24
Mather's Nigrine 52
Mynart & Co., Ltd., Fountain Pen 45
Swan Pen (Mabie, Todd, & Bard) 12
Waterman Pens 7

FURNITURE, Etc.

Foot, J., & Son 62, 66
Globe Furnishing Co. 37
Globe-Wernicke Co. 7
Hodkinson & Co., Ltd. (Blinds) 34

PAGE.

Midland Furnishing Co. 48
Oetzmann & Co. 69
Richards & Goodings 40
Riley, Chas.... 55
Stewart, A., & Co.... 44
Treloar & Sons 39
Wallace, Wm., & Co., Ltd. .. 17

GREENHOUSES, GARDEN APPLIANCES, Etc.

Carron Co. 69
Eureka Weed Killer 44
Green's Lawn Mowers 55

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

Nairn, N.B.... 54
Rothesay on the Clyde 49

HOSIERY, CLOTHING, Etc.

Barlow & Jones (Pyreno Underwear) ... ... Cover, 2
Bull's-Eye Braces 29
Cellular Shirts and Underwear ... 21
Cheapside Hosiery Co. 55
"Dolabel" Brace 14
Dr. Deimel Underwear 43
Excelda Handkerchiefs 52
Fox's Spiral Puttees 59
Imperial Supply Stores (Panama Hats) 37
London Glove Co. 13
Non-Flam Patent Safety Flannelette Co. 5
Parker's Collars 35
Pettigrew & Stephens 31
Phillips, J. C. (Collars) 36
Phyllis Featherbone Belt Frames 61
Robinson & Cleaver 70
Samuels, J. & S. 16, 64

HOTELS.

Hotel Cecil 83

HOUSEHOLD LINEN, CURTAINS, Etc.

British Linen Co. 66
Gorringe, H., & Co. 18
Moore's Linens 40
Peach & Sons 46

HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Adams's Furniture Polish... ... 14
Allan Jones's Step-ladders ... 45
Ashford, W. & G. 14
Chivers' Carpet Soap 50
Dazzleine Plate Polish 8
Electro Silicon Plate Powder ... 65
Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. 50
Globe Metal Polish 54
Goddard's Plate Powder 5
Izal Disinfectant 35
Keating's Powder 43
Lever Bros., Ltd. ... .. Inset
Matchless Metal Polish 63
Maypole Soap .. Inset—part issue
Patent Borax Co., Ltd. 29
Pearson's Antiseptic Co., Ltd. ... 63
Prince's Polishing Powder ... 68
Redford's Gloss 6
Sapon, Ltd. 35, 62

PAGE.

Seccotine 30
Stone's Furniture Cream 79
Terezol Furniture Polish 8
White Mountain Freezer 42

HYGIENIC APPLIANCES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, Etc.

Acousticon Patents, Ltd. 28
British Electric Medical Co. ... 45
Claxton, S. M. 48
Dr. A. Wilson Gibbs' Co. ... 16
Dr. F. Högyes Asbestos Socks ... 33
Dr. Pierce's Electric Truss ... 64
Lees Ray, C. 64
Norton, E. W. 14
O'Connor Extension Co. 77
Pond's Toe Spring 34
Pulvermacher 53
Rice, W. S. 68
Rowley Toilet Mask 42
White's Moc-Main Truss 68
Wilson Ear Drum 54

INVALID APPLIANCES.

Foot, J., & Son 8

MEDICAL.

Allen's Foot Ease 62
Antexema 20
Antipon Obesity Cure 47
Beecham's Pills ... ... Cover, 2
Burgess' Lion Ointment and Pills 46
Carter's Liver Pills... 34
Casumen 62
Clarke's Blood Mixture 77
Colenan's Wincarnis 36
Congreve's Elixir 46
Dr. Scott's Pills 39
Elliman's Embrocation 77
Eno's Fruit Salt 84
Fell Formula Association... ... 43
Hearne's Bronchitis Cure... ... 13
Hunter's Eczoline 70
Kaye's Pills 46
Keeley Treatment 72
Keith-Harvey (Deaf Cure) ... 51
Killcorn 16
Liquozone 67
Magic Foot Drafts 16
Murray, J. S. 18
Owbridge's Lung Tonic 48
Pond's Extract 8
Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles ... 64
Rubie Carlsbad 65
Seigel's Syrup 13
Singleton's Eye Ointment ... 29
Turvey Alcoholic Cure 27
Vibrona ... Inset—Part issue
Ward Chemical Co. 52
Zox Headache Powders 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ayvad's Water Wings 34
Johnson Bros., Ltd., Dyers ... 19
South, A., Tattooist 43

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Etc.

Angelus Piano-Player 52
Bord's Pianos ... ... Cover, 2
Boyd, Ltd. 16
Campbell's Melodeons 46
Imhof & Mukle 73
Oetzmann's Pianos... 36
Orchestrelle Co. 75

OPTICAL.

Ideal Sight Restorer 40

PAGE.

PATENT FOODS.

Allenburys' Food 3
Benger's Food 11
Frame-Food 76
Neave's Food 48
Somatose (The Bayer Co.) ... 19

PHOTOGRAPHY, Etc.

Kodak, Ltd.... 12
Lancaster, J., & Son, Ltd. ... 66
Quta Photo Machine Co. 2

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Ashikaga School of Jiu-Jitsu ... 14
Sandow 15
Vincent Bullen 21

PROVISIONS.

Bird's Custard Powder 23
Borwick's Baking Powder ... 73
Brown & Polson (Paisley Flour) 71
Cadbury's Cocoa ... ... Cover, 4
Carter's Lemon Syrup 1
Colman's Mustard 73
Eiffel Tower Lemonade 60
Epps's Cocoa 1
Farrow's Mushroom Ketchup ... 36
"Frenchman" Mocha Coffee ... 38
Fry's Cocoa ... Front Cover & 22
Hansen's Junket Tablets 50
Horner's Cream Cheese 52
Irish Curing Co. (Bacon)... ... 63
Kops Lime Juice Cordial... ... 73
Libby, McNeill, & Libby (Food Products) ... ... Cover, 3
Pearks' Tea 30
Peek, Frean, & Co.'s Biscuits ... 10
Plasmon 73
Poulton & Noel 33
Quaker Oats 57
Rouble Coffee Co. 44
"Skipper" Sardines 39
Triscuit and Shredded Wheat ... 39
Vegesalis Table Salt 37

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

C. B. Fry's Magazine 26
Dean & Son, Ltd. (The Foolish Dictionary) 70
Grand Magazine 32
Newnes' Handy Atlas 36
Sunday Strand 58
The Captain 82
Tit-Bits 60

SEWING & KNITTING MACHINES.

Atlas Sewing Machine Co. ... 79
Automatic Knitter Co., Ltd. ... 6
Foster, James 16
Sewing Machine Co. 42

STAMPS.

Cistafile Filing System 27

STATIONERY, Etc.

Rob Roy Pens 42
Smith, Frank (Oxford Postcards). 49

STOVES, GEYSERS, IRONMONGERY, Etc.

Maughan's Geysers 36
Rippingille's Stoves 65

PAGE.

SWEETMEATS, CONFECTIONERY, Etc.

Callard & Bowser 73
Ferguson's Rock 62
Mackenzie's Sweets 1
Mackenzie's Toffee 6
Mackintosh's Toffee 42

TAILORS.

Bloom, J. E., & Co. 25
Craig, Craig, & Co. 46

TOBACCO AND PIPES, Etc.

Clarke's, F., Cigar Lighter ... 34
Masta P. Pipe Co. 53
Player's Navy Mixture 74

TOILET.

Alexandre, S. T., "Shadeine" ... 37
Bazin's Depilatory 42
Berkeley & Pilling (Dulsoline) .. 62
Beyara Co. 18
Bond, Madame S. 50
Calvert's Toilet Soap 24
Capsuloid ... ...Inset—part issue
Cook, E., & Co., Ltd. (Soap) ... 1
Cuticura Soap 79
Edwards' Harlene 9
Elise, Mme. T. 64
Euchrymeo Co. 66
Eucryl Tooth Powder 52
Haynes, John (Hair Producer) ... 49
Herbaldine Co. 44
Hosezene Co. 66
Icilma Co., Ltd. 19
Jewsbury & Brown 56
Low, Robt. 34
Mene Sanitary Towels 64
Mennen's Toilet Powder 41
Necroceine 44
Oriental Fibre Tooth Brush ... 19
Pears' Soap ... ... Cover, 4
Peralia Perfumery Co. 63
Rogers Nursery Hair Lotion ... 50
Rowland's Macassar Oil 68
Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap ... 38
Tatcho 78
Temple, Helen C. 14
Thompson, R. H. (Hair Destroyer) 8

TRAVELLING REQUISITES, Etc.

Foot's Eureka Trunks 5

TYPEWRITERS AND ACCESSORIES.

Barlock Typewriter Co. 24
Blickensderfer 12
Empire Typewriter Co. 28
Practical Typewriter Co. 50
Taylor's, Ltd. 27

WATCHES & JEWELLERY, Etc.

Benson, J. W., Ltd. 49
Graves, J. G. 8
Hylands, Ltd. 64
Manufacturing Jewellers' Co. ... 59
Myers, John, & Co., Ltd.... ... 40
Purser & Sons 59
Richford & Co. 52
Samuel, H. 41
Waltham Watches 50
White, H., Manufacturing Co. ... 17

WINES & SPIRITS.

Black and White Whisky (Buchanan) 6
Dewar, J. H. 35
Doctor's Special Scotch Whisky (McNish's) 44

P. F. WARNER,
ATHLETIC EDITOR.

THE
CAPTAIN
For JUNE
6d.

Is entirely Edited by Experts on Athletics, Foreign Stamps, Cycling, Photography, Natural History, etc , etc.

P. F. WARNER
writes on
WICKET-KEEPERS OF TO-DAY,
AND
THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CRICKET CLUB,
Illustrated.

THE CHINESE PILOT.
Being an exciting Naval Yarn of to-day.
By GEORGE ELLBAR. Illustrated.

THE STAMPS OF BERMUDA.
By E. J. NANKIVELL. Illustrated.

TALES OF WRYKYN.
By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Being Public School Tales.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Concerning Lenses.
This Article will be read with great interest by all who take Photographs. It is fully Illustrated, and deals with what a Lens is, Forms of Lenses, Curvilinear Distortions, etc., etc.

AT HICKSONS.
Being Tales of Life in an American "Mixed" School.
By F. L. MORGAN.

CYCLING.
Some Precautions. Primitive Wheels. Cost of Re-plating. Experiments, etc , etc.
By A. WILLIAMS.

SHORT STORIES,
All Fully Illustrated,
IN THE
JUNE CAPTAIN,
Now Ready.

GEO. NEWNES, L'd., Southampton Street, London, England.

"Now then, you 'Captain' Cyclists."

"HOUSE FULL"

AT

Hotel Cecil

LONDON

Is often the answer (in spite of the unequalled capacity of the Hotel) that must be given to visitors who do not arrange for their accommodation beforehand during the London Season. This is further proof, if any be needed, of the way the comforts of the "Cecil" guests are studied by the management.

BEDROOMS.
Single from 5s. per day ...
Double from 9s. per day...

SUITES.
(Bedroom, Bath, & Sitting Room) from 25s. ...

No Charge for Light or attendance.

Breakfast, 2s. 6d. 3s., 3s. 6d.
Lunch, 3s. 6d. ... ...
Dinner, 5s. ... ...

In Table d'Hote Room, Indian Floor

Déjeuner, 5s. ... ...
Dîner, 7s. 6d., & 10s. 6d....
Souper, 5s. ... ...
or à la carte.

In Restaurant.

All Meals open to non-residents.
Inclusive Charges quoted if desired.

CECIL MOTOR GARAGE

The only first-class Hotel in London with a Garage on the Premises.
Free Garage for Visitors' Cars. All Accessories in Stock.
Nominal Charge for Cleaning. Reliable Cars for Hire.

The management will forward post free on application illustrated Booklet demonstrating the superiority of the Hotel Cecil accommodation, at the same time giving full details of the moderate tariff, together with a complete set of the "Hotel Cecil" Picture Postcards.

Telegrams - - "CECELIA," LONDON.

"Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew."—WHITTIER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!"—SHAKESPEARE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, *nor* to the most *precise, diligent*, and *prudent* boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, *to the boy who* should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN."—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude itself.

Plato Meditating on Immortality before Socrates, the Butterfly, Skull, and Poppy, about 400 B.C.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life. O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY of LIFE is immensely increased without such a simple precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

(READ THE PAMPHLET GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.)

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Tablones

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT

CURES and PREVENTS

INDIGESTION

WITH

FLATULENCE

AND

CONSTIPATION

THREE-QUARTERS of all cases of INDIGESTION are BOWEL INDIGESTION, that is, bread, potatoes, and other starchy foods are not digested in the bowel as they should be; fermentation with gases and consequently Flatulence, Constipation, Pain, Distress, etc., follow. TABLONES is the only medicine which will digest the starchy food, and therefore CURE BOWEL INDIGESTION, while also digesting eggs, meat, and other albuminous foods which are digested in the stomach, consequently TABLONES also CURE STOMACH INDIGESTION. TABLONES, therefore, stand alone as the only medicine which digests every kind of food. You can easily prove it. Try them and your Indigestion will disappear, as well as your Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness, etc. There can be no failure, because

TABLONES REMOVE THE CAUSE.

"NERVES" and INDIGESTION.

The action of TABLONES on NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, is ideal. In this most distressing ailment, the nerves which terminate in the stomach and bowels become so sensitive that undigested food, in the bowel, for instance, will influence the sensitive nerves which terminate in the stomach, and vice versa. Nothing but the most perfect digestion of every particle of food throughout the whole alimentary tract will give these tender and troublesome nerves the perfect rest which alone will allow them to improve, but TABLONES do even more than this. They have a remarkably gentle strengthening effect upon those nerves, so that any person suffering from this ailment will not only find immediate relief from the pain and distress, but will find rapid improvement in the tone and strength of the nerves, and soon of the whole system. No other similar preparation has ever been discovered, and the action of TABLONES is so gentle and perfect that already

COPYRIGHT. **THOUSANDS OF THEM ARE PRESCRIBED BY PHYSICIANS.**

BOTH BOWEL and STOMACH INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED, BUT ONLY BY TAKING TABLONES BECAUSE

They Remove the Cause.

When Indigestion attacks, it generally persists, and does not disappear without treatment because the system is so rapidly weakened that the gastric juices become affected, and then the next food that is eaten is not digested, and that undigested food again helps to put the little glands, which make the gastric juice, still more out of order, and so they gradually become deranged, until they are incapable of digesting the ordinary food, and are not likely to recover until the proper medicine is taken.

Indigestion Produces Discomfort and Pain.

When the food is not digested in the stomach and bowels, it becomes impure. It ferments, particularly in the bowel, because the starchy part of the food, that is the bread, potatoes, etc., is digested in the bowel, while the albuminous part, like eggs, meat, etc., is digested in the stomach. When fermentation begins, gases form, and there is flatulence; this causes pressure, distress, and serious pains, heart palpitation, and sudden feelings of weakness, cold hands and feet, heaviness of the head, pain and soreness at the back of the eyes; there is often tenderness over the stomach, and eructations of gas. There is acidity and bad breath, and coated tongue, the liver is soon out of order, and there is biliousness and constipation; sometimes the kidney action is disturbed, there is lack of appetite, sleeplessness, and yet often a drowsy feeling during the day, and no energy or desire for work. The pains in the stomach and bowels are sometimes most severe. There is frequently marked depression and a decline in the general health.

Better Understand, instead of Misunderstanding Indigestion.

Most persons think that Indigestion occurs only in the stomach, and that the food is all digested in the stomach. Only a quarter of it is digested there, and the other three quarters is digested in the bowel. This fact makes a great difference in the treatment. Almost everyone fancies that Pepsin will cure Indigestion; Pepsin is very useful in one-quarter of the cases, because it is Pepsin which is chiefly found in the gastric juices, and therefore it does generally cure Stomach Indigestion, but in the other three-quarters of the cases it is quite useless, because that Indigestion is in the bowel. Ordinary Indigestion Medicines are quite useless for three cases out of each four, while **TABLONES** cure four cases out of four, that is, cure every case and are the only medicine which will do this. You can easily understand the matter by reading what follows.

INDIGESTION can be CURED, but HOW? by TABLONES. THEY REMOVE THE CAUSE.

You can understand that to cure Indigestion you must take a remedy which will digest the food in the Stomach which should be digested there, and digest the food in the Bowel which should be digested there, that is, you must digest the eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and the bread, potatoes, etc., in the Bowel. Ordinary Indigestion medicines only help the Stomach, but have nothing in them for the Bowel trouble, which causes three-quarters of all the cases of Indigestion, and which causes all the Flatulence and most of the worst symptoms. **TABLONES** cannot fail to produce perfect digestion in the Stomach, as well as in the Bowel. Besides toning and purifying the Liver, they also tone up the lower part of the Bowel to healthy action, so that the whole process of digestion of every kind of food is perfect, and instead of only helping the Stomach they contain the medicines which digest all the food that is eaten, and secure all the nourishment from it, and so they cannot fail to cure every case of Indigestion.

If you have Indigestion, you need Tablones.

TABLONES contain Pepsin for the Stomach, and also the newly discovered and wonderful medicine called "Kurochi Diastase," which digests the bread, potatoes, etc. Nothing has ever been discovered until lately that would do this, and we have the sole control of "Kurochi Diastase", so that no one else can supply it, and we sell it only in the form of **TABLONES.** It is one of the greatest remedies ever discovered, because of all the food that is eaten about three-quarters is starchy food, and millions of persons are unable to properly digest starchy food. For all these millions there has never before been any remedy discovered which they could take with a feeling of certainty that it would digest the food which they could not digest themselves, but which they had to eat, for, of course, nearly everyone must eat either bread or potatoes occasionally.

If you have either kind of Indigestion, no matter which, or if you have both, that is, Stomach and Bowel Indigestion at the same time, **TABLONES** will completely cure you. If the Stomach is right and the Bowels affected, it will cure the Bowels and not harm the Stomach; or if the Bowels are right and the Stomach affected, it will cure the Stomach without any harm to the Bowels. If both are affected, it will cure both, that is, it will cure every kind of Indigestion, for it will cure Indigestion of the Stomach and Indigestion of the Bowels, the reason being that it contains pepsin, which will digest all the food which must be digested in the Stomach, and it contains Kurochi Diastase, which will digest all the food which must be digested in the Bowels. All the organs of digestion are gradually toned up and strengthened so as to digest in future without help. Clearly it is a perfect cure, especially when there is added to it the medicines described in the previous paragraphs, which ensure removal of all the useless parts of the food. **TABLONES** are a permanent cure, because

THEY REMOVE THE CAUSE.

Hundreds of doctors now prescribe **TABLONES,** and are delighted that this remedy has been discovered, because they have always needed it in medical practice.

TABLONES prevent any feeling of discomfort or fulness after eating, there is no bloating, or distress, or heaviness, in fact, by taking **TABLONES** you cease to realize that you have a Stomach, because the digestion goes on so perfectly, and with such ease. A point of the greatest importance to you is that the whole Stomach and Bowels are strengthened and toned up, and rapidly become capable of doing the work themselves, so that you do not have to continue taking **TABLONES** for a long period. If you do not fully understand this matter, send for our Tablone booklet, or read this circular over again carefully, and remember that every word of it is true, and if you ask any scientific doctor he will tell you that disease is cured only **by removing the cause,** and that Indigestion and Flatulence are, therefore, only cured **by removing the cause,** and that if you suffer from Flatulence, Indigestion, or Constipation, you **can remove the cause by taking TABLONES.**

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 80 AND 81.

TABLONE TESTIMONIALS.

WE have already explained the splendid effects to be obtained by taking Tablones. There are some, however, to whom testimonials are better evidence of proof than the most scientific explanations. To convince such persons we give here a few genuine testimonials.

Gentlemen,— **34, Anglesea Road, Ipswich,**

I have pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your Tablones. I consider they are a truly wonderful remedy for indigestion. I am indeed delighted, and I cannot but believe they will be the means under God, of adding many years to my life. I am now not far from eighty years of age.—Yours truly, **(Mrs.) JULIA M. BALL.**

Gentlemen,—In reply to your letter I am quite willing for you to publish my testimonial to the great curative power of your Tablones. I should be much to blame did I wish to keep so great a blessing to myself.—Yours truly, **(Mrs.) JULIA M. BALL.**

To the Capsuloid Co., Ltd. **Ivy House, Spofforth,** *February*, 1905.

Sirs,—I have pleasure in stating that I have derived a great deal of benefit from taking your Tablones. I have suffered "on and off" from flatulent indigestion for several years, and was obliged to be extremely careful as regards diet. I saw your advt. and sent for a box of the Tablones. I have taken them fairly regularly ever since, and am still doing so at my principal meals. They have done me a great deal of good, and I now can take my food without feeling discomfort afterwards.—Yours faithfully, **WILLIAM GALLEMORE.**

The Rookery, Upper Dovercourt, *March 28th*, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I have received much benefit from taking your Tablones, and have also recommended them to several friends, who are equally pleased with the good results obtained by taking them as directed. I shall be pleased to answer any private inquiries, as I consider the Tablones excellent in every way.—Yours truly, **(Mrs.) D. O'CALLAGHAN.**

Dear Sir,— **10, North Street, Belhaven,** *March 10th*, 1905.

I have much pleasure in writing to inform you since using your Tablones I have derived great benefit, and have not suffered, as I used to do, with indigestion in stomach and bowels. I have recommended them to others, and will continue doing so.—Faithfully yours,

(Miss) E. SIBBALD.

To the Capsuloid Co., Ltd. **11, The Downs, Altrincham.**

Dear Sirs,—I take this opportunity of thanking you for the great benefit I have received from taking your Tablones. I suffered very much from bowel or starchy indigestion. For years my doctor forbade me to eat potatoes at all, and said even all the bread I ate should be toasted. I was at my wits' end what to do. I saw several specialists, and tried everything my friends advised, but the doctors were helpless, and I got no benefit until I saw your advertisement, and as that stated that Tablones were specially directed to cure that form of indigestion I determined to try them, with the result that I have now no trouble (with ordinary care) with either stomach or bowel indigestion. Of course I keep some Tablones by me, and if I feel anything of the old trouble I take them as directed for a few days, and they never fail to relieve me.

I may say that at one time my heart got weak, and I suffered from palpitation, but since my digestion got so much better that has nearly all gone, and I feel certain my heart is getting stronger every day. Your remedy is truly a most wonderful product.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES ANKERS.

To the Capsuloid Co., Ltd. **Wool Mills, Knockando,** *Feb. 27th*.

Gentlemen,—Your letter to hand. I have much pleasure in forwarding the following testimonial.

My mother has suffered with occasional turns of indigestion accompanied by flatulence and severe pain in the bowels ever since an attack of influenza eight years ago. None of the medicines previously taken have done so much good as your Tablones, the first one which she took relieved the pain. After taking a small box she felt better than she had done for years. I have recommended them to my friends.—Yours faithfully, **(Miss) E. G. SMITH.**

P.S.—You may use the name and address, as sufferers from indigestion ought to know of your Tablones.

DOSE.—One with the early part of each meal three times daily. Severe cases may take two with each meal for a short time, and then one. **TABLONES** are sold in neat aluminium boxes.

LARGE SIZE, 2/9; SMALL SIZE, 1/1½ If four small boxes, or two large, are ordered at one time from us, and this coupon enclosed, special sample will be sent.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE CAPSULOID CO. LTD.,
31. SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Foreign Orders must be accompanied by postage, and remitted in the form of Money Order.

Cross all Postal Orders and make payable to The Capsuloid Company, Ltd.

SEND FOR TABLONE BOOKLET.

STRAND, June.

DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF ASSURANCE

THE SOCIETY was founded in 1837, and the Accumulated Funds now exceed **Thirteen Millions Sterling.**

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Distinctive features—

Moderate Premiums.

Large Immediate Assurances.

Large Bonuses to those who prove to be good lives.

Expenses of Management are moderate; and as there are no Shareholders all Surplus goes to the Policyholders.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES

form a Special Class by themselves, receiving the Whole Surplus arising therefrom.

EXAMPLES.

LIFE ASSURANCE. The Premiums are so moderate that the yearly sum charged by many other first-class Offices for £1000 (With Profits) will here usually secure from the commencement as much as £1200 or thereby.

A person, age 30, may secure £500 at death, with right to Bonus Additions, for an Annual Payment of £10:11:8 during life, or of £13:9:7 during 25 years only.

PROVISION FOR THE YOUNG. For £10 annually, a Parent or Guardian of a child under one year old, may secure to it an Assurance of £805, with Bonus Additions, payable at age 55, or at death if previous should that event happen after age 21.

If the Assurance were payable at death only, after 21, the amount would be £1276, with right to Bonus Additions.

All Premiums returnable should the child die before 21. Medical Examination is dispensed with in these cases, and there are no restrictions on future residence or occupation.

PENSION FOR ADVANCED AGE combined with **PROVISION AT DEATH.** A person, age 30, for an Annual Payment of £14:3:9, ceasing before age 65, may secure £500 at death, with right to Bonus Additions, together with an Annuity of £25 for the remainder of life, commencing at age 65.

The Assured, on attaining age 65, is possessed of a Paid-up Policy, with Bonus Additions, payable at death, and is in receipt of a fixed Income for remainder of life.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES receive the whole Profits arising under this Class in the form of an Annual Bonus from the commencement.

A Premium of £17:14:7, at age 30, limited to 30 payments, secures £500, with Bonuses, to the Assured at age 60, or to his representatives in event of earlier death.

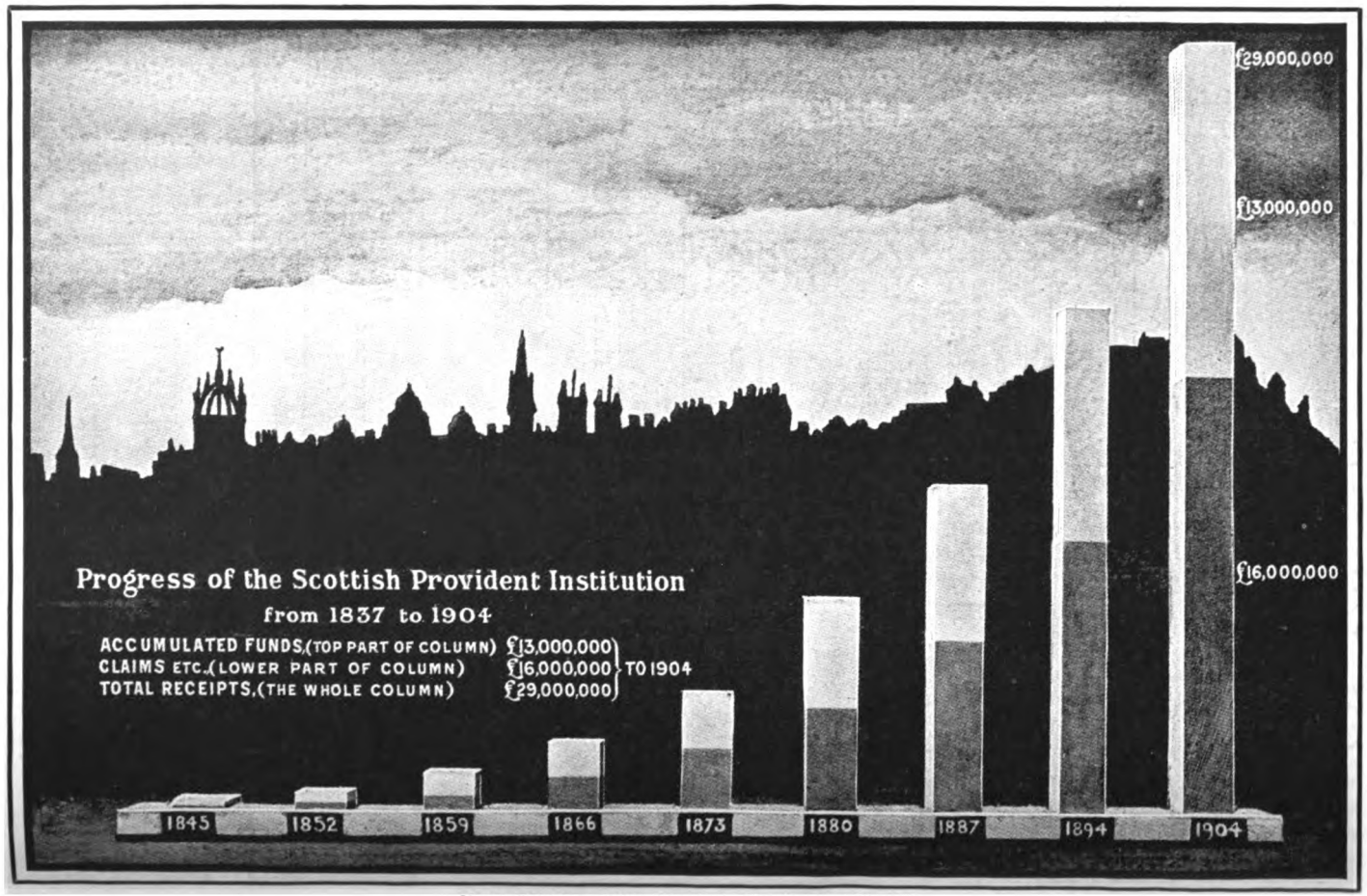
THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C. WEST END: 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
DUBLIN: 36 COLLEGE GREEN.

Glasgow, 29 St. Vincent Pl.	Bristol, 27 Clare St.	Manchester, 10 Albert Sq.
Aberdeen, 166 Union St.	Cardiff, 19 High St.	Newcastle, 1 Queen St.
Dundee, 49 Meadowside.	Leeds, 35 Park Row.	Nottingham, 32 King St.
Birmingham, 95 Colmore Row.	Liverpool, 25 Castle St.	Belfast, 1 Donegall Sq., W.

HEAD OFFICE: No. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

Full Prospectus forwarded on application.



HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Libby's

Veal and Ham Pate'

Cooked and ready to serve. All of

Libby's Natural Flavour Food Products

are put up in key-opening cans. Insist on Libby's far-famed luncheon delicacies—they are the best.

Melrose Paté	Chicken and Veal Paté	Lunch Tongue
Baked Beans	Chicken and Ham Paté	Ox Tongue
Potted Ham	Sliced Dried Beef	Ham Loaf
Veal Loaf	Vienna Sausage	Soups

Your Grocer has them.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free to any address on application.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 59 Tooley St., London, S. E.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS. SEE PAGES 80 AND 81.

IN THE HEART
OF
THE HOME

PEARS' SOAP

reigns supreme because the mother knows it is perfectly pure and that no other soap has answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin.

MATCHLESS
FOR THE
COMPLEXION.

Cadbury's

"The finest example of cocoa manufacture—Delicious & absolutely pure."

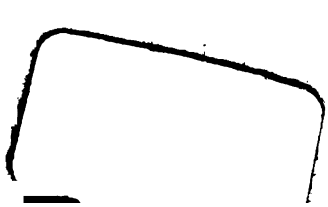
CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE

The *Lancet* says: "The statement that **CADBURY's Cocoa** is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which in our hands this excellent article of food has yielded."

CADBURY's—Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 3—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Replaced with Commercial Microform

1993

UNIV. OF MICH.
MAR 30 1906
RECEIVED